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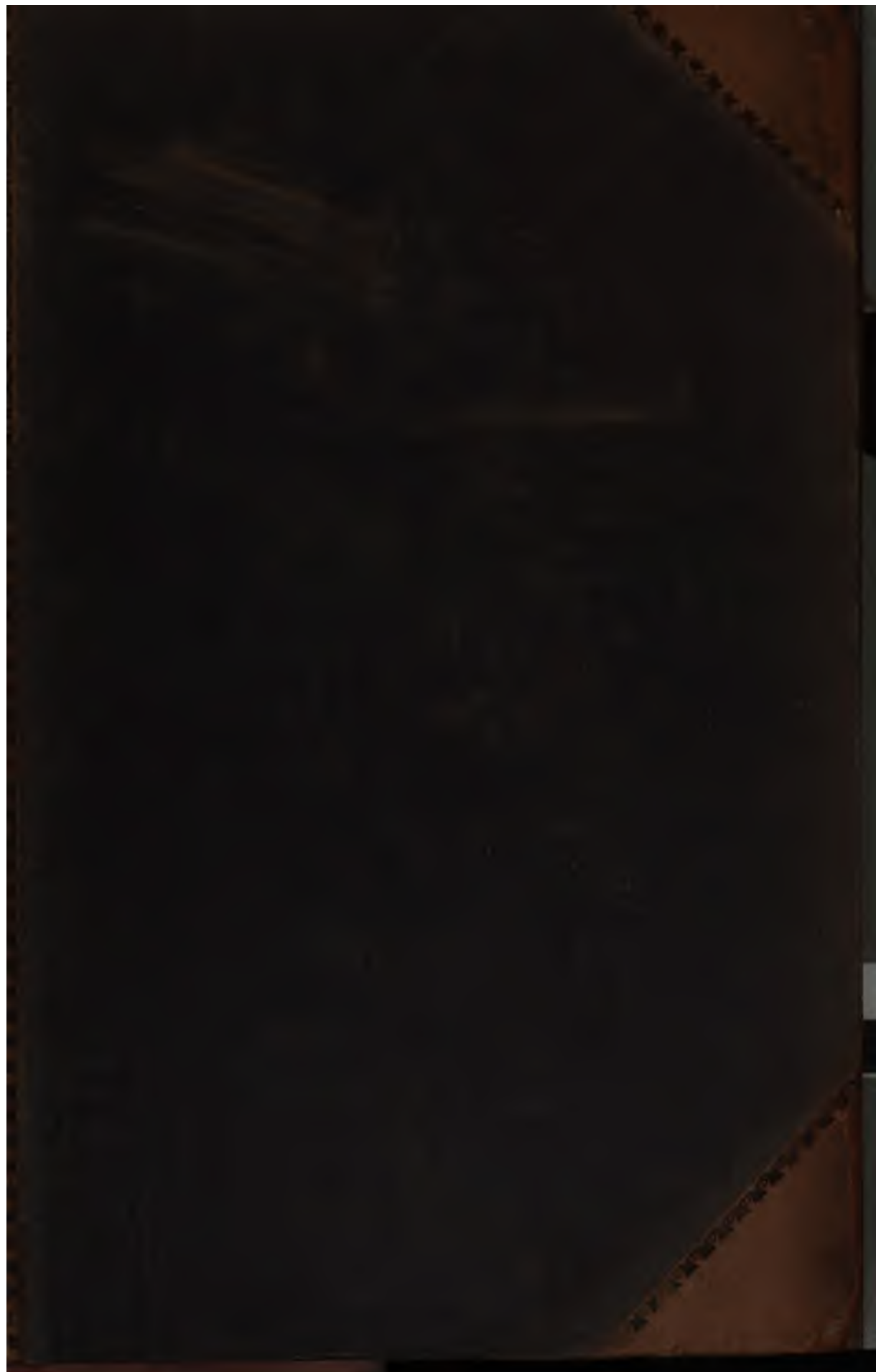
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Per 1419 d. 38



THE
FAMILY TREASURY
OF
SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE
REV. ANDREW CAMERON,
(FORMERLY EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.")



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THE FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY



READING.

DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVYLYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."



Wednesday, May the First, 1746.

OTHER always said that on the day I became sixteen she would give me a book of my own, in which to keep a Diary. I have wished for it ever since I was ten, because Mother herself always keeps a Diary; and when anything went wrong in the house,—when Jack was provoking, or Father was passionate with him, or when our maid Betty was more than usually wilful, or our man Roger more than usually stupid,—she would retire to her own little light closet over the porch, and come out again with a serenity on her face which seemed to spread over the house like fine weather.

And in that little closet there is no furniture but the old rocking-chair, in which Mother used to rock us children to sleep, and a table covered with a white cloth, with four books on it,—the Bible, Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Thomas à Kempis on the "Imitation of Christ," and the Diary.

The three printed books I was allowed to read, but (except the Bible) they used in my childish days to seem to me very gloomy and grave, and not at all such as to account for that infectious peacefulness in Mother's face and voice.

I concluded, therefore, that the magic must lie

in the Diary, which we were never permitted to open, although I had often felt sorely tempted to do so, especially since one morning when it lay open by accident, and I saw Jack's name and Father's on the page. For there were blots there such as used to deface my copy-book on those sorrowful days when the lessons appeared particularly hard, when all the world, singing birds, and bees, and breezes, and even my own fingers, seemed against me, and I could not help crying with vexation,—those blots which mother used to call "Fairy Fainéante's footsteps," (for Mother's grandmother was a Huguenot French lady, driven from France by the cruel revocation of the Edict of Nantes,—and Mother taught us French).

It made me wonder if Mother too had her hard lessons to learn, and I longed to peep and see. Yes, there were certainly tears on Mother's Diary. I wonder if there will be any on mine.

So white and clean the pages are now, and the calf-skin binding so bright and new! like life before me, like the bright world which looks so new around me.

How difficult it is to believe the world is so old, and has lasted so long! This morning when I went up over the cliff behind our house to the little croft in the hollow where the cows are pastured, to milk Daisy for Mother's morning cup

of new milk, and the little meadow lay blue in the early dew before me, and each delicate blade of grass was glittering around me, and far beneath, the waves murmured on the sands like some happy mother-creature making soft contented cooings and purrings over its young; and far away in the offing, beyond the long shadow of the cliffs, the just risen sun was kissing the little waves awake one by one,—it seemed as if the sun, and the sea, and the green earth, and I were all young together, and God like a father was smiling on us all.

And is it not true in some sense? Is not every sunrise like a fresh creation? and every morning like the birth of a new life? and every night like a hidden fountain of youth, in which all the creatures bathe in silence, and come forth again new-born?

It often seems so to me.

I am so glad Mother lets me help Betty about the milking. At first she thought it was hardly fit work for Father's daughter (he being of an ancient and honourable family), but I like it so much better than any work in-doors, that since there are only Betty and Roger, and we must help in some way, she was persuaded to let me do what I enjoy. Mother always says, since Father chose poverty with her rather than riches and honours with his great relations, we must all do all we can to make it easy to him. Mother thinks it was such a great sacrifice for him to marry her, a poor chaplain's daughter. But it is impossible for me to think it a sacrifice for any one to have married Mother.

It was delicious to sit milking Daisy and thinking of these things, and of how Mother would welcome me with my cup of new milk on this my birthday morning, while every now and then Daisy, the friendly creature, looked round and thanked me with her great kind motherly eyes, or rubbed her rough tongue on my dress. There is something that goes so to my heart in the dumb gratitude of animals.

However, as I was walking home with my milk-pails, singing, I met Toby Treffry riding his widowed mother's donkey, beating the poor beast with a huge stick,—blows which resounded as if from the trunk of a tree,—and shouting at it in those inhuman kind of savage gutturals which

seem to be received as the only speech comprehensible to donkeys.

It stopped my singing at once, and I chid Toby severely for his cruelty to the creature, and it so thin and starved.

"It has had a better breakfast than I am like to get, mistress," retorted Toby surlily; "and if I was as lazy as the brute, surely master would whack me harder. And there's mother at home without a crust till I come back."

Toby is a lank, lean-looking lad, and I chid myself for not remembering how his temper might be tried by poverty, and thought I could do no less to make up for my hard words to him than offer him a drink of milk and a crust I had in my pocket, and gently commend the beast to his tender mercies.

Methought the lad was hardly as thankful as he might have been; indeed, I am not sure he did not regard the gift as a kind of weak attempt at bribery. And so he went on his way, and I on mine. But the current of my thoughts was quite changed, and everything around seemed changed with them.

Beneath me, on the white sands in the cove, lay the wreck of the fishing-smack that was lost there last winter. Those sunny waves now fawning so softly on the shore had not yet washed away the traces of their own fierce work of destruction.

The thought of Toby's donkey brought before me all the mute unavenged sufferings of the harmless beasts at the hand of man. The thought of Toby's widowed mother lying blind and lonely, waiting for a crust of bread, led me down a step deeper into the sorrows of earth,—to want, and pain, and death. And the thought of Toby himself avenging his sorrows on the poor helpless beast led me to the lowest depth of all; for if the end of all this want, and pain, and sorrow, was to harden instead of soften, to make worse instead of better, what a terrible chaos the world and life seemed to be!

Thus, instead of the creation seeming the ladder of light on which just before my spirit had been rising to heaven, from love to joy, and joy to love, it seemed to have become a winding stair-case into the abyss, from sorrow to sin, and from sin to sorrow.

The matter was too hard for me, but I resolved

to ask Mother, and at all events to carry some bread and milk at once to Widow Treffry.

I therefore set down my pails in the dairy, gave them in charge to Betty, cut off a large slice of the great barley loaf, took it with a jug of milk to Widow Treffry, and was back at the door of Mother's closet with her cup of new milk scarcely after the appointed time.

Yet Mother had been looking for me, for when she answered, she had this beautiful Diary of mine all ready beside her own.

She smiled at my rapture of delight. But it is so very seldom that anything new appears in our house, on account of our not being rich, that I never can help enjoying a new dress or a new hood, or even a new riband, as if it made the day on which it came a high day and a holiday, just as I used when I was a child; although now, indeed, I am a child no longer, and ought to estimate things, as Parson Spencer says, with a gravity becoming my years.

My new treasure entirely put all the great mysteries of toil and sorrow out of my head, until Mother, laying her hand fondly on my head as I knelt beside her, said,—“Your cheek is like a fresh rose, Kitty; the draught of morning air is as good for thee as the new milk for me;” and then pointing to her own old worn Diary, she added,—“Thou and thy book are as suitable to each other as I and mine.”

A passionate, fervent contradiction was on my lips. Our precious, beautiful mother! as young in heart as ever. But while I looked up in her dear thin face I could not speak; the words were choked in my throat, and I could only look down again and lay my cheek on her hand.

“Do not flatter thyself, Mrs. Kitty,” she said, with her little quiet laugh, “as if the comparison were all in thy favour. May there not be something in the inside of this poor worn old book worth as much as the new gilding and white emptiness of thine? Mine is worth more to me than when it was clean and bright as thine.”

I thought of the blotted page I had once seen by accident there, and I said,—

“But what if there should be pages there stained with tears?”

“The pages blotted with tears are not always the darkest to look back on,” she said.

Then the thought flashed on me,—“Perhaps it may be the same with the world's history.” The tear-stained pages, nay, the blood-stained pages, may not be the darkest to read by-and-by;” and I said so, and told mother also about Toby and the donkey, and Widow Treffry.

She paused a moment, as if to read my thought to the end, and then she said, in a low calm voice,—

“One page of the world's history stained with the bitterest tears ever shed on earth, and steeped in guiltless blood, is not the darkest to read. Child, it is in the light of that sorrow and that sin thou must learn to understand all the rest. All these hard and bitter questions are answered there to the lowly heart, and nowhere else, and to none else, as far as I have seen. But each of us must learn it for himself, and learn it there. I cannot teach it thee, darling, nor, I think, can God himself teach it thee, in one lesson. But He is never weary of teaching, child; only be thou never weary of learning: and hereafter, when all the lessons are learned, and we wake up in His likeness, thou and I will sing together the Halleluiahs and the Amens it took us so long to learn, and then we shall be satisfied.”

Thursday, May the Second, 1745.

I meant to have written a great deal more last night, but as I recalled those words of mother's, I fell into a long musing, and then I must have fallen into a long doze, for the next thing I was conscious of was the hooting of the white owl that has built in the ruined side of the house.

So I never got beyond breakfast-time. It is quite plain that a Diary cannot be meant to be a record of all that happens in any one day, because it would take all the day to write it, and then there would be nothing to write.

Who would think, until they began to write, how much is always happening; how many words are spoken, and how many things are done on every one of those days which seem so like each other, and are over almost before they seem properly begun!

As it passes, a day seems just a moment, but while we try to recall what it brought, a day seems a life-time.

I have heard old people say all life to look

back on is just like a summer-day. And yet, when we stand at the judgment bar of God, and all the days are unrolled before us, will not each day seem like a life-time in its early resolutions broken, its irrevocable opportunities lost, its sins unrepented, its blessings uncounted? It is a discovery I have just made in my precious Diary which has set me on these grave reflections.

On the last page I find mother has written with her own hand these passages from Bishop Taylor's "Golden Grove:"—

"AGENDA, OR THINGS TO BE DONE.

"THE DIARY, OR A RULE TO SPEND EACH DAY RELIGIOUSLY.

"1. Suppose every day to be a day of business; for your whole life is a race and a battle, a merchandize and a journey. Every day propound to yourself a rosary or a chaplet of good works, to present to God at night.

"2. Rise as soon as your health and other occasions shall permit; but it is good to be as regular as you can, and as early. Remember he that rises first to prayer hath a more early title to a blessing. But he that changes night into day, labour into idleness, watchfulness into sleep, changes his hope of blessing into a dream.

"3. Never let any one think it an excuse to lie in bed, because he hath nothing to do when he is up; for whoever hath a soul, and hopes to save that soul, hath enough to do to make his calling and election sure, to serve God and to pray, to read and to meditate, to repent and to amend, to do good to others and to keep evil from themselves. And if thou hast little to do, thou oughtest to employ the more time in laying up for a greater crown of glory.

"4. At your opening your eyes enter on the day with some act of piety—

"(1.) Of thanksgiving for the preservation of the night past.

"(2.) Of the glorification of God for the works of the creation, or anything for the honour of God.

"5. When you first go off from your bed, solemnly and devoutly bow your head and worship the Holy Trinity—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"6. When you are making ready, be as silent as you can, and spend that time in holy thoughts; there being no way left to redeem that time from loss but by meditation and short mental prayers. If you choose to speak, speak something of God's praises, of his goodness, his mercies, or his greatness; ever resolving that the first-fruits of thy reason and of all thy faculties shall be presented

to God, to sanctify the whole harvest of thy conversation.

"7. Be not curious nor careless in your habit, but always keep these measures:—

"(1.) Be not troublesome to thyself or to others by unhandsoneness or uncleanness.

"(2.) Let it be according to your state and quality.

"(3.) Make religion to be the difference of your habit, so as to be best attired upon holy or festival days.

"8. In your dressing, let there be ejaculations fitted to the several actions of dressing: as at washing your hands and face, pray God to cleanse your soul from sin; in putting on your clothes, pray him to clothe your soul with the righteousness of your Saviour; and so in all the rest. For religion must not only be the garment of your soul, to invest it all over; but it must also be as the fringes to every one of your actions, that something of religion appear in every one of them, besides the innocence of all of them.

"9. As soon as you are dressed with the first preparation of your clothes that you can decently do it, kneel and say the Lord's Prayer; then rise from your knees, and do what is necessary for you, in order to your further dressing or affairs of the house, which is speedily to be done; and then finish your dressing according to the following rules.

"10. When you are dressed, retire yourself to your closet, and go to your usual devotions; which it is good that at the first prayers they were divided into seven actions of piety:—

"(1.) An act of adoration.

"(2.) Of thanksgiving.

"(3.) Of oblation.

"(4.) Of confession.

"(5.) Of petition.

"(6.) Of intercession.

"(7.) Of meditation, or serious, deliberate, useful reading of the Holy Scriptures.

"11. I advise that your reading should be governed by these measures:—

"(1.) Let it be not of the whole Bible in order, but for your devotion use the New Testament, and such portions of the Old as contain the precepts of holy life.

"(2.) The historical and less useful part, let it be read at such other times which you have of leisure from your domestic employments.

"(3.) Those portions of Scripture which you use in your prayers, let them not be long; a chapter at once, and no more. But then what time you can afford, spend it in thinking and meditating upon the holy precepts which you read.

"(4.) Be sure to meditate so long, till you make some *act of piety* upon the occasion of what

you meditate : either that you get some new arguments against a sin, or some new encouragements to virtue ; some spiritual strength and advantage, or else some act of prayer to God, or glorification of him.

"(5.) I advise that you would read your chapter in the midst of your prayers in the morning, if they be divided according to the number of the former actions ; because little interruptions will be apt to make your prayers less tedious, and yourself more attent upon them. But if you find any other way more agreeing to your spirit and disposition, use your liberty without scruple.

"12. Before you go forth of your closet, after your prayers are done, set yourself down a little while, and consider what you are to do that day, what matter of business is like to employ you or to tempt you ; and take particular resolution against that, whether it be matter of wrangling, or anger, or covetousness, or vain courtship, or feasting ; and when you enter upon it, remember upon what you resolved in your closet. If you are likely to have nothing extraordinary that day, a general recommendation of the affairs of that day to God in your prayers will be sufficient ; but if there be anything foreseen that is not usual, be sure to be armed for it by a hearty, though a short prayer, and an earnest, prudent resolution beforehand, and then watch when the thing comes.

* * * *

"22. Towards the declining of the day, be sure to retire to your private devotions. Read, meditate, and pray.

"23. Read not much at a time ; but meditate as much as your time and capacity and disposition will give you leave ; ever remembering that little reading and much thinking, little speaking and much hearing, frequent and short prayers and great devotion, is the best way to be wise, to be holy, to be devout.

"24. Before you go to bed, bethink yourself of the day past. If nothing extraordinary hath happened, your conscience is the sooner examined ; but if you have had a difference or disagreeing with any one, or a great feast, or a great company, or a great joy, or a great sorrow, then recollect yourself with the more diligence : ask pardon for what is amiss, give God thanks for what was good. If you have omitted any duty, make amends next day ; and yet if nothing be found that was amiss, be humbled still and thankful, and pray God for pardon if anything be amiss that you know not of. Remember also to be sure to take notice of all the mercies and deliverances of yourself and your relatives that day.

"25. As you are going to bed, as often as you can conveniently, meditate of death, and the pre-

parations to your grave. When you lie down, close your eyes with a short prayer ; commit yourself into the hands of your faithful Creator ; and when you have done, trust him with yourself, as you must do when you are dying.

"26. If you awake in the night, fill up the intervals or spaces of your not sleeping by holy thoughts and aspirations, and remember the sins of your youth ; and sometimes remember your dead, and that you shall die ; and pray to God to send to you and all mankind a mercy in the day of judgment."

I have taken so long reading these holy rules, and thinking of them, and thinking of Mother's goodness in writing them out with her own dear hand, that I have no time to write any more.

To-morrow I hope to begin in good earnest to put them in practice.

Only those last I certainly cannot put in practice ; for I never remember waking in the night for long enough than just to hear a gust of wind through the tall old elms, and perhaps a rook cawing a remonstrance at being blown out of his nest, and the rain pattering against the window-panes ; and then to thank God for my bed, and feel how comfortable it is, and fall asleep again.

Also, I have no beloved dead to remember. None. My beloved are all living—father, and mother, and brother Jack, and Hugh Spencer ; and if I stayed awake till cock-crowing, how could I thank God enough for that ?

Friday, May the Third.

Early as I woke this morning, the birds were awake before me. First came the cawing of the busy rooks, from their nests in the elms, far above the roof ; then the twittering of the sparrows in the white thorn under my window. And these seemed to me like the tuning of the instruments in the church before the psalm, which was soon poured out in a delicious flow of continuous song from the throats of the thrushes and the blackbirds.

Yes, the choir was all ready for me ; and when I opened my casement, the hawthorn and the lilacs sent up their delicate fragrance, like another kind of music.

I felt so happy as I looked out on the humble creatures all sending up their incense of content to God, that my eyes filled with tears, and I

knelt and said aloud the Lord's Prayer, and then I said in my heart—

"Dear creatures of God, ye seem never able to utter what ye would of his praise; and yet you do not know half his goodness—not half of what we know. Ye bask in the light of his smile, but we know the secret love of his heart. Ye praise him for the overflowing of his riches, which cost him nothing; we praise him for the sacrificing love which cost Him his Son. The earth is full of thy riches; but we only know, O our Saviour, the love of thy poverty and thy cross."

For the words Mother said to me on my birth-day morning have been much in my mind ever since.

So it seemed to me most natural this morning that every act should be something like what the Catechism says the holy sacraments are—"an outward visible sign of an inward spiritual grace." And as I opened my window, I thought, "Jesus, my Sun, I open my heart to thee! Let thy light and thy Spirit flow into my soul, as thy light and air into my chamber." And was not the pure cold water one of his own consecrated images? and did not the very clothes I put on recall the white robes, made white as no fuller on earth can white them, in a fountain no hand on earth could open or close?"

I had no temptation to "light discourse," for Betty had just left the room inside mine, and was at no time very conversational; and not a creature else, except the birds, was awake.

When I was dressed, I thought how I might best fulfil the good bishop's directions as to "retiring to my closet." At first I thought I would ask Mother to let me clear a small chamber in the turret above the apple-room. But then I thought it would be rather like the Pharisees praying in the corners of the streets, to go up there in the sight of all to perform my devotions; and I should lose the sweet feeling that no one knows what I am doing but God.

So I came to the conclusion that no place could be a better closet than a young maid's chamber like mine, with such sights and scents and sounds to be had from my casement.

But this inward debate occupied some time, so that I had not much time for the "seven actions of piety." Indeed, the first two of adoration and

thanksgiving seemed necessarily much the longest for me, because I have so endlessly much to give thanks for, and so little to wish for. I must ask Mother whether this is right, and also what the act of oblation means. Also I am not quite sure whether I made the right kind of "*act of piety*" in reading the Holy Scriptures. My chapter was the first of St. Matthew, but I did not get beyond the twenty-first verse, because it seemed to me such a wonderful promise that Jesus our Lord will really save us from our sins, from being impatient and discontented, and all the things which make us unhappy. Before I got any further it was high time for me to be going a-milking. Therefore I resolved, that instead of sitting down to think what temptations were likely to come on me, I would do this on my way to the cliff, to the pasture where the cows are. That was how it happened that my temptations came on me before I had time to think of them and guard myself; although indeed in general it seems to me the very essence of temptations is that they come just when and where one does not expect them.

On my way to take the milk pail from the dairy, I went to see if some cough syrup I had made for Widow Treffry, and had left to stand there all night, had settled. When I came to the shelf on which I had laid it, it was gone. On my questioning Betty (very gently, I am sure, for it was washing-day, and we know she has all her prickles out then), she replied she could not let such rubbish stand by her cream to tempt all the flies in the country. She had put it on the window-seat in the kitchen, and the cat had upset it. It was a mercy the cup was not broken, and that the poor cat was not poisoned. She would not have such filthy stuff in her dairy. To which I retorted warmly that I had certainly as much right to the dairy as she had, and that she might have known the cat always sat in that window-sill when there was sunshine.

Betty replied that she was not going to be ordered about by those she had brought up from the cradle; and I retired from the contest, worsted; as I might have known I should be.

On my return to my room, before breakfast, I found all my drawers in disorder. On my complaining at the breakfast-table, Jack laughed, and

said he had only been looking for a piece of string, and asked if I intended to put it in my Diary.

I coloured, and said he had no right to pry into my drawers, nor indeed to enter my room without permission.

Mother interposed, and said I should not make such a storm about trifles.

And Father smiled, and asked me if my Diary was to be like that of the citizen in the "Spectator." Monday—Rose and dressed, and washed hands and face. Tuesday—Washed only my hands.

I ought to have laughed, but I could not. A profane touch seemed to have brushed the bloom off my new treasure, and so, somewhat heavily, the day passed on.

How very much everything has changed with me since this morning. At all events I have no difficulty in finding enough to-night for "confession" and "petition."

But to confess truly, I must, I think, be just to myself as well as to others. I have noticed that sometimes one can fall into a passion of self-accusation, which seems to me no more true repentance than a passion of accusing other people. I think one has no right to rail at oneself, any more than at any one else. Besides, it seems to me so much easier to burst into a flood of tears, and sob, "I am a wretch, a miserable sinner, the chief of sinners," than to say with quiet shame, from one's inmost heart, "I was unjust to Betty to-day; I was cross and selfish with Jack. I was impatient even with dearest Mother."

Disappointment and vexation are not repentance. Exaggerated self-reproach is not confession. In the midst of our tears we secretly congratulate ourselves on our sensibility; or the heart rebounds against the excess of its self-accusation, and ends by estimating the sin as very little, and its penitence as very great.

No: before all things I want to be true to myself and to every one. I want really to overcome my sins—not merely to have the luxury of weeping over them; and therefore I must try to know exactly what they are. It was my hasty temper that led me wrong in all these things. But what makes my temper hasty? *What was it* that Betty touched to the quick in asserting her right over me? I suppose it was my pride.

What made me so angry with Jack! He certainly had no right to appropriate my property; but I had no right to be angry. It must be then that I care too much about my things? What fault is that? Can it be avarice?

And then, what made me impatient with Mother? I thought she did not justly stand up for my rights.

My dignity! *My* things! *My* rights! How mean and selfish it looks!

What would have made me overcome? If I had thought of Betty's rough but most unselfish care over us all these years; if I had loved Jack more than my miserable *things*; if I had loved and honoured Mother as I ought, and thought how tenderly faithful her reproofs are, and how I need them.

What I want, then, is love—more love. Yes, there is enough to confess, and enough to ask to-night.

Saturday, May the Fourth.

This morning was very wet and windy, and as I came down into the dairy I found Betty there already with the pails full of new milk.

"Do you think I was going to let such a young thing as you go over the cliff in this storm?" said she, letting down the pails with her stout, stalwart arms. "The wind would have blown over a dozen of you."

Yet Betty has rheumatism, and certainly her clothes are more precious to her, and more difficult to replace, than mine.

"Betty," I said, in a flood of gratitude, "I never ought to have spoken to you so yesterday about the dairy."

"Young folks must have their tantrums," said Betty, no doubt thinking it her duty not to miss such an opportunity of carrying on my education.

The glow of my repentance was somewhat chilled, when Betty added,—

"There is not a creature that comes near her, that Missis does not do her best to spoil. There'd be no order in the house but for me. From Master Jack to the cat, not a creature would know what it is to keep in their place."

The universality of the censure took off its edge, and I could not help laughing; which I found do my temper much good.

I do think in good books something should be

said of the good it does one sometimes to laugh at oneself. I think it often would do people more good than to cry.

I think religious people now and then perplex themselves by giving their faults too grand religious names. It is necessary, indeed, to dig among the roots of our sins; but occasionally I think we may accomplish as much by lightly mowing the blossoms. For the blossoms also have seeds; and weeds spread by the seed as well as by the root.

Sunday, June the Ninth.

Sundays are always delightful days. The very taking of the Sunday clothes out of the chest where they have lain all the week among the lavender, the sight of the clean swept stone floor of the hall where we take our meals, gives one such a fresh, clean, festive feeling.

We have not very many Sunday books. Mother sometimes brings down the Holy Living and Dying from her closet; and when I sit at her feet, and she reads it to me, I feel as if I were walking with one of the old Saints through some King's Garden, full of all manner of fruits and flowers, and adorned with strange antique statues of gods and heroes and saints all mixed together, with stately foreign robes and faces, and garlanded with exotics; while the air is heavy with fragrance and sunshine, and musical with the regular flow of artificial fontinels. I enjoy it so much.

And then to read a chapter of the Bible afterwards is like coming from that royal garden straight up to the cliff behind our house, feeling the crisp fresh grass under one's feet, and the fresh sea-air on one's face,—looking over the fields where the cows and sheep and God's other common creatures are enjoying themselves,—looking over the great and wide sea, with its countless emerald and purple waves, to which we see no end,—looking up to the great sunny sky to which there is no end;—and through it all listening to a Human Voice like our own, telling us in simplest every-day words things that touch our inmost hearts; and knowing that the Human Voice is also Divine, and that the things it tells are all true, for ever and for ever.

Then there are the Homilies, and, of course, the Prayer-book. I do not wish for any more religious books. Besides, Betty has Foxe's Book

of Martyrs, with terrible pictures, and stories of agonies willingly borne for Truth's sake—of heroic patience and joy in death which brace the heart, as a strong pure air braces the limbs—especially now that I am old enough to know how to avoid the tortures and the dreadful pictures.

Monday, June the Tenth.

I wish I could feel easy about Jack. It is not that he has any great faults. He is honourable and truthful as our father's son could hardly fail to be; and he has little gracious kindly ways which remind one of mother, and often melt Betty's heart when she has most reason to be indignant with him. I do not know what it is that makes me uneasy about him, except that he never seems to me to do anything he does not like. He will work in the harvest time as hard as any of the men, and do as much; but no efforts of mine or Betty's can get him up in the mornings, although he knows how angry Father is about it, and how hard we all have to work to make up for it. He will wander away for a day's shooting or fishing, just when every one is busiest, and then return with birds or fish, and a jest, which pacifies Betty, but not Father, and makes Mother sad. He loses or spoils his own things, and comes on all of us and claims our things, as if their chief use was to make up for his waste, and then calls us mean and stingy if we remonstrate, and often succeeds in making us feel as if we were, when he says, "Is he so ungenerous as not to share anything with us?" But is it generosity to share your things with others, if you regard their property as a kind of inexhaustible fund to draw on in return?

He is never in time for church, although he knows Mother loves nothing more than to have us all walk into church together, and the vicar looks quite angry as he saunters up the aisle, and once even stopped in the Psalms, so that everybody looked; and sometimes even he alludes to such habits in his sermons. "How can people make such a fuss," Jack says, "about a little thoughtlessness?" But what is at the bottom of thoughtlessness which pains those dearest to us?

It would give me more pleasure than almost anything to see Jack do anything he really disliked, or give up anything he really liked, just

because it was right. I am sure mother is often anxious about him, especially since Aunt Beauchamp's husband, who is rather a great man in London, promised to get him a commission in the army. There are so many terrible temptations in the army, Mother says, for those who go with the stream. I cannot think Jack would ever do anything mean or disgraceful; but the opposite of right is wrong, and one never knows where a wrong turn may lead.

When we were children I never saw this. Jack was the best playfellow in the world. If he got me into scrapes, he always knew how to get out of them; and if not, I was quite content to be in disgrace with him; and if he liked to lead, I liked quite as much to follow. So I think there never could have been happier children than we. What princes could have had a better play-room than the dear old court behind the house? with the felled trees, and the ruinous sheds, and the old pigeon turret with the winding stairs, and our dog Trusty, and the cat, and the fowls, and ducks, and pigeons living in the freedom Betty's love of animals ensures to them, going where they like, and doing what is right in their own eyes. It was as good as a fairy tale any day, and better than *Æsop's Fables*, to watch the stately ways of the cocks, and the system of education pursued by the mother-ducks, and the hens, with their tender anxieties; and to see the grand patriarchal airs of Trusty, and the steady, stealthy pursuit of her own interests by the cat. The farm-yard was a world to us. The children who lived long ago in this house, when the three sides of the quadrangle were perfect, and all was stately and complete, never could have loved the old house as we do in its ruins.

Then we had the cove by the sea at the end of our valley—the cove with the white and sparkling sand, which the sea filled at every tide, sometimes creeping in quiet ripples, but oftener leaping in in great white waves, far taller than we, and thundering on the shore like kindly giants pretending to intend to swallow us up, only we knew them too well to be afraid. What an enchanted place it was to us. Every day the sea washed us up something new, some glittering pebble or shell; and then there was the cave with

the white sand heaped up at the end, and the pool at the entrance, where we made a causeway "like Alexander the Great at Tyre," Hugh Spencer said.

For our happiest days were when Hugh Spencer, the vicar's son, came to play with us. He is three years older than I am, and he knew so much history that he was always linking our plays with great men and women who lived, and great things that were done long ago; so that playing with him always felt like something real, and great. And then he had a wonderful history of a man called Robinson Crusoe, written by a Mr. Defoe of London; and although Jack did not like the trouble of reading, he was always ready to listen to the wonderful stories of the island, and the cave, and the savages.

And Hugh always made a kind of queen of me, being the only girl, and seemed to think he could never do enough to save me trouble or to give me pleasure. He cut those nice steps down to the cove for me, that I might climb up easily when the tide was in. And he never would let Jack order me about as he did at other times, although I had no dislike to it.

I suppose it makes a difference to boys, not having sisters of their own. Hugh's only sister died when she was seven years old. One Sunday evening Hugh took me into his father's study, to see her miniature. Such a little, fair grave face, with large, thoughtful, open eyes—grave and beautiful as an angel's, I thought. It only wanted the wings, to be much more like a cherub than any of the cherubs in church, which the clerk is so proud of having painted with red cheeks and blue wings.

I suppose the memory of the little sister in heaven gives Hugh that kind of gentleness he has with little girls and women—even with Betty.

The memory of that little sister, and of his mother, who died soon after. He watches Mother, and is as reverent to her as if she were a saint—which, indeed, I believe she is.

It must make everything seem very sacred to have any so very near us in heaven.

It does seem as if this world were a more sacred place to Hugh Spencer than to most people. He looks so differently on many things. For instance, last Sunday, as we came back from

church, Hugh walked with us. As we came near a miners' village which lies in a hollow below the church-path, sounds of wild, drunken revelry came up to us from it.

Jack said, "The miners seem merry to-night."

"That dreadful place!" Hugh said softly to me, for we were walking behind the rest. "I cannot sleep sometimes for thinking of it."

"Why?" I said. "Betty says they are not poor."

"No, but they are immortal!" he said; "and I do not think the name of God is known there except in oaths. I saw a dying woman there a few weeks since, and she had never heard of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Do they never come to church?" I asked.

"Only at weddings or funerals," he said; "and if they came, what would the beautiful words be to them, untaught and untrained as they are, but so much music? You might as well talk to an infant in Greek."

"The vicar does say a good deal that is like Greek to me," I said; (for our vicar is a very learned man, and of course he would not be respected as he is if his thoughts were always level to the comprehension of the congregation). "He knows so much," I added, fearing I had said something disrespectful, "of course, one cannot always expect to understand. The sermons always make me feel how ignorant I am. It makes one understand, too, how many wise men there have been in the world—Socrates, and Aristotle, and St. John Chrysostom, and so many others whose names I cannot even pronounce—that, altogether, it raises one's mind, and humbles one very much at the same time, only to think how much there is to be known and how little one knows. And then it is such a comfort the lessons are always plain."

"But there are people who know as little about Christ as you do about Socrates," he replied; "and I cannot help thinking that if St. John Chrysostom, or, far better, St. Paul himself, had been here, they would have found some way to make the people understand—even such people as those miners."

It was a new thought to me that the sermon could ever be as plain as the Bible; for Mother never allowed us to discuss anything said or

done in church. I was afraid we were on dangerous ground.

But Hugh pursued his own thoughts, and said, "I am going to Oxford soon, and when I have taken my degree, and learned how the Greeks and Romans used to speak, before I take orders I should like to go to another kind of university, to learn how the poor struggling men and women around us speak and think—to live among the fishermen on our coasts—to go to sea with them—to share their perils and privations—that I might learn how to reach their hearts when I have to preach; and then to live among such as these poor miners—to go underground with them—to be with their families when the father is brought home hurt or crushed by some of the many accidents, and to speak to them of God and our Saviour—not on Sundays only, and on the smooth days of life, but when their hearts are torn by anxiety, or crushed by bereavement, or softened by sickness or deliverance from recent danger. Men who have hearts to brave death over and over again to maintain wife and children, ought not to be left to die around us as ignorant as the heathen."

"But," said I, "you do know all the fishermen and miners in the county, Hugh, as it is. I am sure they all greet you when we meet them, like an old friend; and I never heard of any clergyman finishing his studies in the mines or among the fishermen."

"Did you never hear of any sermons preached on the sea-shore to fishermen?" he said, in a low reverent voice; "or of any life much of which was passed among the homes of the poor? I sometimes think," he continued, "it would be a good rule if every clergyman were obliged to begin by being something else, that he might know what the trials and temptations of ordinary people are; and that sermons might be more like heart speaking to heart, and less like a dry metallic echo of human voices, once living, but silenced long ago in death."

I was silent for some time. Hugh's words made me think; but then I thought of Mother, and I said,—

"Mother never lived in fishermen's huts or among miners. For years she has not been strong enough to go much beyond the garden,

except to church, and her youth was spent in my grandfather's quiet parsonage; yet she seems always to understand what every one feels. People of all kinds pour out their sorrows before her, and she has words of comfort for all."

"Yes," replied Hugh, thoughtfully. "Perhaps any kind of trial which makes the heart tender and deep, like your mother's, opens to it the depths of all other hearts. Perhaps some may learn, like her, to know all men and women simply by knowing Him so well who knows what is in all. But every one can scarcely become like your mother."

In the evening, when I went out into the kitchen to toast the bread, Betty said,—

"What a wonderful fine discourse the parson gave us to-day! It rolled along like the sea."

"What was it you liked so much in it, Betty?" I asked.

"Bless your heart!" said Betty, "do ye think I would make so bold as to understand our parson? Why, they do say there is not such another scholar in all the country. But it was a wonderful fine discourse. It rolled along like the waves of the sea."

Thursday, July the Eleventh.

To-night, as we were supping, and Hugh Spencer with us, Betty came, in great agitation, into the room, and exclaimed that a Church parson had been mobbed, and all but killed, at Falmouth.

He had been preaching to the people in the open air, and was staying quietly in Falmouth, when the mob were excited against him, and, led on by the crews of some privateers in the harbour, attacked the house in which he was, swearing they would murder the parson. The family fled in terror, leaving him alone with one courageous maid-servant. The mob forced the door, filled the passage, and began to batter down the partition of the room in which the parson was, roaring out, "Bring out the Canorum! Where is the Canorum?" Kitty, the maid, through whom Betty heard of it, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, what must we do?" He replied, "We must pray." Then she advised him to hide in a closet; but he refused, saying, "It was best for him to stay just where he was." But he was as calm as could be, and quietly took

down a looking-glass which hung against the wall, that it might not be broken. Just then the privateers' men, impatient of the slow progress of the mob, rushed into the house, put their shoulders to the door, and shouting, "Avast, lads! avast!" tore it down and dashed it into the room where the clergyman was. Immediately he stepped forward in their midst, bare-headed, that they might all see his face, and said, "Here I am. Which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you!—or you!—or you?" So he continued speaking until he had passed through the midst of the crowd into the street. There he took his stand, and, raising his voice, said, "Neighbours, countrymen! do you desire to hear me speak?" The mob stood hesitating and abashed, and several of them cried vehemently, "Yes, yes; he shall speak!—he shall! Nobody shall hinder him!" and two of their ring-leaders turned about and swore, not a man should touch him. Then they conducted him safely to another house, and soon after he left the town in a boat.

"A brave heart the parson must have had, truly," said Father. "I had rather face an army than wait to be pulled in pieces by a mob. But what did the mob attack him for?"

"Because he will preach in the fields, master," said Betty, "and the people will go to hear him, and the parsons won't have it, and the magistrates read the Riot Act on him the day before."

"But parsons and privateers'-men do not usually act in concert," said Father, "and the Riot Act seemed more wanted for the mob than for the parson."

"I have heard of them, sir!" said Jack. "Some say this parson has been sent here by the Pretender. The common people go to hear him by thousands, and he speaks to them from a hedge or a door-step, or any place he can find; and the women cry, and fall into hysterics."

"Not the women only, Master Jack," interposed Betty. "My brother-in-law, as wild a man as ever you saw, was struck down by them last summer, and he has been like a lamb ever since."

"What struck him down, Betty?" said Mother in a bewildered tone.

"It is the words they say!" said Betty,—

"they are so wonderful powerful! And they do say they be mostly Bible words, and the parson is a regular Church parson—none of your low-lived Dissenters—and if he comes in our parts, I shall go and hear him."

"But, Betty, you must take care what you are about," said Mother. "There are wolves in sheeps' clothing; and I do not understand women going into hysterics and men being struck down. There is nothing like it in the Acts of the Apostles. I hope, indeed, it is no design of the Jesuits."

But Betty stood her ground. "I am no scholar, missie," said she; "but I should like to hear the parson that turned my brother-in-law into a lamb."

"And I," said Father, "should like to see the man who can quiet a mob in that fashion."

"And I," said Hugh Spencer quietly to me, "should like to hear the sermons which bring people together by thousands."

I do not know that I should have thought so much about it if our vicar had not preached about it on the next Sunday.

The things our vicar preaches about seem generally to belong to times so very long ago, that it quite startled us to hear him say that in these days a new heresy had sprung up, headed by most dangerous and fanatical persons calling themselves clergymen of the Church of England.

This new sect, he said, style themselves Methodists, but seditiously set all method and order at defiance. They had set all England and Wales in a flame, and now, he said, they threatened to invade our peaceful parish. He then concluded by a quotation from St. Jerome (I think), likening the heretics of his day to wolves, and jackals, and a great many foreign wild beasts. He gave us a catalogue of heresies from the fourth century onward, and told us he had now done his part as a faithful shepherd, and we must do ours as valiant soldiers of the Church.

Betty thought our vicar meant that we should be valiant like the privateers'-men at Falmouth; but I explained to her what I thought he really meant.

But in the evening, as I was reading in the Acts of the Apostles how the magistrates and the mob seemed to agree in attacking the apostles; and about the riot at Ephesus and the calmness of St. Paul, I wondered if the apostle looked and spoke at all like that brave clergyman at Falmouth.

And my dreams that night were a strange mixture of that old riot at Ephesus, and this new riot at Falmouth, and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

Hugh says the clergyman's name is the Reverend John Wesley, and that he is a real clergyman, and fellow of a college at Oxford.

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER.

JERUSALEM.



It is not strange that my first night on the Mount of Olives was sleepless. Though the preceding night had been spent in the saddle, and the preceding day in fatiguing travel, yet the vision of Jerusalem, which I had that day seen for the first time, remained so vivid before my mind's eye, that it banished all thought of sleep and all sense of fatigue. For hours I lay absorbed in the stirring memories of the distant past, which holy scenes had called up and invested with the charm and freshness of reality. Mount Zion,—Moriah, crowned of yore with the halo of the Shekinah glory,—Gethsemane, bedewed with the

tears, and stained with the bloody-sweat of the Son of man,—Olivet, where Jesus so often taught and prayed,—they were all there, each with its wondrous story written 'as if in letters of light. Longing for the morning, I once and again rose from my bed and threw open the lattice. The stars hung out like diamond lamps from the black vault of heaven, shining with a sparkling lustre unknown in our hazy west, and revealing in dim outline the walls and towers of the Holy City sleeping peacefully away below.

I was specially favoured during my first visit to Jerusalem. An old friend had rented a little tower high up on the western side of Olivet, commanding

a noble view of the city and the surrounding country from Bethlehem to Mizpeh. It was one of those square turrets which in recent, as in ancient times, proprietors sometimes built in their vineyards as residences for keepers and temporary store-houses for fruit (Isa. v. 2; Matt. xxi. 33). Here I took up my quarters, and from the open window or the terraced roof, at all hours, day and night, I gazed on that wondrous landscape. During the soft, ruddy morning twilight,—at the full blaze of noon-day,—in the dead stillness of night, when the moon shed her silver rays on the white walls and roofs of the city, my eyes were upon it,—never wearying, never satisfied, but ever detecting some new beauty in tint or form, some fresh spot of sacred interest or historic renown. While I live I can never forget that view of

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Morning dawned; and with my kind host, to whom every spot in and around Jerusalem was familiar, I ascended to the terraced roof. Behind Olivet, on the east, the sky was all aglow with red light, which shot slanting across the hill-tops and projecting cliffs, and upon the walls and prominent buildings of the city, throwing them up in bold relief from the deeply shaded glens. No time could have been more opportune, no spot better fitted for seeing and studying the general topography of the Holy City. The whole site was before us, distinct and full, like a vast and beautiful embossed picture. At our feet, along the base of Olivet, was the Kidron, a deep and narrow glen, coming down from an undulating plateau on the right, and disappearing round the shoulder of the hill on the left, its banks terraced, and dotted here and there with little groves and single olive trees. Directly opposite us was Mount Moriah, its bare sides rising precipitously from the bottom of the Kidron to a height of some two hundred feet. On its summit is a great rectangular platform, about thirty acres in extent, and taking up fully one-half of the eastern side of the city. It is encompassed and supported by a massive wall, in some places nearly eighty feet high, and looking even higher where it impends over the ravine. This platform constitutes by far the most striking feature of the city. It is unique. There is nothing like it in the world. Its history, too, is wonderful. It has been "a holy place" for more than thirty centuries. Its cyclopean walls were founded by Solomon. Upon it stood the Temple, in whose shrine the glory of the Lord so often appeared, and in whose courts the Son of God so often taught. It is still to the Muslem *d-Haram esh-Sherif*, "the noble sanctuary," and, next to Mecca, the most venerated sanctuary in the world. The platform itself—simple, massive, and grand—is a striking object; but the buildings it contains greatly contribute to its beauty. In its centre, on a raised area of white marble, stands one of the most splendid mosques in the world, octagonal in form, encrusted with encaustic tiles of gorgeous colours, and surmounted by a graceful

dome. From its area the ground slopes away to the encircling ramparts in gentle undulations of green turf, diversified with marble arcades, gilded cupolas, fountains and prayer-niches; and, interspersed with venerable cypresses, olives, and palm-trees. At the southern end is a large group of stately buildings, including the Mosque el-Aksa, once the Church of the Virgin; and round the sides of the platform are cloisters, here and there covered with domes, and surmounted by tall minarets. The quiet seclusion of this sanctuary, the rich green of its grass and foliage, the dazzling whiteness of its pavements and fountains, the brilliant tints of the central mosque, and, above all, its sacred associations, make it one of the most charming and interesting spots on earth.

Just behind Moriah the Tyropean Valley was distinctly marked by a deeply-shaded belt, running from north to south through the city. Beyond it rose Zion, higher and longer than Moriah; in front, a confused mass of terraced roofs, tier above tier; farther back are seen the white buildings of the Armenian Convent, like an immense factory; more to the right the new English church; and in the background, crowning the hill, the massive square keep of the Castle of David. The southern section of Zion is now outside the city wall; and there a high minaret and cupola mark the tomb of David. From it the hill sinks into the Valley of Hinnom in steep terraced slopes, covered with vineyards, olives, and corn-fields. As I looked, a moving object in one of the fields rivetted my attention. "Haste, give me the glass," I said. (The glass was turned upon it.) Yes, I was right; a plough and yoke of oxen were there at work. Jeremiah's prophecy was fulfilled before my eyes: "*Zion shall be ploughed like a field*" (xxvi. 18).

Along the further side of Zion runs the deep glen of Hinnom, which, turning eastward, sweeps round the southern end of the hill and joins the Kidron at En-Rogel. These two ravines are the great physical boundaries and barriers of Jerusalem; they completely cut it off from the surrounding table-land; and they isolate the hills on which it stands, and those other hills, too, or hill-tops, which, as the Psalmist tells us, "are round about Jerusalem" (cxxv. 2). These natural barriers also served to confine the city within regular and definite limits—to prevent it from sending forth straggling suburbs and offshoots as most other cities do; hence it was said, "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together" (Ps. cxxii. 3).

A high battlemented wall encompasses the modern city. It runs for half a mile along the brow of the Kidron valley, facing Olivet, then turns at right angles and zigzags across Moriah, the Tyropean, and Zion to the brow of Hinnom. The whole circuit is two miles and a half. The city was always fortified, and the walls and towers formed its most prominent features. Hence the language of the exulting Psalmist, "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers

thereof, mark ye well her bulwarks." Jerusalem has no suburbs. There is no shading off of the city into the country—long streets radiating from a centre, then straggling houses, and villas, and gardens, such as we are accustomed to see in English towns. The moment you pass the gates of Jerusalem you are in the country,—a country open, bare, without a single house, and almost desolate. Not a green spot is visible, and not a tree, save here and there a little clump of gnarled, dusky olives. Rounded hill-tops, and long reaches of plain, strewn with heaps of gray limestone, extend from the walls far away to the north and south. There is no grandeur, beauty, or richness in the scenery. It is bleak and featureless. Hence the sad and bitter disappointment felt by most travellers on approaching Jerusalem from the west and north. They can only see the serried line of gray Saracenic walls extending across a section of a bleak, rocky plateau. But when I stood that morning on the brow of Olivet, and looked down on the city, crowning those battlemented heights, encircled by those deep and dark ravines, I involuntarily exclaimed,—"*Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, the city of the Great King*" (Ps. xlviii. 2). And as I gazed, the red rays of the rising sun shed a halo round the top of the Castle of David; then they tipped with gold each tapering minaret, and gilt each dome of mosque and church; and at length bathed in one vast flood of ruddy light the terraced roofs of the city, and the grass and foliage, the cupolas, pavements, and colossal walls of the Haram.—No human being could be disappointed who first saw Jerusalem from Olivet.

WALKS THROUGH THE CITY.

In the eastern wall there is but one gate, and all the paths from Olivet and Bethany meet there. Instead of entering, however, we turn to the left, and soon reach the square tower on the north-east angle of the Haram. The enormous size of the stones in the lower courses of the masonry—some of them being more than twenty feet long—and the bevelling of their edges, prove that the building was founded not later than the time of Herod, and probably much earlier. It was one of the external defences of the fortress of Antonia, where the Roman garrison was quartered, and in which was Pilate's "Judgment Hall" where our Lord was condemned (Matt. xxvii. 19).

Proceeding southwards, we reach an ancient gate, which, though now walled up, is the most striking object on this side of the city. Travellers usually call it "The Golden Gate;" but its florid capitals and entablatures, and its debased Corinthian columns and pilasters are not older than the fourth century; and, consequently, it cannot be reckoned one of the gates of the temple.

The Valley of Judgment—Muslim tradition.—After passing the gate, my companion directed my attention

to the end of a granite column projecting from the wall far overhead, to which the Mohammedans have attached a curious tradition. On it, they say, their Prophet will sit on the last day to direct the work of the final judgment in the valley beneath. That part of the tradition which locates the judgment in the Kidron, or "Valley of Jehoshaphat," they have borrowed from the Jews, and it has its origin in a misinterpretation of Joel iii. 12. But be this as it may, the belief exercises a powerful influence alike on Jews and Mohammedans. The favourite burying-place of the latter is on the narrow ledge outside the Haram wall, impending over the Kidron; and the Jews often travel from the ends of the earth that they may lay their bones in the vast cemetery which covers the opposite bank of the ravine.

The Pinnacle of the Temple.—The south-eastern angle of the Haram is a most interesting relic of ancient Jerusalem. It is nearly eighty feet high. In its lower part are sixteen courses of bevelled stones, forming one of the finest specimens of masonry in the world. The joints are so close, and the finish of the bevel so perfect, that when new it must have produced the effect of gigantic relievé panelling. On looking at this noble work, the narrative in Mark xiii. assumed a fresh interest for me:—"And as He went out of the temple, one of His disciples saith unto Him, Master, *See what manner of stones and what buildings are here.*" The "chief corner-stones" surpass all the others in size and finish. They measure twenty feet by six, and are designed alike for strength and beauty. How graphic must the words of Isaiah have been to the old Jews who frequented the temple courts, and were familiar with these colossal stones! "Behold I lay in Zion *for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a pure foundation*" (xxviii. 16); and how beautifully expressive is the language of the Psalmist!—"Our daughters as *corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace*" (cxliv. 12).

The angle springs from the very brow of the valley; and upon its summit stood, in Herod's time, a splendid tower, uniting the royal cloisters which ran along the southern side of the temple court, to the cloisters or "porch" of Solomon (John x. 23), which occupied the eastern side. Josephus thus alludes to the stupendous height of this tower:—"If any one looked down from the top of the battlements, or down both those altitudes, he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth." There can be little doubt that this was "the pinnacle of the temple" on which Satan placed our Lord in the temptation (Matt. iv.).

Turning the corner, we walked on to the place where the modern city wall meets the ancient Haram wall at right angles; and just at the point of junction we observed part of an old gateway. We examined it in passing; but at a subsequent period I was enabled to explore it thoroughly inside and out. The gate is double, and formerly opened into a long tunnelled passage, leading

up by an inclined plane and steps to the centre of the Haram. It was evidently intended for the accommodation of the inhabitants of the lower part of the city; probably for the Nethinims and others who lived down here in Ophel, to give them easy access to the temple (Neh. iii. 26; xi. 21).

Solomon's "Ascent" to the Temple.—There is no gate in the city wall near the Haram, and we must, consequently, pass round towards Zion to a little postern which is usually open upon Fridays. Entering by it, we suddenly find ourselves in a wilderness of ruins and rubbish heaps, overgrown with rank weeds and straggling jungles of the giant cactus. The shattered and half-ruinous houses of the Jewish quarter are away up on the left, clinging to the precipitous side of Zion. A tortuous path, encumbered with filth, and noisome with the putrid remains of cats, dogs, camels, and other animals, winds through this scene of desolation. As we pass along, we cannot but recall the words of Micah, for his prediction is fulfilled before our eyes:—"Therefore shall Zion for your sakes be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest" (iii. 12). At length we reach the south-west angle of the Haram, and feel amply repaid for a toilsome and unpleasant walk. The masonry here is even grander than that of the other angle, and the "corner-stones" are still more colossal; one measures thirty feet by six and a-half! This angle stands on the brow of the Tyropean valley, which separated Moriah from Zion, but which is now in a great measure filled up with rubbish.

Some forty feet from the angle, on the western side, are three courses of colossal masonry projecting from the wall, and forming the springing stones of a large arch. These stones have within the last few years attracted no little attention, and given rise to no small amount of controversy. And this is not strange, for they are unquestionably a remnant of the bridge that once connected Moriah and Zion. Calculating by the curve of the part which remains, we find that the span of the arch must have been about forty feet, and five such arches would be required to cross the Tyropean. That the bridge existed in our Lord's time we learn from Josephus. It is also mentioned during the siege by Pompey twenty years before Herod was made king. The exact date of the fragment still remaining, cannot, of course, be precisely fixed. One thing, however, is certain, that it is coeval with the massive foundations of the southern angles of the Haram. One of the three courses is five feet four inches high, the others are a little less. One of the stones is twenty-four feet long, another twenty, and the rest in proportion. The Cyclopean dimensions, and peculiar character of the masonry, indicate a far higher antiquity than Herod the Great, and would seem to point back to the earliest age of the Jewish monarchy. We read in 1 Kings vii. 10, that the foundations of Solomon's temple were formed of "silly stones, even great stones; stones of ten

cubits, and stones of eight cubits . . . And the great court round about was with three rows of hewed stones." In three passages of Scripture a remarkable "ascent," or "causeway," is mentioned, leading from the palace to the temple, and specially intended for the use of the king (1 Kings x. 5; 1 Chron. xxvi. 16; 2 Chron. ix. 4). May we not identify this "ascent" with the "viaduct" which, according to Josephus, connected the royal palace on Zion with the temple court? Such a monument of genius and power might well make a deep impression on the mind of the Queen of Sheba in that remote age; and thus a new interest is attached to the story:—"And when the Queen of Sheba had seen the wisdom of Solomon, and the house he had built, . . . and his ascent by which he went up into the house of the Lord, there was no more spirit in her."

What a train of associations, holy and historic, and what a crowd of feelings, joyous and sorrowful, do these few stones awaken! Over the noble bridge which they supported, marched in solemn splendour the kings and princes of Israel, to worship God in His temple. Over it, too, humble and despised, often passed the Son of God himself, to carry a message of heavenly peace to a rebel world. Upon its shattered arch the victorious Titus once stood, and pointing to the burning temple behind him, made a final appeal to the remnant of the Jews on Zion to lay down their arms and save themselves from slaughter by submission to Rome. Now temple, bridge, and palace are all gone. Within the precincts of the temple-court no Jew dare set his foot; and on the site of the royal palace the wretched dwellings of that poor despised race are huddled together in misery and in aqualor.

The Place of Wailing.—Entering the inhabited part of the old city, and winding through some crooked filthy lanes, I suddenly found myself, in turning a sharp corner, in a spot of singular interest;—the "Jew's place of wailing." It is a small paved quadrangle; on one side are the backs of low modern houses, without door or window; on the other is the lofty wall of the Haram, of recent date above, but having below fine courses of bevelled stones in a perfect state of preservation. Here the Jews are permitted to approach the sacred enclosure, and wail over the fallen temple, whose very dust is dear to them, and in whose stones they still take pleasure (Pa. cii. 14). It was Friday, and a crowd of miserable devotees had assembled—men and women of all ages and all nations, dressed in the quaint costumes of every country of Europe and Asia. Old men were there,—pale, haggard, careworn men, tottering on pilgrim staves; and little girls with white faces, and lustrous black eyes, gazing wistfully now at their parents, now at the old wall. Some were on their knees, chanting mournfully from a book of Hebrew prayers, swaying their bodies to and fro; some were prostrate on the ground, pressing forehead and lips to the earth; some were close to the wall, burying their faces in the rents and crannies of the old stones; some were kissing them, some had their arms

spread out as if they would clasp them to their bosoms, some were bathing them with their tears, and all the while sobbing as if their very hearts would burst. It was a sad and touching spectacle. Eighteen centuries of exile and woe have not dulled their hearts' affections, or deadened their feelings of national devotion. Here we see them assembled from the ends of the earth, poor, despised, down-trodden outcasts,—amid the desolations of their fatherland, beside the dishonoured ruins of their ancient sanctuary,—chanting, now in accents of deep pathos, and now of wild woe, the prophetic words of their own Psalmist, "*O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled. . . . We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilt thou be angry for ever?*" (Ps. lxxix. 1, 4, 5).

"Oh, weep for those that wept by Babel's stream
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell!"

The Temple and its Court.—After two or three attempts to get a peep at the sacred enclosure through the open gateways, where we met with a somewhat rude reception from the guardian dervishes, we passed on to the Serai, or Pasha's palace, at the north-west corner. My companion had the entrée, and we were soon on the terraced roof which commands the whole Haram. From this point the various buildings are seen to great advantage. I was struck with the chasteness of design, and wonderful minuteness and delicacy of detail, in the Saracenic architecture. The central mosque is a perfect gem. The encaustic tiles which cover the whole exterior, reflect in a thousand gorgeous hues the bright sunlight. Over the windows and round the cornice are broad borders of beautifully interlaced Arabic characters, so large that one can easily read them. The graceful dome and its golden crescent crown the whole. The position of the building on its marble platform, raised high above the surrounding area, adds vastly to its appearance. It is octagonal in form, and about one hundred and sixty feet in diameter. The roof and dome are supported by three concentric circles of marble columns of the Corinthian order. Beneath the dome is the remarkable rock,—the *sanctum* of the whole Haram,—which gives to the building its name, *Kubbet-es-Sukhrak*, "The Dome of the Rock." It is the top of the hill,—the crown of Mount Moriah, rough and irregular in form, and rising five or six feet above the marble floor. Beneath it is a small excavated chamber, called the "Noble Cave." The Jews regard this rock as the holiest spot on earth. Here, they tell us, Abraham offered his sacrifice; here was the threshing-floor of Ornan which David bought, and on which Solomon built the Temple (2 Sam. xxiv.; 1 Chron. xxi.; 1 Kings vi.; 2 Chron. iii.) We learn from the Talmud that the great altar of burnt-offering was erected on it, and that the cave beneath was excavated as a cesspool

to drain off the blood. Thus the exact site of Solomon's Temple is identified; and thus, too, we see that the golden crescent—the symbol of the false prophet—is now raised on high as if in scorn and derision, over the very spot where the glory of the Lord of Hosts appeared. Ezekiel's prophecy is fulfilled, "*I will bring the worst of the heathen, and they shall possess their houses. . . . And their holy places shall be defiled*" (vii. 24).

The poor Jew may now truly exclaim, as he looks down from his squalid dwelling on the brow of Zion:—

"Our temple hath not left one stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne."

The whole Haram area is artificial. Part of it round the great mosque has been cut down, while the outer portions are raised, and the southern section is supported on massive piers and arches. The subterranean chambers thus formed are chiefly used as cisterns for storing water. In former times they were supplied by an aqueduct from Solomon's Pools.

The other buildings in the Haram have comparatively little interest. On the right, adjoining the city, are ranges of Dervish colleges, with cloisters opening on the grassy area. Away on the south-west is El-Aksa, with its pointed roof and Gothic façade. To the left of the great mosque, and only a few paces distant, is a beautiful little cupola, supported on slender marble columns; it was built by the Calif Abdel-Melek, some say as a model for the Dome of the Rock.

Via Dolorosa.—A narrow lane which runs in a zig-zag line from the door of the Serai to the Church of the Sepulchre has been dignified by the name *Via Dolorosa*, because along it, says tradition, our Lord passed from the Judgment Hall to Calvary. I shall neither insult the understandings of my readers, nor shock their feelings by any description of the Seven *Stations* which monkish imposture has located here. We passed along the street, making various excursions to the right and left in order to get a fuller view of the city, and to visit all objects of interest. We looked into the Pool of Bethesda, so called,—but which seems to be a portion of the great fosse which protected the fortress of Antonia on the north; and we visited the Church of St. Anne, not far distant,—a chaste building of the Crusading age, recently given by the Sultan to the French Emperor. "Most of the city is very solitary and silent; echo answers to your tread; frequent waste places, among which the wild dog prowls, convey an indescribable impression of desolation; and it is not only these waste places that give such an air of loneliness to the city, but many of the streets themselves, dark, dull, and mournful-looking, seem as if the Templars' armed tread were the last to which they had resounded." Another thing strikes the thoughtful traveller,—the remains of the ancient city that meet the eye are singularly few; here and there, a column in the wall, or a marble slab on the footway, or a fragment of bevelled masonry, or a Gothic arch projecting from a rubbish heap,—these are



JERUSALEM

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Stephen's Gate
of Psephinos Tower
ancient point of old City
- Samuel March Vol. II '14

all that whisper memories of the distant past. The Jerusalem of Solomon, and the Jerusalem of Herod, and even a great part of the Jerusalem of the Crusades, lie deeply buried beneath the modern lanes and houses

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Has been for fifteen hundred years the chief point of attraction to Christian pilgrims. Its history may be told in a sentence or two. Founded by the Emperor Constantine, it was dedicated in A.D. 335—Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, taking part in the consecration service. It was destroyed by the Persians in 614, and rebuilt sixteen years afterwards on a new plan. It was again destroyed by the mad Calif Hâkim, the founder of the Druze sect, and rebuilt in 1048. During the Crusades many changes and additions were made. The Rotunda, the Greek Church on its eastern side, the western façade, including the present door and tower, and the chapel over Calvary, were then erected in whole or in part. The buildings remained as the Crusaders left them till the year 1808, when they were partly destroyed by fire. They were restored, and the church, as it now stands, was consecrated in 1810.

Turning from the Via Dolorosa into a narrow lane, we soon reach an open court, its pavement worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims, and usually littered with the wares of trinket merchants, dealers in beads, crosses, "holy" soap, and "blessed" candles, which are eagerly bought up by strangers. On the northern side of the court stands the church. Its southern façade, the only one now uncovered, is a pointed Romanesque composition, dark, heavy, and yet picturesque. It has a wide double door, with detached shafts supporting richly sculptured architraves, representing our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Over the door are two corresponding windows, and on the left stands the remnant of the massive Campanile, once a noble tower of five storeys, but now cut down to three.

On entering, it was with shame and sorrow I observed a guard of soldiers—Mohammedan soldiers—stationed in the vestibule, to keep rival Christian sects from quarrelling over the tomb of their Saviour. The principal part of the building is the *Rotunda*, which has a dome open at the top, like the Pantheon. Beneath the dome stands the *Holy Sepulchre*, a little structure, like a church in miniature, encased in white stone profusely ornamented, and surmounted by a crown-shaped cupola. It contains two small chambers—the first called the "Chapel of the Angel," and said to be the place where the angel sat after he had rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre. The stone itself is there too! Through this we pass, and enter the *Sepulchre* by a very low door. It is a vault measuring six feet by seven. The tomb—a raised couch covered with a slab of white marble—occupies the whole of the right side. Over it hang forty lamps of gold and silver, kept constantly burning. I lingered long here—solem-

nized, almost awe-stricken—looking at pilgrim after pilgrim, in endless succession, crawling in on bended knees, putting lips and forehead and cheeks to the cold marble, bathing it with tears, then dragging himself away backwards, still in the attitude of devotion, until the threshold is again crossed. The vault is said to be hewn out of the rock, but not a vestige of it is now visible; the floor, tomb, walls, are all marble. The rock may be there; but if so, how one should wish

"The lichen now were free to twine
O'er the dark entrance of that rock-hewn cell.
Say, should we miss the gold-encrusted shrine,
Or incense-fume's intoxicating spell?"

The Rotunda and Sepulchre are common property. All sects—Latin, Greek, Armenian, Coptic, Jacobite—have free access to them, but each has its own establishment elsewhere. Round the Holy Sepulchre are numerous other "holy places," no less than *thirty-two* being clustered under one roof! Golgotha, the Stone of Unction, the Place of Apparition, the Chapel of Mocking, the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross—But why go over such a catalogue? I would not willingly mingle one light feeling or one light expression with the solemn events of the Crucifixion. Yet it is difficult to speak of these "holy places" gravely. It is difficult to forget how seriously such superstitions and traditions hinder the success of missionary enterprise, and how often they make Christianity a mockery in the land which gave it birth.

On another occasion, I was in the Church of the Sepulchre at Easter, when crowded with pilgrims from all lands, of all sects. It was a strange and impressive, but painful scene. In that vast crowd, with the exception of a few solitary cases, I saw nothing like devotion; and in these few cases devotional feeling had manifestly degenerated into superstition. *Place* was the object of worship and not *God*. The bitter animosities of rival sects came out also on all sides, among the clergy as well as their flocks; and it was only the presence of the Turkish guard that prevented open war. I was then glad to think that the *real* place of our Lord's Passion was not dishonoured. True, Christianity is a spiritual faith; it recognises no "holy places." Yet one's natural feelings revolt at the bare idea of Calvary becoming the scene and the cause of superstition and strife.

But some of my readers will doubtless ask, "Does not the Church of the Sepulchre cover the *real* tomb of our Lord?" The question involves a long and tangled controversy, on which I care not to enter. I may, however, give my own first impressions on the subject—impressions which thought and study have since deepened into conviction. Before visiting Jerusalem, I knew from Scripture that Christ was crucified "without the gate" (Heb. xiii. 12), at a place called Golgotha (Matt. xxvii. 33); apparently beside a public road (v. 39). I also knew that the "sepulchre" was "hewn out of a rock" (Mark xv. 46), in a garden near Golgotha (John

xix. 41, 42). On visiting Jerusalem, I was not a little surprised to observe the dome of the Church of the Sepulchre far *within* the walls—in fact, *nearly in the centre of the city*. Yet the city in our Lord's day must have been four or five times larger than it is now. It seemed to me that topography alone makes identity all but impossible. But whatever may be thought of traditional "holy places," Zion and Moriah, Hinnom, Olivet, and the Kidron are there. What though the royal palace has become "heaps," and the temple has "not one stone left upon another!" What though the "Holy City" is "trodden down of the Gentiles," and

mockery is enshrined in its sanctuary! The glens which echoed back the monarch minstrel's song, the sacred court within whose colossal walls Israel assembled to worship a present God, the hills over which Jesus walked, and on whose sides He taught and prayed, the vines, the figs, the olives which suggested His beautiful parables,—all are there; and no controversies or scandals can ever change their features, or rob us of the hallowed memories they recall and the illustrations of divine truth they afford.

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST,
December 1868.

MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. X.—MADAGASCAR.



THE Sabbath evening conversations had been interrupted for a few weeks, owing to family circumstances.

"I hope you are prepared for a long sea voyage," said Mrs. Campbell, when all were once more assembled as usual.

"Where are we to go, mamma?"

"We shall embark at Terra del Fuego; or, as that is such a very stormy place, we may rather sail from among our friends at Keppel Island. Point to it on the map, Tommy. Very good. Now we cross the South Atlantic, passing the south of Africa. We might touch, if necessary, at the Cape of Good Hope for provisions, and would find much to interest us there of a missionary kind."

"That is among the Hottentots," said George.

"Yes, and we must visit them some day; but at present I wish to go further, into the Indian Ocean, till we reach this large island on the south-east of the African continent."

"That is Madagascar. Is it very large?"

"It is one of the largest islands in the world (for we must consider Australia as a continent). Madagascar has been called 'the Great Britain of Africa.' It is about nine hundred miles long, and in the centre four hundred broad."

"And is the country pretty?" asked Anne.

"There is great variety of scenery—extensive plains as well as mountainous regions. It is altogether a noble island, capable of the highest civilization and cultivation. One of the first Englishmen who ever visited it, two hundred years ago, wrote a description, comparing it to the land of Canaan, calling it 'a little world of itself, the chief paradise this day upon earth,' and applying to it the words of Moses in Deut. viii. 7-9."

"Surely," said Mr. Campbell, "that must have been an exaggerated account."

"Yes; the first visitors of any new country are always

apt to view things too strongly one way or other. But there can be little doubt that Madagascar, when really civilized and Christianized, may become one of the finest portions of our globe."

"Was it discovered by the English, mamma?"

"No; I believe the first European visitors were Portuguese, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; and long before that it was known to the Moors and Arabs."

"And who lived in it, mamma?" said Tommy. "Was it Red Indians?"

"Oh, Tommy," said George, "the Red Indians are only in America, quite the other side of the world. I suppose it would be Hottentots who first lived in Madagascar."

"No, George," said his mother, "you are not right. The island is peopled by different tribes, distinct from each other, though we call them all by the general name of the Malagasy. Some of them have probably come from Africa; but the greater number are thought to be of Asiatic origin, from the South Sea or Polynesian Islands. It would only confuse you to go over the names of these tribes. Mr. Ellis, the traveller and missionary, says they may be divided into two principal classes by the difference of complexion, one race being olive colour, with straight, soft hair; the other black, and hair curly or frizzy. But there are many degrees of difference or resemblance among them, from intermarriages and other causes. The pale olive-coloured people are generally called the Hovas. They are now the most important race, and have the chief dominion over the others. Their province, Ankova, you see in this map, in the centre of the island. It is a hilly country, but from the absence of wood not so picturesque as other parts of Madagascar. Here is the capital marked—Tananariva, a large town on the top of a hill."

"Then, mamma, the Malagasy do not wander about like the American Indians?"

"No; they usually live in towns or villages, and

cultivate the ground to some extent, though the means of subsistence are so easily obtained that there is much encouragement to indolence. They are a civilized people compared with the natives of America."

"Do they wear clothes?"

"Yes; and the upper classes are often splendidly and gracefully dressed, either in native manufactures or those bought from European traders. The royal lamba (or mantle) is made of fine English cloth—bright scarlet, bordered and ornamented with gold lace."

"Then the king will look like a soldier," said Tommy.

"Much better, my dear, at least much more graceful; for in place of a tightly fitting coat and trousers, his scarlet mantle falls loosely round his figure. He has a right to use a scarlet umbrella also."

"A scarlet umbrella! how very funny."

"Then," asked George, "is there one king over all the island?"

"I believe the various tribes have their own chieftains; but there is now one nominal sovereign over the whole, of the Hova race, who lives in the capital. Mr. Ellis calls the form of government partly despotic, partly monarchical. The king has far more absolute power than in our country; and yet there are public assemblies of the people which act as a check upon his despotism."

"But," said Mr. Campbell, "you must not forget that it is missionary work among the Malagasy we wish to hear of, not merely their manners and customs."

"You are right, and other interesting things will come out in the course of our story."

"Are the people worshippers of idols? or what kind of religion have they?"

"Their paganism seems to be of a very dark, vague, unhappy kind. A stranger might think, from what they often say, that they believe in one Supreme God, but would soon discover that they have no distinct ideas regarding him. Here is an extract from Mr. Ellis's book, relating to this subject:—

"Madagascar it is true, exhibits no outward visible objects of worship, calculated to charm the senses or claim the veneration of the inhabitants of the country. . . . But it is not without its idols, its ceremonies, its sacrifices, and its divinations. It has its altars too, its vows, and its forbidden things. . . . It has its mythology, crude as it is, and its full share of puerile credulity in ghosts, spirits, and apparitions. . . . Vague, absurd, and unsatisfactory as their creed may be, they cling to it with unyielding tenacity. . . . They speak of God, they pray to God, they appeal to God, and they bless in the name of God. But if the inquiry be pursued—if a Malagasy be asked the meaning of the word, he replies that he cannot tell.' Mr. Ellis goes on to show that although they speak of ghosts and spirits, they do not seem really to believe in the immortality of the soul or a future state of existence."

"What are their idols like, mamma?"

"There are twelve or fifteen principal idols kept in

the neighbourhood of the capital, and many others throughout the country. But they are kept in sacred privacy, not openly exhibited like those of the Hindus; so that it is hardly possible to ascertain their appearance, only they must be of small size. On public occasions the idol is wrapped in red velvet and carried on a pole, and the people are strictly forbidden to look at it. The office of idol keeper—we cannot call it a priesthood—is considered very honourable. Mr. Ellis gives many particulars about the different idols, and their supposed properties; but it would take long to tell you, and be of little use."

"Do they offer sacrifices to them?"

"Yes, a great many. The character of their superstitious worship is altogether most confused and complicated. Besides the great national idols, every house or family seems to have its household gods; and even many individuals have their 'ody,' or charms, which they carry about their persons. They pay much regard to what they call unlucky days and hours, which are calculated by men whose name means the same as 'astrologer.' If a child is born in what is declared to be an unlucky hour or day, it is often mercilessly put to death; and yet as a people they are fond of their children."

"I suppose," said Mr. Campbell, "their moral character will correspond with that of their superstition."

"There are some hopeful points in the national character; but still as heathens they are generally cruel, revengeful, regardless of truth, and accustomed to sin of almost every kind. What other fruits can be looked for from the bitter root of paganism?"

"Oh, mamma," said Anne, "tell us now if any missionaries have gone among them, and if any have become Christians."

"Yes; God has fulfilled his own word, even in Madagascar—'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.' He has given grace to many of the poor degraded Malagasy, 'not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for his sake.'"

"Let us hear more about that, mamma. When did missionaries go to them?"

"For many years the London Missionary Society were watching for an opportunity to begin a mission on the island."

"What is the London Missionary Society?"

"To answer that question would be to tell you a most interesting story, and I hope to do so some future evening. But now I shall only say that it was, or rather is, a great Christian Association in London for sending the gospel to the heathen. Well, the Directors were most desirous to make Madagascar one of their fields of labour; but many difficulties and obstacles arose, and no missionary could be sent until 1818."

"But," said Mr. Campbell, "there had been much intercourse before that time between Europeans and the Malagasy."

"Too much; at least of a wrong kind. The French

had made repeated attempts to colonize on the island, without success, owing to illness and other causes. But the horrible slave trade had been carried on there to a deplorable extent, encouraged by those who called themselves Christians. It would take too long to tell you how at last our government awakened to a sense of duty, and resolved to take vigorous measures for suppressing this shameful traffic. After many difficulties, a treaty was formed between the Governor of Mauritius, as representative of our Sovereign George IV., and Radama, King of Madagascar, in 1817. Radama was to use all his authority for abolishing the slave trade throughout his dominions, and to receive in return a large yearly payment of money, ammunition, arms, and military accoutrements."

"Was Radama a good king?"

"He was a remarkable man, considering his position. He was wonderfully intelligent, sensible of the advantages of European civilization, and desirous to introduce improvements of all kinds among his people. His conduct in regard to this treaty appears to have been faultless. But alas, for the time the powers of evil prevailed. There was a change of government at Mauritius,—the treaty was broken on the side of the English, Radama's confidence deceived and shaken, and the dark cloud of misery, which seemed about to be dispelled, settled down again on the fair island and its people."

"Then," said Mr. Campbell, "this must have been a very unpromising time for the commencement of missionary operations."

"It was so, indeed. The first missionaries were Mr. Bevan and Mr. Jones, two young Welsh students, who were ordained to the ministry in Wales. They were newly married, and their wives willingly devoted themselves to the same field of dangerous labour. They arrived at Mauritius in July 1818."

"Where is Mauritius?"

"I ought to have told you before. Look at the map; it is this island, east from Madagascar, belonging to Great Britain. All direct intercourse with Madagascar on the part of our country, is generally made from this point. When the missionaries arrived there, the governor received them courteously, but did all he could to hinder their going further, dwelling on the dangers of the Madagascar climate, the prevalence of the slave trade, and the irritated state of Radama's mind in consequence of the treaty with England having been broken."

"Then did they not go on?"

"They were much disheartened; but at last resolved to leave their wives in Mauritius, and visit Madagascar themselves, as mere travellers, to make their own observations on the climate and people."

"You did not tell us before, mamma, that the climate was dangerous."

"It is so to strangers at some seasons of the year, especially on the coast, from the great heat and the extent of swampy forests and stagnant marshes at the mouths of rivers. The 'Malagasy fever' is a sad illness.

The French and Dutch, in their various attempts to colonize, suffered so terribly from it, that the isle of St. Mary's, which you see here on the east coast, was called 'the grave of the French,' and by the Dutch, 'the churchyard or dead island.'

"But by using proper precautions, and going away from the coast at the unhealthy season, it is now found that the danger may be greatly avoided. The missionaries got medicines and directions from some medical gentlemen in Mauritius. Still it must have been a sad time of anxiety to the poor ladies after they were gone."

"And how did they succeed?"

"They touched at the Isle of Bourbon, which is a French settlement, and here, though the governor was kind and courteous, he gave a most discouraging view of what they might expect at Madagascar. This must have depressed them a good deal, still they went forwards, trusting in God, and landed at Tamatave on August 18. You see Tamatave marked on the east coast of Madagascar; it is a small village, with a good harbour or anchorage, much visited by traders. The country is low, woody, and marshy, and looks delightfully green and inviting at the very season when the fatal fever is in the air, ready to attack all strangers. But the missionaries arrived at a good time of the year. The captain of the trading vessel in which they came introduced them to the chieftain of the district (Tamatave is the name of a district as well as of a sea-port), and also to an English trader, Mr. Bragg, who lived in the neighbourhood."

"Were they kind?"

"The chieftain, Jean René, did not give them much encouragement, saying that king Radama was very angry with the English. Mr. Bragg received them kindly, and invited them to live in his house; but they had heard a bad account of his character at Mauritius, and were rather sorry to be obliged to him. However, he introduced them to some principal natives, and advised them to begin a school at once, in a village near Tamatave. The natives seemed quite willing to send their children, and glad to think of their learning reading, writing, and music. The missionaries on their part were quite pleased with the little Malagasy, finding them docile and intelligent, very different from the wild Red Indian boys, who, you may recollect, gave such trouble when Mr. Cook first tried to form a school at Red River."

"Then Mr. Jones and Mr. Bevan would be quite happy?"

"They were very hopeful about this good beginning, and returned with the good news to Mauritius, in order to bring their wives to Madagascar. They were busy during the voyage at the study of the Malagasy language. But they found both ladies ill, and unable to come away immediately. As soon as Mrs. Jones got somewhat stronger, Mr. Jones sailed with her and their little baby, and reached Tamatave on October 19. When the natives saw them, they seemed quite rejoiced, calling out, 'Finaritra! Finaritra!'"

"What does that mean, mamma? It is a pretty word."

"It means welcome! welcome! So the hearts of the good couple were made glad, and they began at once to build a school on a piece of ground given by the chief, Jean René."

"Mamma, that is like a French name."

"It is; his father was a Frenchman, his mother a Malagasy princess. He had been as a boy educated at Mauritius, and thus had great advantages over most of his countrymen. He was a very clever man, but his talents were sadly thrown away in promoting the slave trade. However, both he and his brother Fisatra were kind to the missionaries. And alas, they were soon much in need of kindness. The wet season came on; they were living in a damp house, and both husband and wife were seized with the Malagasy fever. The poor little baby, too, was taken ill, and died, while its parents were too ill themselves to pay it any attention."

"Oh, mamma, how very sad!"

"It was a great sorrow, and they could not help fearing that the dear infant had not been properly treated. But greater trials were at hand, for when they were apparently recovering from the fever, they were suddenly seized with such violent sickness and other symptoms, that they felt as if they must have been poisoned, and, indeed, some poison was found in the kitchen. Mrs. Jones got worse and worse, and in a few days she followed her baby to heaven."

"Oh, the poor husband! what did he do?"

"He was too ill to attend to her funeral; but Jean René took charge of getting a coffin and Mr. Bragg read the funeral service over the grave. Some natives were present, but none of the European traders came. Only a few days after this sad event, Mr. and Mrs. Bevan, with their baby, arrived at Tamatave."

"That would comfort Mr. Jones."

"Yes; but it was a sad time for their arrival. They were told at once that Mrs. Jones and her child were dead, and Mr. Jones dying. They were terribly shocked, and Mr. Bevan could hardly recover himself so as to walk to the house of mourning. He was, I suppose, a man of a naturally timid nervous disposition; for he said immediately that he felt sure he should also take the fever and die."

"That fear," said Mr. Campbell, "was of itself enough to bring on the evil he dreaded. It is of the greatest importance in times of general sickness or danger, to watch and pray against yielding to despond-

ing fears and forebodings, and seek a trustful hopeful spirit."

"That is true; but poor Mr. Bevan's fears seemed to be prophetic. In a few days both he and his wife began to complain, and after one day's illness their baby died. Then the poor father became quite delirious. In his delirium he was always talking about the mission, and once he said to Mr. Jones, 'I shall certainly die; but you will recover, and go on with our work, and succeed in the end.'"

"And did he die, mamma?"

"Yes, on the 31st of January 1819, about three weeks after his arrival. His wife then seemed to be recovering, and was wonderfully sustained under her affliction by heavenly consolations. But three days after her husband's death, she suddenly became greatly worse, in such a way as gave much reason to suspect that she, like Mr. and Mrs. Jones, must have been poisoned. She died after some hours of suffering."

"What a tragedy!" said Mr. Campbell. "Since the natives were friendly, who could be supposed to poison these good people?"

"That must remain unknown until the great day, when all secrets shall be revealed."

"Then Mr. Jones, mamma, what became of him. Did he die too?"

"No; it was the will of God that he should recover, though we may believe he would rather have chosen to follow his beloved ones to the heavenly rest. He slowly rallied, and in this feeble condition had to endure cruel unkindness and ill-treatment from Mr. Bragg and others, who stole his property, and even mocked at his sufferings."

"It was wonderful that he got well at all. Did he give up the mission?"

"No; he is a bright example of true devotedness to the service of Christ, in spite of opposition and discouragement, and also of how our Lord can support his servants under every form of trial, and give them strength for every duty to which he calls them. But it is too late to go on with the story this evening."

"This has been a sad enough beginning," said Mr. Campbell; "but I have little doubt you will have brighter things to tell us of afterwards. In all missionary history we are often reminded of that beautiful promise:—'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'"



THE FLAW IN THE LINK.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



HE wedding was a pleasant one, and full of promise. The bride was as clearly formed for "attractive grace" as Milton's Eve. Her bright face glowed with the white and red which "nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on." The man at her side was every inch a man;—and his face flushed with honest pride when her softly spoken "Yes, I do," fell upon his ear. The link that day welded before God with prayer, seemed so bright, and firm, and strong that no eye could detect a flaw.

A few weeks after, when the bridal tour was over, we saw them at church, side by side. A good beginning, thought we. It was the Sabbath for celebrating the Lord's Supper. When the time came for distributing the bread and wine, the non-communicants either changed their seats or left the church; not all, but many of them. The young bridegroom rose reluctantly, halted a moment, then took his hat and went over to a side pew, and sat by himself. The bride was left to commemorate the love of her Saviour *alone*. It was their first separation, and in a moment a "great gulf" seemed to open between them! Ah, thought we, there is a flaw in that wedding link already; they are one toward each other, but toward God they are *two*! How can two walk together toward eternity when they are going in opposite directions? Which of them will draw the strongest? If God gives them a household to rear up, which will the children follow soonest, the praying mother or the irreligious father? Will it not be a house divided against itself?

Looking around the church, we saw other separations just as wide and melancholy as this one. Husbands and wives were there that day that during the previous week had dwelt lovingly together. They had sat at the same table at home; they had wept and rejoiced together in the sorrows and the joys of one common fireside. But at the table of their Divine Lord and

Redeemer *they parted*. To human eyes, but a narrow church-aisle divided them; yet in God's sight they were spiritually as wide asunder as the poles. Looking at this scene of separation, the question came up to our mind, "In the great day when Christ the Judge shall separate souls, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, will the wedding-tie hold then? Or will there be found a fatal flaw in the link that will leave husband and wife to break asunder with a parting that shall never again be followed by a meeting?"

To many a loving wife who will read these lines, this is a sore and tender subject. What shall I do to save my husband's soul? has been the burden of her own soul for more than one anxious year. We would reply to such as she, You can *pray* for him. But to make your prayer of any avail, be careful not to contradict it by your life. Do not ask God to direct him to the Saviour, and then yourself stand in his way. You can do more than pray for him; you can *draw him*. By driving, you cannot move him one inch heavenward. You cannot force him to the church, to a prayer-meeting, to his Bible, or to the Saviour. But if, in the name of Jesus, you fasten the silken cords of affection to him, and apply the persuasions of earnest lips, still more of a holy, sweet-tempered, noble life, you may be delightfully surprised to see how he will "go after you." As the huge man-of-war on its way down through the Narrows seems to say to the little steam-tug, "*Draw me* and I will go along with you," so has many a resolute will and carnal heart been won along steadily toward Christ by the gentle power of a sweet prayerful woman's life. The positive efforts that you make for your husband's conversion must be made wisely. There is a sort of holy tact in this business. Watch your opportunities. Do not approach him with it when he is out of temper. Do not *worry* him with teasing talk, or with taunts; do not assume the tone of pity; it will only irritate. Watch your chances, and aim to co-operate with the Spirit of God *when you see*

the heart moved by the truth, or moved by affliction, or by any event of Providence; then *work with the Holy Spirit.*

One good illustration is often worth a hundred counsels. And an actual incident we have somewhere met with fits our case exactly. During a period of general religious interest in the city of B——, a wife of devoted piety persuaded her husband to go with her one evening to her church. He tried to think himself an infidel, and made sport of religion on every opportunity. "I will never go again," said he, angrily, to her. "I was provoked and insulted; that sermon against infidelity was aimed at me." She saw that the shots were striking, and said nothing. But prayer was made for him without ceasing by herself and a few friends.

One evening the wife kindly said to him, "Dear, will you grant me one little request?—go, with me to-night to meeting." "I will go to the door, and no further." With true womanly tact she says, "Very well, that will do." He goes with her, parts from her at the door, stays out in the cold, while she goes in and breaks into fervent prayer for him as soon as she reaches her

seat. She is trying not only the strength of her marriage link, but of that mightier link that binds her faith to the God of Promise.

Presently the door slowly opens; a man walks straight to her seat, and sits down beside her! He listens, goes home quietly; she meanwhile talking more with God than with her husband. The next evening, after tea, as they sit chatting by the fire, he rises, and with some emotion says, "Wife, isn't it 'most time to go to church?" She springs from her chair; it is entirely too early, but she will not risk delay; and hurrying on hat and cloak, they are off. A happy evening was that to her yearning, loving heart! For his stubborn soul melts down under the truth like wax in the flame; his infidelity is conquered where it only can be vanquished—at the cross of Christ!

From that evening he is a new man. His home is a new place. There is an altar at his fireside; behold, he prayeth! And ever after through their happy lives, there was *no flaw in the link* that bound them in their daily walk toward heaven. "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"

BISHOP BUTLER AND THE "ANALOGY."

BY F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.



HERE are very few works in all literature so widely and profoundly esteemed as the "Analogy," whose authors, in their personal characteristics and fortunes, are so little known as Joseph Butler. It is true that a process of close reasoning, like that contained in this treatise, is, to a considerable degree, independent of the common materials for a biography. It takes its place as a separate and clean creation of the brain, to be judged by itself, according to absolute standards of thought and the canons of impersonal criticism. And yet there is a higher philosophy, which teaches that no fruit of human thinking can stand wholly clear of the human organization it proceeds from. There is no composition and no study which does not take some strength or weakness, some soundness or disorder, some colouring or direction, from the secret quality and forces of the composer's or student's spirit. The laws of that supreme and central part of us execute themselves, unconsciously but irresistibly, into the style, method, and substance of what we speak and what we do.

Besides, "The Analogy of Religion with the Constitution and Course of Nature" is such a discussion of its august theme as requires every possible key, from an acquaintance with its author, from the opinions of competent interpreters as to its aim and scope, and from noticing the tendencies of speculation and habits of inquiry belonging to the age when it appeared. No new contributions to such an undertaking have lately appeared. Our purpose is simply to furnish, from those that have been long in existence and not unknown to scholars, a brief sketch which may possibly have some interest, at least to a portion of our readers.

Butler's life was one of too little incident to afford much encouragement even to a sanguine historian. Indeed, one of his biographers, who appears to have been under an impression that a memoir must necessarily be an octavo, resorts to the device of introducing into his account episodic sketches of all the principal persons that happen to be mentioned in connection with his subject, to make out his volume. The principal variations in Butler's external career were only such as belong to a quiet walk through a succession of changing

spheres of service and gently ascending honours, in the duties and dignities of the English Church. The events were such as befall a retiring scholar and faithful minister in the old country, living in scholastic meditation, and addicted to studies that are enlivened rather than agitated by an occasional controversy. Even his disputes took their significance rather from the magnitude of the metaphysical subjects they involved, than from any popular interest or any salient polemical displays. And yet the very simplicity of his manners, the fastidious refinement of his tastes, the delicacy of his sensibilities, and the brave and most honourable decisions of his conscience, hardly less than the commanding stature of his intellect, raised him into a stately distinction among the wits and sages of his time, imparting both a classical charm and a certain historical importance to his unpretending life.

His birth, on May 18, 1692, took place at Wantage, in Berkshire—a market-town of venerable associations, and especially famous as the native place of Alfred the Great. The situation of the antique palace and baths is still pointed out to travellers, within the limits of the township. Unlike as these two British celebrities are, it is not too much to affirm that the civic courage and accomplishments, the versatile gifts and imperial manliness of that brilliant figure which stands as the head and type at once of the national and the royal character, scarcely constitute a more legitimate title to fame than the unmatched Saxon logic of that Great Defence of the Faith which came to form an epoch in the ethical and theological annals of the empire, eight centuries and a half after Alfred died. To have repulsed the Danes and consolidated the Heptarchy was certainly not a grander service to the world than to have taken some of its most cunning and dangerous weapons out of the hands of unbelief, and to have reconciled the reason of man with the revelation of God.

Butler's father was a merchant, of no family note, but living respectably, a Protestant Dissenter of the Presbyterian order. An uncommon taste and aptitude for learning made occasion for the son's removal, at an early age, from the grammar school of the neighbourhood to a Dissenting academy of some reputation at Gloucester, which was soon after transferred, with its pupils, to Tewkesbury. Here his pursuits were largely theological, with a view to some Presbyterian pulpit. He became, however, a Churchman, and was entered as a commoner in Oriel College, at Oxford, in 1714.

Butler's earliest literary achievement was his correspondence—taking the shape of a mild but earnest controversy—with Dr. Samuel Clarke, the philologist, commentator, and natural philosopher, the Latin translator of Isaac Newton and disputant against Leibnitz—a correspondence on the possibility and method of demonstrating the existence and attributes of God; the special topic in question being Dr. Clarke's "Treatise," then just published. Although Butler's part in this

extraordinary discussion came from him at the age of twenty-one, it takes worthy rank among his maturest productions. The cogency of his argument and the acuteness of his discriminations were graced by the unassuming civility of his address. He takes the attitude of an inquirer, sincerely seeking a satisfactory belief. Dr. Clarke's attention was so favourably drawn to this anonymous and precocious critic, that he not only replied six days after, but commenced his answer in these terms of admirable temper:—"Did men who publish controversial papers accustom themselves to write with that candour and ingenuity with which you propose your difficulties, I am persuaded almost all disputes might be very amicably terminated, either by men's coming at last to agree in opinion, or at finding reason to suffer each other friendly to differ." The letter ends thus: "If anything still sticks with you, in this or any other part of my books, I shall be very willing to be informed of it." Butler was only in part convinced. The discussion turned mainly on the Propositions of Dr. Clarke, under which he attempts to establish a mathematical proof of what, as his antagonist affirmed, admits of no such proof, but proof of a higher kind. In the hands of two such contestants, the debate ran soon and straight into the depths of the vast theme. At the end of his second letter, Butler modestly proposes to retire, with this graceful apology: "I am so far from being pleased that I can form objections to your arguments, that, besides the satisfaction it would have given me in my own mind, I should have thought it an honour to have entered into your reasonings, and seen the force of them. I cannot desire to trespass any more upon your better employed time; so shall only add my hearty thanks for your trouble on my account." Clarke refused to let the matter drop, and fairly matched his opponent's courtesy with saying: "Though, when I turn my thoughts every way, I fully persuade myself there is no defect in the argument itself, yet in my manner of expression I am satisfied there must be some want of clearness, when there remains any difficulty to a person of your abilities and sagacity." Butler, not to be outdone in knightly honour, rejoined: "I am too well acquainted with myself to think my not understanding an argument a sufficient reason to conclude that it is either improperly expressed or not conclusive—unless I can clearly show the defect of it. *I design the search after truth as the business of my life.*" With the sending of a fifth letter on each side the correspondence terminated—Clarke generously observing at the close: "On the whole, I cannot but take notice, I have very seldom met with persons so reasonable and unprejudiced as yourself, in such debates as these." Before long the veil of concealment—preserved throughout by the assistance of Butler's friend, Secker, who conveyed the packages to and from the Gloucester post-office—was taken off, a valuable friendship was offered by Dr. Clarke and accepted; and that distinguished scholar gave the sincerest evidence of his

cordiality, by allowing Butler's letters a place with his own published writings, where they still appear, in all the editions.

Partly through the influence of this friendship, and partly on the recommendation of another friend, Edward Talbot, whose father was Bishop of Durham, Butler was appointed, in 1718, preacher at the Rolls Chapel, in London, where he found a legally disciplined auditory, able to appreciate the peculiar structure of his mind. As the Court Terms required his residence in the metropolis only a part of the year, he combined with this engagement, four years later, a rectorship, presented him by Bishop Talbot, at Haughton, near Darlington; and in 1725 this was exchanged for a parish in Stanhope. During the time that he thus divided his labours and affections between his learned hearers in London and his rustic congregation at Stanhope, it is alleged that he showed the same anxiety to satisfy the spiritual wants and to comfort the temporal necessities of his simple people in the country, as to meet the more exacting demands and fastidious tastes that he encountered in town. With true Christian simplicity, he remembered that he was a servant of that Master who preached his gospel to the poor, and whom the common people heard gladly; and that the foolish things of the world have more than once confounded the wise.

Out of the sermons preached at the Rolls Chapel he selected and published fifteen, to which were afterwards added six others delivered on particular occasions—the whole forming, in singularly brief compass, an incomparable body of principles, in ethics, philosophy, and divinity. They embody his entire system of morals, his doctrine of the sovereignty of the conscience, his analysis of human nature, his theory of benevolence, and his distinction between selfishness and self-love, besides practical expositions of particular duties. So high an authority as Dr. Chalmers pronounces the three first of these discourses “the most precious repository of sound ethical principles extant in any language,” and in his preface to his “*Bridgewater Treatise*,” declares that he has derived greater aid from the views and reasonings of Bishop Butler than he has been able to find besides “in the whole range of our existent authorship.” Dugald Stewart gives it as his opinion, that, “although the authority of conscience was beautifully described by many of the ancient moralists, it was not sufficiently attended to by modern writers, as a fundamental principle in the science of ethics, till the time of Dr. Butler.” Dr. Wayland acknowledges the deepest obligations for moral ideas and trains of thought received from the same source. Dr. O'Brien observes: “I trace so distinctly to his writings the origin of the soundest and clearest views that I possess upon the nature of the human mind, that I could not write on this or any kindred subject without a consciousness that I was, directly or indirectly, borrowing largely from him.” And Sir James Mackintosh confirms these judg-

ments when he says: “In these sermons, Butler has taught truths more rationally connected with each other, and therefore more worthy of the name of discovery, than any with which we are acquainted.”

It was during his residence as rector at Stanhope that Butler both drew the plan and built the massive structure of the masterpiece of his genius. Dissatisfied, in the Christian demonstration, with the *a priori* method of Dr. Clarke, and perceiving the inefficiency of all attempts at a merely metaphysical deduction, he inverts the process, and, seizing on the great practical law of analogy, calls to his aid the inductive principle of modern science, and so assails scepticism at the very seat and stronghold of its entrenchments. This was establishing an evidence for Christianity as original as it was impregnable. The work was the slow formation of years of silent thought. It grew to its majestic and rounded proportions in the fields and lanes, the rectory library and the gardens, through the patient meditations and the laborious vigils of this shy student's seclusion from the world. The peasants used to wonder at the strange, abstracted ways of the simple clergyman, shunning intercourse with people, yet kind and considerate whenever the poor addressed him, riding his black pony in by-ways, careful of every parochial obligation, yet evidently glad always to fall back again into himself, and taking long walks often at midnight. So the “*Analogy*” was shaped, compacted, and completed. More will be said of that further on. Much as the world has had to say of it since, it is clear enough that in some very respectable quarters in England not much was said of it when it came from the press. Butler presented a copy of the first quarto edition to each of his nephews. One of these is described as an eccentric, pragmatical personage, who had more of a turn for practical mechanics than for theological research. Having occasion about that time to borrow an iron vice of one of his neighbours, who was a shrewd Scotch solicitor, with a Scotchman's metaphysical relish in him, and hearing this neighbour use some enthusiastic expression about his uncle's new book, the nephew proposed to exchange his copy of the “*Analogy*” for the vice, and went home, congratulating himself on the thrifty bargain that had bartered a prosy dissertation for a useful accession to his tool-room.

Secker's watchful affection, apprehensive lest continued solitude and contemplation should work some morbid effect on his friend's mind or body, obtained for him the situation of chaplain to the Lord Chancellor, Charles Talbot, a brother of Edward. As a curious evidence of the thoroughness of Butler's isolation, it is related that Queen Caroline asked in company, about this time, whether Butler was not dead; to which Archdeacon Blackburn promptly answered—referring to his rural seclusion,—“No, your Majesty; not dead, but buried.” Being partially withdrawn from Stanhope, receiving an honorary degree at Oxford, and introduced again to London, Butler drew the favourable notice of

the Queen, who appointed him her Clerk of the Closet, received the Lord's Supper privately at his hands at Kensington, and summoned him, with such eminent personages as Berkeley, and Secker, Hoadley, Clarke, and Sherlock, to repeated conversations on the more genial aspects of philosophy and letters in her presence. Her own accomplishments and information, as well as her benevolence and piety, thus inaugurated an order of evenings at court in agreeable contrast with those provided by the appetites of her husband. In 1736 Butler was presented to a prebendal stall at Rochester, and was elected vice-dean two years later. In nearly all these offices his financial circumstances were straitened; and, to make up for the deficit occasioned by the needful expenditures in sustaining the dignity of his places, he was obliged to receive pecuniary aid from his kindred.

His promotion to the Episcopal Bench and the See of Bristol came also in 1738. In 1740 he was made Dean of St. Paul's. It was about this time that Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, whose mind was exercised on some points of the Christian evidences, addressed a communication to Butler, with questions, and expressed a desire for a conference, though it could be accomplished only at the expense of a long journey. Butler replied; but the letters are lost. It is known that Lord Kaimes, however, conceived at that time an esteem for his correspondent, which continued through life. The personal interview was declined by the bishop for reasons that curiously illustrate at once his diffidence and conscientiousness. He excuses himself on account of his natural reserve, his being unused to oral debate, and his fear that the cause of truth might suffer from the unskilfulness of its advocate. David Hume, also, obtaining a note of introduction from Kaimes, sought an acquaintance with Butler,—though not, apparently, from very disinterested motives, as he wrote, in one of his letters, that he hoped his "Political Essays" would have some success in the market, since Butler had recommended them. In fact, he avows that such a recommendation was his object; speaks of being afraid to throw himself on the great man after he attained the dignity of a bishop; and, worse yet, owns that he cut out the more offensive portions of his sceptical "Treatise on Human Nature" before he ventured to put it into Butler's hands,—“a piece of cowardice,” he says, for which he hopes his friends will not blame him; which is laying rather a heavy tax upon friendship,—though he could hardly have rendered a more significant tribute to the man of whom he stood in awe than this anxiety to keep irreverence out of his sight.

One of the feeble and ineffectual compensations George II. rendered to his queen, for wrongs that demanded some heavier atonement, was to respect her memory and preferences by assigning to Butler, after her death, the place in the royal household corresponding to that which her esteem had conferred on him in her own behalf; and, in 1746, on the death of Dr.

Egerton, Bishop of Hereford, Butler was appointed Clerk of the King's Closet. A still statelier honour was proposed to him by the crown, the year after, when he was offered the highest seat on the Episcopal Bench. But there were conditions of the Church and the nation which overbalanced whatever temptations even the Primacy might have held out to his aspirations. Butler preferred the tranquillity and positive usefulness of a less elevated post rather than to be metropolitan of all England, with confusion, hostility, and torture. The ambition he did not feel for himself others felt for him. Presuming that the obstacle to the acceptance of such a promotion must lie in the formidable expenditures involved in supporting the style of the office, the alert nephew before referred to, who traded off the presentation copy of the "Analogy," came to the rescue with his abundant wealth. Hoping that something would come of this visionary uncle after all, he posted up to London, and eagerly laid before him an offer of £20,000. To his infinite surprise the offer was firmly refused; the family dignity was not to be so advanced; and the vexed trader went back to Wantage more disgusted than ever with his impracticable and incomprehensible kinsman.

That Butler's self-distrust did not degenerate into pusillanimity, or ally itself with any indifference to real dignity, is proved by the following circumstance. When the king, not wearied of conferring favours upon him by refusal, proposed to translate him from Bristol to the more conspicuous See of Durham, Butler accidentally learned that it was a part of the plan to separate from that place an office which had hitherto been one of its adjuncts and honours, that of Lord Lieutenant. He immediately wrote to the minister, the Duke of Newcastle, that it was a matter of indifference to him whether he died Bishop of Bristol or of Durham; but that it was not a matter of indifference to him whether or not the honours of the see were invaded during his incumbency; and he therefore begged to be allowed to continue Bishop of Bristol. The obstacle was removed by his majesty's pleasure; and Butler entered on the unabridged dignity in 1750. This made him the magnate of the whole north of England, and gave him the dispensation of revenues surpassing those of many a king. Another instance of his delicate sense of honour and the purity of his conscience occurred in this connection. It was proposed to give the Deanery of St. Paul's, which he would now vacate, to his attached and intimate friend Secker. He was afraid there was in this a bargaining of independent ecclesiastic appointments for personal predilections; and he carefully postponed his acceptance till it was made clear to him that no condition of that sort encumbered the measure. There is often a touching simplicity in the language of his private papers, as also in his public reply to the sub-dean's congratulatory address,—a style both noble and beautiful, making them models of Christian modesty and manliness. Take the following, from his answer to one of

the ardent epistles sent him at that time:—"Increase of fortune is insignificant to one who thought he had enough before; and I foresee many difficulties in the station I am coming into, and no advantage worth thinking of, except some greater power of being serviceable to others; and whether this be an advantage entirely depends on the use one shall make of it; I pray God it may be a good one. It would be a melancholy thing in the close of life to have no reflections to entertain one's self with but that one had spent the

revenues of the bishopric of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one's friends with the promotions of it, instead of having really set one's self to do good and promote worthy men; yet this right use of fortune and power is more difficult than the generality of even good people think, and requires both a guard upon one's self, and a strength of mind to withstand solicitations greater, I wish I may not find it, than I am master of."—*Church Monthly (Boston).*

(To be continued.)

HOW I MET WITH HIM WHO DIED FOR ME.

I.



HE daylight has faded over the sea,
The shadows are gathering heavily,
The waters are moaning drearily,
And there is no haven in sight for me,
Only a black, wild, angry heaven,
Only a rolling, moaning sea,
And a small, weak bark by the
tempest driven

Hither and thither helplessly.

For I am alone on this moaning sea;
Alone, alone, on the wide wild sea!
Only God stands by in the dark by me,
But his silence is worse to bear than the moan
Of the dreary waters that will not stay;
And I am alone—aye, worse than alone,
For God stands by, and has nothing to say!
And Death is creeping over to me,—
Creeping across the drear black sea,—
Creeping into the boat with me!
And he will sink the small, weak bark,
And I shall float out in the dreary dark
Dead, dead, on the wide wild sea;
A dead face up to the cruel sky—
Dead eyes that had wearied sore for the light,—
A dead hand floating helplessly,
Tired with hard rowing through all the night;
This is what thou shalt see, O God!
From thy warm, bright home beyond the cloud;
Thou denied'st me light, though it overflowed,
And there was not room for it all in heaven,—
Thou denied'st one ray unto me, O God!
By the windy storm and tempest driven;
Thou shalt look on my lost face, God, and see
What it was to die in the dark for me!
But I cannot reach Him with this wild cry,—

I cannot reach Him with this poor hand;
Peaceful He dwells in the peaceful land,
And the smile on his face is untouched by me—
Only another Eternity lost,
Only another poor soul gone down,
Far out at sea while He smileth on!
The songs of heaven are loud and sweet,
And thrill His heart with joy; it is meet
That He should not catch the far-off moan
Of another soul undone—undone!

Here we part, O God!

Thou to thy life and light,
To the home where thy dear ones gather to Thee,
I to my Death and Night,
A lost thing, with nothing to do with Thee;
Drifting drearily out to sea.
Thou hast stood by me through my long despair,
Thou hast shut from Thee my feeble prayer;
Let us part, O God!

II.

Through the darkness over the sea
A voice came calling—calling to me,—
A gentle voice through the angry night,
And I thought, "Some one else is out to-night,
Out—out—on the wide wild sea,
Can it be any one seeking me?"
So I answered as well as I could from my place,
Though the wind and rain were beating my face;
And through the darkness—over the sea—
Still the voice came calling, calling to me;
Nearer and nearer it came to me,
And one came into the boat from the sea.
The wind fell low round my little bark
As a wounded hand touched mine in the dark,
And a weary head on my breast was laid;
And a trembling voice, as of one whom pain

Had done to death, in a whisper said,—
 "I had nowhere else to lay my head."

III.

And it was *thus* that He came to me;
 I had spoken against Him bitterly,
 As of one who sat smiling on in heaven,—
 Smiling and resting peacefully,—
 While I was perishing tempest-driven;
 But it was *thus* that He came to me,
 Through the deep waters struggling on,

Wherein standing or foot-hold found He none;
 The wild wind beating about his face,
 Fainting and sinking in that dark place;
He had been weary and far from home,
 Strugg'ling forsaken, alone—alone!

So out in the night on the wide wild sea,
 When the wind was beating drearily,
 And the waters were moaning wearily,
 I met with Him who had died for me.

Dec. 1863.

B. M.

Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time.

ANNALS OF AN ABBEY.



None of the loveliest valleys in the West of England a river flows, not in sober silence like the tame rivers of the levels, but with all the richly varied melody and harmony of a moorland or a mountain stream, by the ruins of a Benedictine abbey.

The abbey was founded little less than a thousand years ago; and as we look on the mossy weather-stained stones, a voice seems to come from them which gathers into it the combined tone of the nature by which they are stones and the humanity through which they became a human habitation. They seem to stand as a link between men and the earth, fusing the unconscious ever-changing, ever-renewed life of nature, and the conscious, transitory, yet immortal life of man, into one continuous historic personality, enduring, like the walls, through the ages, yet instinct with the life of human hearts.

Time was when these were only stones, or rather only stone, a part incorporate of the one undivided earth, sealed up in the heart of the hills. Their first step towards individual existence was a rending and a splitting. From a part of the one all, they became many. From rock they became stones. They began to have separate histories. Some of them were tossed by the floods down the rocky bed of the river, and polished and rounded as they fell. Some, the hugest, were perchance set upright in the solitary moorlands, in the weird Druid circles, and were the witnesses and the instruments of the rites of a fierce religion. Some lay scattered on the sides of the hills. All this time they continued separate. At length their hour came; and the hand of man bound them into one, into a building destined to be a temple, a holy place, and a home.

TENTH CENTURY.

It was in the year of grace 961, † Karl Ordulph, the son

of Ordgar, had given all this reach of the valley, with meadow and river, forest, fish, and game, to the Benedictine monks, to pray for his salvation, for the love of Christ. There were no bridges then across the river; there was no path save the swineherds' through the forest. Virgin forest covered all the hills, green strips of marshy meadow land bordered the stream. No sound broke the silence of the valley save the ceaseless song of the river, the cry of the wild-fowl in the reedy islets, or the song of the thrush and the blackbird in the woods, unless it were the occasional soft speech of the fisherman, or the call of the hunter, or the whistling of the swineherd beating the oaks for acorns.

But with the coming of the little band of Benedictines, a new order of things began. The first evening they slept in the valley the rocks and woods echoed back for the first time the sound of human music; and the first music they echoed was instinct with a mighty Name, new and old, eternal, infinite, which thrilled to the heart of the forest and the hills, as the voice of a master thrills through every nerve of the good steed which bears him to the battle.

For countless ages the woods and waters had been playing their symphony, the divine hand had been on the chords; and now at last, in the stillness of the summer evening, the song began.

The little band of monks, with their black robes and cowls and sandalled feet, stood together on the hill-side and chanted to a Gregorian chant the Latin hymn—

Christe qui lux es et dies
 Noctis tenebras detegis;
 Lucisque lumen crederis
 Lumen beatum prædians.
 Precamur Sancte Domine
 Defende nos in hac nocte;
 Sit nobis in te requies,
 Quietam noctem tribue.

*Ne gravis somnus irruat,
Nec hostes nos surripiat;
Nec caro illi consentiens
Nos tibi reos statuatur.*

*Oculi somnum capiant,
Cor ad te semper vigilet;
Dextera tua protegat
Famulos qui te diligunt.*

*Defensor noster adspice,
Insidiantes reprime,
Guberna tuos famulos,
Quos sanguine mercatus es.*

*Memento nostri domine
Tu gravi isto corpore,
Qui es defensor animæ
Adesto nobis domine.**

The last note of the chant died away on the evening air. Yes; the music was no more without words; the song had begun, and with the song also the strife, the war-cry, the sob of penitence, the wail of death, the dirge. The mighty Name had been uttered, but with it also the name of the foe.

Never more could the silence or the music of that valley be what it had been.

The pathetic Gregorian tones, as they swept through the valley and died away in fainter and fainter echoes from rock to rock, had brought with them the immortal joys and the immortal sorrows of the life of man.

The good brethren lay down to sleep on dried grass, under the shelter of the booths which they had intertwined out of the boughs of trees. But one kept watch. Through the night the sleepless footsteps paced up and down on a little shingly beach, left dry by the heats of summer in a curve of the river, as he recited psalm and hymn, or renewed his triple vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Poverty, chastity, obedience. Thus the triad of monastic graces entered the valley.

Barren negations all of them, in the monastic sense, which could have brought forth no fruit at all but for

* Christ, who art both our light and day,
Shine with thy face the night away;
For very light of light Thou art,
Who dost most blessed light impart.

We pray Thee, O most holy Lord,
Defence to us this night afford;
With quiet let these hours be blest,
And deep in Thee, Lord be our rest.

No heavy sleep o'er us prevail,
Nor us our deadly foe assail;
Nor by the flesh through him beguiled
Be before Thee the soul defiled.

Sleep on our eyes its hold must take,
But let our hearts to Thee awake;
And let Thine own right hand defend
Thy servants who on Thee depend.

Thy servants purchased by thy blood,
Yet burdened with their mortal load,
Remember, Lord: Be present here;
Defender of the soul, be near.

the eternal power of Christian love and the law of liberty which came before them and lasted after them, and was the unconscious source of all the good they ever seemed to do.

At midnight the young monk roused the other monks from their sleep, and the midnight silence of the valley was broken by the hymn of praise.

The next morning the rules of St. Benedict were solemnly read to the assembled brethren before they set about the foundation of the new abbey.

"In the first place, to love the Lord God with the whole heart, whole soul, whole strength, then our neighbours as ourselves." (Then followed a number of necessary negations). "To honour all men." Then (by a cold negative application of a sacred command) "*not* to do to another what we would *not* have done to ourselves," "to deny ourselves that we may follow Christ, to chasten the body, to renounce luxuries, to love fasting, to relieve the poor, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, to bury the dead, to help in tribulation, to console the afflicted, to disengage ourselves from worldly affairs, to set the love of Christ before all other things." Many useful prohibitions succeeded, such as "not to be proud, given to wine, gluttonous, addicted to sleep, sluggish, murmuring; not to be fond of much talking, not to love much or violent laughter." And then "every day to confess our past sins to God, in prayer with tears and groaning, and from thenceforth to reform those sins; to pray frequently, to have no jealousy nor envy, to reverence seniors, to love juniors, to pray for enemies in the love of Christ; after a disagreement to be reconciled before the going down of the sun;" and finally, "never to despair of the mercy of God."

Better things than negations were here, and they brought forth their fruit.

These monks were a quiet, sober, industrious band of men. Some bore on their countenances traces of the inward fires which had wasted their lives; vehement men to whom it was hard indeed to obey; men laden with the memory of crime, to whom it was hard indeed "never to despair of the mercy of God;" some on the other hand were tranquil, easy, timid natures, to which the exchange of the necessity of decision for obedience to the abbot was a luxury, and the monastery not a battlefield but a refuge. And some doubtless entered this life, ardent, young, expecting to find in the convent not the negation of life, but its noblest work, ready, with open hearts and full hands to devote their very best to God.

The walls began to rise.

The sound of the axe was heard on the trees and the hammer on the stones. Part of the river was ponded back for the mill. The regular beat of the mill-wheel mingled with the music of the stream. The smoke of the bakehouse and the brewhouse curled up through the trees. The dormitories, refectory, and scriptory, were gathered into one building. A weir was constructed, blending its monotonous regular fall with the ceaseless

tangled melodies of the river in its creeks, and cascades, and little whirlpools. The reedy, marshy shores were embanked and drained. Red cattle grazed in the green meadows in the level of the valley, golden corn-fields glowed on the slopes, while, on the heights above, flocks of sheep were pastured on the thymy downs. Around the monks' dwellings was planted a garden. Herbs were collected there for food and for medicine; and sweet flowers, purple mallows, golden marigolds, and furze and broom, lowly fragrant beds of thyme, and many blossoms beside, blended their colours and perfumes in the summer sunshine. "For the pleasure of the bees," said the monks, "and the use of the honey." Because it was not lawful for them to seek anything for its pleasure, or delight in anything for its beauty; the medicinal power of happiness and the use of beauty not being in their creed.

Only in things dedicated to God was beauty (in their belief) transformed from an ensnaring syren into a heavenly angel. In the church, therefore, the love of the beautiful, elsewhere hooded and chained, might be set free, to spread its wings, and soar and sing.

Slowly, therefore, the church began to rise, not in the mere beauty of solidity, and fitness, and strength, like the other buildings of the abbey, but with all the passion of the artist, every invention of ingenuity, every treasure of wealth lavished on it.

"The rest of the monastery," they said, "was the bag for the poor. This was the alabaster box of ointment, very costly, to be poured on the feet of the Lord."

Thus the church arose, with stained glass, massive porch and pillar, Norman mouldings round window and doorway. And at length, on the Day of the Annunciation of the Virgin, patroness of the abbey, through the clear, keen March air the church bells pealed forth, their first peal, deep, joyous, triumphant; but laden as yet with none of the countless associations which, as the centuries passed on, made their tones grow tender and human.

The bells ceased—their echoes ceased—and through the valley, from the little dwellings which had begun to nestle under the shelter of the abbey, came men, women, and children, to the abbey church.

But at the door they paused. For from within came a sound none of the peasants had heard before—sighings and songs of subtle, mysterious music, indescribable as the sighing of the night wind among the woods, varied and intertwined as the flow of the river over its rocks, into its pools, through its shingles, among its reeds and cresses—melody within melody, harmony beneath harmony; yet all not sweeping hither and thither aimlessly, like the wind; nor flowing downward and falling, like rain and river; but soaring upward, heavenward. It was the organ—"the golden tower of sweet sound," as a Saxon writer called it.

And thus, with church, and church-bells, and sacred music, the abbey was complete.

And being complete, no doubt it would soon have begun to turn, to its inhabitants, into a prison, unless it had become a work-place to further ends. For this,

throughout the centuries, may we not observe to be the case with man, the maker, and his works? Man being a living creature, and his creations, whether stone churches or church systems, being without life, once being finished, they must change from goals of work into starting-points and shelters for fresh work; or failing that, they become to the maker but as a prison or a tomb.

With the founders of our abbey, however, there was no time for this.

Thirty-nine years after the first foundation of it, the Danes swept over the south country like a flood, and in their inroads destroyed the abbey of Earl Ordulph.

Terrible was the slaughter. The monks made no resistance, and few escaped, except such as were absent at the time on convent business, or on missions of mercy among the suffering people around, fulfilling their rule by "consoling the afflicted," or, when aid and consolation were too late, by "burying the dead."

Some perished in their cells alone, some as they were assembled in the church, or on the steps of the altar. Hammer and axe were instruments too slow to accomplish the destructive work of the Danes. They kindled the flames to complete the ruin. In the ashes of the building were effaced the stains of the blood of its founders.

The great river of human life was indeed sweeping through the valley—the war-cry, the dying groan, the death-wail had followed the psalm of penitence and the song of praise.

Devouring flames rolled along the abbey buildings, leapt up to the roof of the church; and when their last glow had faded, silence was restored to the valley. Dust gathered to dust, ashes to ashes, lay building and builder. The cattle were driven from the meadows, the harvest had been hastily reaped from the cornfields, the peasants had fled from their ruined homes.

Once more the river flowed on, the only music of the valley, chanting the old song of nature.

"To the sea through the valley, to the clouds on the sunbeams, from the clouds to the hills, through the heart of the hills to the valleys, through the valleys to the sea. We go and we come back again."

Then the widow and orphan came trembling back to their ruined homes, and together they wept and wailed.

"The leaves come back to the forest, the waters to the river, the sun to the sky, but our beloved return no more! With the river we flow on to the sea, but we come not back again."

Thus it went on from age to age, the song of nature ever the same, the current of human history ever changing; yet deep beneath its changes flowed the unchanging song of life and death. And deeper still, the eternal new song of death and Life—of Him who was dead and is alive again, and is the Life for evermore.

TWELFTH CENTURY.

A new race of monks appeared. The little colony

had grown into a rich and powerful abbey, the cluster of huts into a town.

In the town the same language was spoken as by the founders of the abbey, and among the greater part of the monks; but the abbot and the chief officers of the monastery were men of another race. Two languages were heard in abbey, hall, and town; two races were dwelling there—the Norman ruled in Earl Ordulph's hall and in Earl Ordulph's minster, but the Saxon still tilled the ground, fished in the river, transcribed in the scriptory, chanted in the church, wrote in the chronicles concerning the unexampled sorrows and wickedness of the times.

The names of the old Saxon heroes and saints had not indeed passed away. The Normans had none of their own to substitute for them. The records of their own piratical heathen ancestors, Rollo and his compeers, were not further from them than the heathen Saxon Penda was from Bede. Nearly five centuries of Anglo-Saxon Church history, from the days of Pope Gregory, Augustine, and Aidan the Scot, rich in names of Christian missionaries, patriots, and learned men, were a blank in the Norman annals, or at least a period in which their history had scarcely passed beyond the tumultuous era of the "battles of the kites and crows."

But the names of Saxon saints were now the watchwords of an oppressed people. The massive churches beginning to rise everywhere as the fruits of Norman spoils and Norman religious terrors, were dedicated in honour of no native saints. Saintly names from Frankish and Latin calendars (a Norman calendar not being yet in existence) consecrated cathedral and convent; and St. Neot, St. Chad, Winfred of Crediton, Bede of Jarrow, were left to the reverence of ploughmen and yeomen.

Meantime externally the Benedictine abbey in the valley increased continually in extent and grandeur. Further and further the green smooth meadows and the rich cornfields invaded the forest; while many an outlying cot and grange were built of solid stone for the shepherds of the abbey flocks, the farmers of the abbey lands, or as granaries of the abbey corn.

The gardens around the monks' dwellings were enlarged, and enriched with many a fragrant exotic; crimson roses and white lilies from fair France stered their honey for the murmuring bees, and shed their perfume for the not less busy monks. Vineyards even were introduced on the southern slopes. Workshops for all kinds of trades, carried on during the six prescribed hours of labour, were spread around. Tailoring and shoemaking were added to the occupations of baking, brewing, and gardening, for the mechanical monks; whilst those who had anything of a taste for art found ample scope for their faculties in illuminating, book-binding, cabinet-making; in cutting and setting jewels, or graving gold and silver for the church plate; in carving angular mouldings, leaf and flower, or quaint forms of angel and devil, for column, door, and shrine.

The abbey became, moreover, an asylum for the poor

of the town and neighbourhood, and an inn for the stranger and traveller.

Spacious rooms and chambers were built for the noble or princely guests who often claimed the abbot's hospitality. The hospitaller was installed as one of the regular officers of the monastery, with stores of beds, chairs, tables, towels, napkins, cups and basins, plates and spoons, and servants to wait on him, bringing the food to the guests from the cellarer's department, always kept well stocked from the abbey flocks and herds, fish-ponds, bakeries, and breweries.

The newest delicacies and the newest inventions of all kinds from the Continent or the East found their way to our Benedictine abbey, from the newest style of church music or staining glass to the produce of the vintages of France or the South.

Meantime the Anglo-Saxon school flourished. Costly manuscripts were purchased and transcribed; improvements in agriculture and arts of all kinds were diffused from the abbey throughout the country. The abbey had become a focus of civilization to all the neighbourhood.

"Could anything better be desired?" the middle-aged monks might ask.

And sometimes an aged monk would shake his head and say, "In our time monks lived for something else than to increase the abbey property, or to teach men how to make their life comfortable, or to enjoy themselves."

Or a young monk, fresh with the first glow of ascetic zeal, would murmur, "It is not thus that men learn to renounce the world, to vanquish the flesh and the devil. Bernard, the saintly abbot of Clairvaux, has different monks from these. There the silence is only broken by sacred psalms or tears of penitence, and fasting is the feasting of the soul."

But young and aged would be silenced by an appeal to the regularity with which the rules were observed. "Was one of the sacred hours ever missed? At midnight, prime, lauds, matins, nones, noon, tierce, vespers, compline, did not the valley echo with sacred chant and hymn? Were the fasts relaxed except for infirmity? Was the dress modified? Were not the sick cared for, and was not the daily dole given out to the poor at the gates? At their gates, at least, no Lazarus lay longing for crumbs. Had not the good abbot, Richard Champeaux, benefactor of the needy, lately devoted a whole estate to purchasing shoes for the destitute, to be distributed annually at the church door on the Feast of All Saints, in memory of the faithful departed? And if any desired to sanctify themselves beyond the common limits of weak humanity by additional austerities, who hindered them?"

Thus the murmurers could easily be silenced.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

But before another century had passed these murmurs deepened and spread, and found their practical utterance in the formation of the Mendicant Orders.

At Assisi, and in Spain, Dominic, the young Spanish noble who, even as a child, rose above the human weakness of play, and Francis, the young Italian merchant, who embraced poverty as his bride, and loved all creatures as his brothers and sisters, dissatisfied with the easy rules of any existing community, established the two orders of mendicant friars, who were to wander and to beg, to know no home and own no property, even as an order, but to be the pensioners of the poor, the servants of servants, the companions of lepers.

The Benedictines of our wealthy, learned, and useful abbey were startled one day by the appearance in the streets of the town of two friars, bare-headed, in grey frocks, with sandalled feet, who gathered the people around them in the most irregular manner to listen to open-air preaching.

It was in the year 1224. Not many months before, they had first landed at Dover, and being threatened with hanging by the authorities, who had not yet learned to distinguish "mendicants" from beggars and vagrants, offered their own girdles as halters, and had been spared.

Since that time they had gone from town to town and from village to village through the length and breadth of England, until these two friars had reached this little conventual town in the west country.

Here, as elsewhere, the people gathered around and listened—mothers with babes in their arms, the blacksmith black from his forge, the craftsman from his workshop with tools in his hand, the ploughman on his way to the field.

The irreligious multitudes, "with unwashed hands," who had no sacred name nor sacred costume to interpose between them and the divine judgment, the publicans and sinners, whose sins were disguised under no religious titles, heard them gladly. It was a very clouded gospel which these poor friars brought. They knew so little of the infinite love of the Father, and the infinite sacrifice of the Son, that they thought it a great relief to be able to direct their audience from Christ the Judge to Mary the mother of mercy. They knew so little of the character of Christ that they thought his mother a more compassionate friend. They knew so little of the work of Christ and of the nature of sin, that they thought the great burden of sin which he bore away in the agony of the cross, was still to be atoned for by tears and penances, by wearing something which grazed the skin, and eating less than was pleasant.

They knew so little of the Bible that they thought the Life and Conformities of St. Francis, and all kinds of marvellous legends about his preaching to birds and fishes, better food for their hearers than the gospels.

Yet there was power in the measure of truth they knew and taught. They told people that if they would be saved they must repent; and the poor people knew that what they said was true, and wept in the market-place as the friars preached, and made resolutions to do better, and prayed as they had never done at the homilies of the Benedictines in the church.

The friars chanted a hymn one of them had lately made about "the day of wrath," or about the crucified Lord; they raised the crucifix, and pointed to the pierced hands and the divine thorn-crowned brow, and told the crowd that it was their sins that had crucified the Lord; "*yours and ours*," said the Franciscans. They spoke of the "burning love of Christ" to men; and as they spoke their own voices trembled, and the tears often rolled over their emaciated faces. And the people, accustomed to the round voices and the easy comfortable discourses of the monks felt this was quite another thing.

In the church who ever thought of groaning and sobbing for their sins? It would have interrupted the priest, spoiled the music, disturbed the congregation. But here in the market-place, on the ordinary weekday, when the friars spoke of sin it was plain they meant lying, stealing, cheating, unkindness to parents, and other undisguised *lay* sins; and it was plain these sins must not only be confessed, as, of course, every Catholic Christian did confess at least once a year, but *given up*.

Thus there were real conversions in the town among the lay people, conversions extending even to false weights and measures. Absolutions which had hitherto been waited for composedly from Lent to Lent were sought at once from the Benedictine confessors with an eagerness that quite startled them. The penitents wept real bitter tears as they said, "*by my fault, by my fault, by my most great fault*," as if the old words came fresh from their own hearts.

And years afterwards, on dying beds, old men and women spoke of the sermons of those Franciscan friars, and wished they could hear but one such again, or perchance remembering some words about the sufferings and the love of Christ, and his death upon the cross, cried out, "Jesus, most sweet Jesus, have mercy on me." And being but simple lay people that knew no Latin, and could not, either in pretence or in earnest, make long prayers, those around them hoped they would be heard.

But the religious men in the monastery took quite another view of the matter. It was quite irregular, they said, if not heretical. How the popes could favour such innovations was more than they could understand.

If people wanted to be religious, surely the old orders, which had satisfied saints of centuries' standing, afforded any one scope enough for self-denial to any extent. They had no sympathy with these ignorant vagabonds, these pretenders to be better than any one else, these companions of sinners, and rivals of saints, who preached in all kinds of unhallowed places, and on all kinds of irregular days.

Then as to their hymns. The *Dies Irae* of the fanatic Tacopone, or the hymn on the Cross, or on the glories and joys of Paradise by Bonaventura. "What Latin! what an absence of subtle thought and classical turns of expression!"

Thus the Benedictines went on building beautiful

churches, collecting costly libraries, cultivating art, performing elaborate musical services, transcribing manuscripts, entertaining guests, and performing all manner of services to their generation; and thanked God they were neither as the over-righteous "mendicants," nor as the ignorant and worldly multitudes who listened to them.

And the Franciscans went on ranting and appealing, and doing and saying a great many fanatical things, making a great many blunders, artistic, social, and religious, yet awakening some souls to a repentance unto the life which reaches beyond all orders, and beyond the ages, into those *secula seculorum* in which even Benedictine cathedrals may seem things secular and earthly.

And the river flowed on through the valley by the abbey to the sea, and was absorbed by the sunbeams, and fell back from the clouds into the heart of the hills, ever going and ever returning.

And the generations of men flowed on inside the abbey and outside, to their ocean of eternity, ever departing, but returning never.

But the souls of those who had been awakened by Franciscan or any other priests to hate their sins, and to love their Saviour, lifted out of the mechanical flow of natural life, went up beyond life and beyond death, to live for ever with God.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

The Benedictines need not have distressed themselves so much about these irregular new orders. Before the generation of their founders had quite passed away, devout and earnest men among them began to mourn that the new impulse was dying out, that the self-denying mendicant preachers had become self-indulgent, lazy vagabonds, living on the industry of the poor, and on the vices and terrors of the rich.

Before a hundred years had passed, one branch, at least, of the Franciscans had become regular enough to satisfy the most orderly of the ancient orders. The rivalry between them had become merely a rivalry in wealth and learning and worldly distinction. Some of the most magnificent churches, and some of the most learned men of the age had sprung up among the mendicant Franciscans. But their spiritual force had spent itself.

It was an age of much activity in inward and outward life; an age vivid with the fertile growth and brilliant colouring which follows storms, and full of the uneasiness and restless aspirations which precede them.

A mere list of a few of the great contemporary names suggests the incongruity of the elements which were floating side by side in the century unblended, or, at best, only mechanically compressed together.

Pope Gregory XI., St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Bridget of Sweden, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Rienzi, Tauler, Chaucer, the Black Prince, Wycliffe! The names read like those of characters selected for a series of *compos* on contrasts.

And yet, at least in England, in the middle of the century, until the death of Edward III. in 1377, it was a period of calm and of progress. Old mediæval impulses were dying out; the new life of modern Europe was as yet only stirring as the sap stirs in the twigs when the buds have begun to swell, yet still to one who had never seen the spring open might seem more like irregular brown excrescences than the cradles of green leaves.

Through the valley of our Benedictine abbey still rode pilgrims and walked palmers on their way from the Holy Sepulchre. But the Holy Sepulchre was in the hands of the infidels, and Christendom seemed tacitly to have accepted the disgrace.

Other crusades had become more popular than those against the Saracens. The last "holy war" had been *against* the sworn knights of the Cross, the Order of Templars.

The fruits of sacred pilgrimage were, moreover, to be reaped nearer home than Jerusalem or Rome.

Knight and squire, prioress, yeoman, priest and friar, and all classes, who, if not particularly anxious to be saved from their sins, were sincerely desirous of compounding for the penalty, found an easy and sociable road to Paradise, neither strait in the entrance nor narrow in the way, in the pilgrimage to Canterbury.

The Benedictine abbey in the valley echoed with sounds of mirth and revelry, sounding from the ecclesiastical precincts long after the quiet working men and women in the town had gone to rest.

The refectory entertainments even were not enough to satisfy these merry monks, who, with the hunting abbot John de Courtenay at their head, feasted each other privately in their cells.

Hunting parties swept out of the abbey through woodland and moorland, with hawk and hound. Hunting-seats were built on the borders of the moors, or on the edge of wooded valleys. The abbey lands increased, and the abbot's dignities. What more ecclesiastical work was there to do? The church had been built two hundred years; the people disputed not church authority; within the memory of man no heresy had arisen. If the world had not actually entered on the thousand years of peace, said the more sanguine monks, it was plain that the tide which was one day to cover all the earth, had already risen to the level which flooded this happy valley.

A few exceptions there might be, the more sober-minded admitted. There were still lepers and leprosy-houses in the world. Such traces of the fall were not yet quite effaced. They remained, perhaps, to exercise the graces of the faithful!

On one of the slopes of our valley stood a leper-hospital, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. There was placed the Maudlin Chapel, provided by some heart of monk or layman touched with Christian love, that the wretched outcasts who might not enter the Parish or the Conventual Church, with their music and splendours, might yet have a quiet sanctuary of their own wherein

to pray for patience, and hear of the love of Him who, according to one mediæval legend (mistaking the facts, but understanding the love) in the cup of sinless suffering He drained to the dregs for sinful men, had tasted this bitterness also.

In 1370 an indulgence of thirty days was granted to all who should aid this lazar-house by their alms.

In little more than ten years afterwards, a fountain was unsealed in the heart of England—a well of water springing up to everlasting life, which was to sweep away in its healing streams—healing for the soul and body of men and nations—abbey and indulgences, lazar-houses, and leprosy itself.

For nearly two hundred years, since the Anglo-Saxon had ceased to be the people's language, there had been no people's Bible in England.

In 1384 Wycliffe died, and his English translation of the whole Bible was diligently transcribed and circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Once more "the jewel of the clergy was made common to the laity," and England had an English Bible.

* * * * *

A little maiden had come with her pitcher for a draught of water from the Banniwell (holy or Bénit), a peculiarly pure spring in one of the reaches of the valley. She was waiting for the water slowly to fill her pitcher as it flowed, when an aged priest came to bathe his eyes in the spring, which was thought, by the grace of God and our Lady Mary, to be beneficial for weak eyes.

The child offered to withdraw her pitcher and to wait, but the old man, saying time had little value for him, seated himself on a stone near at hand. The child's eyes were fixed on the water gushing and sparkling from its little stone spout; the old man's, meanwhile, were fixed on her. To him her fair round face, her glossy brown hair, and the grave earnestness with which she was fulfilling her task, were sights as fresh and pleasant as the sparkle of the water, the green ferns, mosses, and grasses around it were to her.

"Do you come here often, my child?"

"Every morning, father," she said. "Mother says there is no water like this, especially when it is drawn by little maidens like me, just after sunrise."

"But the sun has scarcely risen."

"Not over the hills," she said; "but you see the colour is in the sky, to say he is coming."

"You like to rise early," he said.

"Yes," she said; "I like to see things and places shine out one by one, as the sun comes up; first the top of the hills, then the edges of the woods, then the pinnacles of the church tower, and then here and there the river, and at last even the water in this shady place. It is flowing quite gently now, but in a few minutes it will be sparkling, as the drops of light fall on it through the trees and the ferns."

"Is that the reason why you like to come early?"

"Partly," she said, becoming confidential as she looked at his kind old face; "and I like it for many

reasons. In my brother's book the good people always got up early when God sent them on messages."

"What book is that?" said the monk.

"I do not know," she said. "It is the only English book we have. All the others are in Latin. They are school-books; but this is quite different. It is full of beautiful stories, all about God."

"And you like to come here early, because the good people used to do so in the book?"

"And besides," she said, "there is so much in the book about wells. There was the well the angel came from heaven on purpose to show Hagar that the boy might drink and not die. There was the well to which God sent Rebekah to meet the good servant when he prayed. And then there is the well where the poor woman went to draw water, and found the Lord Jesus there."

"But that is all a long time ago, my child," said the old man.

"Yes," said the child; "but the angels, and prayer, and the Lord Jesus, are quite the same now."

"Do you expect then to see the holy angels, or our Lord at this well?"

"Not to see them," she said. "Brother told me the Book says we are not to see it all yet; but *they are here*, I know; and," she continued with a lower voice, "the Book speaks of another well in Paradise by which the Lord Jesus leads His people now."

The old man was silent a few minutes.

"There were no such good books when I was young," he said; "at least none in which it was all so plain. I have forgotten a good deal of my Latin, and my sight is dim. When does your brother read the book to you?"

"In the evening," she said, "when the little ones are asleep, and all is quiet in the house."

"If you come here every morning, my child," said the old monk, "for your water, we shall meet each other, and you can tell me more of these stories."

"I will try," she said. "Everybody likes them."

"Do you tell them to any else?" he said.

"Yes," she said. "There is a poor woman we know in the lazar-house. Mother sends me to her with broken meat, and broth sometimes, and no one ever delights in the stories as she does. There are such beautiful words straight from our Lord himself, about the broken-hearted, and the weary and the heavy laden."

As they spoke, the clatter of hoofs and the shouts of a merry company of huntsmen came up the valley, and in a minute the abbot and his train swept past them to the moorland.

The little maiden made her reverence to the old monk, took up her pitcher, and went away singing. Morning after morning these two met by the holy well, and spoke of sacred promise and story—the old man becoming as a little child, till the dimness was gone from his spiritual sight, washed away in the water of life, and he saw the kingdom of heaven.

Then came a morning of sorrow. One day the old

man found the maiden weeping bitterly. He dived deep into the memory of the old days before he became a monk, to divine what could be the probable sorrows of such young creatures, but in vain.

At length she said—"Some of them said you must have told the monks, father; but I am sure you never did!"

"Told what?" exclaimed the old monk, sorely bewildered.

"About the Book," she said, beginning to sob again. "It is gone. The monks have taken it and my brother too."

"Why?" said the old man.

"They said it had the name of a wicked man," she said, "on the title page. But it was not his book. It was God's book. You know how good it was."

"It surely was the very water of life to me, my child," said the old monk. "What was the name on the title-page?"

"John de Wycliffe," said the child.

The old monk crossed himself. It was a name which had been much discussed lately at the refectory table, and with bitter animosity.

"God forbid I should lead thee into error, my child," he said. "The book is indeed good. It is the book of God. But Wycliffe, they say, was a great heretic. You may reverence the book, but never have anything to do with that unhappy man."

Many questions were on the child's lips. But something in the old man's manner made her refrain from asking them. His course was nearly ended. The water of the spring had not done the good to his eyes that the water from the eternal spring had done to his heart. The dimness increased to blindness, so that he had to be led whithersoever he went, and the quiet talks with the young girl were at an end. Then the feeble limbs failed altogether. The old monk was laid in the abbey churchyard, and his spirit departed, having received the comfort of the truth without being awakened to its conflicts. It brought him its peace, but not its sword. He died rejoicing in the truth Wycliffe's translation of the Bible had given him; and believing that Wycliffe himself was a most perilous heretic.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

With the young girl and her brother it was otherwise. Their lives were set in stormy times. The Benedictine monks continued performing their services and receiving their rents—renouncing the world in their rule, and enjoying it in their lives; encouraging literature and art; some of them doubtless leading studious lives, and others exercising much practical ability in the management of the abbey estates. But meanwhile the religious life of the people was slowly and imperceptibly passing into other channels.

The English Bible, although no printing presses yet existed, and it had still to be multiplied by the slow process of transcription, was silently circulating among

the middle classes, in farm-houses, and among the burghers. Those who had learned to read in the abbey school had once more unsealed to them the very sources of Christian life and truth. The charmed sleep of the century was broken.

The mysterious abstraction called the Church, which was not the community of faithful men, nor the body of the clergy, nor general councils, nor the popes, and yet had so long risen in shadowy grandeur before the eyes of men, ruled over minds which hourly satirized separately the clergy and their assemblies, the popes. That grand, misty form so mighty in its vagueness, so unsubstantial when approached, was losing its power over the Saxon people of England, yet at the same time was gaining a terrible power as the war cry of the coming conflict.

The Church, once fair as the moon, reflecting the full light of the Word, had come between the sun and the earth, and was actually not merely dark, but the eclipser of light. The whole force of clerical tyranny was directed against Wycliffe's translation of the Bible. It was death to possess it, yet nevertheless it was truth—scribed, read, preached.

Once more the immortal joys and sorrows of the Cross were spreading. The truth revealed was kindling, on the one hand, the stakes of many martyrs, and on the other the undying joy in the hearts of the martyred.

Once more, as in the early days of the Franciscans, the people gathered in the market-place to listen to sermons, not as a weekly or quarterly religious exercise, but as the summons of the King to his rebellious subjects, the message of the Father to his wandering children. Wycliffe's poor priests went with their sandalled feet throughout the land, sometimes preaching under the shadow of abbey walls, sometimes languishing in abbey prisons. But their work had neither the glory nor the transitoriness of the work of the Franciscans. No pope sanctioned it, and no pope could extinguish it. It was not an impulse, although a heavenly one, springing from the heart of one man, and necessarily becoming weakened as it passed from heart to heart. It was the living, incorruptible Word of life, and every seed sown contained a possible harvest. It was the fire of the Spirit, growing stronger for every heart it kindled.

Wycliffe's Bible to the young maiden and her brother was at once the light of life and the sentence of death. From afar came the story of his imprisonment and death, of fiery trial and martyrdom. The Benedictines wondered to think that a condemned heretic had been taught to read in their schools. The sister wept yet rejoiced to think their lowly home had sent one to join the noble army of martyrs.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The Benedictine Abbey seemed more flourishing than ever. If the abbots enjoyed the fruits of the civilization of the age, who had a better right to them? Were they not the foremost in its intellectual ranks? Had they

not recently erected the second printing-press in England? There, in the house near the abbey church, had not the Saxon press been at work for some years? Had not the "Boke of Comfort" (Boetius de Consolatione) been "emprinted in this exempt monastery by Dan Thomas Rychard, monk of the said monastery, to the instant desyer of the right worshipful esquier Mayster Robert Langdon, mxxxv. Deo gratias?"

If the liberal expenditure of former abbots had involved the abbey in some little debt, what was that compared with the privilege just conferred by King Henry VIII. in 1513, and by the pope? Had not the abbot Richard Banham been created a mitred abbot, and admitted in 1513 a baron of the higher house of Parliament? Had he not, moreover, by clever negotiations and much diligence, obtained from Pope Leo X. a bull exempting the abbey from all episcopal jurisdiction? Higher, monastic ambition in that age did not reach. The aim and crown of Benedictine existence had been attained. The abbot was in the House of Peers.

Not exactly the end, some of the monks might think, aimed at by St. Benedict when he established his rule. But had not each of the monks individually renounced the world? All the honour and glory they possessed was not for any individual monk, but for the monastery. Had not our Lord promised to those who left all to follow him, houses and lands, and tenfold more than they renounced even in this life? And did not the abbey, with its fish-ponds, herds and flocks, luxurious chambers, seat in the House of Peers, stand as a visible monument of the truth of these words? It was true He had added, "with persecutions," but that was in pagan and Jewish days. The persecutions must necessarily cease when all the world became Christian; but the "houses and lands" remained.

Thus the abbey went on, tranquil as the stream of Niagara a mile above the Falls.

And in 1539, not twenty years after Abbot Banham

had obtained these crowning distinctions from king and pope, Abbot Peryn was compelled to yield up his dignities to Henry VIII., and the abbey ceased to exist.

It would be worth many a page in history if we could have a few lines recording what became of the monks; of the middle-aged, who had to seek some humble craft to maintain themselves withal; of the young, to some of whom perhaps the suppression was a liberation; of the aged, to whom it must have been like the collapse of heaven and earth. But while we can ascertain with precision the fashion of the dress, or tables, or furniture of the period, these details of human life are left untold.

The good works of the abbey did not perish with it; the grammar school remains to this day. The printing-press went on, printing doubtless a better "Boke of Comfort" than that of Boetius. The country people, when they came into the Friday market, the town's people every evening, might listen to the English Bible read aloud in the church, from the pillar to which it was chained.

Mitred abbot, abbey, monasticism itself, all have passed away.

But the river still flows by the abbey walls singing its old song as it hastens on to the sea, "We go and we return."

Human life flows on as of old to its ocean out of sight, going and returning not.

Christian life, the life of faith in lowly trusting hearts, the life hidden with Christ in God, delivered from the changeless round of natural things, and from the tyranny of mortality, rises joyfully, consciously, heavenward to its source, having entered on a new creation, whose law is not endless revolution, still less decay and death, but progress, growth, higher and higher development, fuller and fuller life, ever closer union, and more perfect likeness to Him whose essence is Life, and whose nature is Love.

THE BEREAVED HEART.



HAVING lost the only face we loved to gaze upon, how apt are we to turn from all others! Fain would we shrink back into solitude from the sides of the gulf that seems to part us from all the world. But faith may be brought to confess that out of these souls around us—in whom there seems least to love, and from whom we are tempted to turn away, or use them only as a foil for an idolized recollection—Jesus is able to raise up children to himself. Are there those now lying cold and dead around you over whom you shall yet bend rejoicing, saying, "My child, my child?" Living, loving children, they shall bless the day He sent them by your

lips the message of his love. Yea, may he not so multiply the joys of your parenthood among souls as yet to lead you, with a wringing heart, and yet in ecstatic strains, aloud to give him praise? You shall look on that past as the only pathway which could have led you on to work so new and so blessed.

The Lord knows well the battle you have to fight. He knows that nature longs to secure to herself the one element of comfort left her wherewith to warm the cold statue of her dead. "My life shall be a lament for thee whom I have lost. To my heart of hearts none other footstep shall ever pass but thine. My life to come shall be a framework for thy memory to shine from." It is just the position Jesus would draw you from.

Look down into the cup that held the bliss. It is empty. Only your own weeping eye comes back reflected. Part with it. Give it up as what you never deserved, and what he had full right to remove. Trust the Lord. From every corner of your arid heart let the cry come, "Lord, what wilt thou have me, at this stage of my grief, to do? Draw me, Unseen, and even in the dark of death I will follow thee. I will try hard to believe that thou canst make the valley of death to blossom with flowers of heaven, for other hands than mine to gather." My friend, this is the cry of SURRENDER. It is made—soon you shall know this—to ONE who has no rebuke for your sorrow, even as he had no grudge at your happiness when he seemed to dash it all away. He repays in eternity.

If in former times you felt disinclined, because unable, to try to lead other souls to Christ—if none ever arose to bless you as the means of their salvation—let former ways and feelings go. By new dealings with us he is often pleased to bring us to new experiences. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

Confess to your friend, to your relative, to your attendant, to the tradesman you may be brought in contact with, in the fitting place and at the fitting time, the Lord Jesus. Seek their souls in the crisis of your sorrow. Or if the grief be one that no eye sees but God's—if none around suspects your heart is breaking, giving you no open opportunity to use the sorrow for God—lose it not for that. Confess aloud to your Redeemer that you take HIM instead of what you have lost. Angels are listening—let them hear it; your sorrow and its healing alike interest them. The devil is listening—let him know it, and go scared away to knock at other doors and bid for other souls his highest price. Next to Christ's love, *there is no support in sorrow like a practical interest in THE SOULS OF OTHERS.*

But perhaps, afflicted one, you may be apt to say, "I might believe this if I knew I were listening to one who had lost all that I have lost." Will you, then, look on this real picture of a mourner as a young girl saw it—never to forget. It is that of a woman, fragile, advancing in age, yet still lovely. She is a widow. She is in a foreign city. The funeral of her only child is over. She has arisen from her solitary couch, and come to take her place again in a corner of the drawing-room screened off—for it is a cold December night, and the north wind sifts and pierces more keenly than in England. The green shade of the lamp puts her face in shadow, and the stranger child who stands before her cannot so well see the wrinkles nor the blood-shot eye as by daylight she will do. Many kind words are spoken to her, and then she is bidden read for a little to herself. That mourner's heart is all but breaking, and to keep composure she must rest and cast the moorings of her struggling heart in silence on the Rock of her trust. Dominique, her son's servant, has been very mindful

in putting out of sight what will most remind of his master; but it is a frightful test to courage to sit down first *alone for life*, when the excitements of a trial are past.

The young reader at her side felt this. No page of the book was turned. Her eyes could not see; the words ran into one as tears that dare not fall make them do. All the little stories she had heard of that aged relative, at various times and from many persons, came fresh to mind. First, how she had been born into a nursery where two others besides herself had been named for Prince Charles Edward—Charles, Charlotte, Caroline—and how these children prayed from prayer-books on which the names of the exiled family were pasted over those of the reigning one. And then how the beautiful Caroline had learned her lessons under the tuition of the old Abbé Maitland, a non-conforming clergyman, and became an adept at all she tried. Also that during part of her youth she had been gay. Finding at a ball, in a watering-place, that the ladies were too few for the dance, she drove home, awoke a young friend at midnight, and stood in waiting till she was equipped to follow her to the dance. Much better even than dancing she loved the Scottish airs with which Neil Gow's violin had made her so familiar. Best of all she loved to write for these airs words purer and not less touching than Scotland hitherto had sung.

To God in Christ she was still a stranger. He was about to make her his own. Momentous is that hour in an immortal being's destiny when it is said, "The Lord hath need of thee." Caroline was on a visit to the old castle of Murthly, where an English clergyman had also arrived. He was a winner of souls. At morning worship she was in her place with the household, and listened to what God's ambassador said on the promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Faith grasped it. From that hour she never had one doubt of God's love to her in Christ Jesus. That forenoon she was seen no more. Her fair face was spoiled with weeping when she again appeared. Her eye had caught the glory of the Son of God, and burned with love to Him of whom she henceforth could say, "Whose I am and whom I serve." Her pen, her pencil, her harp, as afterwards her coronet, were laid at his feet, to be henceforth used, *used up* by and for the King. To an unusual degree she did good—perhaps her failing lay there—by stealth. Had it not been her stringent motto that the left hand must not know what the right hand did, we might have possessed one of the most shining and telling written examples of effort for the good of others, made without once quitting the most unobtrusive path. The gay world was now no more to her than a corpse is, in sight of living men.

She continued to purify the songs of her country, and write new ones that will live while the Scottish tongue is known, introducing as many touches of divine truth as a song can bear. Even her husband did not know it for a long time. It was said that his recovery of the

peerage was owing to her song, "The Attainted Scottish Nobles," being sung in the presence of George IV. The stream of good doing forced its way underground, sapping and overthrowing all early prejudices. From that morning in the old castle it flowed through a life of sweet earthly happiness, chequered with bitter trial, till it emerged into the heavenly sea. How many a flower grew over its concealed channel! How many a saint passed on refreshed, after alighting by the side of these unexpected waters!

But now the idolized wife and mother sat on that sofa motionless and meek, submissive to His will who had led her beloved ones first to the cross, before it carried them away from her arms. While she rested, and while the child's head still bent over the unread book, the door opened, and the doctor came in. He spoke English with a foreign accent. "I rejoice to see my lady in this room again. I hope she feels not the exertion too much." She beguiled the sceptic on to inquire with wistful, hopeless eye about her belief in the Redeemer, proving to him that Christ is not a mere synonym for the lying mummeries of the Church of Rome. The colour came to her cheek, the fire to her eye, eloquence to her lips. The child, who watched her, saw that there was something yet that could deeply interest one whose heart the world said must now be broken. When the unbeliever rose to go, his countenance and attitude were those of reverence and amazement personified. For this bereaved one there were left, amid material objects that ever-cut anew her heart in twain, *souls to live for*. During the first years of a grief that cloistered her from all the world, many an hour was stolen from sorrow by the devising of means to bring the gospel before *each fellow-creature* with whom she was even indirectly brought into relation. Her fingers were never idle; and she sold the work for the spread of the gospel. Nor would she scruple to cut out the page, hallowed by the name of the departed, if there were no other way to obtain an English book for the English traveller on the continent, in whom she was, for the time, most interested.

Years passed. The grief lasted. The interest in souls lasted. At Gask, where she had come to reside, she might still be found taking her invalid's walk in a cool ante-room, passing and repassing the bust of her darling son, and stopping as often to gaze on it, then replacing the white handkerchief that covered it to keep it pure. One evening, as she inquired about a school where children were gathered daily to be taught, her *faithful* love for souls almost vexed the teacher, when

she said with anxiety, "You say they like 'The Happy Land' best; is the *gospel* in it? Repeat it." Her eager eye watched each line till she should hear what satisfied her. She then said, "It's pretty, very sweet, but it might be clearer. Remember, unless the work of Christ for them as sinners comes in—the ransom—the substitution, what you teach is worthless for their souls." After saying this she slept. How earnestly that aged face was watched as the lips parted, and the left arm fell powerless. It was paralysis.

TRUE LOVE.

BY CAROLINE, BARONESS NAIRNE.

True love is watered aye wi' tears;
It grows 'neath stormy skies;
It's fenced around wi' hopes and fears,
An' fanned wi' heartfelt sighs.
Wi' chains o' gowd 'twill no be bound;
Oh, wha the heart can buy?
The titled glare, the wardling's care,
Even absence 'twill defy.
Even absence 'twill defy.

An' Time, that kills a' ither things,
His withering touch 'twill brave;
'Twill live in joy, 'twill live in grief,
'Twill live beyond the grave!
'Twill live, 'twill live, though buried deep,
In true heart's memorie,—
Oh, we forgot that aye sae fair,
Sae bright, sae young, could dee,
Sae young could dee.

Unfeeling hands may touch the chord
Where buried griefs do lie;
How many silent agonies
May that rude touch untie!
But oh, I love that plaintive lay—
The dear old melody!
For oh, 'tis sweet!—yet I maun greet,
For it was sung by thee,
Sung by thee.

They may forget wha lightly love,
Or feel but beauty's chain;
But they wha loved a heavenly mind
Can never love again!
Oh, a' my dreams o' warld's gude
Aye were entwined wi' thee!
But I leant on a broken reed,
Which soon was ta'en frae me,
Ta'en frae me.

'Tis weel, 'tis weel we dinna ken
What we may live to see!
'Twas mercy's hand that hung the veil
O'er dark futurity.
O ye whose hearts are scathed an' riven,
Wha feel the warld is vain!
Oh, fix your broken earthly ties
Where they ne'er will break again,
Break again.

[From "THE SOUL GATHERER," by M. F. Barbour (London, James Nisbet & Co.)—a book of golden counsels for all who seek, in whatever sphere, to win souls to Christ.]



THE INFANT MOSES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, EDINBURGH.

"She saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him."—Exod. ii. 6.



N sacred history, Joseph and Moses constitute a pair. They are the twin pillars on which the whole fabric of Israel's early experience stands. The one is the centre around which circulated all that concerned their entrance into Egypt; and the other is the centre around which circulated all that concerned their exode. At one period they were saved by being brought into Egypt; and at another by being led out of it. These things are an allegory. Two kinds of life are here: "Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual" (Rom. ix. 46). Every man is born into the world, and every new man is born again.

There is abundant room for investigating the parallels and types of Scripture. The word is rich and varied, like the world. When the student of natural history has exhausted his theme, and sits down to sigh for another world whereon to exercise his art, then may the student of Scripture begin to demand additional material. When the natural philosopher has discovered all the laws, and traced all the relations of matter, then may the theologian say, I have completed my body of Divinity, and call for another Bible.

The ruling classes of Egypt first treated the strangers ill; then and therefore they found it necessary to treat the strangers worse. "Evil men and seducers wax worse and worse" by a law as sure and uniform as that by which a stone, when set free in the air, travels with increasing speed to the ground. When persons or peoples have done wrong a while, they find it is dangerous to begin to do right. In modern America, as in ancient Egypt, slaveholders dare not be just to their slaves. Only two alternatives are possible,—to treat them inhumanly, or set them free. Those governments and nations who are not prepared to give to brothers all the rights of man, are by necessary laws shut up more or

less closely to the other alternative of giving them none. One crime, if it is not repented of and forsaken, continually demands to be sheltered by another. If you are determined to keep a race of men in the position of cattle, you cannot safely stop half way; you must go consistently through with your plan. You must keep all the herd feeble, so that they shall remain submissive, or you must weed out the strong, who might become dangerous to your power. The Lord reigneth. By terrible things in righteousness he adjusts from time to time the accounts of nations and races. The emancipation of the enslaved race may be effected in our day at a cost of suffering greater than the ten plagues and the returning Red Sea inflicted upon Egypt. It is our part to stand still and see the salvation of God.

When the first plan failed, Pharaoh and his counsellors endeavoured to make the Hebrews harmless by another. Women, accustomed to tender offices, were found not to be effective as the executioners of infants; men, chosen for the purpose and inured to cruelty, were intrusted with the horrid work. "Every son that is born, ye shall cast into the river,"—so ran the royal edict. The law in this form was, doubtless, for some time and to some extent executed; but exceptions must have been numerous from the first. Wickedness is rendered feeble by its own excesses. The experience and history of Moses sprang directly from the inhuman policy of the Egyptian government. The diabolical plan invented to keep Israel for ever in bondage, became the immediate means of setting them free. It is thus that evil, under the divine administration, becomes the instrument of its own chastisement.

In a family of the tribe of Levi during those dark days, a son was born. I suppose the message that she had born a man-child brought no gladness to that mother's heart. The anticipation of seeing him rent from her bosom by the executioners of Pharaoh would constitute a second

birth pang, greater than the first. But the mother's strong love proved on that occasion more than a match for all the machinery of a jealous and cruel government. "When she saw that he was a goodly child"—and what true mother since the beginning of the world has not deemed her own a goodly child?—"she hid him three months." All too goodly the babe seemed to be given into the murderer's hands. Accordingly she contrived for a time to elude the search. Probably she kept herself strictly within doors, and concealed the fact of the infant's birth. This method, however, could not long be successful, and it was necessary to cast about for some measures which might make the safety of the child secure and permanent.

The method which a fond mother's love struck out was bold, was daring; and, in the circumstances, what might have seemed greatest rashness, turned out to be the deepest wisdom. She will expose the infant, in the hope that he may fall into the hands of an Egyptian as a foundling and so find shelter within a family of the dominant race, whose children are permitted to live. It is probable that this was not a solitary case of exposing infants among the Hebrews, in those times of persecution. An edict of such excessive and inhuman cruelty, makes openings for the evasion of its own terrible provisions. It is probable that more than one Egyptian family was enlarged about that time by the addition of a foundling. When persons of influence interfered, the administrators of the law might be induced to wink at transgressions. The daughter of Pharaoh was not taken by surprise when she found Moses floating on the Nile; nor had she any hesitation in guessing to whom the child belonged, and why he was found in such a plight. At once and with decision she pronounced: "This is one of the Hebrews' children." Well might she venture to propound that solution. Two races only occupied the land, the lords and their slaves. The dominant race had no motive to expose their male infants: the subject race had. Exposure and abandonment of the infant by his mother offered the only hope of preserving the infant's life. Well, therefore, did the daughter of Pharaoh know, without waiting to inquire, who the foundling was, and

why he was a foundling. Doubtless the princess had heard of similar cases before; and, having a woman's heart, she had given no information against the offenders.

On the part of Moses' mother, the act was probably the fruit both of reason and of faith. She believed, and cast her son on God's care without being certain beforehand what would become of him; but she also reasoned, and left no means untried to ensure the safety of her treasure. Faith and reason, in true and simple hearts, do not fight against each other, but walk hand in hand for reciprocal support. Reason lays its own best plan, and for the rest faith casts all on God.

There must be many places in the Nile, especially during the period of the annual inundation, where the stream close by the land flows very slowly. Tall reeds sparsely planted, and standing upright in the water, while they permitted a tiny boat to lie on the surface, would at the same time prevent it from being carried away into the body of the stream. Some species of waterfowl float their nests as the mother of Moses floated her ark of bulrushes, permitting it to rest on the water, and employing the surrounding reeds to keep it stationary. I have seen a wild fowls' nest floating on water among reeds, with the mother brooding quietly on her eggs—I have seen it from a railway carriage in motion, on a much frequented line in the central district of Scotland.

The mother herself prepared the basket, and with her own hands gently laid it down with its precious freight in an eddy of the Nile, where the rushes were not thick enough to conceal it from the view of a passenger, but strong enough to prevent the frail vessel from being carried out into the main stream of the river. Having deposited her charge, she slowly retired, stopping often and turning round to cast a longing, lingering look behind. Downward alternately on the river, and upward on the heavens, the woman gazed, devouring her beautiful babe with a last fond look, and pleading with the God of Israel to shield him in the everlasting arms. At that moment this woman's whole heart centred in the basket among the rushes. She cherished a due degree of tenderness for her other children; but

now they are all forgotten. There is a provision in nature whereby all the love of a parent's being flows towards the child that is in danger; as the warm blood of the body rushes in stronger streams to the extremity, the hand or the foot, that is in danger of being benumbed by cold. When Moses is in the water, and because he is in the water, his mother's heart, for the moment, is given all to him.

Here a matter intervenes, which is, indeed, a subordinate feature of the picture, but an essential element of the plan. A little girl accompanied the mother to the river side, rendering skilful aid throughout the operation. This is the elder sister of the infant Moses. When their work is done, mother and daughter retire together, and halt under the shade of some palm trees about a stone-cast from the brink of the river. There a short but eager consultation takes place between the agonized woman and the only adviser whom she counts it safe, in such circumstances, to have by her side. The mother must hasten from the spot, and proceed to occupy herself with the ordinary affairs of her house, as if nothing extraordinary were going forward. The little girl must linger near, "to wit what would be done to" the child. Fain would the mother have undertaken this task herself, with her larger experience and readier invention, to act wisely and promptly according as circumstances might direct; but her presence would excite suspicion, and mar the whole contrivance. If her daughter's experience for acting was less than her own, she might take advantage of it, such as it was, without risk of losing all. The infant's sister accordingly must be left to watch events; but her mother bends often over her, and whispers another and yet another instruction in her ear, all about how she should act when any Egyptian should discover the child. Thou mayest retire to thy home, thou sad-hearted matron, without any fear on this point! Young Miriam will not betray her trust. Her whole heart is in the business; and as to skill, her capacity for such a charge must not be measured by the number of her years. She possesses already the thoughtfulness of age. The child in a family of slaves—the maid child in a family where the boy babe must be hid from executioners that prowl

about the house night and morning—the maid child of such a house, although a child in years, is already old in earnest thought. Grief and care have dried the childhood out of her, and given her already a woman's patience and a woman's wit.

A train of ladies heave in sight, and take the path that leads to the river's brink, at a secluded spot, where ladies are wont to bathe. I suppose Moses' mother was aware of the use that was made of the river at that still pure and shaded spot, by parties from the neighbouring palace. As soon as they approached on this occasion the edge of the stream, an unwonted commotion might be seen in the otherwise stately and solemn group. They collected suddenly in a knot at one spot, and stooped down, and exhibited marks of agitation. Now was sister Miriam's time. She ran forward, and perhaps other children from other places might advance about the same time, to see what was the matter. None could deem it strange that children should run to the place where they saw a crowd of ladies, and where something wonderful seemed to be going on. By the time that Miriam approaches the spot the first burst of surprise is over, and the princess having received the infant from her attendant, is fondling him in her own bosom, and wiping his tears away. At this crisis a little girl comes forward, and modestly offers to run and seek a nurse for the child, if such be the great lady's pleasure. Nothing is more likely than that a smart well-trained girl of the poorer class should offer to run an errand for a rich lady, who could reward her well. No suspicion could spring here. Miriam, under her mother's instruction, had previously conned her part well; and well did she enact it when the crisis came.

The girl called her mother, and her mother came at the call. Here is a Hebrew woman who will undertake to nurse the infant for the princess. On the spot the contract is concluded; Pharaoh's daughter engaged the nurse, and placed the infant in her arms. The heart of that nurse, I know, beat loud and hard on the infant's head as she bore him back to her home. A higher authority than the king's daughter had already engaged her as nurse, and made her work its own reward.

It was pleasant work which this Hebrew mother had now in hand. It was not necessary to hide her goodly child any more; she might carry him about without fear, and proudly display his beauty to admiring neighbours. Ostensibly she is bringing up the boy for the king of the land, but really she brings him up for the King of kings. He has need of the child as the shepherd of his people, and this is his method of providing a nurse. The hearts of princes and the doors of their palaces are in his keeping; he will open them to let little Moses in. Thus the king of Egypt reared the destroyer of his throne.

Although the providence of God controls the greatest things, it also descends to the most minute. It is because the law of gravity affects every drop of water that the ocean is confined harmless in its bed. The microscope reveals as many wonders as the telescope. In like manner, the care which manages a world numbers the hairs of our head. When a daughter of Pharaoh saw a male infant exposed, with the evident intention of evading the law, resentment against those whom she had been taught to consider dangerous to her father's throne might have prevailed, and extinguished better but feebler emotions in her heart. She saw the child floating among the bulrushes, and instantly concluded that this was a Hebrew mother's plan to evade the law which doomed to death the males of the proscribed race. If reasons of state rose for a moment to the surface, they were quickly thrown down again by the strong current of human nature: "The babe wept, and she had compassion on him." For aught I know, had these tears not at that crisis filled the infant's eyes, she, forgetting the woman in the princess, might have ordered the basket and its contents to be

thrown into the stream. The tear that trembled that moment like a pearl in his lustrous eyes preserved the infant to his mother—preserved for Israel the Captain of their Exodus—preserved God's chosen people from a living grave in the land of Egypt.

When a communication is divine in its origin and authority, it is not on that account less human. Grace does not banish nature. There is more of nature in the Bible than in any other book. Although the record is from God—nay, because the record is from God, it speaks plainly to human understandings and gently touches human hearts. Never was family history more graphically told. The king's daughter finding the exposed infant is a picture that imprints itself deeply on the imaginations of children, and the lines remain sharp on the memory even to old age. Time does not blot them out. It is an exquisite story, intensely human and natural; and yet some of the deep things of God are wrapped in its folds. Its body is a section of ordinary human experience, its spirit the divine purpose for eternity emerging into fact in the fulness of time.

It is a short-sighted policy in any nation to enslave another race, and enfeeble them by repressive laws, in order that they may be more easily kept in subjection. Cunning and cruelty are, in the long run, no match for the corrective machinery of Providence. The slave's oppressors are feeble in the hands of the slave's Almighty Protector when the time of retribution comes. With or without a Moses, God can provide an exodus for the oppressed; with or without a Red Sea, he can overwhelm the armies that cruelly pursue the fugitives to bring them back into bondage, after they have made their escape.

HIDINGS.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER RALEIGH.*

"I hid myself."—GENESIS III. 10.

"I flee unto thee to hide me."—PSALM cxliii. 2.

The never can know the character of an action truly by its outward appearance alone. The act of selfishness may be the same in seeming as the act of benevolence that stands by its side. The selfish man, for his own selfish purposes, comes among the charitable with his gift, and none but "freed" at the heart of the gift, and writes "freed" upon it.

presented himself among the sons of God, and one of the sons of God did not know he was there was no outward difference between them. A young man goes hurrying along a certain Sabbath morning to meet some companions, he has pledged himself to spend the day in industry and frivility. In a little while that young man again—at the same hour of the Sabbath hurrying along the same road, but with a changed! with purposes how different! He goes to meet companions in some religious labour; to spend the day in the vineyard, and among the friends of God. So different in character may be actions which are identical in form.

In those two texts, we have what is outwardly the same action—the action of hiding. Adam is hiding. David is hiding. And yet, between the act of the man and that of the other there is all the difference which must ever exist between things which are as wide as the poles asunder. The one is *hiding in himself*, the other is *hiding in God*. Adam hides in his own ear. David hides in confidence. The one is *the sinner's flight*, the other *the saint's retreat*; let us consider both.

Let us contemplate the sinner "hiding himself." This flight and concealment of Adam among the trees of the garden like a symbolical representation of what sinners have been doing ever since?—have all been endeavouring to escape from God, and to live a separated and independent life? They have fled from the divine presence, and hiding themselves among any trees that would keep that presence away.

One of the most common retreats of the sinner is complete thoughtlessness. What countless

thousands of human beings have fled to this retreat; and how easily and naturally does a man take part and place with "*all the nations that forget God!*" We have said *complete* thoughtlessness, but it is not complete. If it were, there would be no *conscious* hiding—no more flight; the forest would then be so deep and dense that no divine voice would be heard at all, and no divine visitation of any kind felt or feared. But it is not so. Now and again a gleam of light *will* come piercing through. Now and again a voice from the unseen presence will summon the fugitive back. During some hour of the Sabbath-day, in the quiet evening, on the sick-bed, beside the dying friend, or while looking into the open grave, the startled soul hears the question, "*Where art thou?*" and for the moment turns and trembles to the speaker, but then turns again away and flees as before, trying afterwards to forget even such gracious interruptions as these, and to plunge so deeply into thoughtlessness that they shall not be likely to occur again. Is it not so? Might I not ask some of you how long it is since you seriously thought of God? Have not you to travel back over a good many days, weeks perhaps—it may be months—to come to the time? It was when your mother died, or your sister, or when God took your little darling from your arms to his. It was that night when you opened the New Testament and read some of the words of Christ, and felt as if Christ himself were really standing by your side and speaking them to *you*. But the book was closed, and then the heart was closed, and then the day was closed, and then you closed your eyes, and you have been among the trees of the garden ever since. You have never heard the Saviour's voice again. Yes; during all that time you have been fleeing—over the space of all those days you have been going—to escape from divine presence, to be out of hearing of the divine voice—deeper, deeper, deeper still into thoughtlessness, further and still further away from God. You have been meeting the light of each new morning with gladness, but never looking up to *his face* who causes all its shining—lying down each night in dreamless rest, but never thinking, "*So he giveth his beloved sleep!*"—grasping the hand of friendship, returning the neighbourly salutation, hastening to fulfil the appointments of business, but always and everywhere fleeing from God—hiding yourself, or rather trying to do so, in the deep thicket of forgetfulness and thoughtlessness. Hiding! No; it cannot be. You might as well try to hide the landscape from the meridian sun, or the shore from the sea which is always embracing it, as expect to

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be hidden from God. Hidden from him who formed the eye! who planted the ear! who claims the day as his! who also owns the night—to whom the darkness and the light are both alike! Hidden from him who besets us behind and before; whose presence is in every place, “whose eyes are as a flame of fire;” who *for himself* acknowledges no distance, notes no passing time; who embraces the universe in the scope of his presence, and eternity in his continual thought! No; it cannot be. But how sadly wrong must matters be within when such an endeavour should be made. And how very wrong it is to make it. How truly are we children of Adam, inheriting his fallen nature, and sharers of his guilty fear. Would not a man's deepest experience, if he would speak it out, find expression sometimes in Adam's language, “I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself.”

2. *The occupations of life* furnish another retreat for man when fleeing from God. Man *works* that he may be hidden. He works hard that he may hide himself deep. The city is a great forest in which are innumerable fugitives from God, and sometimes the busiest are fleeing the fastest, the most conspicuous to us may be the furthest away from him. What a mass of secularities will a man pile up sometimes between his soul and God, and how affecting is it to follow him even for one day in his flight! He flees from his chamber in the morning that the spirit of seriousness may not settle in his heart. He flees from his house without having felt its highest charm, without having thought of the fatherhood of God and of the home on high. Along the busy street, seen by every passer-by, he is yet still in flight; and as soon as he begins the business of the day he is like one plunging into a forest, and we see him no more. And all the day he is fleeing—on and on—through the cares and calculations, through the profits and losses, through the intercourse and the correspondence, and all the management and all the toil of the day—he is fleeing.

There is not one thing, perhaps, which he does during all the day that in itself is wrong, which might not, indeed, be nobly and spiritually right. Work is right—the allotment of God, the best discipline for man. Trade is right—the dispenser of comforts and conveniences, the instrument of progress and civilization; and from these things actual benefits unnumbered do unceasingly flow; and yet there can be little doubt that the case is as we say. These right things are used at least for *this* wrong end—as a screen, a subterfuge, a deep retreat from the voice and the presence of the Lord. If not so occupied, the busy thought of the mind might turn in upon itself, or the attention might be irresistibly called to higher things; “the voice of the Lord” might be “heard in the cool of the day;” and to prevent this, with many the day is filled to pressure with secular heat and hurry, with worldly toil, and task, and claim, until all “coolness” is driven out

of it, and its last hour of all has fatigue, and exhaustion, and collapse, but no quietness or devotion, no felt nearness of God.

3. *The moralities of life* form another retreat for souls hiding from God. Some men are deeply hidden there, and it is hard to find them—harder still to dislodge them. This does not appear to be an *ignominious* retreat—a man seems to retire (if indeed he may be said to retire at all) with honour. Speak to him of spiritual deficiency, he will answer with unfeigned wonder—“*In what?*” and if you say again—“*In the keeping of the commandments,*” he will give you the answer that has been given thousands and thousands of times since the young man gave it to Jesus—“All these things have I kept from my youth up. Not perfectly, not as an angel keeps them, but as well as they are usually kept among men; and what lack I yet?” So fair is the house in which the man takes shelter. So green is the leafage of the trees amid which he hides. He does not profess to be even “afraid” as Adam was. He hears the voice and does not tremble. He hears the call, “*Where art thou?*” and answers, “I am here, dwelling in this house of merit which I have built; I am here walking in this garden of virtues which I have planted and trained; I am here, under the shadow of the commandments I have kept.” This man seems really to deal somewhat with the merits of the case. He regards his life in a serious spirit. He acknowledges the supremacy of law. He does not live for sensual ends; he does not forget God. Why, then, should it be said that he is hiding? Because in deep truth he is. He is attending to rules, but not adopting soul principles of life. He is yielding an outward and mechanical compliance to laws, but he has not *the spirit* of them in his heart. He endeavours, but he does not *hunger* and *thirst* after righteousness. He is not without morality, not without many amiable and excellent qualities, but he is without God in the world—the living and the true God, the holy and the just God, the pardoning and restoring God, the loving and the gracious God, he does not know; and there is *some* consciousness of this now and then within. Sometimes the gleam of the forked lightning is seen among the branches; sometimes the roll of the distant thunder is heard; and the cool of the day is solemn, and the sound of the awful voice comes quivering through the stillness, and leaves tremour in the heart; and *then* for a brief moment the man feels, “*I am in flight; I am in fear.*” Ah! would that in *such* moments he would resolve to think the matter out, and then he would see that, dressed in these moralities alone, he is no better in the eye of the heart-searching God than a beggar wrapt in a courtly robe standing in a king's presence.

4. *The forms and observances of religion* constitute sometimes a hiding-place for souls. Men come to God's house to hide from him. They put on “the form of godliness, but deny its power.” They have a name to live, but continue dead. They seem to draw near, but in

reality "are yet a great way off." They figure to themselves an *imaginary* God who will be propitiated and pleased by an outward and mechanical service—by the exterior decencies of the Christian life—when all the while they are escaping from the *true* God, whose continual demand is, "My son, give me *thine heart*." Is it not so? If God were to come forth upon a certain man and say, calling him by name, "*Where art thou?*" he would answer, if he answered truly, "I am here, hidden in grand formalities. I am here, among the trees of the garden which thou hast planted, embowered and shadowed every week in the ceremonies of a religious life. I am here, listening to a godly minister, observing Sabbath worship in company with the multitude who keep the holy day. I am here, reading the Bible; here, on my knees in prayer;—and I am doing all these things that I may, if possible, be at rest—away from thee; that I may still a troubled conscience; that I may allay the cravings of an unsatisfied heart; that I may 'hide myself,' and 'be at peace.'" Ah, the deceitfulness of the human heart! that men should come to God to flee from him! That they should mingle with the children in order that the Father may not see them; that they should walk up and down the great estate that the Lord of the manor may not think of them, nor call them into his presence!

Yet so it is, and therefore, let a man examine himself, whether he be in the faith or merely in the form; whether he have a good hope through grace, or a hope that will make him ashamed; whether he be in the very presence, reconciled, trustful, and loving, or yet estranged, deceiving himself, and fleeing from the only true shelter. For we may depend upon it that in all these ways men do fly from God. They hide themselves in deep thoughtlessness, in busy occupation, in faultless morality, in religious service. And God seeks them, for he knows they are lost. He pursues them, not in wrath but in mercy; not to drive them away into distance, condemnation, despair; but to bring them out from every false refuge and home to himself, the everlasting and unchanging shelter of all the good.

II. And many do turn and flee to him to hide them. Adam is the type of the flying sinner. David is the type of the fleeing saint.

Here we have the very heart and soul of conversion, "*I flee unto thee*." The man who says this has been turned, or he is turning. He has heard a voice which has indeed convinced him of his sin and of his nakedness, but also of his folly in trying to find a hiding-place from the universal presence—a shelter from the all-penetrating eye. And now (thinking that he heard some tenderness mingling with authority in the call), he has turned, and sees a father's face, and the open shelter of a father's presence, to which he may flee; now he hears, not merely the arresting call, "*Where art thou,*" but the winning, heart-melting invitation, "Come to me and I will give you rest"—"come to my presence and

you will have a safe protecting shelter from all the evils you dread." And here in the text is the answer to that invitation—"I flee unto thee to hide me."

1. "*I flee unto thee to hide me*" from the terrors of the law. He alone can hide us from these terrors. But he can. In his presence we are lifted, as it were, above the thunders of the mountain; we see its lightnings play beneath our feet. The trumpet, sounding long, and waxing louder and louder, is like distant music. Or rather, as the apostle puts it, we are not come at all to the mount that might be touched. We have been there. We have seen its dread revealings. But now we come to another mountain, where God reveals a still fuller presence—to Mount Zion, the place of his rest, where no thunders crash, where no lightnings play, where no darkness lowers, around which are the breathing airs of mercy and the musical whisperings of love. But what! is not justice on Mount Zion as well as on Mount Sinai? Yes, but there she is justice in repose, justice satisfied, justice in league with love. He who finds his hiding-place with God in Christ does not flee from justice; he goes to meet it. In God, the saint's refuge, justice also has eternal home; and purity, over which no shadow can ever pass; and law—everlasting, unchanging law—so that the trusting soul goes to meet all these and to be in alliance with all these. When we say, therefore, that by the gospel we flee to God to hide us from the terrors of law, we do not mean that we make a clever and expert escape from the just claims of the law, and that we rise in some mysterious way above its obligation and power. No; for in accepting salvation, we accept of that which honours, satisfies, confirms the law. "Do we make it void," says the apostle, through our "faith?" God forbid; nay, we establish the law. "*Grace reigns*;" but how? "*through righteousness*," unto eternal life. The glory of the gospel is this, that it reveals God's mercy and saves the sinner's soul without casting a stain or a shadow upon immaculate justice—nay, in a manner that enhances, at least to our apprehension, the lustre of divine holiness, and confirms the stability of the divine throne.

What is the law of grace of which the apostle speaks, and under which all Christians are? What but the pure unalterable law of God, kept with us and for us by Christ, written in us by the Spirit, held over us by love?—the same law, honoured now by our conscience, obeyed by our will, accepted by our whole nature, loved for Christ's sake, and so working in us by Christ's power, as to transform us into the perfect image of him who saves us that we may be like him, and with him for ever. Thus we flee unto God to hide us from the terrors of law.

2. "*I flee unto thee to hide me*" from the hostility and the hatred of men. * * * * *

3. "*I flee unto thee to hide me*" from the trials and calamities of life. There are many such trials that come to us in our passage home, even if we have no enemies; "if all men speak well of us," better far than

we deserve; if we have "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," we are not to think it strange if we have troops of trials too. But what are these trials under his management but troops of friends as well. Each one of them carries blessing. With the bitterness there is balm. After the stroke comes the healing, the clear shining after the rain. The darkest calamity of life has love in the heart of it. All things work together for good to them that love God, to them whom God loves. Yes, with a will, as we say, they work. There is no will in the dead things, but there is a will of God working in them—a breathing, loving will of God—that will so control and manage them that every one of them shall be to us like a very angel—like a ministering spirit ministering to an heir of salvation. Do you say you do not *feel* this? You do feel it if your trials are drawing you or driving you to God. Ah! in our blindness we do not know how much our afflictions are enriching us even now. One trial perhaps is like a great black wall of limitation, and we gaze upon it in blank astonishment, and wonder how it is we are so hemmed in. How is it? Why, it is because beyond that wall, if we could go, we should slide down slippery places, and fall into the bottomless pit of destruction.

A storm comes to a ship in mid-voyage. She is driven far out of her course, and is glad at last to find shelter in some friendly port. But there would soon have been shipwreck in the fair weather. The sunken rock, the unknown current, the treacherous sand, were just before the ship. The storm was her salvation. It carried her roughly but safely to the harbour. And such is affliction to many a soul. It comes to quench the sunshine, to pour the pitiless rain, to raise the stormy wind, and drive the soul away to port and refuge, away to harbour and home within the circle of divine tranquillity—in the deep calm of the everlasting presence. God will keep his people in this position until *all* these earthly calamities are overpast, and the cry is heard no more from any, "I flee unto thee to hide me," but all unite in saying, We will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

4. "I flee unto thee to hide me" from the fear and from the tyranny of death. This is the very last flight of the godly soul. It has surmounted or gone through every evil now but one: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Terrors of law, assaults of men, shocks of temptation, adversities of life, afflictions of the soul—these are all gone by. The soul has gone through all that tribulation, and has now but one conflict more, one short struggle between it and life eternal, and yet that one short struggle seems more, sometimes, to the soul's fear than all the trials of life beside. There are many things about death that make it thus tremendous and solemn. It is a dire necessity—"there is no discharge in that war." It is an impenetrable mystery—the grave keeps every secret, and all is silent within the

veil. It is a conclusive and irrevocable crisis—the soul makes no returning step, the pathways of mortality are left for ever. It is felt to be the threshold of eternity—the gate opening immediately into blessedness or woe. It is the leaving of all mortal companionships, and the going away, *alone*, into an unknown place, into an untried being. *Yes; alone*, unless your soul knows the Psalmist's secret, and can take up the Psalmist's song—"I flee unto thee to hide me." Then all will be changed. The dire necessity will soften itself into a law of love. The impenetrable mystery will be as the shadow of an angel's wing. The irrevocable crisis will be the bounding of the captive into liberty. The loss of the mortal companionship will be far more than repaired by the formation of higher fellowships, and by the immediacy of the presence of God. Look how softly yet triumphantly the pilgrim can thus pass from our sight! The shades of night are falling around him. He sees the deepening darkness, and cries, "I flee unto thee to hide me." In the flight the darkness descends, and for a little haply we hardly know whether he is in refuge. But listen! There is now another song. He *has* made the last flight. He has reached the refuge. "I will fear no evil, for *thou* art with me." And yet again, from further distance, there is borne back to us this sweet strain—"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." And then we hear no more, or we hear but broken syllables, for death is just passing; but on the *other side* is heard, in bursting glory tones, "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!"

And now you have the alternative before you.

Will you pursue the sinner's flight, or will you be hid in the saint's refuge?

Will you be a fugitive and an outlaw, or a recognised and protected subject of the kingdom?

Will you be a portionless and weary-footed wanderer, or will you be a home-loving and home-coming child?

Will you battle with the storm of life single-handed, or will you flee to that sanctuary from which you will be able to look out upon them as men look from a sheltered dwelling, upon driving clouds and an angry sea?

Will you go, as a solitary traveller, into eternity, and meet all its terrors and sublimities alone, or will you have "*the Eternal God for your refuge*, and around you the everlasting arms?"

I know what your reason says when this case is submitted to you. I know what your conscience testifies. I know what your heart is telling you. But I cannot tell what you will do. I can only hope and pray, as do many more, that you will turn you now to the stronghold, as a prisoner of hope, that you will declare yourself at last in eternal sanctuary, and solemnly commit all—your body and your soul, your life and your death—into the keeping of your God.

Miscellanies.

A PILGRIM SONG.

(From the German of Garoe's "Songs of the Brethren.")

LORD and Master! Thou, whose reign of love
Shall endure when earth and heavens remove—
Thou, in nature and in name
Now and evermore the same,
Glory be to Thee, below, above!

Peace and blessing follow day by day
Where Thou leadest in the heavenward way;
And Thy people, calmly blest,
Safely toil, or sweetly rest,
Happy subjects of Thy gentle sway.

When they journey o'er the desert plain,
Strength and guidance they from Thee obtain;
And if sudden storms arise,—
Tempests darken earth and skies,—
Thou commandest,—all is calm again.

Thou commandest,—from the flinty stone
Gushing waters Thy dominion own;
From the opening clouds of heaven
Bread is to Thy people given;—
Still Jehovah by his deeds is known!

Satan's legions must Thy power allow;
Death and Hades both are vanquished now;
Fear and sorrow's mournful cry
Change to halleluiahs high;—
Blessed they, who to Thy sceptre bow!

Lord, receive us, claim us as Thine own!
We will follow, only lead Thou on.
Lead us in the path we love,
To the better land above,
Where the conflicts end, the crowns are won.

From temptations guard or set us free,
Whether bright or dark their form may be;
Let our love unchanging glow,
And no rest our labours know,
Till for ever we may rest with Thee! H. L. L.

FREE.

"**Then** are the children free," for if the Son sets us free, we are free indeed. We are free from the curse of the broken law; we are free from the bonds of the law as a covenant of works; we are free from the chains of Satan; and we are free from the fetters of sin. The full enjoyment of this liberty is in the land of holy freedom above; but we possess the full title to it now;

and in the knowledge and use of our liberty in Christ Jesus lies the great power of practical holiness. It is only then that sin has not dominion over us, when we are not under the law but under grace.

The Government Packet for England was leaving the port of Bahia, in the Brazils, when a boat came alongside, and my interest was excited in a Negro woman who entered the ship. There was nothing to attract attention in a mere Negro slave; for the city was full of slaves, and the streets were very much left to themselves, as if the town had been their own. They were a fine race of men. Taken from the centre of the torrid zone on the other shore of the Atlantic, and still living within it, they were as black as ebony; so that other Negroes seemed merely men of colour, in contrast with the raven hue of their Ethiopian skin. They were tall, broad-chested, athletic; and some of them were said to have been chiefs under their own African sun, with their clansmen still ready to respond to their call. As we looked on the ruins of stately houses, not decayed by age but consumed by fire, they seemed by their lofty bearing to reply: You gaze at that mass of ruined houses; they were the mansions of our lordly masters; it was our hands that set them on fire, and reduced them to naked walls; for there is a limit to our submission, slaves though we be.

But though we had seen almost none but slaves in the city, this Negro woman at once awakened our interest from the burden she bore, or rather from her manner of bearing it. She followed her mistress, a delicate English lady, whose little boy of three or four years she carried upon her side. The sight immediately recalled the ancient promise in Isaiah, "Ye shall be borne upon her sides, ye shall be dandled upon her knees:" for she bore the little one, not in her arms nor on her shoulders, but literally upon her side above the thigh-joint. On shore our pity was awakened for a marmot, which had been killed and thrown over a garden wall. Being too well known to the people, it had been dealt with as a robber of the dairy or the hen-roost; but being unknown to us, it excited our interest; and we were touched to find one of her young, alive and unhurt, still clinging to the side of its dead mother. Much after the same manner did the little English boy cling to his Ethiopian nurse as she climbed into the ship, sitting astride on the hollow of her side; a seat quite familiar to him, and often occupied afterwards with great apparent comfort.

The illustration of the text having riveted my regards on the African bondmaid, I remarked to the captain:—

"That woman will be set free, as soon as she lands on the shores of England."

"No, she will not."

"Why?"

"Because she is free already."

"Then is she not a slave?"

"She was a slave just now at the ship's side; but the Queen of England has no slaves, and the moment she set her foot on the planks of this ship she was free. Her mistress may change her mind and return to the shore; but she can't now take that servant back without her own free will. She is welcome to remain here if she please, for she is already a free woman."

Between us and the haven of our rest, the land and the home of freedom, thousands of miles of ocean were tossing their restless waves. Yet from the moment she passed the gangway of a British ship, all the powers of earth could not bring that poor African woman into bondage again, except over the silenced guns of the fleets of England.

Even so, believer, the King of the kingdom of heaven has no slaves; and the moment you entered the ark of his mercy, and trusted yourself to the great Captain of your salvation, you were liberated from sin and death, and became for ever free. Your freedom is not postponed till you reach the land of liberty above; a stormy ocean rolls between you and that home of the free, the haven of your rest; but already "the Son has made you free, and you are free indeed." All earth and all hell will in vain combine to bring you into bondage again; all the power of the Almighty God is pledged for your safety and freedom; and because Jesus reigns you can never more be enslaved by Satan, or by sin, or by any power of evil. Let it never be said, that of your own will you returned to your old task-master; and that by your free consent you "are entangled again with the yoke of bondage."—*Capernaum, by the Rev. A. M. Stuart.*

"HELL IS IN MY WAY."

A young lady was so very strongly moved under the preaching of the gospel that she often wept. Her pastor watched her with interest, hoping to see her brought to Christ. After a time, not seeing her at church, he inquired concerning her of her mother. That lady was a widow, and she replied, weeping,—

"Ah, sir, I fear my daughter has met with companions who are leading her sadly astray."

The pastor did his best to restore the girl to right paths. His efforts were vain. She had given her heart to folly, and would no longer listen to the voices of duty.

But her sinful pleasures could not guard her against the assault of death. Not many weeks elapsed before this young woman, while busy over her sewing, suddenly dropped her needle and exclaimed,—

"Oh, I am dying!"

The inmates of the house placed her on the bed. Looking wildly about her, she said,—

"I see heaven and hell before me. *I can't get to heaven, for HELL IS IN MY WAY!*"

These were her last words. Terrible words, were they not? But would not the same words be applicable to you, O impenitent sinner, if you were now on your death-bed? *Would not hell be in your way, too!* Would it not be, "moved from beneath,"—a stormy sea of fire,—to "meet you at your coming?" You know it would. Why not go to Christ then for pardon? Had that young woman obeyed her conscience and her judgment, she would have gone to Christ, when his word made her heart soft. Would hell have been in her way then? Would it be in your way if you were a pardoned instead of an impenitent sinner? You know it would not. On the contrary, you know that if you were a Christian, the cross of Jesus would be a bridge uniting your death-bed to the gate of the celestial city, and securing you a safe and sure passage from earth to heaven. Why, then, do you delay? Why not repent at once? Why not flee to Christ? Why not now end the ruinous strife you are carrying on against God by becoming a meek, happy disciple of Jesus. Why not!

"YES, HE HAD TO!"

A RICH man in the city of —, lately died. Success had crowned his unwearied efforts, and it was well known that a large fortune was the result of a life spent in the accumulation of earthly good. He died in the morning, soon after the sun had risen, and all through the day that followed, men were commenting on the event: "He died rich." "He amassed a handsome fortune." "He was successful in business." "He left a large property," said one, who was himself increased in goods. The reply of a poor man standing near, yet one rich in faith, seemed for the instant to startle him out of his own worldly infatuation: "Yes, he *had to!*"

Men may heap to themselves the wealth of worlds, and gather about them all earthly riches, but they must all come shoulder to shoulder in the march of life; lay down their armour, their burdens, and their treasures at the tomb's door, and together enter in to explore the mystery of that unseen state, within whose dark shadows so many have before them entered.

There is but one thing a man can carry with him through the darkness of death. A hope of heaven through the atoning blood of Jesus, is that priceless treasure of which the grave cannot rob the soul, for it is not of the earth, earthy, but a heavenly inheritance.





The Children's Treasury.

GOOD FOR NOTHING.*

BY A. L. O. E.

GET away with ye, for an idle good-for-nothing thief!" exclaimed Mrs. Paton, as with an angry gesture she waved from her door a ragged miserable lad who stood before it. "Never shall you be trusted with another errand by me! To take the biscuits out of the very bag! Don't tell me you were hungry; don't tell me you won't be after doing it again! I was ready, I was, to give you a chance, since I knew that you was a homeless orphan; but I'll not be taken in twice! Go, beg about the streets or starve, or find your way to the workhouse, or the jail! I wash my hands of you; I'll have nothing more to do with ye, I tell you! ungrateful and good for nothing as you are!" and, as if to give force to her words, Mrs. Paton slammed the door in his face.

Rob Barker turned away from the house with the look of a beaten hound. He knew that the reproaches of the woman were not undeserved, that he had not been faithful to his trust. Deprived, when a child, of his parents' care, brought up in the midst of poverty and vice, growing even as the weeds grow, uncared for and unnoticed, save as something worse than useless, he seemed as if born to be trampled upon; he appeared to be bound by no kindly ties to the fellow-creatures who despised him. A feeling of savage despair was creeping over his soul.

"Ay, I'm good for nothing, am I?" Rob

muttered, as with slouching gait he sauntered down the street, not knowing whither to go, for all the world was alike to him, a desert without a home. Almost fiercely he looked at the passers-by, some on foot, some in carriages, some upon prancing steeds. "*They* are good for something," thought Rob; "*they* have their homes and their friends, their kind parents, their merry children. *They* are loved while they live, and sorrowed for when they die. But *I*, I have no one left on earth either to love or care for me, or miss me when I'm gone. Life is just one tough hard struggle, there's none will help me through it!"

Rob stopped at the corner of a street, leant against an iron lamp-post, and moodily folded his arms. The bare brown elbows were seen through the holes in his tattered sleeves. His worn-out shoes would hardly hold together.

"I say you, won't you come in there?" said a voice just behind him. Rob started, he so little expected to be addressed, and turning half round he saw a pale boy, in clothes that were poor but not tattered, who pointed to a door close by, over which was written "Ragged School."

"I'm not wanted there," muttered Rob.

"Every one's welcome," said the little boy, "and it's better to be in a warm room than standing out here in the cold! I'm late, very late to-day, for I've been sent on an errand, but I think I'm in time for the little address; teacher, she always gives us a bit of a story at the end. I can't wait, but you'd better come in;" and with the force of this simple invitation, Sandy Benne—

* One of an admirable series of new stories by A. L. O. E. just issued by our publishers.

for such was the young boy's name—drew the half unwilling Rob within the door of a place where a devoted servant of the Good Shepherd was trying to feed his lambs.

Rob did not venture to do more than enter the low white-washed room in which he heard the hum of many voices. A poor-looking room it was; its only furniture, rough benches; its only ornaments, a few hymns and texts in large letters fastened on the wall. Rob stood close by the door, a shy, almost sullen spectator, watching the scene before him. The room was thronged with children—such children as, but for the Ragged School, would have been playing about in the streets. Little rough-headed urchins, who once had been foremost in mischief, pale sickly boys who looked as if they had had no breakfast that morning. Seated, some on the benches, some on the floor, they were conning their tasks with a cheerful industry which might have shamed some of the children of the rich. But a few minutes after the entrance of Rob, at a signal given by the teacher, a tall fair lady in mourning, books and slates were put back in their places, the morning's lessons were ended, and the school looked like a bee-hive when the bees are about to swarm.

"Now we shall have the little address," whispered Sandy, who had kept an eye upon Rob; "the teacher is going to knock upon the floor with her parasol, and then won't we be quiet as mice!"

There was no need to call "silence;" two little raps upon the floor were enough to make every rough scholar in the place go back to his seat in a minute, and remain there as still as a statue. All the young eyes were fixed on the teacher, the gentle loving lady, who daily left her comfortable home to trudge, sometimes through rain, and snow, and sleet, to spend her time, her strength, and her health in leading ragged children to the Saviour. Her voice was a little faint, for the lady was weary with her work, though never weary of her work, but her smile was kindly and bright as she began her short address.

"I have promised to give you a story, my dear young friends," she began, "and as I am speaking in a Ragged School, and to those who are called Ragged Scholars, you will not be shocked or surprised if I choose for my subject—a rag."

The teacher's cheerful smile was reflected on many a young sunburnt face; *rags* were a theme on which most of the company felt perfectly at home, though few present, except poor Rob, actually wore the articles in question.

"On a miry road," continued the lady, "trodden down by hoofs, rolled over by wheels, till it became almost of the colour of the mud on which it was lying, lay an old piece of linen rag, which had been dropped there by a beggar. Nothing could be more worthless, and long it lay unnoticed, till it caught the attention of a woman who, with a child at her side, was picking her way over the crossing.

"I may as well pick that up for my bag," said the woman.

"Oh, mother, don't dirty your fingers by picking up that rag!" cried the boy with a look of disgust; "such trash is not worth the trouble of washing! It's good for nothing; just good for nothing; it is better to leave it alone!"

"Let me judge of that," said the woman; and stooping down, she picked up the miry rag, all torn and stained as it was, and carried it with her to her home. There she carefully washed it, and put it with other pieces of linen in a bag; and after a while, it was sold for a trifle to a manufacturer of paper.

"If the rag had been a living creature, possessed of any feeling, much might it have complained of all that it had then to undergo. It was torn to pieces, reduced to shreds, beaten till it became quite a pulp; no one could have guessed who looked at it then that it had ever been linen at all. But what, my young friends, was the end of all this washing, and beating, and rending? At length a pure, white, beautiful sheet of paper lay beneath the manufacturer's hands; into this fair form had passed the rag which a child had called *good for nothing*!

"But the sheet was not to lie useless. Not in vain had it been made so white and clean. It was next carried to the press of a printer. There it was once more damped, so as better to receive an impression; then it was laid over blackened type (that is, letters cast in metal), and pressed down with a heavy roller, until every letter was clearly marked upon the smooth white surface. God's Holy Word had been stamped upon it, the

sheet was to form a leaf of a Bible ; such honour was given to the once soiled rag, which a child had called good for nothing !

"And where was this Bible to be ? to what home and what heart was it to carry its message of mercy ? It was bound, and gilded, and bought, and carried to the royal palace of the queen. The Bible lay in the sovereign's chamber, it was opened by the sovereign's hand ; her eye rested upon it as upon that which was more precious to her than her crown ! What was it to her that a portion of the paper had once been a worn-out rag dropped by one of the meanest of her subjects ? It had been washed, purified, changed, the Word of God had given it value ; well might the queen prize and love it as her best possession upon earth.

"Dear friends," continued the lady, looking with loving interest on the listening groups before her, "can you not trace out now a little parable in my story ? Need I explain its meaning ? There have been some neglected ones in the world, as little cared for, as little regarded as the rag which lay on the miry road. But who shall dare to say that even the soul most stained by sin, most sunk in evil, is *good for nothing* ? Such souls may be raised from the dust, such souls *have* been raised from the dust. While God spares life we may yet have hope. I have just read of the case of James Stirling, a faithful servant, an earnest worker for God. That man for twenty years was a drunkard, a grief to his wife, a disgrace to his family, an evil example to those around him. If he, by the power of God's Word, was raised from such a depth of sin, who now need despair ? What if our sins be many before God, *the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin*. The soiled may be made pure and clean. What did the Saviour say to the weeping penitent whom all the world despised ? *Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace*. And thus speaks the merciful Lord to the lowly penitent still.

"And when a soul is washed from its guilt, it is not left to be idle and useless. When God gives to a sinner a *new heart*, it is that his holy word may be deeply stamped on that heart. Then those who have been cleansed, forgiven, and raised, bear to others the blessed message which they themselves have received. *Come, hear what*

the Lord has done for my soul. Come, taste and see that the Lord is gracious; such are the Bible words printed, as it were, on the heart of every pardoned sinner, who, having been forgiven much, feels that he loveth much.

"And once more, dear friends, let me refer to the leaf of the Bible described in my little story, as a picture of a soul redeemed. It too will one day be borne to a palace ; not the dwelling of an earthly monarch, but the mansion of the King of kings ! Precious will it be in his eyes, and counted amongst his treasures. Oh, what a joyful, glorious end may be reserved for some whom the world calls *good for nothing*, when penitent, pardoned, purified spirits shine as stars in the kingdom of heaven !"

The lady ceased, but her words seemed to echo still in the ears of poor Rob. He stood fixed to the spot where he stood, scarcely conscious of the bustle around him as the scholars noisily quitted the room. A door of hope had been suddenly opened before the almost despairing lad, a gleam of light had fallen on his darkness. Rob Barker had read the history of his own past life in that of the trampled rag ; could a like future be before him ? could he ever be one of the "penitent, pardoned, purified" ones, who shall shine at last like the stars ?

The teacher's attention had been attracted by the wretched appearance and earnest look of the stranger lad. A feeling of interest and pity made her watch him, as he lingered in that room in which he had first learned that it was possible for such as he to be saved. As Rob walked slowly from the place, the lady overtook him, asked his name, and inquired what had brought him to the Ragged School that morning.

"I believe that God brought me," murmured Rob, and his answer came from his heart.

"Where do you live ?" said the lady.

"I have no home, no friends," replied the lad, in a tone of gloomy despair.

"You are young, you look strong and active, you must never give up hope," said the teacher ; "God is willing and able to help all who come in faith to Him. Let us see if no way can be found by which you can earn your bread as an honest Christian should do."

The lady herself did something, perhaps to

some it may seem very little, to aid the poor homeless lad; she had many poor to think of, many claims on her purse. She gave but a stale roll, an old broom, and the means of procuring a single night's lodging, together with an invitation to come every day and learn at the Ragged School. This was but a small and humble beginning to Rob's new start in life. I am not going to trace his career through all its various stages. He was the crossing-sweeper, the errand-boy, the lad ready for any message or any work, cleaning boots, putting up shutters, carrying parcels to earn a few pence, or some broken victuals. Life was a struggle to Rob, as it is a struggle to many who, when they rise in the morning scarcely know where they will lie down at night. But Rob Barker was learning more and more to put his trust in that heavenly Father who never forsakes His children. He was learning to be honest, sober, and pious. Gradually the sky brightened over Rob; his character became known and trusted, and greater prosperity came. Having sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, other things were added besides, according to the promise of the Lord. Rob entered service, and rose in it; he remained for nearly twenty years under the same kind master, then with his honest earnings set up in business, and prospered. Rob lived to be known and respected in the world as a good husband, father, and master. He lived to be useful in the station of comfort and honour to which God's mercy had raised him, and to look forward with humble hope and rejoicing to the changeless glories of heaven.

Such was the career of one who had once been deemed *good for nothing* by a fellow sinner!

THE LONG WALK.

"Come, children, get ready, we shall be too late for church; what are you doing over the fire at this time of day?"

The little group dispersed at once, with the exception of one boy, who still lingered.

"George, what are you about? you have not got on your shoes."

"Oh, papa, I am so tired!"

"Tired, with what?"

"You know, my dear," said Mrs. Monroe, "he was out at cricket all yesterday."

"And is that any reason why he should not be willing for church to-day? Come, make haste and get your shoes and cloak, you see mamma and your sisters are almost ready."

"Oh, how I wish we lived nearer church!"

"So do I, sometimes, in very bad weather; but in a fine morning like this a walk of three miles is nothing, and I am often thankful we have not further to go, like some of our people from the glens."

"Yes," said a little girl, "old Donald comes five miles, and is hardly ever out of his place."

"Think of him, George, and be ashamed of your laziness."

George was a good boy on the whole, though rather indolent. When the family party were assembled that evening in the parlour, Mr. Monroe gravely proposed that his son should recline on the sofa, while the girls repeated their Sabbath lessons.

"Poor George is so feeble, and must be so worn out with the fatigues of the day."

But George blushed, and exclaimed with energy,—

"Papa, I am not at all tired now, and I did feel ashamed of myself for complaining of the walk to church, when we got so good a sermon at the end of it."

"That is right, and you will have cause to thank God if you are never further from his house of prayer than we are here. What would you think of a young man walking four hundred miles over ice in order to worship God among his people again?"

"Four hundred miles!" exclaimed the children together.

"Why that is further than to London," said Mrs. Monroe. "It must have happened in a heathen country. Where did you read of it, my dear?"

"In some late printed accounts from the Moravian missionaries in Labrador. The thing was actually done last year, by a young Esquimaux."

"But why *walk* such a distance?"

"I suppose he had no means of conveyance. Shall I tell you more about him?"

The little girls gathered round their father, begging for the story.

"It is told in a letter last year from Okole, one of the Moravian mission stations on the coast of dreary Labrador. An Esquimaux youth, called Samuel, although nominally a Christian, had often grieved his relatives and teachers by his coldness and indifference as to all spiritual things. When any fine weather comes in that stormy country, all the natives who are able for work set out to hunt or fish at a distance, and it is only during the long winter that they are at all regular in attending church or school. The missionaries are very desirous to make the most of that time, for too often the young people lose much good and fall into much evil by intercourse with heathen companions, or bad white traders, in their summer wanderings. So all his friends were grieved, when autumn came, to find that

Samuel proposed going to some place far away with a heathen Esquimaux, who had been living near Okole for a time. He said he would return in a year; but they had little reason to trust him, and I suppose they feared he was only anxious to get away altogether from winter teaching and restraint."

"When was it, papa?"

"In the autumn of 1861. Well, Samuel went off in a boat with his new friend, and the missionaries feared they would never hear of him again, or only of his having openly joined his heathen countrymen. The month of March, last year, was remarkably fine in Labrador, clear hard frost and no tempests of wind. On the 2d of April, to the surprise and joy of his friends, Samuel appeared at Okole, on foot and alone. He told that he had felt so uncomfortable and unhappy during the winter, in a place where there was no church, no teachers, and where the people got drunk and lived in a most sinful manner, that he determined, as soon as fine weather came, to try and make his way home again. He set out alone, in the end of February, and by the good providence of God, walked the whole distance, four hundred miles, on the ice, without any accident."

"Where could he get food, papa, all that time, and where would he sleep?"

"He would sleep, I suppose, in a hole in the snow, where there was no better shelter near. He seems also to have called on his way at two of the other mission stations, where he could get rest and supplies of food. Still the missionaries speak of it as a great feat, which could be seldom practicable, and only by a strong, determined young man, in very fine weather. Let us all think of Samuel's journey whenever we are tempted to grumble at our three miles' walk to church."

"Surely," said George, "he must have been thinking earnestly about his soul, and will be a real Christian now."

"We may hope it, and if so, we shall hear of him again. But a more sad case is mentioned in a letter of the same date, from a missionary at another of the Labrador stations. A youth of nineteen, called Timothy, had like Samuel caused much sorrow to his teachers by carelessness and wilfulness. He had attended school, the missionary writes, during thirteen winters, and yet made little progress. He went away on a hunting expedition which was not successful, and then came to the house of his uncle, who advised him to return home to his mother at the mission station. This he refused to do. One dark stormy night every one was asleep except a daughter of the family, who heard Timothy go out of doors. He did not return soon, and she became alarmed, and awoke her father and brother. They found that he had taken his cousin's kayak (the name for an Esquimaux boat), and gone off to sea in it alone. The storm lasted for several days; when it abated the family got another boat and sailed to the station, about five miles, in hopes of finding that Timothy had gone

back there. Alas, he had never been heard of, and must have perished in the waters!"

"That was very sad, papa; I hope he was like Samuel, anxious to get back to church and school."

"If that had been his feeling, he would have gone at a right time, when his friends advised him, not stolen away in the darkness. I fear there is no hope in the tale of poor Timothy. We see from these stories how truly the sinful heart of man is the same in all countries. The young Esquimaux, without the grace of God, is just as wayward and sinful as the English or Scottish boy. Everywhere we find our fallen nature the same, and that there is but one remedy, the gospel of Jesus Christ, brought home by the Holy Spirit to the heart and conscience. This *you* need, my children, as truly as the children in far distant lands. And how much greater are your advantages than theirs! How serious, then, becomes the question—are you valuing and improving your privileges? are you seeking in earnest the grace which God has promised that all who seek shall find?"

J. L. B.

Dec. 1863.

LOOK.

"Look!" Not run, but look; not go, but look; not stop, but look—look! A great deal depends upon looking.

A boy once had a fine knife, an English knife with a Sheffield blade, a present from his uncle. He went into the woods one day, and lost it. Not till he reached home was it missed. The poor little fellow felt badly enough. Beside the loss he was ashamed of his carelessness. What could he have been thinking of?

"Go back and look," said his father.

"It's no use, I know," said the boy.

"Look, look," repeated his father.

He went, and after a careful search, the knife was found under a sassafras bush. *Looking* found the knife.

A packet-ship crossing the Atlantic was nearing the coast. For some days the weather had been lowering. Neither sun nor stars were visible, and no observation had been taken. There was a heavy swell. The log was carefully noted, but the exact whereabouts of the ship could not be ascertained. The mate took soundings, and a sailor was aloft on the look-out.

"Breakers ahead!" shouted the man from the mast-head.

"Ready about!" thundered the man at the helm.

The ropes rattled, the sails flapped heavily, while the bow swung round to the larboard, and the noble ship plunged off from her perilous course. Night set in. Anxious eyes were strained toward the dark and gloomy horizon. The captain consulted his chart. There was a light he ought to make. Where was he drifting, to lose it!

"Light!" shouted the look-out from the mast-head. A distant glimmer was discovered. The ship's bearing

was ascertained. Alarm and anxiety gave way to hope and joy. *Looking* saved the ship.

The Bible says, "Look!" Look, where? Look, to whom? Look, why? "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." Who says this? Who is *Me*? Moses? No; for he says, "I can no more go out or come in." David? No; for he says, "My flesh and my heart faileth me." Who, Solomon, the great king? No. "Look not unto me," he says; "put not your trust in princes." Who? John? No; for he says, "He that cometh after me is preferred before me." Who? Paul? No; for he says, "I am less than the least of all saints." Who, then?

Moses declares, "The Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my strength and my salvation." David answers, "In the Lord do I put my trust. He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." John says, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Paul adds, "I can do all things, Christ strengthening me. I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord." "Me?" Who? It is the Lord, our Christ and Saviour. "Look unto *Me*," he says, "and be ye saved."

And everybody who has looked says he can make good his promise. He can save from sin, for his "blood cleanseth from all sin." He can save from hell, for he whispers to every dying penitent, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." He can save us from feeling troubled, for he says, "My peace I will give unto thee." He can save us from wearying and giving up, for he says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He can save us from being lonely when our dearest friends go away or die, for he says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

What a Saviour we have to look to! You have found, dear children, if you think at all, how many things you have looked to have failed and disappointed you already. Everything in this world will, sooner or later; but Jesus never, never will. Oh, how sweet to have such a friend to look to, and to look to him for everything. Our dear parents and friends can only distribute what *He* gives.

Take home then to your hearts to-day this one little word, "Look." "Look unto *me*, and be ye saved" (Isa. xlv. 22).—*Anon.*

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

"I WILL contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." You have not escaped conflict regarding any one of these children. He that was taken earliest home cost you perhaps the least. It made you anxious first to see the boy set off for school. It would not have been wise to warn him any more. Yet there was much more you would fain have said to him; but it all fell back on your own heavy heart, and never was it so difficult for you to roll any

care on the Angel of the covenant. It was never so hard to tarry at the emptying home when so much of your heart was going from you. It was harder still, after the days of wise parental restriction were past, to see the rules kept by all the other children—broken by him only. To find the first novels lying where God's Word used to be, how it went to your heart! Still you bore up. You praised the Divine Spirit who had set the mark of the Lamb on your other children's brow, and went to your knees in confidence to pray for him.

"I'm going to the ball, mother," said one such to her who had sought the good part alone for him, and saw him partly choose it, and draw back again. She told him all the truth once more; but the age for prohibition was past. She spent much of that evening alone; then she welcomed him home again herself, far in the morning, and gave him these lines:—

—'S FIRST BALL.

"Go tread yon airy scene of joy,
If joy indeed it seem to be;
But while its charms thy thoughts employ,
A mother's prayers shall go with thee.

Amid the dance, the laugh, the song,
Each serious thought afar may be;
Yet as the moments sweep along,
A mother's thoughts have flown to thee.

Yes, full of life, and free from care,
Thy youthful breast may dance with glee;
But there's a heart thou know'st not there—
A mother's heart is fixed on thee.

While all around wear smiles so bright,
And joy lights up each face you see;
E'en on this gay and mirthful night,
A mother's tears are shed for thee.

Nor think me gloomy, dearest boy,
If scenes of mirth seem vain to me;
How my heart pants to share heaven's joy,
A long eternity with thee!"

He went abroad. He would not take any introduction to a missionary; he went to the cathedral, lived at the club, took a ticket for the fancy ball, and got a dress for it. But he awoke one night with cholera, and in pain cried out, "My God!" It was his first prayer for a long time back. It was the beginning of a life-long communion with the Father through the Son. Recovering soon, he went out to visit the mission. He did not say why he came, but the missionary guessed; for as he stood by a young disciple gained from heathenism, he said sadly, "Do you think this will *last*?" His visit was returned when he expected no one. The missionary found him cutting a velvet cover for his New Testament from the purple velvet jacket purchased for the ball, which was not yet over. Did he not remember his mother then? She that tarried at home did divide that spoil.

When Moses made demand for Israel's departure from Egypt, he said, "Our cattle also shall go with us; there shall not be one hoof left behind: for thereof must we take to serve the Lord our God; and we know

not with what we must serve the Lord until we come thither." The Christian mother may utter in faith the same challenge before him with whom she contends: "Not one hoof of all that is mine shall be left behind." "THOU SHALT BE SAVED, AND THY HOUSE." Shall our faith rise to the entireness of the unconditional promise?—*The Soul-Gatherer.*

"WITH YOU ALWAYS."

"WHAT an even-tempered man Mr. Russel is," said Mrs. Osborn to her husband, as they were on their way home from an evening visit, in the course of which Mr. Russel's temper had been subjected to a severe trial by a coarse and insolent intruder.

"He has great command over his temper," said Mr. Osborn; "he had naturally a quick, irritable temper. When we were schoolboys together, he was regarded as the most passionate boy in school. He came to be regarded as a nuisance, and was shunned by most of the boys."

"It seems to me that you can never tell what kind of a man a boy will make. Your passionate boy has become one of the calmest of men."

"The grace of God can work wondrous transformations. He was hopelessly converted when he was about seventeen years of age, and since then his path has been that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

"What a pity that similar transformations are not oftener witnessed! Why is it, that so few among those who are really Christians commend themselves to every man's conscience. I suppose there is not a person in all this district who has not perfect confidence in Mr. Russel."

"There is a very general confidence in him, still he is not without his detractors."

"What can they find to say against him?"

"They cannot find anything, but they hate his religion, and have something to say about that. His meekness does not save him from the reproach of the wicked."

"Slander and evil-speaking can do him no harm."

"It has done him good. I have heard him say that his enemies had been a means of grace to him."

"That is a new idea to me—a new theme—enemies a means of grace!"

"You can readily see how they can be so. Anything that drives a man to Christ, is a blessing to him."

"Certainly, Mr. Russel seems always to live near to Christ."

"He has, I have learned, made great use of the promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' He has claimed the constant presence of the Saviour."

Christians do not use that promise as they should. They leave it as belonging to the apostles and missionaries. They do not expect the constant presence of the Saviour. They do not ask it. If now and then they are conscious of an interview with Him, they feel as if

they had experienced a great blessing. And so they have. But they might experience far greater blessings. They might have Christ with them always. He offers his constant presence to all his followers. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

YOUR LITTLENES AND GOD'S LOVE.

"But I am afraid," one says, "that my littleness will seem insignificant in God's sight." Why, certainly it will. You are right in that. You are only wrong in supposing that littleness, relative or absolute, is not valued of God. Do parents love their children according to their square inches? Insignificant and poor in a thousand ways man is; but that is no reason, in the mind of God, why he should not be an object of the Divine love and care.

There stands, in summer, a huge tree, green and broad, outwardly reflecting in a thousand ways the solar light, and inwardly full of twilight; and a little bird draws near, and philosophizes with itself as to whether it may take refuge in that tree from the scorching rays of the sun, from the pitiless storm, or from the hawk that soars in the sky. Its heart palpitates, and it looks into the tree, and wonders if there is room there for it, if it will be disagreeable for the tree to have it there, and if such a great tree cares for such a little bird. O bird! fly and ask no questions. Let the flutter of the leaves and of your wings mingle till you are upon the inmost twig of the tree, and then sing a song of gratitude. Methinks I hear it singing within the branches. In all the region for half a mile about the sweet descant is heard; and that little bird's song has paid the tree, and everything there is in that wide expanse, a thousand times better for its shelter.

One little soul flying into the bosom of Jesus and singing gratitude, will make heaven happier than ten thousand processions of crowned kings. Little? You are little; but God's love has no latitudes nor longitudes. It is in its nature infinite and beyond price. Into that love fly, and sing your song of gratitude. None so little that they may not go to God and trust in Him.

MATTY'S CANARY.

(FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.)

WHEN Matty was five years old, her uncle John gave her a birthday present. What do you think it was? A canary in a green cage. Matty clapped her hands with joy, and did not forget to say, "I thank you, uncle John, very much indeed."

The cage had a green glass cup of water on one side for the canary's drink, and a green glass cup of seeds on the other side for its food. There was also a white tub inside for birdie to wash in. Matty filled the tub with fresh warm water every morning, and saw it take its bath. "Peep!" said birdie from its perch. "Peep!"

said he, hopping on the rim of his little tub. "Peep!" he said, dipping his bill into the water. If it felt right, in he went, splashing and dashing, flapping his wings, and bobbing up and down to his heart's delight. I wish every little child loved to be washed so.

What diverted Matty most was the way it went to bed. It put its head under its wing, and went to sleep on one foot, and that was all; much easier than *her* way, she thought, which was to be undressed and washed, taking "so long," especially when she was sleepy. But little girls must remember that long is made longer by impatience or fretfulness, and that I do not believe the canary knows anything about. His early morning song often wakes Matty. "Ah, you are praising God 'fore I," Matty says.

She often talks to her little bird, and asks him many questions; to all of which he says, "Peep, peep!" which is certainly a very prudent answer.

In summer she used to fetch him chickweed and plainain seeds fresh from the garden. "Birdie," she said, "are you not very glad to be waited upon so?" "Peep!" answered birdie. Whether that was yes or no, I cannot tell.

One morning after breakfast Frank opened the cage door, and out flew birdie. After making a few stops, he lighted on the table. He hopped from one plate to another, from a cup to the pitcher, and the pitcher to a cup, picking up the crumbs and taking a drink where he pleased, to the great delight of the children.

I thought he was very much pleased to *wait upon himself*; and I wish some little boys and girls whom I know, that are very fond of being *waited upon*, liked it as well.

THE LITTLE TRACT-BOY.

A LITTLE boy about four years old lived one summer near a great palace of the King of Italy. Around the palace were the famous Boboli Gardens. They were full of laurels and cypresses and all kinds of trees and flowers. There were many fine statues and fountains, ponds full of fish, and several graceful swans. There were long walks between living walls of green, and shady nooks into which the hot sun could not shine. To these beautiful gardens this little boy went with his nurse every pleasant day. There he used to meet some old officers, who for their long service in the army of the king, were permitted to live near the palace in quietness the rest of their days.

Very soon the officers and the little boy became good friends. They told him stories of the wars, and gave

him flowers to carry home to his mother. One day the little boy carried some tracts, called "The Soldier's Inheritance," and gave them to the old officers. The next day they thanked him for the tracts, and asked him to bring others to them. And so for many weeks he gave them good little books, which they read with much interest.

One day the oldest officer, who was the particular friend of the little boy, asked him if he could give him a New Testament. When he went again to the gardens he carried a Testament to the officer. Soon after, the other officers asked where they could find Testaments, and were directed to a place where all kinds of good books could be found, and there they bought Testaments for themselves. Thus it was that God in his providence made this little boy the means of doing good to these old soldiers, giving them religious books, and what was best of all, the Word of Life, which, there is reason to hope, has been a source of great blessing to many.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

"I will arise and go to my Father," &c.

"How can I go? With nought to wear,
Nought save this tattered beggar's dress!
Long have I laboured, toiled with care
To make its rents appear the less—
How can I go?—I needs must wait,—
The beggar sits without the gate."

Hark! do you hear the Saviour call—
The blind, the halt, the maimed to come?
His mercy can embrace us all,
Give every one a welcome home.
Go as you are—He gives the dress—
A robe of His own righteousness.

But soon a far far other call
Shall tell the judgment hour is here,
And with its thunder summon all
At His tribunal to appear.
Oh, do not venture, do not dare
Only these beggar-rags to wear!

Come, while all need can be supplied;
Come, while salvation's robes are given;
Lest, when the saints all glorified
Follow the Saviour into heaven,
You find it then too late, too late,—
A beggar weeps without the gate.

Dec. 1863.

X. X.







DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVILYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-GOTTA FAMILY."

PART II.



TODAY a letter came from Aunt Henderson to Father, inviting him and me to pay a visit to them and Aunt Beauchamp in London. She said 'twould be a pity to let slip this opportunity, it was time I should be learning something of the world; and

Aunt Beauchamp, who was staying at Bath for the waters, would fetch me in her coach from Bristol, if we could get as far as that.

Father would not hear of going himself, saying he had seen enough of the world, and had done with it; but he was very earnest that I should go. He said I ought not to mope my life away in this corner.

Mother turned rather pale, and spoke of the perils of the world for such a child as me.

But Father would not heed her; he has found a ship about to sail from Falmouth to Bristol, and he himself will accompany me thus far. So all is settled, and Mother says no doubt it is best. 'Twere a pity my mind should grow narrow, and I should come to think our little world was all. But to the primrose in the wood her world is not narrow; she sees as far around her as the rose in the King's garden, and looks up all day through the fretted windows of her countless green leaves to the sun, and at night, beyond the sun, into God's world of countless stars.

I do not see how our world can be wider than just so far along the path God makes for us as He clears the way for us to see. And I do not see that it need be wider than home and heaven.

Father and Jack say it shows how much I need a change, that I am so unnatural as not to wish to go. And Mother is busy all day ransacking her stores for remnants of old finery to deck me withal. So I suppose it is just *the path* for me, and I must go.

Sunday Evening.

My box is packed, all but the corner into which I must squeeze my Diary, if it were only for the precious words at the end in Mother's handwriting.

I am glad, now it is settled, that it is so near. I cannot bear to meet Mother's eyes and see her try to smile as she turns them away, and feel how long they have been resting on me.

And I cannot bear to see Trusty watch me in that wistful way and hammer his tail on the floor whenever I look at him. The poor beast knows so well I am going away, and I cannot tell him why, or how soon I shall be back again. And I know to-morrow evening he will come snuffing about all my things, and up to the empty chair where I sit, and then go to Mother and sit down gravely before her and whine, and feel as if I had forsaken him and done his faithful heart a wrong. And no one will be able to explain it to him.

Oh, I wish I were back again, or that things need never change!

A terrible thought came to me to-night as we were all sitting quiet in the great hall window, after we had sung the evening hymn.

I thought how what made me dread this parting is only because it is a faint uncertain

shadow of the dreadful certain changes that must, *must* come; and that every day of these happy unvarying days we are going on, hand in hand, heart to heart, on and on, always, always, to the point where our hands must be unclasped.

Partings are terrible because they are the foreshadowing of death.

But life, life itself, joyous growing life itself, is leading us on to death!

These vague yearnings, and regrets, and presentiments of evils which perhaps do not come—they are not vague, they are not delusive: they are indeed but shadows, but echoes; but they are shadows from the valley of the shadows, which is the one only certainty life brings us; they are echoes of farewells which must be said at last—and not answered!

Mother came in as I had finished these words, and brought me some little bags of lavender she had just finished to lay in my linen. She saw I had been crying, and bade me go to bed at once, and finish my packing in the morning.

Then she knelt down with me by the bedside, as she used when I was a little child, and said the Lord's Prayer aloud with me, and saw me safely into bed, and tucked me in as when I was a little child, and kissed me, and wished me good-night in her own sweet quiet voice.

But when she went away I cried, and almost wished she had not come.

All the days and nights I am away from her shall I not feel like a child left alone in the dark?

But then came on me the echo of her voice saying, "Our Father which art in heaven," and if I can keep that in my heart, I cannot feel like a child alone in the dark.

I suppose that is why our dear Saviour taught it to us, and not only taught it us, but said it with us, that we might feel, as it were, His hand in ours when we say it, and so be wrapped all round with love.

Hackney, May the Twentieth.

It has happened as Mother said. The first few days were dreadful. I felt like a ghost in another world,—I mean a kind of heathen ghost in a world of shadows it did not belong to.

But now the world begins to look real to me again, especially as eight days of my absence are

really over, and I am all that truly and surely nearer home.

Mother stood like a white statue at the door when I rode away on the pillion behind Father; Jack laughed and made jests, partly to cheer me up and partly to show himself a man; Betty hoped I should come back safe again, and find them all alive, "but no one ever knew;" and then she cried, and her very dismal forebodings and her honest tears were, somehow or other, the most comforting thing that happened to me that morning: for Betty's tears opened the flood-gates for mine, and then her forebodings roused my spirit to find a refuge against them; and the only refuge I could find was to fly from all the uncertainty straight to Him with whom all is light and certainty; to fly from circumstances to God himself, and say,—

"Thou knowest. Thou carest. Keep them and me."

And then I became calm, and could even talk to Father as we rode along, and think of the last requests I wanted to make for the animals and the flowers, which had to be cared for while I was gone.

Hugh Spencer met us on the shore, and helped us on board with my trunk. I do not remember that he said anything particular to cheer me, but I felt better for seeing him. And I begged him to go and see Mother often. And it comforts me to think he will, until next month, when he is going to Oxford.

It was fortunate for me that there was a poor sick woman on board who had a little child, which, as she was too ill to notice it, fell to me to take care of; because it made me feel that God had not left this piece of my life out of His care, but would find something for me to do. And, besides, the pleasure of little children always makes one happy in spite of one's self.

When we landed at Bristol it was in a small degree like leaving home again. The little child clung round me so lovingly, and the poor woman was so grateful. She said she could never thank me enough for being so condescending.

She took me for a great lady. That must have been because of Father's looks. It did make me proud to see how noble he looked in his plain old suit of clothes. Every one knew he

was a "born gentleman;" and when cousins met us in their velvets, and laced suits, and hats, I thought he looked like a prince in disguise among them.

It is worth while coming into the world a little, if only to learn what Father is.

And cousins felt it too. One of the first things Cousin Harry said to me when we were all in the coach on our way to London was,—

"Your Father looks like an old general, Kitty. One would never think he had been rustivating for a quarter of a century among the Cornish boors."

"Captain Trevlyan could not fail to look like a gentleman and a soldier," said his father, Sir John Beauchamp.

I like Sir John's manners far better than Cousin Harry's. He is so grave and courteous, and attends to all I say as if I were a Princess, in the old cavalier manner Father speaks of; and never swears unless he is very angry with the groom, or the coachman. But Harry spices his conversation with all kinds of scarcely disguised oaths, and interrupts not me only but his mother or Cousin Evelyn, and is as free and easy as if he had known me all my life.

Yet I think he is good-natured, for once when I coloured at some words he used, he was quite careful for an hour or two. Cousin Evelyn and he had most of the conversation to themselves, although Evelyn was not very talkative. Frequently when I looked at her I found her large dark eyes resting on me, as if she were reading me like a book. Aunt Beauchamp was busied among her furs and perfumes, and seemed every now and then on the point of going into hysterics when the horses dashed round a corner into a village, or the carriage jolted on the rutty road.

In one place not far from Bristol she was very much frightened. We had to stop while way was made for us through the outskirts of a large mob who were collected to hear a great preacher called Whitefield. Uncle Beauchamp says he is a wild fanatic, and that the magistrates were not worth their salt if they could not put such fellows down. Aunt Beauchamp said we might as well travel through some barbarous country as be stopped in the King's highroad by a quantity of dirty colliers, who made the air not fit to breathe.

But as we waited I could not help noticing how very orderly the people were. Thousands and thousands all hanging on the words of one man, and so quiet you could hear your own breathing! All quite quiet, except that as I listened I could hear repressed sobs from some, both men and women, and I saw tears making white channels down many of the sooty faces.

And the preacher had such a clear wonderful voice. He seemed to speak without effort. His whole body, indeed, not only his tongue, seemed moved by the passion in him, but the mighty musical voice itself flowed easily as in familiar conversation, and the fine deep tones were as distinct on the outskirts of the crowd where we stood as if he had been whispering in one's ear. He looked like a clergyman, and the words I heard were very good. He was speaking of the great love of God to us all, and of the great sufferings of our Lord for us all.

I should have liked to stay and listen with the colliers. I never heard music like that voice; yet the words were more than the voice; and oh, the reality is more than the words! It made me feel more at home than any words since Mother's last prayer with me; and I should like Hugh Spencer to have been there.

Uncle Beauchamp asked me soon after we had gone on, what made me look so thoughtful.

I said I was wondering if these were like the people they called Methodists in Cornwall, who came together in thousands to hear a clergyman called Wesley preach.

"Are they there too?" said Uncle Beauchamp. "Confound the fellows, they are like locusts. The land is full of them, but if ever they set their feet near Beauchamp Manor, I shall know how to give them their deserts!"

"They have met their deserts in more places than one, sir," said Harry; and he proceeded to relate a number of anecdotes of Methodist preachers being mobbed, and beaten, and dragged through horse-ponds; which seemed to amuse him very much.

But they made me think again of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

Suddenly Cousin Harry paused, and said,—

"Cousin Kitty looks as grave as if she were a

Methodist herself; and as fierce as if she could imitate the Methodist woman who once knocked down three men in defence of a preacher they were beating."

"I cannot see any fun in hundreds of men setting on one and ill-using him," I said.

"Well said, little Englishwoman," interposed Uncle Beauchamp. "I have no doubt if she did not knock the assailants down, she would have picked the preacher up and dressed his wounds, in face of any mob."

"I hope I should, Uncle," I said.

And since that Uncle Beauchamp generally calls me his little Samaritan.

But Aunt Beauchamp checked the further progress of the conversation by languidly observing, that she thought we had been occupied long enough with colliers, and mobs, and Methodists, and all kinds of unwashed people.

"John Wesley is certainly not that," said Harry. "He looks as neat and prim as a court chaplain."

"Is the fellow a dandy too?" exclaimed Uncle Beauchamp,—"*more contemptible even than I thought.*"

"Dandy or not," said Harry combatively, "I have heard he is a gentleman."

"At all events he is not a dandy of Harry's school," said my Cousin Evelyn, "*whose highest style is that of a groom unwashed from the stable.*"

Thus the discourse glided off to the subject of dress, which proved to be inexhaustible, and my russet travelling suit did not fail to come in for much good-humoured ridicule, although Mother had Miss Pawsey the milliner express from Truro to make it, and she comes up to London at least once in three years to learn the fashions.

It was three days before we reached London. And then I was not so much surprised with it as my cousins wished.

The streets were certainly wider, and the houses higher, and the shops grander, and I saw more sedan-chairs, coaches, and magnificent footmen in an hour than I had seen in all my life before. But that seemed to me all the difference. The things man makes seem to me, after all, so very much alike, only a little larger or smaller, or a little richer or poorer.

The great wonder is the people, and that is

quite bewildering. Because the stream never ceases flowing, any more than the river or the sea at home.

I wonder if it is like the river, or like the sea; I mean, if it is really the flowing on of the river, the stream always the same, and the drops always different; or if it is more like the waves beating on the shore, the waves always different, but the water always the same, heaving, tossing, struggling, beaten back, pressing on again, and again, and again.

I think it is more like the sea.

And so many of the faces look so white and wan and defeated, as if the people had been tossed and broken and beaten back so very often. Only God will not let his human creatures struggle and be tossed about and baffled for nothing. I am quite sure of that.

What a blessing it is that the things we are dim and doubtful about are only the things *half-way up*, and that at the very top of all, all is perfectly clear and radiantly bright!

For God our Father is there; and his Son the Lord Jesus Christ, who is also the Son of man, is there; and God is love.

Yes, at the top of this mountain of the world are not cold snows and empty space, but heaven and God. And when we are there too, every thing will be clear to us, as it is to Him.

And meantime, Thou Thyself, O Blessed Saviour, art with us here; and Thou, who lovest each of us more than our dearest friend, more than Mother loves me, and knowest all things, and knowest God, art satisfied that *all is right.*

And I am satisfied too.

Only I wish the preacher I heard near Bristol, Mr. Whitefield, could speak to these poor London crowds. I think he might comfort them. Perhaps he *has* spoken to them, and has helped those who would listen.

Hackney, near London.

The place Aunt and Uncle Henderson live in is called Hackney. I had no idea a merchant's house could be as pretty as this is. Father always spoke of his Sister Henderson as "Poor Patience," implying that she had lowered herself irremediably by marrying a "tradesman." But I find that Aunt Henderson as commonly speaks of Father as "my poor brother," apparently regard-

ing Cornwall as a kind of vault above ground, in which we led a ghostly existence, not strictly to be called life.

And indeed as to what are called riches, handsome furniture and costly clothes, Aunt Henderson is certainly right.

God's riches, of which the Bible says the earth is full, overflowing from heaven as from a fountain over-full, are of course hers as well as ours, if she would look, so that they do not count in the comparison.

It is very strange to me the idea some of the people in London seem to have, as if the rest of the world were a kind of obscure outskirts of this great town.

Aunt Beauchamp and my cousins seemed in a polite way quite grateful that I did not eat with my fingers, or talk like a ploughboy. They condescended to wonder that I had such a pretty manner, considering I had seen nothing of "the world."

And Aunt Henderson, I believe, is sincerely thankful that I have not a hump, or long ears, or any other appendage that might be expected in a human being born out of "town."

But since London is not the City of the Great King, nor even the centre of the earth, perhaps the wonder is not so very great after all.

There is a nice large garden behind the house, and my bedroom looks over it across a long reach of marshy ground to a range of blue hills which look wavy like our moors. I feel sure there must be furze and heather there, and a kind of longing has possessed me every morning to feel my feet on the turf again, and smell the flowers. One morning I rose early to walk to them. But as I was leaving the garden, Uncle Henderson came down in his night-cap and Indian dressing-gown, quite breathless with hurry, and said,—

"Child, where are you going at this time of day?"

"I am going to those hills, Uncle," I said. "They look like the hills at home. I am used to long walks, and I think I can be back by breakfast-time."

He looked at me with a kind of compassionate kindness, as one would on a half-witted person, and taking my hand led me back to the house.

At breakfast Aunt Henderson told me never to venture alone outside the garden walls. "And as for Hampstead," she said, "neither your Uncle nor I nor any respectable citizens like to be seen there, since they have set up that wicked place at Belsize, where they meet to dance and gamble. Besides the roads are infested with highwaymen. Child, I tremble to think what would have become of you."

To comfort me Uncle Henderson took me in form round the garden after breakfast, and showed me a great many young, new, spiky little trees, which he said had come from all kinds of places I never heard of, and one of which he said was the only one in England.

After that I could not help looking with respect and even a kind of tender interest on the puny banished trees, although it was impossible for me quite to agree with my Aunt, who said she did not see how any person with a well-regulated mind could ever desire to wander beyond such a garden as Uncle Henderson's.

Before now I have always said my morning prayers looking towards those blue hills. Which way shall I look now? I can look straight up to the sky; for my other window looks towards London, with its smoke and its dull world of houses, and its sea of people.

Yet perhaps *that* is the best way to turn my prayers, after all. For the Bible says, God looks on the earth "to behold the children of men." After all, the hills are only perishable dust, and in the City are the imperishable souls.

It is those poor wan men and women who were made in the image of God, not this beautiful earth.

And perhaps even the stars themselves are only perishable dust compared with the men and women toiling and struggling in that great city.

If there is one heart suffering there, surely our Saviour cares more for it than for all the *things* in the world; and I am afraid there must be so many!

And if there is one heart praying there—and surely there are thousands—that heart is nearer God and more sacred than the highest star.

I wonder if God meant me to come to London partly to learn that.

The sea and the hills and the skies are so glorious. But God cares more for any poor, fallen,

suffering, human creature than for all the skies and hills and seas together. Hugh Spencer has often said so.

But I never felt it as much as now, since I heard the preacher near Bristol, bringing tears down those rough black faces, just with speaking to them about God and our Saviour.

Uncle Henderson is a Dissenter.

Mother warned me a little against this. But I find they have their own good books, just as we have, although they are not the same.

Quite a different set of names there are on the book-shelves in the best parlour; Baxter and Howe and Owen, and a number of tall, old books, bound in calf, which do not look much read, and which seemed to me to go on very much the same from page to page, with very long paragraphs.

It must be out of one of these books, I think, Uncle Henderson reads the sermon on Sunday evenings, because it seems to go round and round just like that without getting on; so that one never knows when the end is coming, which I think is a pity. It is so much easier to bear anything patiently if one can only see the end, although it may be ever so far off.

Some of the books, however, seem to me as good as Bishop Taylor, and easier to understand, especially, "The Saint's Rest" by Mr. Baxter, and a small book called "The Redeemer's Tears over Lost Souls," by Mr. Howe.

There are also some new hymns, some of which are delightful, composed by Dr. Watts and by Dr. Doddridge.

I do not think Mother knows anything of all these good people. She will be pleased when I tell her. It is so pleasant to think how many more good books and men there are and have been in the world than we knew of.

Uncle Henderson, however, does not seem at all pleased with Mother's good books. When he asked me one day what we read at home on the Sabbath, and I told him, (although Mother does not read her religious books only on Sunday), he shook his head very gravely at Bishop Taylor, and said he was very much in the dark, quite an Arminian, indeed, if not a Pelagian, besides his natural short-comings in common with all Prelatists.

Then I said that Mother's principal good book was the Bible, and that I liked it much the better of all.

And Uncle and Aunt Henderson both said,—"Of course, my dear, no one disputes that."

Uncle Henderson always calls Sunday "the Sabbath." I daresay it is just as right a name. But I do not like it so much. It sounds like the end instead of the beginning. The Lord's Day is the first day of the week now, not the last, in the old Jewish times, and I cannot at all see that Sunday is a "heathen name," as Uncle Henderson says. Because, certainly, the *sun* is not heathen and I like to think of Sunday as a kind of sunrise and dawn among the days.

Neither do I like the service in Uncle Henderson's chapel very much.

At home the sermon was very often beyond my understanding, but then there were always the prayers, and the psalms and lessons. But here the prayer seems as difficult as the sermon, and is nearly as long, and all in one piece without a break. And when it is done I feel as if I have been only hearing about sacred things instead of speaking to God (although, of course, that is my own fault). The minister does not preach about Socrates and St. Jerome, like our vicar; but somehow or other, when he speaks about God and the Lord Jesus Christ, it seems just the same, as *they had lived in the past*, and made decrees and done great things a long time ago.

But I do not think the people generally like much more than I do. They seem so very glad to go. They rise the moment the blessing is finished (there is a rustling of silks and a settling of dresses long before), put on their hats, and see to try which can get out first.

Uncle Henderson says they put on their hats to show that we must not have any superstitious reverence for places.

The sermons are very long. Last Sunday there were five-and-twenty heads. And each head was nearly as long as our vicar's Christmas-Day sermon, which certainly is always rather short on account of the puddings.

And the people do not look interested. They are all, however, very handsomely dressed. Aunt Henderson says she has counted five coaches at the door; almost as many, she says, as there are at the

church Lady Beauchamp attends at the west end.

I suppose the poor go somewhere else. I should like to know where.

Uncle Henderson says this was quite a celebrated chapel in the days of the old Puritans. The minister used to preach in it, and the people to come to it, at the risk of their lives, or at the least of having their ears slit, and being beggared by fines.

I should like to have seen the congregation then. Probably none of them went to sleep. And I suppose the poor came there then; and the coaches went somewhere else.

On our way home from the chapel to-day I saw where the poor people go.

It was in a great open space called Moorfields. Thousands of dirty ragged men and women were standing listening to a preacher in a clergyman's gown. We were obliged to stop while the crowd made way for us. At first I thought it must be the same I heard near Bristol, but when we came nearer I saw it was quite a different looking man; a small man, rather thin, with the neatest wig, fine sharply cut features, a mouth firm enough for a general, and a bright steady eye which seemed to command the crowd. Uncle Henderson said,—

"It is John Wesley."

His manner was very calm, not impassioned like Mr. Whitefield's; but the people seemed quite as much moved.

Mr. Whitefield looked as if he were pleading with the people to escape from a danger he saw but they could not, and would draw them to heaven in spite of themselves. Mr. Wesley did not appear so much to plead as to speak with authority. Mr. Whitefield seemed to throw his whole soul into the peril of his hearers. Mr. Wesley seemed to rest with his whole soul on the truth he spoke, and by the force of his own calm conviction to make every one feel that what he said was true.

If his hearers were moved, it was not with the passion of the preacher, it was with the bare reality of the things he said.

But they were moved indeed. No wandering eye was there. Many were weeping, some were sobbing as if their hearts would break, and many more were gazing as if they would not weep, nor stir, nor breathe, lest they should lose a word.

I wanted so much to stay and listen. But Uncle Henderson insisted on driving on.

"The good man means well, no doubt," he said, "but he is an Arminian. He has even published most dangerous, not to say blasphemous, things against the immutable divine decrees."

And Aunt Henderson said,—

"It might be all very well for wretched outcasts such as those who were listening, but we, she trusted, who attended all the means of grace, had no need of such wild preaching."

But he was not speaking of the immutable decrees to-day, nor of anything else that happened long ago. He was speaking of the living God, and of the living and the dying soul, of the Saviour dying for lost sinners, of the Shepherd seeking the lost sheep.

And I am so glad, so very glad, the lost sheep were there to hear.

Because in Uncle Henderson's chapel it seems to me there are only the *found* sheep, or those who think they are found; and they do not, of course, want the good news nearly so much, nor, perhaps on that account, do they seem to care so much about it.

I wonder if the Pharisees, when they said our Lord was beside himself, thought his parables might nevertheless be of some use to those who did not (as they did) "attend all the means of grace."

I have found a friend.

At the end of Uncle Henderson's garden he has fitted up a little house where an aged aunt of his lives with one servant to take care of her. Every one calls her Aunt Jeanie.

She is a widow more than seventy years of age. Her husband was killed when she and he were quite young, which is perhaps one reason why her heart seems to have kept so fresh and young. He was killed by King James's soldiers who were sent to disperse a congregation of poor people to whom he was preaching in the open air on the Scotch hills, just, I suppose, as Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesley preach to the poor people now.

But Aunt Jeanie does not seem to have a bitter thought about it. "How should she," she says, "now that the sorrow is so nearly over?" At first, indeed, she did feel bitter; but what is the use of God sending us affliction unless it takes the bitter-

ness out of us? And now the years of separation are so nearly over, and her Archie, who has all these years been growing like her Lord, will be waiting to welcome her home.

"But then," I said one day, "it would have been sweeter to be prepared on earth together. A year in heaven must make any one so far beyond us on earth; we could hardly understand each other."

"My poor bairn, what thought have you then of the holiness of the saints? It is the pride, lassie, that separates us from one another, not the goodness. I know well the greatest saint in heaven would be easier to speak to than many a poor sinner on earth. Have you forgotten the Lord himself, and how he let the sinful woman kiss his feet?"

Aunt Jeanie always calls me either my bairn or lassie. I cannot, of course, write down her Scotch, but it has an unspeakable charm to me. Her voice has a tender cadence in it, I never heard in any English voice. It touches me like an echo of some voice dear and familiar long ago.

She has beautiful histories to tell me of good people. She has known so many. Best of all I like to hear her speak of the family of Mr. Philip Henry of Broad Oak in Flintshire. The farmhouse plenty and homeliness about the life, blended with such learning and piety, seem to me so very beautiful.

The family prayers in the great farmhouse kitchen; the brother and four sisters all growing up in the double sunshine of the love of God and of their parents; the father in his study, or preaching, or visiting the prisoners or the sick; the mother, like the woman in the Proverbs, rising while it is yet night, "giving meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens," stretching out her hands to the poor, yea, reaching out her hands to the needy;—it all seemed as simple and sacred and happy as a bit of the Bible.

Then old Mr. Henry had such good sayings. "Prayer is the key of the morning and the bolt of the night," is one which I have written at the end of Mother's words from "The Golden Grove."

Yet this holy family were all Presbyterians.

Aunt Jeanie does not know much of Mother's good books any more than Uncle Henderson, but

she does not shake her head when I speak of them. She says,—

"There is no saying the strange ways by which people may get to heaven, if only they love the Lord Jesus Christ and try according to their light to follow him. Was there not actually an English minister, calling himself Archbishop of Glasgow in the worst days of the Prelatists, who wrote a book on the Epistles of St. Peter, than which John Knox himself could not have written a better?"

So whenever I am more than usually wearied or perplexed by anything in Uncle Henderson or his chapel, I creep out to Aunt Jeanie, and she puts me all right again.

Sometimes she smiles drily, and says, "I am doubtless a wise bairn, as wise as the man in the *Spectator* who turned the Whole Duty of Man into a book of libels, by writing his neighbours' names opposite each particular sin." Sometimes she smiles tenderly, and says, "I am a poor bewildered lamb, and fears the wilderness is rougher and drier than usual just now for the little ones, since it perplexes even those who have been toiling long; but the Good Shepherd," she adds, "doubtless knows the way, and will guide his own all the more tenderly because it is difficult."

Yet Aunt Jeanie is a *Presbyterian*, and I think a *Puritan*, as much as Uncle Henderson, (the things of all others Father hates); and indeed I think she is worse. Her husband at least was a *Covenanter*; and whatever that means, I know it is something exceedingly dangerous, because I remember our vicar, speaking of it when he was congratulating us on living in such a Christian country, spoke of the "seditious canting Covenanters" as the lowest depth of the degradation to which Presbyterians had reduced Scotland.

Dead Puritanism seems to me a very terrible thing. There is just the death, without the balms or the spices, or the beautiful sepulchre. Yet perhaps it is as well dead religions should look dead, that people may know it all the sooner and turn and seek for life where it is to be found.

But how beautiful Christian life seems in any form, and how much alike, whether in Mother or

Aunt Jeanie! Alike in being *life*, and yet how delightfully unlike in each!

Cousin Tom Henderson has come home. He has not Cousin Harry Beauchamp's free and easy manners. He seemed at first very shy and awkward, but now he is getting used to me and I to him; we are quite friends, and his large questioning eyes which at first gleamed so suspiciously from under his shaggy eyebrows now meet mine quite confidently.

To-day, as we walked in the garden after the service in the chapel, he said to me,—

"Cousin Kitty, could you ever remember the *heads*?"

"Our sermons never had any heads," I said, "they were all in one piece."

"Then I suppose you did not mind going to chapel?" he said.

"I always liked going to church," I said.

"Why did you like it?" he asked.

"Mother liked it so much," I said, "and then it was Sunday, and something different, something better and more than any other day, and the corn-fields never seemed to look so golden, or the sea so bright as when I walked to church with Mother's hand in mine. And coming home she let me gather a nosegay of wild flowers, and they and all the world always seemed fresh and clean as if they had a kind of Sunday clothes on like the rest of us. That was when I was a child, and now I like Sunday and going to church for a thousand reasons."

"Were you allowed to gather flowers on Sunday?" said Tom. "Did Sunday seem something *better* and *more* to you? It was always something *less* to me. I was not allowed to read the books I liked, or do the things I liked. Certainly such a walk to church, and a sermon without heads would have made a difference. But then Nurse always said it was no wonder I did not like the Sabbath, because I was not converted. Cousin Kitty," he added abruptly, looking earnestly in my face, "are you converted?"

The question startled me very much, and I did not know what answer to give.

"Because," said Tom, "you know God does not love any one who is not converted."

"I am sure God loves me, Tom," I said, "if

that is what you mean. How could I be so wicked as to doubt it for an instant, when He has done me nothing but good all my life long, and has forgiven me so many wrong things that I have said and done, and has borne with me so gently, and shown me my sins, and helped me against them whenever I have really asked Him?"

"But all that is nothing, they say," said Tom, "unless you are converted, and you know you cannot always have been converted. No one is."

"But then there is the Cross, Tom," I said. "There is the Cross! How can I doubt that God loves me when I think of the Cross?"

"But they say the Cross will sink us lower in hell than anything else unless we are converted," said Tom. Then seeing me begin to cry, for I could not help it, he added in a gentle tone,—

"Do not cry, Cousin Kitty. Perhaps you *are* converted; you attend the Lord's Supper, do you not? so perhaps you are. It does seem as if God had been very good to *you*."

There was something so sad and bitter in the emphasis which he gave to that "you," that I forgot my own perplexities altogether in pity for him, and I said,—

"Cousin Tom, God is good to every one. The Bible says so. He is good to every one because He is good, not because we are good. I cannot tell about being converted, but I am sure of that."

But at night when I was alone in my room, and opened my Bible, and knelt down by it, and made it all into a prayer, it all seemed to become clear to me.

Our Lord does certainly say, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

He said it to the disciples when they were debating who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

To the poor wandering multitudes he said not, "Be converted," but "Come unto Me."

Then it came into my heart.

"Lord, I do come unto thee. I have come before. But I come again now—to thee, to thee. I turn to thee, I would not turn from

thee for the world. Is that to be converted? See I am at thy feet; and if *not*, see *I am at thy feet*, and thou wilt surely do the rest, since thou knowest what I want, if I do not. Lord, I am a little child—thou knowest I am helpless, weak, unable to lead myself. Heavenly Father, I am a helpless little child, and thou art our heavenly Father. I am not a little child half as much as I should like in truthfulness and simplicity, but I am a little child in wanting thee, in being able to do nothing without thee. Not because I am child-like, Heavenly Father, but because I am helpless, help me. Not because I am converted, O gracious Saviour, but because I want thee, help me; not because I love thee (and yet I do love thee), but because thou lovest me, because thou diedst for my sins, help and save me. And help that other poor wandering sheep who does not seem to have come back to thee at all, and save him, not because he is returning, but because he is wandering, and it is so wretched to wander in the world without Thee!"

I never lay down to sleep with a happier feeling than that night.

The next time Tom and I were alone (it was by the window in the best parlour, Uncle was smoking a quiet pipe in the garden-house, and Aunt was taking a dish of tea with a friend) I said, "Cousin Tom, I have been thinking of what you said, and you must not say God does not love you because you are not converted. I am sure that is not true. Because our Saviour goes after the sheep when they are actually wandering and lost, which cannot be the same as being converted. And, of course, He goes after them, because he is loving them. But you must be converted, Cousin Tom," I said.

His tone was altered from the time he had spoken last, it was not so much sad as bitter and sarcastic, and he said,—

"Cousin Kitty, you are a poor theologian. How am I to be converted unless God convert me?"

I did not know what to say, until at last I said, and I am afraid it could not have been the right thing,—

"God is converting you—taking you by the hand as it were to turn you round—I mean He is doing all He can, He is calling you, watching

you, pitying you, seeking you in a thousand ways, He only knows how many and how often."

"Then I suppose it will be all right one day," said Tom, "for who hath resisted His will?"

I was very much grieved, his tone was so bitter, and I could not help saying, it came so forcibly into my heart,—

"Cousin Tom, you *are* resisting His will, with all your might—you *will* not come back to our Saviour."

"And you are contradicting St. Paul, Cousin Kitty," he said.

"How I wish you could hear Mr. Whitefield or Mr. Wesley," I said, for I felt my logic failing.

"Father says Mr. Wesley is an Arminian," said Tom, with a satirical smile; "but, perhaps, you are little better. Mother always said poor Sister Trevlyan was 'little better than a Papist.'"

At first I felt angry at his levity, but then all at once I thought it was only the laughter of a heart ill at ease, and I said gently,—

"Cousin Tom, you know you do not care in the least whether Mr. Wesley is a Calvinist or an Arminian. I am sure you are unhappy about something this evening. Can I help you? Jack says it often helps him just to tell me anything, and you have no sister."

"Nor any one that cares for me," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom," I said, "you must not say Uncle and Aunt do not care for you."

He had been sitting with his elbows on his knees and his hands on his face; now he rose, and said in a low voice, like the grinding of an iron heel on stone,—

"No doubt they care that *I should grow rich!* But, Kitty, this life is more than I can bear. While you are here it is a little more cheerful, but in a few weeks you will be gone, and it will be duller than ever. It is one incessant 'Thou shalt not,' from one end of the year to the other; or only one 'Thou shalt,' to counterbalance it, 'Thou shalt make money and be rich;' 'thou shalt not go to the play, thou shalt not dance.' And I do go to the theatre and to the opera when I can. It does me less harm, I am sure, than sitting at home and hearing Aunt Beauchamp and Cousin Harry and nine-tenths of our acquaintances pulled to pieces as reprobates

But I dare not tell Father, because he would never believe I do these things without doing a thousand worse things which I do not. So I am living a lie, and I hate myself for it, yet I see no way out of it."

"There is a way out of it," I said. "You must give it up. It is better to lead the dullest life in the world than to do wrong, and I am sure you would find it happier."

"There is one thing I will not do, Cousin Kitty, I will not be a hypocrite. I will not put on a smooth face and pretend to like all the whining Pharisaical cant I hear. If I am to go to the bad end, it shall be by the honest broad road, and not by the narrow prim path of the Pharisees which leads the same way."

"But, Cousin Tom," I said after a little while, "there is no need for you to be either bad or a hypocrite. You can be *good*, and you must try."

"Do you mean I must be converted?" he said almost fiercely.

"I think," I said, "you should give up thinking about being converted, and should just *turn* to God, just look away from your sins and other people's sins, and from *everything* to our Saviour, and ask Him to help you to be really good. Of course, it is all real with Him. And I am sure he would."

He did not answer, and I went on,—

"It seems to me you put conversion between you and Christ, as if it were a kind of shut door to get through, instead of just going up to the open door. For the door of the kingdom of heaven is open, I am quite sure. Our Lord says, 'I am the door;' which must mean that there is no door, no closed door, but that he himself stands at the entrance instead, to welcome us and lead us in. Think of the difference between a door and a friend's face, and a friend's hand stretched out to grasp ours. And then such a Friend! we have done him so much wrong, and he is so ready to forgive all; and such a Hand! pierced to the cross for us. St. Thomas saw the prints of the nails."

My heart was very full, and when I looked up, Tom brushed his hand over his face and moved away.

But I went up to him and ventured to say,—

"Cousin Tom, tell Aunt Henderson what you

have told me; I am sure it would be right, and perhaps it might help you both."

"You don't know in the least how hard it would be, Kitty," he said; "mother thinks all sins are on the same level. If I told her I had gone to the opera she would think me as bad as a thief. And yet," he exclaimed, "I do not know but I *am* just as bad. Have I not been living a lie?"

Just then Uncle Henderson came in, and I went to join Aunt Henderson in the best parlour.

She was just then comparing poor Aunt Beauchamp's system of education with her own, and complacently dwelling on the necessary difference in the results between her Tom and poor Harry, who had just, she understood, lost a small fortune in betting on the race-course. From this she glided into an instructive dissertation on her household management. Other people, she said, were always complaining of their servants dressing like their betters, and even taking tea and snuff. But she never had such difficulties. She would like to see the hussy who would sport a silk gown or a snuff-box in her house. The visitor, a gentle, little woman, seemed quite depressed by my Aunt's superiority, and soon after took her leave in a meek and subdued manner.

A large portion of Aunt Henderson's conversation consists in these compassionate meditations on the mistakes and infirmities of her neighbours. She does this "quite conscientiously." "It is so important," she says, "that we should observe the failures and errors of our neighbours, in order to learn wisdom."

It seems as if Aunt Henderson thought the rest of the world were a set of defective specimens expressly designed to teach her wisdom, just as we used to have ill-written and misspelt sentences set before us to teach us grammar.

But I always thought we learned more by looking at the *well*-written sentences. In that way one's writing and spelling grow like the copy without thinking about it. And it is so much pleasanter to have the beautiful right thing before one constantly instead of the failure.

Besides, Aunt Henderson's grammar may not be exactly the standard after all.

And it must matter just as much how the other copies are written; at all events, to the

people who write them. I suppose no one is sent into the world exactly to be a kind of example of failure, even to make Aunt Henderson quite perfect by the contrast. But only to think of Aunt Henderson calling Mother a Papist!

To-day I had a great pleasure. Last Sunday we went to another chapel, in Bury Street, and heard the venerable old minister called Dr. Watts preach. It was a sermon on safety in death, to comfort parents who had lost little children. And I am sure it must have comforted any one; it went so far into the sorrow with the balm. He spoke of this world as like a garden in a cold place, from which God, like a careful gardener, took the tender plants into his own house before the winter came to spoil them. Yet sweet and touching as it all was for those whose hearts were already awake to listen, there was nothing of the rousing penetrating tones which awake those whose hearts are slumbering.

The good old man spoke so tenderly I thought he must have felt it all himself. But Aunt Henderson says he is a student and an old bachelor.

And to-day she took me to see the place where he lives. It is a beautiful park belonging to Sir William and Lady Abney at Stoke Newington. And there, five-and-thirty years ago, they brought Dr Watts to be their guest for a week when he was lonely, and poor, and in delicate health. And they have kept him there ever since, caring for him like a son, and reverencing him like a father. He has nice rooms of his own; and they always are grateful when he joins their circle, so that he can have as much solitude and as much company as he likes, and have the good of riches without the responsibilities, and many of the pleasures of a family-circle without the cares.

It seems to me such a beautiful use to make of riches. The holy man's presence must make their house like a temple; and when the dear aged form has passed away, I think they will find that the garden-walks, where he used to converse with them, and the trees under which he used to sit, and the flowers he enjoyed, will have something of the fragrance of Eden left on them.

So they *have* their reward; yet not all of it. There will be more to come when they see our

Lord, and he will thank them for taking care of his servant.

Dr. Watts writes such beautiful hymns. They have not the long winding music of John Milton's hymn on the "Nativity," or Bishop Taylor's in the "Golden Grove;" but they have a point and sweetness about them which I like as much, especially when one thinks that the very best thing in what they sing of is that it is *true*, for ever true.

They sang one at the chapel on Sunday, which I shall never forget:—

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God!
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and care flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

It made the chapel seem as beautiful to me *as* any cathedral while they sang it, because *one* seemed to look through it straight into *heaven*, where our Lord is. And anything which *helps* us to do that makes it matter so little *whether* what we look through is a white-washed *ceiling* or a dome like St. Paul's. And then *the* comfort is, the poor can understand it as well *as* the most learned.

While we were at Abney Park, a consumptive-looking minister from Northampton was there, a great friend of Dr. Watts. Lady Abney had just brought him from London in her coach, a gentle, thoughtful-looking man, called Dr. Doddridge. He also writes beautiful hymns, they say. Lady Abney told me he has a dear little girl who was once asked why every one loved her? She looked very thoughtful for a moment, and then said, "I suppose because I love every one."

To-morrow I am to leave Aunt Henderson to stay with Aunt Beauchamp at the West End of the Town, in Great Ormond Street. I am afraid Tom has not made any confession to his mother yet. But he has promised to try and hear Mr. Wesley, and to go often to Jeania.

Aunt Henderson has been talking to me very seriously about the dangers to which I shall be exposed. She says poor Aunt Beauchamp's is a thoroughly careless family, and they live quite in 'the world.'

Does "the world" then begin somewhere between Hackney and Great Ormond Street?

Mother seemed to think I should meet it as soon as I left home.

And the catechism speaks of our having to renounce it from infancy, like the flesh and the devil.

If we have always to be renouncing it, it must be *there*, everywhere, always; one thing to Mother, another to Aunt Henderson, another to Cousin Tom, or Aunt Beauchamp; one thing to me when I was a child, another to me now—yet always there, always to be renounced.

What is it then? St. John says, "It is not of the Father."

Does it mean *whatever* gift of God we make a pedestal for our pride, instead of making of it a step of God's throne on which to kneel and look up, and adore?

BISHOP BUTLER AND THE "ANALOGY."

BY F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

CONCLUDED.



BUTLER his transfer to the Chair of Durham, Butler addressed but one Charge to the clergy of his diocese. This document took its tone from his sense of the prevalent corruptions and irreligious practices of those times; but it owed its chief importance subsequently to a singular perversion of it, and attack upon it, fifteen years after his death, alleging that it contained evidences that the author must have been secretly a Roman Catholic in his convictions. This absurd accusation against Butler, which was first published in an anonymous pamphlet,* and which implied, of course, a dishonest concealment of doctrine, was sustained only by two flimsy pretexts: first, that while he was Bishop of Bristol he had placed a cross in the interior of the chapel; and, secondly, that some gossip had set afloat a rumour that he took absolution at the hands of a Romish priest. Archbishop Secker, whose intimacy and honesty gave decisiveness to his statements, publicly and effectually refuted these slanders. The report about the sacrament was a fabrication. And though Secker frankly admits that he regretted his friend's ecclesiastical use of the cross, considering the suspicious and scandals of the time, yet he emphatically denies its connection with Papistical notions.

This bitter personal assault upon a dead man's opinions was carried on for some time, by various hands, in the columns of a newspaper,—*St. James's Chronicle*; even the Bishop's habits of study, and his fondness for books of mystical contemplation, and the melancholy moods of his spirit, were adduced as probable predisposing causes, or proofs, of his Romanizing tendencies.

To all such contemptible insinuations Secker threw back his indignant retorts and effectual denials, declaring that the bishop read books of all sorts, and knew how to pick the good in them out of the bad, concluding with an eloquent eulogium on his charity, his learning, his sincerity, and the candour of his whole character, and pronouncing it "high time for the authors and abettors of the accusation, in mere common prudence, to show some regard, if not to truth, at least to shame."*

Butler continued to execute his trusts at Durham less than two years, but to his death. During his duties in the Upper House of Parliament, he purchased and occupied the mansion at Hampstead, historically interesting as the residence built by Henry Vane,—the same from which that martyr to liberty was taken to the Tower for execution, on the memorable 14th of June 1662. This seat the bishop adorned with great taste and elegance, applying to it the best principles and choicest examples of art, in the architecture and sculpture and paintings, in the library and the gardens, and in designs and scriptural inscriptions in the old English and Latin on the painted windows. While devoting himself assiduously to his new duties, he was overtaken by an acute disease, which prostrated his powers; and at Bath, whither he had gone seeking relief from the waters, he died, consistently and calmly, on the 16th of June 1752, simply uttering, in a low voice, his consciousness of perpetual infirmities, and saying that he felt then, as he never had before, the scripture he had read so

* That Butler was inclined to extreme taciturnity, reserve, and a mixture of melancholy and modesty, that separated him from mankind, and from womankind, is well established. He was a man, born of woman, and it is natural to suppose he talked at least with his mother or his nurse. He was in the Queen's company, and probably addressed her. But in all the accounts of him there is no direct reason given to suppose he ever spoke to a woman.

* Afterwards traced to Archdeacon Blackburne.

often, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." On the monument, raised at Bristol in 1834, is this inscription, composed by Robert Southey, a native of that place:—

Sacred to the Memory

OF

JOSEPH BUTLER, D.C.L.,

TWELVE YEARS BISHOP OF THIS DIOCESE, AND AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF DURHAM,

WHOSE MORTAL PART IS DEPOSITED IN THE CHIEF OF THIS CATHEDRAL.

Others had established the historical and prophetic grounds of the Christian religion, and that sure testimony of its truth which is found in its perfect adaptation to the heart of man. It was reserved for him to develop its analogy to the constitution and course of nature; and, laying his strong foundations in the depth of that great argument, there to construct another and irrefragable proof; thus rendering philosophy subservient to faith, and finding, in outward and visible things, the type and evidence of those within the veil.

Every account, whether public or private, concurs in attributing to this masterly thinker the most unpretending simplicity of heart and the purest manners. In him true greatness wears its natural and fitting grace of humility. Among other evidences of this characteristic stands his peremptory instruction, in his last testament, pronouncing it his "positive and express will" that all his sermons and original papers whatever should be burnt, without being read by any one, as soon as might be after his decease,—a command which accounts for the limited number of his published productions, and which his faithful executor and chaplain, Nathaniel Forster, must have executed with many struggles between his fidelity to his bishop and his regard for letters and mankind. By some means or other, a box of his sermons did escape; but the last of these the wife of a country clergyman was found one day, more than half a century ago, innocently stuffing into her kitchen fire as waste-paper. When reprimanded, her defence was that she thought they were her husband's! Though Butler considerably gave up the liberal allowance of three days of every week to the entertainment of gentry, clergy, and other guests from his diocese,—and very dull company, undoubtedly, a great deal of it must have been,—the appointments of his hospitality were without ostentation. But if his table offered no extravagant luxuries, his sympathies were not narrow or his tastes ascetic. His artistic pleasures have already been alluded to; and in each of his residences his expenditures for them were quite proportioned to his income. It appears that, after days of exhausting study, he was accustomed to give a part of the evening to the private enjoyment of music, and especially of the organ, played by his secretary. His piety was without display, and his benevolence without the sounding of a trumpet. In his Durham Charge he says, pleading for real religion, "The *affectation* of talking piously is quite nauseous." Lord Kaimes is represented, in Tytler's life of him, as uttering the fullest confidence that the bishop's religious writings were cordial, and not merely professional. The keenest

sense of right was exhibited in his Church preferments; indeed, he refused to advance one of his own nephews, on the ground that his qualifications were not valid; and had he survived longer, he would doubtless have offered an effective resistance to the nepotism, simony, and corruption of his age. For himself, he never sought official promotion, or plotted for it, either directly or circuitously; but it had to hunt him out, and conform itself to his conscience. His charities were, beyond most men's, commensurate with his occasions. In his country parishes the poor were his chief care; hospitals and missions shared his bounty; and, amidst the opulence of Durham, he remarked to one of his household, "I should be ashamed of myself if I could leave £10,000 behind me." A vein of eccentricity seems to have given a dash of picturesqueness to his tranquil temper. Traditions tell of the slender figure of this solitary bachelor, with a pale, thin, venerable face, and a form that grew more and more patriarchal as the long hair grew grey, strolling about the fields near his house, hours together, in the darkest nights. Others besides his nephew found out his susceptibility to be cheated. There is no question that the matchless and irresistible reasoner, who, in the opinion of Bishop Halifax, has done as much service to the cause of sound morality and true religion as any person since the gifts of divine illumination were withdrawn, and to whom the Bishop of Exeter says he was accustomed to look as the greatest of uninspired men, was abominably imposed upon by the mechanics in the repairs of Bristol House. One of his first acts, when power came into his hands, was to remember with gratitude his early and deserving preceptor, Philip Barton. What practice could indicate a more amiable heart than his employing, in the memorandum where he wrote down, for his own convenience, the salient traits of the chief persons in his diocese with whom he might have to deal, for the designation of those qualities that are bad, a secret character,—the key known only to himself,—while the good were written out in full? Such a spirit could not be otherwise than gracious and forgiving towards injury; and an attestation of this is afforded in these admirable verses, occasioned by his virtues, published after his death, the authorship of which, we believe, remains unknown:—

"Some write their wrongs in marble; he, more just,
Stooped down, serene, and wrote them in the dust.
Trode under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth, and blotted from his mind,—
There, buried in the ground, he bade them lie,
And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty's eye."

Even Walpole, whose wit was not too sparing or to veracious, especially when a prelate was the game, aimed no sharper sarcasm at him than that he was "wafted to the See of Durham in a cloud of metaphysics."

Of this logical genius, the chief monument, that his Sermons, embodying his system of ethics, bear to morality. And the one is shaped and directed to meet

the peculiar assumptions put forward by the atheism and infidelity of the author's times, as the other is to confront those lax and debasing notions which, in the mouths of his own countrymen, not to speak of the other side of the Channel, had blasphemed God and corrupted man,—in Herbert of Cherbury, softening the vices of appetite and lust into the venial impulses of disease,—in Bolingbroke, setting against beastly sensuality no other than the cowardly restraint of safety or fear,—in Hobbes, resolving the eternal distinctions of right and wrong into the decisions of individual inclination,—and in Shaftesbury, levelling the lofty commandments and revelations of Heaven to the poor degree of the constable's staff and the magistrate's bench. But however exalted the rank we assign the "Analogy" as a defence of Christianity, it would find its place in the course of every thorough scholar's education on grounds independent of that consideration. As a consummate exercise for the reasoning powers, it has been adopted by universities and colleges wherever the higher speech of the English tongue is taught.

It is not necessary to conceal from ourselves the difficulties this treatise presents to the reader. It is said that Joseph Buckminster, with his extraordinary apprehensive faculties, professed himself unable to understand it till he had read it through the third time. But, so far as these difficulties spring from its alleged obscurities of style, they are amply accounted for in the author's own preface to his collection of sermons of 1729, where he quietly and half-humorously suggests that "criticisms concerning obscurity may be nothing more at the bottom than complaints that everything is not to be understood with the same ease that some things are;" and that "for a work of imagination or entertainment not to be of easy comprehension is very unallowable, but may be unavoidable in a work of another kind, where a man is not to form or accommodate, but to state things as they are." The complaint, as here intimated, has unquestionably been loudest and most frequent from minds

" — too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought."

On the other hand, there is justice in what a critic of a different class has observed,—that "the man that can read and comprehend the 'Analogy' possesses a well-disciplined mind, and is prepared to read and understand any sensible writer, and to think soberly, and for

himself." But, were the task much more severe than it is, no student whose intellectual hunger is genuine, or whose aims have the true scholarly largeness and height, will be willing to stay content without some thorough knowledge of a book which one competent English writer describes as "carefully and closely packed up, out of twenty years' hard thinking," and "the work, above others, on which the mind can repose with the most entire satisfaction;" of which Wilson declares, "the author pursues a course of argument so cautious, so solid, so forcible, and yet so diversified, so original, so convincing, as to carry along with him, almost insensibly, those who have once put themselves under his guidance;" and which Mackintosh, concurring with the judicial voice of a hundred years, has pronounced "the most original and profound work extant, in any language, on the philosophy of religion."

A striking tribute to the work was put into a single paragraph by Dr. Chalmers, himself no mean philosopher. Chalmers was one day discoursing, colloquially, of the unrivalled scope and depth of the "Analogy," in the house of some of the descendants of one of Butler's brothers. As an interesting relic, preserved in the family, a Greek Testament, with the bishop's autograph annotations, was brought out and put into Chalmers's hands, with the request that he would write something, unpremeditated, on one of its blank pages. At first he excused himself as "unworthy to write in Butler's own Testament;" he "ought to have a week to consider of some sentiment deserving to be recorded in such a place." But entreaty finally overcame his scruples, and taking the pen he wrote these words: "Butler is in theology what Bacon is in science. The reigning principle of the latter is, that it is not for man to theorize on the works of God; and of the former, that it is not for man to theorize on the ways of God. Both deferred alike to the certainty of experience, as being paramount to all the plausibilities of hypothesis; and he who attentively studies the writings of these great men will find a marvellous concurrence of principle between a sound philosophy and a sound faith."

But the most intelligent and admiring study of the great argument yields only a part of its rightful benefit, unless it does something to lift the student to the moral dignity of that pure purpose by which its author could sincerely say, "I design the search after truth as the business of my life."



The Treasury Pulpit.

THE TEMPTER AND THE PRINCE OF THIS WORLD.

BY THE REV. T. D. BERNARD, M.A.*

"The Tempter came to Him."—MATT. IV. 3.

"The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me."—JOHN XIV. 30.



N the one case Satan comes as "the tempter;" in the other as "the prince of this world." Subtlety is employed in the first instance, power in the second. The earlier scheme is to corrupt; the final effort is to crush.

I. Of the temptation we have but the shortest history, gathered up into three forms of attack; but we see that it was a real temptation, not a mere show and acting of one—that spiritual evil in its most searching form sought an entrance into the human soul of Jesus.

The tempter comes as one who had been present when the voice was heard from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Him thus proclaimed he finds alone in the desert with the wild beasts, and faint with painful hunger. "If the voice spoke true," he suggests, "why art Thou thus?" Put forth the power, not yet used, which resides within Thee. "If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." "And why not?" we are ready to say; "how could the nature of evil attach to such an act?" But Jesus answers, and *then* we see that the act would have involved a departure from that dependence on God which is the true position for man and the foundation of human righteousness. In that position the Lord had placed himself; and that righteousness he had come to fulfil. The writer to the Hebrews asserts the essence of that fact, when he adduces the text, "I will put my trust in him," (Heb. ii. 13). Trust in God, waiting and dependence upon him, "living by every word that proceedeth out of his mouth," is the only true posture for a creature. A departure from it violates his relation to the Creator, and constitutes him sinful and fallen. Thus fell the first man, wishing to be as God, to know, and choose, and act for himself. The same temptation lurked in the suggestion to the second Adam, and was at once defeated and exposed by his reply. Having come, not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him, he would do nothing to avert the exercises in which that obedience was to be rendered. No miraculous supplies prevented his dependence for daily bread on the contributions of love and reverence. No supernatural strength preserved him from weariness when he

rested by the well. No legions of angels were called to Gethsemane. To undermine this life of waiting, dependence, and putting trust in God, the suggestion of Satan was prepared—being as it were the narrow end of the wedge by which he hoped to effect the disruption of that close cleaving to God which is the condition of righteousness in the human soul.

But straightway the principle of trust and the authority of Scripture, which have been used by Jesus as his defence, are turned on him as the weapons of attack. "If Thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, he shall give his angels charge over thee." Apparently the appeal is made to confidence in the Father's care and reliance on the Father's promises. Again the reply detects the latent evil. The suggestion which seemed to call the soul to cast itself on God really aimed to create a separation from him, by an act which, though not one of self-reliance, would have been one of self-will. Created beings cleave to their Maker, not only by relying on his power, but by waiting on his will. To do the former while neglecting the latter is not to trust but to tempt him.

In the last proposal the evil appears more coarse and glaring: but it was made to the Lord as the expected heir of the prophetic promises, of whom it was written that "all kings should fall down before him, all nations should do him service," and whose "dominion was to be from sea to sea, from the river to the ends of the earth." The tempter appears as one endowed with a presidency of the kingdoms of the earth, and able to speak of their disposal as a right assigned to him, ("That is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it,") and he demands the act of homage as the just-preliminary of possession. To one whose path to glory was indicated by prophecy as lying through sufferings, it is proposed to reach the goal at once, and to receive the heathen for his inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for his possession: in fact, to take his Father's gift, but not from his Father's hand.

To all these attempts the Lord opposes nothing but simple righteousness—human righteousness. That was the thing to be tried; therefore it is offered unaided to the trial. The narratives show only a son of man using the light of the written word and with a spirit cleaving steadfastly unto God. Separation from God was the thing attempted; adhesion to God was the thing maintained.

II. And now pass to the hour which the second text

* Abridged from a sermon, in a volume small in bulk but rich and weighty in its illustrations of Christian truth and experience—"The Witness of God; Five Sermons preached before the University of Oxford." - By Thomas Dehany Bernard, M.A., rector of Walcot Oxford and London, John Henry and James Parker.

"*The prince of this world cometh,*" (John xii. 30; xvi. 11). Such Satan had boasted himself in some sense the Lord asserts that he does. He repeats the title, "the Ruler of this world." It is then true that the Evil One moves in the world not only as tempter, but as ruler. A dominion is suffered, and is used. Alas! who can turn the word, while he turns the terrible pages of the annals of mankind so blood-stained and

Before one and another of these pages the ten sits confounded, if he have enough imagination to behold the scenes as real. "What!" he is ready to say, "have these things actually been? Surely they are the deeds of men! These cruelties and desolating infamies and atrocities at least discover that sometimes driven on by a spirit worse than his, or do thoughts of this kind arise only from ideal scenes. Observe the great influences by which human history is swayed—the madness of the heathen, the perverted instincts of power. Through all times, and indeed all holy realities of law and duty, and conscience and duty, and benevolence and piety, the prevailing tendencies of evil still force themselves into view. Still it seems as if some unseen power were ever at work to delude the multitude, to pervert the sceptre and the sword, to pollute the sanctuary, and to educe from the progress of the world new forms of corruption and woe. The fact that the "City of God" has presented to us the city of the world as fashioned and informed by the power of evil, whose rule was acknowledged by the heathen which worshipped them as gods. Watching the heathen life and power as they were breaking down, he beheld in them, not merely phenomena of this world, but tokens of the rule of its ruler, and certainly he had the support of facts on the one hand, and of his Master's words on the other. In assurance at least we must accept the title which still more a world which is itself so dark.

When our Lord spoke these words, the deed was about to be done which above all others proved their truth. The powers of this world closing as deadly foes against him. He tells us that he saw a greater power than himself, whose instruments they were. The priests had murdered him: they do the deeds of their murderer from the beginning. Judas goes to betray him: *Satan* has entered into him. The time comes to seize him: it is their hour and the hour of *darkness*. Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Jews and people of Israel, are gathered together, and there is a greater than these—the *prince of this world*. In some special sense he was present in all transactions, allowed the unimpeded exertion of his power; and our Lord offered himself to him, without use of miracle, or defence of angels, or of divine testimonies, or light of his Father's presence, or even the poor sympathy of human nature. So bare and solitary he passed into the

enemy's hand. We can only faintly judge how much of the horror of that time arose from that unseen contact, in the time of his exposure not only to death, but to "him that had the power of death, that is, the devil."

But this contact was only outward. It had been already tried whether any hold could be obtained within. In vain had "the tempter come to him" seeking all round that holy soul for the smallest avenue of entrance. Now, therefore, his fierce onset can be met with the words, "He hath nothing in me." That testimony ensures the issue. The enemy can now only use his power as prince of this world, and the power of the world can kill the body, but after that has no more that it can do. Violence cannot destroy righteousness, and death cannot separate from God. So the seeming victor was overthrown by his own deed, and the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings, and when he had overcome the sharpness of death, he opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

III. Thus the relation between the two comings of Satan is given us in the words, "*and hath nothing in me.*" He who had failed as the tempter could not succeed as prince of this world, for his *rights* (if I may use the word) in the one character are only founded on his success in the other. He can rule only where he has seduced, and crush only that which he has corrupted. Therefore he who has to overcome the prince of this world must overcome the tempter first; and the works of the devil must be internally rejected before they can be externally assailed. The encounter in the world depends on the encounter in the wilderness. The power of the passion, and the victory of the cross, and the destruction of the works of the devil, have their ground in that perfect human righteousness which the temptation tested, when the efforts of Satan served only to disclose the entire obedience, submission, dependence, and trust of a spirit cleaving steadfastly to God.

And here, my brethren, great doctrines rise before us needing to be treated with all care and reverence, but I leave them now, in order to remind you that in this as in other points our Lord's earthly history throws a strong light on our own. We, too, dwell upon the borders of that terrible world of evil. To us that same enemy comes; to us he is "the tempter;" to us "the prince of this world."

Pass from the personal history of Jesus to that of his Church. Do you not see precisely the same phases of attack? The tempter comes. The prince of this world comes. There is an assault from within, and an assault from without. An attempt to corrupt and an attempt to crush. The one you see in the heresies, the other in the persecutions.

As soon as the Church shows herself, she is, like her Lord, subjected to attempts upon her inward life. Those attacks go at once to what is vital. They are directed to the doctrines concerning the nature and person of the Incarnate Word, those foundations of the faith, the soundness of which involves that of the whole super-

structure for evermore. He who considers the early heresies will observe with wonder the perseverance with which these attacks are urged; their insidious nature, insinuating some slight divergence, which, once admitted, would run as a deep fissure through the whole fabric of the truth; and, lastly, their changing character, now coming from one point, now from that which seems most opposite, using the refuters of one error as the originators of another, and (as in the temptation of our Lord) turning appeals to the written word into suggestions of ruinous falsehood.

If the heresies disclose the subtlety of the tempter, so do the persecutions display the fury of the prince of this world. From time to time the reigning power of the world rises up to crush the body of Christ, persecuting sometimes with stately reluctance, sometimes with passionate rage, but always as if urged by living instincts of heathenism, and on the ground that idolatry was bound up with her own majesty and life.

Thus the double conflict through which the Lord Jesus passed straightway reappears in large and coarser outlines in the history of his Church. I now only point to the fact as a step in the transition from our Master to ourselves.

We also in our degree participate in a course of events, not yet run out, which, when completed, will disclose more fully the wiles of the tempter, and also (if I read prophetic notices aright) will include some fierce and final exertion of the power of the prince of this world. But our share in that larger history is partial and remote; and whatever it be, its character must be determined by that narrower history which so closely concerns each one of us, *the history of ourselves*. Your personal life is at this moment surrounded by the same terrible influences which hovered round the Son of man. Your temptations are common, but it is still the tempter who comes to you. You live in tranquil days, but the prince of this world is not yet wholly stripped of his power. I do not think it right or wise to cry continually, "This is a temptation of the devil," or "Here is the power of Satan," and so to drown in these tremendous words our sense of the *mingled* nature of all things here. But it is our duty and our wisdom, in thinking of evil and in dealing with evil, to maintain the consciousness of that which it has pleased God to reveal, and to carry into the watches of the night and the conflicts of the day the remembrance of the terrible origin and the terrible issue of the evil which besets us, and of the living power of the enemy who is present in it still.

The tempter comes to you. Ah, when does he cease to come? Preacher and hearers must alike reply for themselves, "Not yet." The old temptations are renewed—they depart, but only for a season; or if they disappear, new ones come upon us from opposite quarters, and changing circumstances and changing age alter, but do not end, the dangers of faith and the solicitations of sin.

Yet who can say to what extent the results of later temptations are affected by the way in which the earlier have been met? Oh, God grant that *you*, my dear brethren, who are passing through those earlier tests—God grant that you may know the crisis of your life, and the bearing which it must have on all that is to follow! Perhaps, as your powers mature, you recognise the realities with which you have to deal. Perhaps the sense of duty, of responsibility, of judgment to come, of the value of the soul, of the beauty of holiness, of the authority of truth, of living connection with your God, of your share in a work of redemption, in a covenant of grace, in a hope of glory,—perhaps the sense of all this has begun to take possession of your hearts. "Perhaps," do I say? Can there be an immortal being in the midst of the Church of Christ, pressed on every side by the witnesses of these things, and insensible to them still? Alas, that amazing spectacle is too common to amaze. We know by large and sad experience that this is the state of multitudes who throng our streets, and sit in our churches, and hear our sermons. Why should we speak to these of the tempter *coming* to them? I know he comes, and from time to time invites to new steps in sin; but his main purpose is already attained, for there is no faith to shake, no plan of duty to disturb, no union with God to break asunder.

Oh, that God may grant them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth, that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil who are taken captives by him at his will! But I turn to you, *my* brethren, of whom I began to speak, to you whose *case* I know by an ever-vivid remembrance of days which still appear more critical as they grow more distant.

Characters are different, the forms of sin are different, the modes of temptation are different in the *case* of one and of another, but all are alike in this,—"*the* tempter comes" to you. On one side he presents *pollutions*, which common habit seems to excuse, but which are *damning* pollutions still. How soon the imagination is defiled, and inward habits grow upon the *mind* which leave to the enemy an ever-open door! How many succumb in act and deed! How many lose for ever the taste which once they had of the good word of God and the powers of the world to come! Those, too, who are restored will often carry with them *many* a hindrance and a hurt to what by Divine grace they *are*; the secrets of their hearts being like those of the rocks over which they walk, which retain beneath their present coverings the vestiges of a former world of life, and tracks left long since on the once soft surface by the familiar passage of things portentous and unclean.

Here again, on the other side, are the secret preparations of pride, already with unsuspected power removing the heart from God; self-complacency and self-confidence, and the stubbornness of self-will, giving a hardness to the character most irreceptive of the impressions of grace and truth. And what shall I say further

of ambition and vanity, of indolence and self-indulgence, of the various forms of weakness which turn so quickly into sin? Of one thing we may be certain, *the tempter knows them all*, and will employ in your own case that which best suits his purpose, directing his efforts with certain aim to the point that is weak, and through the point that is weak to the point that is vital. The point that is *vital*! Look deeper, my brethren, your enemy looks deeper, than to any particular *form* of sin. We have seen in the temptation of our Lord that the object aimed at was severance from God. It is always so; and this is the most awful character of every form of sin. "*Iniquity separates between us and our God.*" But this separation may be taking place while its outward symptoms scarcely alarm us, little seen upon the surface but close upon the springs of life.

For us union with God has been formed by one means and placed on one basis. It is in Christ Jesus our Lord. We cannot find or form it elsewhere. God only can form it, and where God has formed it there only can it be found. It is the witness of the Word of truth, that we come to God by him, that we are accepted of God in him, that we live to God through him, that out of redemption by his blood and out of faith in redemption by his blood our life and peace, and holiness and glory rise. Suppose that you *do not* thus come, and trust, and live; suppose that this faith has languished under a negligent and worldly habit; suppose its animation suspended, its life withering under the breath of suspicion and doubt; suppose that a habit of thought is growing on your mind which tends to remove your feet from the foundation of God, and to withdraw your hand from the fountain of life: then the tempter has not come to you in vain. The dreadful severance is being accomplished, which will send you on your way through the world destitute of that life which is hid with Christ in God.

On nothing will a reflecting person think with more awe, than on that secret moulding of the mind which *makes the man*, determines the course of existence, and carries its consequences beyond the grave. By what complicated and often undistinguishable influences is that process conducted! yet all of them subjected to that personal choice and will, which charges every step in the process with a responsibility, which must be carried before the judgment-seat of Christ. Here at every point are the avenues of access for the tempter. He finds them in every part of our nature, and in every occasion of our life. He finds them by the intellect, by the imagination, by the passions, by natural inclinations and acquired habits, by prejudices and prepossessions, by attractions and repulsions, by feebleness and vigour, by idleness and study, by mortifications and successes, by solitude and society, by fulness of bread, by fastings in the wilderness, by the pinnacle of the temple, by the glory of the world, by the very words of Scripture, by the fairest semblances of truth. Oh, there is no safety but in seeking to live by *every*

word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, in constant prayer for the teaching of the Holy Ghost, and in habitual resort to that faithful Protector, who has been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

"Without sin!" Those last words indeed are not for us. We cannot bear witness of ourselves; "He hath nothing in me." Yet the humblest acknowledgments of failures and sins are not inconsistent with conquest on the whole. Nay, they are most heard from those whose conquest is the clearest. For us also there is real deliverance and final victory. We also may be added to the cloud of witnesses, who testify that, "He who is begotten of God keepeth himself, and *that wicked one toucheth him not*;" and that such shall be "*made more than conquerors* through him that loved them." All changing assaults of temptation and troubled workings of thought may yet leave us resting on the Lord Jesus, and cleaving closely to our God.

Then if the tempter has failed, let the prince of this world come. No external power can hurt those whose choice has been tested, and whose state is fixed. How animating would this conviction be, if we were called, as many have been before us, to encounter the force and violence which the world has often arrayed against the truth! *That does not seem likely to be* our portion. But *some warfare* with the prince of this world remains for every soldier and servant of Christ. There is something to be borne from without. Let me rather say there is something to be *done*, for we are the aggressors now; there is some share to be taken in reclaiming those usurped dominions, and destroying the works of the devil. Behold the world as it lies before you, its strange disorder, its complicated evils, its sufferings and sorrows, its ignorance and errors, the oppressions, degradations, and corruptions of mankind. See the wide-spread tokens of a race estranged from God, whether in the clouded light of Christian lands or in the thick darkness of the great heathen world. Or even observe within the narrowest circle of life the persevering intrusion of evils, which call for no less persevering efforts to withstand their advance. Where is the selfish creature who proposes to pass through such a world as this, as if it were only a scene for his own amusement, or comfort, or success, without taking a share in the great conflict, without coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty, without doing something on the side of goodness and of God?

My brethren, you will enter the field, you will have your post assigned you, your opportunities before you: it may be in the common ranks of secular life, it may be in that highest, noblest ministry which places a man in the closest contact with human souls, and therefore in the very centre of the conflict, most directly facing the prince of this world, most near to the side of the Son of God. But what *use* will be made of those positions and opportunities? That depends upon the secret history of the heart of which we have already

spoken, on the hour when the tempter comes to you, on the result of the tests applied to you within. Here is the lesson of our double text: the victory in the wilderness secures the victory in the world. It must be so. Shall a man overthrow the works of the prince of this world with the spirit of this world reigning in his heart? It would be casting out devils through the prince of the devils. Shall a man do the work of the Lord when his own soul has fallen from allegiance and faith, or promote in the world the things that are Jesus Christ's when those things are not the portion which he has chosen for himself? No; there is but one adequate

security, and one enabling power. It is that, as you advance in the path of duty and service, and meet the difficulties and oppositions through which it leads, you should be able in your own degree to take up your master's words. "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me;" nothing admitted and allowed, nothing reigning and supreme, nothing in my will and purpose. I am feeble, I am sinful, but I know in whom I have believed, and therefore to whom I belong. My part is taken, my course is fixed. My hope is found in my Saviour, and my portion is chosen in my God.

MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. XI.—MADAGASCAR—continued.



THE young people were impatient, next Sabbath, for the usual evening hour, that they might hear more of Mr. Jones and his work in Madagascar.

"We left him, mamma," said Anne, "in such a very sad state; all whom he loved gone, and so ill himself; and you said also that Mr. Bragg, as well as other persons, were cruelly inclined to him. What could be their reason for this?"

"Mr. Bragg's conduct was so strange and capricious that there seems no accounting for it; but I imagine the terrible slave-trade would be at the bottom of all. He and the other European traders were probably all in secret more or less connected with it, and afraid of missionary work prospering and putting an end to their shameful prosperity. While Mr. Jones was weak and helpless, Mr. Bragg persecuted him in every way; but on his recovery he pretended again to be his friend, and accompanied him on excursions to visit the native chiefs in various directions. They were all hospitable and kind, and expressed their willingness to have their children instructed. About this time Mr. Jones was told that Radama, on hearing of the missionaries' arrival at Tamatave, had sent a messenger to invite them to come to the capital, but had been informed that they were all dead."

"That was not true."

"It was one of the many falsehoods spread by the slave-traders. Now, however, Mr. Jones began to think it would be well to propose having his school at Tananarivo, as being in every respect a better situation than on the sea-coast. But a relapse of fever took away the little strength he had regained, and made him feel that it was necessary to leave Madagascar for a time. He sailed for Mauritius in the beginning of July. The chieftain Fisatra, and many of the Malagasy, accompanied him to the shore, with many blessings, and hopes that he would soon return."

"That would comfort him," said Anne; "but oh! how sad he must have felt in going back to Mauritius without his wife and baby, and his dear friends! Did he soon get well there?"

"He recovered by degrees, and employed himself most usefully in teaching a large school of slave-children, for at that time there were many slaves in Mauritius. He was soon invited to become colleague to one of the ministers of Port Louis, the principal town. But his heart was with the poor heathens in Madagascar; and although medical advice was against his returning there, he resolved to do so as soon as his health should be restored."

"He was a true missionary, mamma."

"Yes, he is an example of what we call the true missionary spirit. He could not feel satisfied with being a pastor among professing Christians, honourable and blessed as that office is; he longed to carry the 'glad tidings' where they were never heard before—to tell *heathens* of a Saviour's dying love. There are comparatively few Christians really qualified for this kind of labour, and alas, fewer still desirous of it. We should all pray, far more than we do, that God may raise up more missionaries, men and women, of the right kind, and give more of this earnest spirit among all his people throughout the world. Then we should soon see a blessed change come over those distant regions which are now covered with pagan darkness; as well as more of spiritual life and prosperity in the churches at home."

"Tell us more about Mr. Jones now, mamma. When did he return to the Malagasy?"

"An excellent opportunity occurred early in 1830. The governor of Mauritius, who had done or permitted so much that was wrong in regard to the treaty with Radama, was removed. Indeed, he had only acted during the absence of Sir Robert Farquhar, who now returned to his charge, and was most desirous to repair the evil, and renew the treaty against the slave-trade. He proposed to send an agent to Madagascar for this

purpose, and Mr. Jones joyfully agreed to accompany him."

"Who was the agent?"

"Mr. Hastie, an excellent man, who had been at Tananarivo before on the business of the treaty, and knew the living and the customs of the country well. So he and Mr. Jones sailed at a good season for Madagascar, with directions to help and support each other as much as possible, although the business of the one was to be political, and that of the other religious. When they landed at Tamatave, they sent to inform Radama of their arrival, and then proceeded towards the capital, though assured by the traders that they would soon be ordered to turn back. However, instead of this they received a letter from the king, saying, 'Come along, I shall receive you. Do not be afraid. I am glad you are coming, my friend Hastie, to see me again. Come along, fear not; I am not so ready to cut off heads as people say I am.'"

"Mamma, how had Radama learned to write English?"

"This is only a translation of his letter, which was in French. Radama and some of his people had learned to write and speak that language in some degree, from having so much intercourse with French traders."

"What kind of language," said George, "is the Malagasy?"

"Mr. Ellis calls it a fine language, not very difficult for strangers to acquire, and capable of much force and elegance of expression. But it was never *written* until the missionaries made a regular grammar and dictionary."

"Then, did Mr. Jones and Mr. Hastie go on to Tananarivo?"

"Gladly; and by this time they had seen enough to make them feel the importance of their mission. On the very morning that they left Tamatave, a vessel laden with slaves had sailed from the harbour; and on their journey through the country they twice met large companies of their fellow-beings, driven like cattle towards the sea-coast, with iron fetters on their wrists, and burdens on their heads. One of these bands was nearly a thousand in number. Oh, it sickens the heart to think of the amount of misery which that horrid traffic has brought upon the human race, in so many quarters of the world!"

"Yes," said Mr. Campbell; "we know something of it, but the real extent will only be revealed in that day when the sea shall give up her dead, and 'the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain.' Mr. Hastie and his companion must have been comforted, however, by the hope that they were to be instruments, in Providence, for mitigating the evil. How did Radama receive them?"

"Most cordially, and quite in a public manner. Cannons were fired, and troops drawn out, in honour of Mr. Hastie's arrival."

George inquired what kind of troops Radama had, and Mrs. Campbell told how the Malagasy king par-

ticularly desired to have an army like that of European nations, and how for this purpose an English soldier, Mr. Brady, had for some time been living at Tananarivo, teaching the natives military discipline and the use of arms, so that Mr. Hastie was now quite astonished at the orderly appearance they made."

"And what kind of a place," said Anne, "is the capital, which has so long a name?"

"You see Tananarivo marked on the map, nearly in the centre of the island. It is built on very high ground, about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea."

"Seven thousand feet!" exclaimed George, "why, that is higher than Ben Nevis!"

"Yes, higher than any of our Scottish mountains; but this height is very gradual from the coast, and we can understand how it makes the interior of the island much more healthy than the neighbourhood of the sea. The actual hill on which Tananarivo stands is only about five hundred feet from the vale below. The principal houses are of wood, and built in terraces along the sides of the hill. One wide road divides the town from east to west, with many narrow pathways branching off in all directions among the houses. The name signifies 'one thousand towns,' so according to Malagasy notions it must be a very large city."

"How many inhabitants are there?"

"Mr. Ellis speaks of the population as about twenty thousand. That sounds small to us; but I suppose is considered large among the half civilized Malagasy. There is a royal palace, according to their ideas of royalty, in the centre of the town, and various public buildings near it. But I must go on with our story. The English visitors, as I have said, were most courteously received by the barbarian king. Mr. Hastie writes:—"Radama was quite overcome with joy, and took such extraordinary ways of showing it as I never before witnessed. He hugged me in his arms, pulling me close to him, and burst into such peals of laughter that he was unable to retain his seat. He frequently called out my name in a most friendly tone, and then took hold of me, as if to ascertain that I was really present with him!"

"Oh, how diverting! Then he would be quite ready to renew the treaty?"

"That was a different affair, surrounded with many difficulties. Mr. Hastie's account of the whole is most interesting. Radama was not himself unwilling, but represented that many of his people considered themselves to owe all their improvements in civilization and prosperity to the money they got from the slave-traders; and that the English having once broken faith, it would be very difficult to persuade the Malagasy to trust them again in a matter which *seemed* against their own interests. Gunpowder, arms, manufactured goods, all were procured by the sale of slaves."

"But how were the slaves got?"

"By making war upon the tribes in distant parts of

the island, or by unnatural parents being willing to sell their children as they would any other property."

"Oh, how shocking!"

"Yes; no words can tell the horrors, the miseries, which that inhuman traffic has brought in its train. It would take too long to describe how Mr. Hastie replied, urging Radama by all motives of duty and interest to suppress the shameful trade, and renew an alliance with the sovereign and nation of Great Britain. By the blessing of God he succeeded in the end, and at a solemn kabary, or assembly, on October 11, the treaty was formally renewed. Hear what Mr. Hastie writes: 'The moment arrived when the welfare of millions was to be decided. I agreed! (to the stipulations) and I trust that Divine Power which guides all hearts, will induce our government to sanction the act. The kabary was convened, the proclamation published, and received with transport by thousands. The British flag was unfurled, and freedom, freedom from the bloody stain of slave-dealing, hailed as the gift of the British nation. I declare the first peal of Radama's cannon announcing the amity sealed, rejoiced my heart more than the gift of thousands would have done!'"

"And I believe," said Mr. Campbell, "one of Radama's special stipulations was that some of his subjects should be taken to England, and some to Mauritius, for instruction, and a number of tradesmen and artificers brought from England to teach the people in Madagascar."

"Then, mamma," said Anne, "was the king willing to receive the missionaries?"

"Quite willing and pleased."

"That was delightful. Did Mr. Jones remain in Tananarivo?"

"Yes, and began a school, Radama himself laying the foundation of the house. Some children of high rank were soon sent to it. Mr. Jones writes in May of the next year, 1821:—"My time has been employed (besides the study of the language) in teaching the children committed by Radama to my care. Three of them are the children of his sisters, one of whom is heir to the crown. The others are children of the nobles, and seem to possess bright talents and a quick understanding. A boy who is not yet six years old, his sister, and two others, begin to read portions of the sacred Scriptures in English with some fluency, although in November they knew not the alphabet. . . . The king is highly delighted with their singing, and often comes to hear them. They know that they have immortal souls, and can answer many questions concerning God, Jesus Christ, death, heaven, &c. But I find it difficult to convey to their minds ideas of religion, from the want of suitable words, of which their language is destitute. . . . Radama says he does not believe in the superstitions of his people, but conforms to them as to established customs."

"But surely the society in England would not leave Mr. Jones alone?"

"No, another missionary, Mr. Griffiths, with his wife, and two pious tradesmen, were soon sent to join him. And now everything went on brightly and hopefully, and when Christmas came, and the children were given holidays, according to our customs, both they and their parents seemed disappointed, or even angry, and begged the king to interfere and order the teaching to go on as usual. So Radama wrote to the missionaries asking the reason for this stop in the school, and saying that if it was that the children were behaving ill, *he* would take care to have them punished."

"Holidays a punishment!" exclaimed George, "that was a droll idea, indeed. But I hope the thing was explained to him."

"Yes; and then he said, 'It is right and good.' And before this time he had sent his brother-in-law, Prince Rataffe, to visit England, with a letter to the London Society, begging that more teachers might come to Madagascar. He says, after telling how Mr. Jones had explained to him the Society's objects:—

"Therefore, gentlemen, I request you to send me, if convenient, as many missionaries as you may deem proper, together with their families if they desire it, *provided* you send skilful artizans to make my people workmen, as well as good Christians. I avail myself, gentlemen, of this opportunity, to promise all the protection, the safety, the respect, and the tranquillity which missionaries may require from my subjects."

"The missionaries who are particularly required at present are persons who are able to instruct my people in the Christian religion, and in various trades, such as weaving, carpentering, &c. I shall expect, gentlemen, from you, a satisfactory answer, by an early opportunity."

"What an invitation," said Mr. Campbell, "to come from a heathen king! Of course, it was joyfully accepted?"

"Yes, when Prince Rataffe returned home in the spring of 1822, the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey, Mrs. Jeffrey, and several artizans accompanied him, and were most cordially received. Here is Mr. Jeffrey's account of things in the mission soon after his arrival:—

"This morning (Sabbath) June 16, at seven o'clock, I went to Mr. Jones's school to hear the children catechized. It was a pleasing sight. The children were all clean, washed and combed, most of them having white shirts and trousers. When I entered, they were repeating a hymn after the monitor. For a moment I could have fancied myself in England. Shortly after, Mr. Jones entered, and after singing a hymn, he proceeded to catechize them in the Malagasy language. The catechism had been proved by himself, after the model of Dr. Watts. . . . In the afternoon the children were again assembled, catechized, and practised in singing. I have seldom seen a finer set of children, as to cleanliness and order, in any school in England. It is delightful to witness such fine beginnings in a country like this, and is, I trust, the dawn of a glorious day."

"Next day the king attended at an examination of the schools, when eighty-five children gave proofs of satisfactory progress in reading, writing, arithmetic, and needlework. But I must go more quickly over the events of the next few years. Except the death of one of the artisans, and of good Mr. Jeffrey, who was called to a better world in 1825, the mission had few outward trials. The schools rapidly increased throughout the country, round Tananarivo, as new assistants were sent from England. In 1828 we hear of thirty-eight schools, with above two thousand pupils; and that very year Radama ordered fourteen new ones to be opened. The missionaries were now able to teach and preach in Malagasy, and the services in chapel in that language were attended by crowds. Besides, good progress had been made in the work of translation. In 1827, a printing press was sent out from England, and though troubles of various kinds began soon after, yet the missionaries were able to print and circulate many copies of the Gospels, besides a catechism, hymn-book, and spelling-book, all in Malagasy."

"Then, mamma, was Radama now a Christian?"

"No, my dear, we cannot say so. His case was like that of too many among ourselves. At one time it might surely have been said of him, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' But, alas, he never really entered in. He seems to have been too much occupied

with subduing the distant tribes, and civilizing his subjects, to have time or take time to think in earnest of his own soul. And the fruits of holiness, which in every land and people must be the evidences of true faith in Christ, were sadly wanting in poor Radama, for in his latter years he became more and more given to intemperance, and many other sins."

"How grieved the missionaries must have been! But were the people becoming Christians?"

"Though outward things were prospering, and the young people learning the truths of religion along with secular knowledge of all sorts, still we do not hear of real conversions and baptisms at this time. It was a strange state of matters, and filled the minds of thoughtful Christians with doubt and anxiety. But we must not go on further this evening."

"We may all learn one solemn lesson," said Mr. Campbell, "from this portion of the Madagascar story;—never to rest satisfied with progress in knowledge and outward gifts, even of a religious kind, unless we have good reason to believe that true faith and holiness, the work of the Holy Spirit, are making progress also. Conversion, my children, is a work in the heart, not merely in the understanding, and will always be proved by a 'turning from sin to God.' Never forget this; it is as important a truth for each of ourselves as for the poor Malagasy. 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.'"

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER.

OLIVET AND BETHANY.

"In the daytime he was teaching in the temple, and at night he went out and abode in the mount that is called the Mount of Olives."—LUKE xxi. 37.



HE name Olivet goes direct to the Christian's heart, and awakens the deepest and holiest feelings there. It recalls so many memories of Jesus,—of his wondrous power and still more wondrous love,—of his human sympathies and his divine teachings,—of the greatness of his agony and the glories of his triumph,—that the heart overflows with love and gratitude the moment the name falls upon the ear. With Gethsemane on one side and Bethany on the other; with paths, well marked, connecting them, often trodden by the Son of Man; with gardens of olives and vineyards between, where he was wont to pray for his people and weep for a sinful world; with one spot upon

those terraced slopes overlooking the wilderness where his feet stood on the eve of the Ascension, and where his wondering disciples received from white-robed angels the joyous promise of his second advent. With these hallowed associations clustering round it, surely it will be admitted that, above and beyond all places in Palestine, Olivet witnessed "GOD MANIFEST IN FLESH."

"Here may we sit and dream
Over the heavenly theme,
Till to our soul the former days return.

Or choose thee out a cell
In Kidron's storied dell,
Beside the springs of love that never die;
Among the olives kneel,
The chill night blast to feel,
And watch the moon that saw thy Master's agony."

Yet I was disappointed in Olivet,—not in its

associations; no Christian could be disappointed in these,—but in its appearance. One always expects to find something in a holy or historic place worthy of its history. Here there is nothing. When approaching Jerusalem from the west I looked, but I looked in vain, for any “mountain” or even “mount” that the eye could at once rest on and identify as Olivet. Beyond the grey battlements of the city lay a long *ridge*, barely overtopping the Castle of David, and the higher buildings on Zion,—drooping to the right it opens a view of the distant mountains of Moab, and running away far to the north it fills in the whole background. This is Olivet. It has no striking features; it might be said to have no features at all. It is rounded, regular, colourless; and the air is so clear and the colouring so defective, that it seems to rise immediately out of the city. In the distance the outline is almost horizontal, but as one draws near it becomes wavy, and at length three tops or eminences can be distinguished, the central and highest crowned with the dome and minaret of the “Church of the Ascension,” and the other two about equi-distant to the right and left. Photographs show these peculiarities, and consequently look flat and uninteresting; while in every sketch I have seen, the imagination of the artist has greatly increased both the apparent distance and elevation of Olivet, thus sacrificing truth to effect.

When I passed round the city and stood on the brow of the Kidron, at the north-east angle of the wall, the view was much more impressive; in fact, this is one of the most picturesque views about Jerusalem. Olivet *now* assumed the appearance of a “mount.” At my feet was the deep glen, shaded with dusky olive groves, and from the bottom swelled up in grey terraced slopes and grey limestone crags, fully six hundred feet, the hill-side. Close on my right was the city wall, running south in a straight line near—not *upon*—the rocky edge of the ravine, till it joined the loftier and more massive wall of the Haram. The depth of the Kidron and the comparative elevation and respective positions of Moriah and Olivet are seen from this point to great advantage. The sides of the two hills meet, and here and there overlap in the bottom of the narrow crooked glen; while the summits are barely half a mile apart,—Olivet

overtopping its sister three hundred feet. The side of Moriah is steep and bare as if scarped; while the whole of Olivet is cultivated in little terraced fields of wheat and barley intermixed with a few straggling vines trailing along the ground or hanging over the rude terrace walls. Fig trees are seen at intervals, but olives are still, as they were in our Lord's days, the prevailing trees on the mount. It has as good a title now as it perhaps ever had to the name “*Olivet*.” Olive trees dot it all over,—in some places far apart, in others closer together, though nowhere so close as to form groves. Most of them are old, gnarled, and stunted, a few are propped up and in the last stage of decay, and I saw scarcely any young vigorous trees.

I endeavoured, when residing on the Mount of Olives, to localize every incident of Scripture history of which it was the scene, to bring together the sacred narrative and the sacred place,—so to group, in fact, the various actors on the spots where they acted, that the stories might be made to assume to my mind as far as possible the semblance of reality. I tried to follow every footstep of David, and especially of David's Greater Son,—to recall every circumstance, and note every local characteristic, and every topographical feature that might illustrate the prophecies and parables, the discourses, miracles, and walks of our Lord. Some of the leading points are fixed, and cannot be mistaken, such as Bethany, and Jerusalem, and the one great road from the city, deeply cut in zigzag lines down the steep side of Moriah from St. Stephen's gate to the bridge over the Kidron. Then there are the two main roads over Olivet to Bethany, branching at the bridge,—the one crossing the summit almost in a straight line, is steep, rugged, and only fit for pedestrians or active cavaliers; the other, diverging to the right, winds round the southern shoulder of the hill, and is easier and better adapted for caravans and processions. Many difficulties met me in the arrangement of details. Gradually, however, they cleared away. Daily study of the Record, and daily examination of the mount, removed one after another, until at length the texts and places, the stories and the scenes, so completely harmonized and blended that they formed one series of graphic and vivid life pictures.

I shall now try to show my reader what I saw myself, and make Olivet to him what it must ever henceforth be to me,—one of the most venerated and instructive spots on earth. True, Christianity is not a religion of “holy places;” on the contrary, the whole spirit of the gospel,—the whole writings and teachings of our Lord and his apostles, tend to withdraw men’s minds from an attachment to places, and to lead them to worship a spiritual God “in spirit and in truth.” It was not without a wise purpose that the exact scenes of the annunciation, the nativity, the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the ascension, were left unknown; and that these glorious events themselves were made to stand altogether unconnected with places, giving no sanctity to them, and deriving no superior efficacy from them. God thus took away all ground and excuse for that superstition which will only offer its incense at an earthly shrine. He showed that Christianity was designed to be the religion of the world, and not merely of Palestine,—that the story of Jesus and his salvation was written not for one nation, but to be read and understood equally by all mankind.

This is true: and yet it is no less true that when we stand upon the spot where the discourses of the Gospel were delivered, or where the incidents of the Gospel occurred,—when we look upon the very objects which called forth the sayings of our Lord, or which gave a turn and a point to his language, or which furnished his illustrations, or which formed the subjects of his prophetic denunciations, a flood of light is thrown upon the record, and the various statements, discourses, and stories assume a freshness, a life-like vividness, which equally delights and astonishes us.

GETHSEMANE.

It would appear that our Lord, during his visits to Jerusalem, never spent a night in the city. Sometimes he walked to Bethany, but usually he made the Mount of Olives his home. Thus we read in John, “Every man went unto his own house, *Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives*” (vii. 53, viii. 1); and Luke, narrating the events of another visit, says, “In the daytime he was teaching in the Temple; and at night he went out and abode in the mount that is called the

Mount of Olives” (xxi. 37). A habit is here spoken of,—the usual practice of our Lord, as is still more plainly intimated in the story of his betrayal,—“He came out, and went, *as he was wont*, to the Mount of Olives” (ver. 39; see also John xviii. 2). It appears, moreover, that there was one particular “place” on the mount to which he was accustomed to go, and in which to stay; for it is added, “And when he was *at the place*, he said,” &c. John informs us that this “place” was a garden—an enclosure planted with trees (*μῦθος*, xviii. 1); and that it was “over the brook Cedron,” that is, on the other side from Jerusalem. Matthew and Mark give us the name of “the garden”—“Then cometh Jesus with them unto a *place* called GETHSEMANE,” or “oil-press,” doubtless because there was an oil-press in the garden, as there usually is connected with every olive-yard (Matt. xxvi. 36; Mark xiv. 32).

Here, then, we have a most interesting trait in the character of Jesus, and we have a spot indicated which is more closely connected than any other with his private life. After wearing and toilsome labours during the day in the crowded streets of the city—after jarring controversies with scribes and Pharisees in the Temple courts, he was accustomed to retire in the evening with his disciples to this garden, and there spend the night in peaceful seclusion. And when fanaticism broke forth into open persecution—when an infatuated populace cried for his blood, and took up stones to stone him, passing through them he found an asylum in the deep shade of Gethsemane (John viii. 59; Luke x. 25–38). Here too he had his *Oratory*, where he was wont to pray. On the night of his betrayal, when he had led his disciples to “the garden,” he said,—“Sit ye here, while I go and pray *yonder*” (Matt. xxvi. 36), no doubt indicating some well-known spot away in the deeper shade of the olive trees. There is a strong probability too that this was that “*certain place*” mentioned by Luke where Jesus was praying when, at the request of his disciples, he taught them the Lord’s Prayer (Luke xi. 1, x. 38–42). It may have been to this very place that Nicodemus came by night, having heard the secret of the Saviour’s retreat from some of his followers, or perhaps having been himself the owner of the garden.

That the Son of Man should have his house in a garden—that he should be forced to rest, and sleep, and pray on the hill-side, under the open canopy of heaven—must seem to many passing strange. It looks like a practical commentary on his own touching declaration: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." May we not ask, however, "If there was no house in Jerusalem that would shelter, no friend there that would welcome him? Was not Bethany near? Was there not a home for him in the house of Martha? Why did he not go to Bethany?" Those at all familiar with Eastern life will easily understand the whole matter. Nearly all the inhabitants of Palestine sleep during a great part of the year in the open air, on the house-top, or in garden or field. It is a common thing for families to leave their houses in town or village early in spring, and bivouac under a tree or rude arbour the whole summer. Travelers, when about to spend a few days or weeks at a town or village, generally rent a garden and live there. I have often done so myself, and have slept with the earth for a bed, and the starry sky for a canopy. There is no rain, and no dew; the ground is dry, and the fresh balmy air of the country is far preferable to the close, stifling atmosphere of an eastern city. Another thing must not be overlooked. As society is constituted in the East, one can have no privacy in a strange house, night or day. The *one* apartment in which all the males sit, sleep, and eat, is open to all comers. If we would meditate or pray, we must go, like Peter, to the house-top (Acts x. 9), or, like Isaac, to the field (Gen. xxiv. 63), or, like Jesus, to a mountain (Luke vi. 12). Our Lord desired a place where he could be alone with his disciples, and alone with his Father; and he chose the garden on Olivet. Most probably it belonged to some secret friend who placed it at his disposal. Be this as it may, his followers knew it well, "and Judas also, which betrayed him, knew the place, for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with his disciples" (John xviii. 2).

Often and often I have walked from Jerusalem to the Mount of Olives—by day, in the full blaze of sunlight; at even, when the shadows were deep in Kidron; in the still night, when the

moon shed her pale silvery beams on gray crag and dusky tree. Now I wandered round the southern angle of the Haram, past those great old stones, and along the brow of the glen; now I went straight down from the city-gate; now round by the north wall. All the paths to Olivet converge at the ancient road which winds down the steep bank to the bridge. I always felt, as I passed down that road and crossed the Kidron, that I was treading in the very footsteps of my Lord, and on that very path along which he so often retired, weary and sorrowful, to his retreat in Gethsemane.

After crossing the bridge, the ancient road ascends the lower slope of Olivet for about a hundred yards, and then branches. One branch runs right up to the summit, the other turns to the right. In the angle between them is a little garden, enclosed by a high modern wall. This is the *traditional*, and it may be the *real* GETHESEMANE. At any rate, Gethsemane could not have been far distant. The garden belongs to the Latin convent. Entering we find trim flowerbeds, and gravel walks. These have no attractions for us; neither has "the bank on which the apostles slept," nor "the grotto of the Agony," nor any other of the Apocryphal "holy places," which ecclesiastical superstition has placed there; but eight venerable olive trees rivet our attention. They are real patriarchs; their huge trunks are rent, hollowed, gnarled, and propped up, and their boughs hoary with age. They seem old enough, and probably *are* old enough, to have formed an arbour for Jesus. How often have I sat on a rocky bank in that garden! How often, beneath the grateful shade of the old olives have I read and re-read the story of the betrayal! How often have I fondly lingered there far on into the still night, when the city above was hushed in sleep, and no sound was heard save the sighing of the breeze among the olive branches, thinking and thinking on those miracles of love and power that he performed there!

"Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane!
There my God bare all my guilt;
This through grace can be believed;
But the horrors which he felt
Are too vast to be conceived.
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane!"

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE FORETOLD.

Our Lord had paid his last visit to the temple. When passing out, solemn and sad, the disciples said, "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" They had probably heard some word fall from his lips which excited their alarm, and they thus tried to awaken in his mind a deeper interest in their venerated temple. It was in vain. "Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." (Mark xiii. 1, 2). He went on, crossed the Kidron, and followed the road to Bethany, apparently the lower road, for he came to a commanding point "over against the temple," and there sat down. The temple and its courts were in full view; the eye could see distinctly across the ravine, the gorgeous details of its architecture, and the colossal magnitude of its masonry; and there, with his eye upon them, and his disciples' attention directed to them, he foretold the destruction of both temple and city, summing up with the terrible words, "This generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away" (Luke xxi. 32).

I walked up that same path. I sat me down on a projecting rock "over against the temple." It may not have been the very spot on which Christ sat, but it could not have been far from it. I looked, and I *saw* that the prophecy was fulfilled to the letter—not a single stone of the temple remains. I read the whole of the prophecies and parables uttered at that place by the Saviour, and I read them with a far deeper interest, and a far more intense feeling of reality than I had ever experienced before (Matt. xxiv., xxi.)

DAVID'S FLIGHT FROM ABSALOM.

Crossing the Kidron by the bridge—a bridge which, I may state, is only intended to raise the road, as there is neither "brook" nor brook-bed in this part of the Kidron—leaving the picturesque Church of the Virgin down in its sunken area on the left, and Gethsemane on the right, I climbed the ancient road to the top of Olivet. Here and there the rock has been cut away

and rude steps formed; more frequently deep tracks or channels, worn by the feet of countless wayfarers during long, long centuries, are seen on the rocky ledges. I was now in the footsteps of David, who, when fleeing from Absalom, "went over the brook Kidron toward *the way of the wilderness*. . . and went up by the ascent of Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went" (2 Sam. xv. 23, 30). It was a sad and touching spectacle; and dearly did the king then pay for those sins which had led to the formation of an ill-assorted and badly-trained family.

On reaching the top of the mount, David turned to take a last fond look at his home, now the seat of unnatural rebellion; and there, on one of the ancient "high places," doubtless, he paused to worship God. In his hour of suffering he carried into practice the noble sentiments of the 42d Psalm, "I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." From the brow of Olivet the eye looks down upon Jerusalem as upon an embossed picture. The ravines that surround it, the walls that encompass it, the streets and lanes that zigzag through it, are all visible. From the same spot another and a widely-different view opens to the eastward. The mount stands on the edge of the wilderness. With the crowded city behind, and the bare parched desert in front, one would almost think Olivet divided the living from the dead. The "wilderness of Judea" begins at our feet; breaking down in a succession of white naked hills, and jagged limestone cliffs, and naked gray ravines, until at length the hills drop suddenly and precipitously into the deep valley of the Jordan, beyond which rises, as suddenly and precipitously, a long unbroken mountain range extending north and south along the horizon, far as the eye can see. That range is the *Peræa*, the "place beyond," of the New Testament, and the Moab and Gilead of the Old. The "way" along which David fled was appro-

priately named the "way of the wilderness." That "wilderness" was the scene of the temptation, and the "way" through it was the scene of the "Parable of the Good Samaritan," which was related by our Lord either upon this very summit, or on the path between it and Bethany. How doubly striking must that beautiful illustration of charity have been when Jesus would point to that dreary, dangerous desert road, while repeating the words, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves" (Luke x. 25, 37)!

THE ASCENSION.

"And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them; and it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven" (Luke xxiv. 50). When on Olivet I was deeply impressed with the belief—I can scarcely tell why, but so it was—that Jesus on this occasion took the upper road, over the top of the mount. It was more private; and the moment the summit was passed, he and his disciples were in absolute solitude. Jerusalem is shut out by the hill; and Bethany is hidden until we reach a rocky spur overhanging the little nook in which it lies embosomed. "He led them out as far as to Bethany." This can scarcely mean "into Bethany." The ascension appears to have been witnessed only by the disciples; and it could not, therefore, have taken place in the village; but it must have been close to it. I saw one spot, "as far" from Jerusalem as Bethany, very near the village, and yet concealed from view, and I thought that it, in all probability, was the very place on which the Saviour's feet last rested. As I sat there and read the simple, graphic story of the ascension (Luke xxiv. 50; Acts i. 9-12), I was impressed as I never had been before with the intense, the almost startling vividness of the sacred narrative. The Saviour gradually ascending while the words of blessing still flowed from his lips—the wondering, awe-stricken disciples following him upward and upward with eager gaze—the cloud slowly folding round him, and at length hiding him in its bright bosom—the white-robed angels bursting suddenly from it and standing in the midst of the disciples! What a

glorious picture! What joy it brings to the Christian's heart! Our Substitute, our Saviour, our Brother, our Forerunner, thus ascending on the wings of victory to the heaven he had won for us! While I read and meditated, it seemed as if there was wafted to my ear in voice of sweetest melody the cheering words of the angelic promise, "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven" (Acts i. 11). "Even so come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

The top of the Mount of Olives is the traditional scene of the ascension, and a church was built over it in the fourth century by Helena the mother of Constantine. That building has long since disappeared, and the reputed site is now occupied by an humble chapel which stands in the court of a mosque! Crowds of pilgrims visit it, and have done so for many centuries. The guardian shows them the print of one of the Saviour's feet in the rock, and tells them that both footprints were there until the Mohammedans stole one of them. Bishop Ellicott and others think the traditional may be the true site of the ascension; but I cannot see how the words "as far as to Bethany" can be made to signify "to the top of Olivet," which is not half way to that village.

BETHANY.

What particularly struck me in all my visits to Bethany was its solitude. It looks as if it were shut out from the whole world. No town, village, or human habitation is visible from it. The wilderness appears in front through an opening in the rocky glen; and the steep side of Olivet rises close behind. When Jesus retired from Jerusalem to Bethany, no sound of the busy world followed him—no noisy crowd broke in upon his meditation. In the quiet home of Martha, or in some lonely recess of Bethany's secluded dell, he rested, and taught, and prayed. How delighted I was one evening, when seated on a rocky bank beside the village, reading the story of Lazarus, to hear a passing villager say, "There is the tomb of Lazarus, and yonder is the house of Martha!" They may not be, most probably they are not, the real places; but this is Bethany, and the miracle wrought there still

iwells in the memory of its inhabitants. And when the unvarying features of nature are there too—the cliffs, the secluded glen, the Mount of Olives—few will think of traditional “holy places.” From the place where I sat I saw—as Martha and Mary had doubtless seen from their house-top—those blue mountains beyond Jordan, where Jesus was abiding when they sent unto him, saying, “Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick (John x. 40; xi. 3). I also saw the old road “from Jerusalem to Jericho” winding past the village, and away down the rocky declivities into the wilderness. By that road Jesus was expected; and one can fancy with what earnest, longing eyes the sisters looked along it—ever and anon returning and looking, from the first dawn till waning twilight. And when at last he did come, and Martha heard the news, one can picture the touching scene, how she ran along that road, and with streaming eyes and quivering lips uttered the half-reproachful and still half-hopeful cry, “Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died.”

Bethany is now, and apparently always was, a small, poor, mountain hamlet; with nothing to charm except its seclusion, and nothing to interest save its associations. It is a remarkable fact that Christ's great miracle has been to it as a new baptism, conferring a new name. It is now called *El-Azariyeh*, which may be interpreted, “The Place of Lazarus.” The “palms” are all gone which gave it its old name *Beth-any*, “House of Dates;” but the crags around, and the terraced slopes above it are dotted yet with venerable fig-trees, as if to show that its sister village, *Beth-phage*, “House of Figs,” is not forgotten, though its site is lost. The houses of Bethany are of stone, massive and rude in style. Over them, on the top of a scarped rock, rises a fragment of heavy ancient masonry—perhaps a portion of an old watch-tower. The reputed tomb of Lazarus is a deep, narrow vault, apparently of no great antiquity.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Our Lord reached Bethany from Jericho on the evening of Friday after sunset, or the morning of Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath (John xii. 1); and on the next day (ver. 12), he made his triumphal

entry into Jerusalem. It was the Passover week. The holy city was crowded, and the fame of Jesus, and of the miracle he had performed on Lazarus, brought multitudes to Bethany. He knew that the time was now come for the complete fulfilment of prophecy, and that Zion's King should that day in triumph enter Zion's gates (Zech. ix. 9). Knowing what was before him, it was natural he should take the easy caravan road round the southern shoulder of Olivet, and not the steep and difficult one over the summit. When setting forth there was nothing either in dress or mien to distinguish Jesus from others. Prophecy declared that he should be “meek and lowly,” and he was “meek and lowly.” The little band of humble disciples gathered closely round his person, while the surging multitude thronged the path, and lined the rocky banks above it. Soon after leaving Bethany the road meets a ravine which furrows deeply the side of Olivet. From this point the top of Zion is seen; but the rest of the city is hid by an intervening ridge; and just opposite this point, on the other side of the ravine, I saw the site and remains of an ancient village. The road turns sharply to the right, descends diagonally to the bottom of the ravine, and then turning to the left, ascends and reaches the top of the opposite ridge a short distance above the site of the village. Is not this the place where Jesus said to the two disciples, “Go into the village over against you?” These active footmen could cross the ravine direct in a minute or two, while the great procession would take some time in slowly winding round the road. The people of the village saw the procession; they knew its cause, for the fame of Jesus' miracles had reached them; they were thus prepared to give the ass to the disciples the moment they heard, “The Lord had need of him.” And the disciples taking the ass, led it up to the road, and met Jesus. A temporary saddle was soon made of the loose outer robes of the people, as I have myself seen done a hundred times in Palestine. Some of the people now broke down branches from the palm trees, and waving them in triumph, threw them in the path. Others, still more enthusiastic, spread their garments in the way, as I have sometimes seen Mohammedan devotees do before a distinguished saint. Zecha-

riah's prophecy was now fulfilled to the letter: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy King cometh unto thee; He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass" (ix. 9).

The procession advances. The crown of the ridge is gained; and Jerusalem in its full extent and beauty bursts upon the view. Moriah, crowned by the temple, rises proudly from the deep, dark Kidron; Zion rises higher yet away beyond it, showing to great advantage the palace of Herod, and the lofty battlements of Hippicus and its sister towers; then the great city, and its gardens stretching far beyond. One look on their beloved and beauteous city, and one on their wonder-working King (Luke xix. 37), the multitudes raised their voices in a long shout of triumph, "Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; hosanna in the highest" (Matt. xxi. 9).

But how was Jesus affected by these joyous acclamations, and by that noble view? His omniscient eye looked beneath the exuberance of enthusiasm—in upon the evil heart of unbelief. It looked, too, from the gorgeous buildings of the city, away down the dark vista of time, and saw looming in the future, ruin, desolation, and woe. Therefore when he came near—when he came down, probably, to that point where the temple

was directly facing him, and all the rich its architecture could be seen,—“He wept it:”—

“Why doth my Saviour weep
At sight of Zion's bowers?
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
Her gorgeous crown of towers?
Mark well his holy pains,
'Tis not in pride or scorn,
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal mora.

‘If thou hadst known, e'en thou,
At least in this thy day,
The message of thy peace! but now
'Tis passed for aye away:
Now foes shall trench thee round,
And lay thee even with earth,
And dash thy children to the ground,
Thy glory and thy mirth.

And doth the Saviour weep
Over his people's sin?
Because we will not let him keep
The souls he died to win?
Ye hearts that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made him mourn.”

The scene here closes, so far as Olivet concerned, and here I shall close my paper. Mount Zion is studded nearly all over with these “holy places,” but the only ones which illustrate the sacred narrative, or throw light on the journeys, parables, prophecies, or revelations of our Lord, are those to which I have conducted my reader.

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST,
January 1864.

THE KING ETERNAL.

“A thousand years as one day.”
“Not yet fifty years old.”

I.

GLORY on glory compassed Him around
From everlasting on to everlasting years,
And through the depths of glory rang the sound,
The voices of the seraphs standing crowned,
And glorifying God through all the years—
A thousand years of glory swept along
Year after year;
But on His face who sitteth on the throne
No hope or fear
In all these wide long years had marked a change,
And unto Him came nothing sad or strange.

II.

The years told on Him heavily,
And He was grown old before his time,
And it seemed so long since the sweet low chime
Of the angel-voices had died away

As He passed out from the Golden City
Through the starry spaces that round it lie
And down, in the strength of His own strong arm,
To our dark earth rolling drearily,
And the years told on Him wearily.

III.

Glory on glory compasseth Him round,
From henceforth unto all the deathless years
The smile of God, wherewith he sitteth crowned
More sweet, because the memory of tears
Is in his heart, and dieth not away;
And in exchange for every weary day
He spent on earth,—some blessed soul for
Some face once darkened with our sin and pain
Is lifted up to Him in cloudless light,
And addeth glory to these days of heaven

Dec. 1863.

READINGS IN THEOLOGY.

THE NATURE OF THE ATONEMENT.

have recently issued a reprint of an American work,—“*OUTLINES OF THEOLOGY*,” by the Rev. A. A. Hodge, son of the well-known of Princeton,—beyond doubt (as it seems to us) the best statement and defence (within moderate limits) of the Calvary in the English language. Two respected correspondents have lately requested us to give in the “*Treasury*” a brief scriptural doctrine on the Nature of the Atonement,—now assailed and undermined in so many ways. We cannot better meet than by transferring the following paragraphs from the work referred to. They will require careful reading, but will repay]

WHAT is the meaning of the word *atonement*, as used in Scripture?

The word atonement occurs but once in the English translation of the New Testament, Rom. v. 11; but the Greek word, of which in that case it is a translation, *καταλλαγή*, and the verb of the same meaning, *καταλλάσσω*, (“to change, ex-
concile,”) occur together ten times in the New Testament,—namely, Rom. v. 10, twice; ver. 11; xi. i. 11; 2 Cor. v. 18, twice; ver. 19, twice; and in every case the verb is translated “to reconcile,” except in Rom. v. 11, the noun is *reconciliation*,” the mode of this reconciliation is indicated, Rom. v. 10, namely, “By the Son.”

In the Old Testament the word atonement was used to signify the reconciliation of God, by bloody sacrifices, to men alienated from God by guilt of sin. The priest made atonement for the transgressors of the law, by sacrifices, and it is so in them, Lev. iv. 20; v. 6; vi. 7; xii. 8; xiv. 18; &c. On the great “day of atonement” the high priest made atonement, first for his own sins, by the sacrifice of a bullock; and then for the sins of all the people by the sacrifice of a goat; and then the sins of the high priest were confessed and laid upon the head of the goat, and carried away by him into oblivion, Lev. 16.

What is the meaning of the words atonement and satisfaction?

Atonement is the more specific term; satisfaction is a more general term. Satisfaction is the action of God to man by the death of his Son, which expresses the relation which the work of Christ sustains to the demands of God's law and

What does the satisfaction rendered by Christ

in the conditions of the covenant of grace, Christ occupies precisely the place and all the obligations of the law under the broken and unsatisfied covenant of grace. These obligations were evidently,—1. Perfect obedience as the condition of reward; and, 2. The death, incurred by the failure of obedience in our representative Adam and in their own

How may it be proved that the “active obedience”

of Christ to the precepts of the law enters into his satisfaction?

1. The necessity of the case. The position of Christ was that of second Adam, 1 Cor. xv. 22, 45. He came to fulfil the law in our behalf. But the law demands obedience as its condition of life, Rom. x. 5. Here the first Adam had failed.

2. The fixed meaning of the word *δικαιοσύνη*, “righteousness,” in the New Testament, is perfect conformity to the whole law, Rom. vi. 13, 16; viii. 4; x. 4; Phil. iii. 6; Tit. iii. 5; 1 John ii. 29; yet Christ is said to be for us “the end of the law for righteousness,” Rom. x. 4; and we are said to have made “the righteousness of God in him,” 2 Cor. v. 21.

3. It is expressly asserted in Rom. v. 19, where Adam's disobedience, which subjected us to guilt, is contrasted with the obedience of Christ, whereby we are made righteous.

5. *What is the Socinian view as to the nature of the atonement?*

They deny,—1. Of sin, that it inherently, for its own sake, deserves punishment; and, 2. Of God, that his infinitely perfect righteousness determines him to demand the punishment of all sin. On the other hand, they hold that God may, in perfect consistency with his benevolent care for the best interests of his general moral government, forgive sin at any time, upon the repentance of the sinner. The death of Christ, therefore, was designed simply to soften the heart, and to encourage the confidence of the sinner in God, and so dispose him to repentance, by that eminent exhibition of divine love.—*Cat. Racov.*, pp. 261–268.

6. *What is the Governmental theory as to the nature of the atonement?*

The advocates of this theory, which is distinctively New England and New School, agree with the Socinians in their fundamental propositions:—

1. That sin does not intrinsically deserve punishment,—i.e., the true end of punishment is rather to prevent sin than to satisfy vindictive justice; and, 2. That there is no principle in God which demands the punishment of all sin for its own sake alone.

On the other hand, they differ from the Socinians in denying that God can consistently forgive sin upon the mere repentance of the sinner, since such a habit on his part would be inconsistent with the good government of the universe, by removing all the restraints which

fear of punishment presents to sin. They regard the sufferings of Christ, therefore, as designed to make a moral impression upon the universe by the emphatic display of God's determination to punish sin, and thus to make the forgiveness of sinful men consistent with the good government of the moral universe as a whole.

7. *How may that system be disproved?*

1. This system regards the ill desert of sin as resulting from its tendency to produce disorder in the universe. But it is an ultimate fact of consciousness that virtue intrinsically deserves well, and that sin intrinsically is *ill desert*. (1.) Every awakened conscience feels this. (2.) God constantly asserts it, Jer. xlv. 4; Deut. xxv. 16. (3.) It is implied in all punishment. For any man to be hung for the good of the community is murder, and for any soul to be damned for the sake of an example would be an infinite outrage.

2. This system resolves the justice of God into a mode of his universal benevolence, and denies that his perfect righteousness unchangeably demands the punishment of all sin, simply as such, in exact proportion to its ill desert. This is contrary to Scripture, Heb. i. 13; Ps. v. 4, 5; Prov. xvii. 15; Heb. xii. 29; vi. 10; Rom. iii. 5; 2 Thess. i. 6-8.

3. It represents God as deriving the motives of his acts from the exigencies of his creation, and not from the inherent principles of his own nature, which is derogatory to his sovereignty and independence.

4. It degrades the infinite work of Christ to the poor level of a governmental adjustment, whereas it was the most glorious exhibition of eternal principles.

5. This system makes the atonement a theatrical inculcation of principles which were not truly involved in the case. For if Christ died, not that the sins of his people which he bore should be truly punished in him, but only to manifest to the moral universe that sin must be punished, it is very evident that then sin was not punished in this case, and that Christ's death, consequently, could not teach the really *intelligent* portion of the universe any such lesson as that sin must be punished, but rather the reverse.

6. It has no support in Scripture; it is advocated simply on the principles of rational science, so called.

7. It is absolutely inconsistent with the positive teaching of the Scriptures respecting the work of Christ, Isa. liii.; Gal. iii. 13; Rom. viii. 3; 1 Pet. ii. 24; 2 Cor. v. 21; Heb. ix. 28. For only through this satisfaction to justice was it possible for God to be both just and the justifier of the transgressor, Rom. iii. 26.

8. If Christ's death is merely designed to produce a moral impression on the universe, if it did not really render satisfaction to divine justice, in what sense can we be said to be united to Christ, to die with him, or to rise again with him? "What is meant by living by faith, of which he is the object? The fact is, this theory changes the whole nature of the gospel; the nature of faith, and of justification, the mode of access to God, our relation to Christ, and the inward exercises of com-

munion with him."—*Hodge's Review of Beman on Atonement*.

8. *State the common orthodox doctrine of the atonement.*

The Socinian theory sets forth the sufferings of Christ as designed to produce a moral effect upon the heart of the individual sinner.

The Governmental theory claims that that work was designed to produce a moral effect upon the intelligent universe.

The orthodox view, while embracing both of the above as incidental ends, maintains that the immediate and chief end of Christ's work was to satisfy that essential principle of the divine nature which demands the punishment of sin. This theory embraces the following points:—

"1. Sin for its own sake deserves the wrath and curse of God. 2. God is disposed, from the very excellence of his nature, to treat his creatures as they deserve. 3. To satisfy the righteous judgment of God, his Son assumed our nature, was made under the law, fulfilled all righteousness, and bore the punishment of our sin. 4. By his righteousness those who believe are constituted righteous, his merit being so imputed to them that they are regarded as righteous in the sight of God."—*Hodge's Essays*, p. 131.

9. *In what sense were Christ's sufferings penal, and what is the difference between calamity, chastisement and punishment.*

Calamity is suffering which has no relation to sin; chastisement, that suffering which is designed for the improvement of the sufferer; punishment, that which is designed for the satisfaction of justice. The penal of the law is that suffering which the law demands as satisfaction to justice for the violation of its command.—*Ibid.*, p. 152.

The sufferings of Christ were penal, therefore, because he suffered precisely that kind and degree of evil that divine justice demanded as a complete satisfaction for all the sins of all his people, Isa. liii.; Gal. iii. 13; Matt. xx. 28; Rom. viii. 3; 2 Cor. v. 21. His sufferings are said to have been penal in distinction,—1. From calamity or chastisement; 2. To pecuniary satisfaction.

10. *State the difference between pecuniary and penal satisfaction.*

"1. In the one case, the demand is upon the thing due; in the other, it is upon the person of the criminal. 2. In the one case, the demand is for an exact equivalent,—a piece of money in the hands of a king is of more value than in the hands of a peasant; in the other, the demand, being upon the person, and for the satisfaction of justice, must be satisfied by very different kinds and degrees of punishment, depending upon the dignity of the person and the conditions of the law. 3. The creditor is bound to accept the payment of the debt, matter by whom offered; whereas, in the case of crime, the sovereign is neither bound to provide a substitute, nor to accept one when offered. 4. Hence penal satisfaction

faction does not *ipso facto* liberate; the acceptance is a matter of free grace, and is determined by arrangement or covenant."—*Hodge's Essays*, pp. 165, 166.

11. *What is the penalty of the law, and in what sense did Christ bear that penalty?*

"The penalty of the law in Scripture is called 'death,' which includes every kind of evil inflicted by divine justice in punishment of sin; and inasmuch as Christ suffered such evil, and to such a degree as fully satisfied divine justice, he suffered what the Scriptures call the penalty of the law. It is not any specific kind or degree of suffering. The penalty in the case of the individual sinner involves remorse, despair, and eternal banishment from God; in the case of Christ, it involved none of these. It is not the nature, but the relation of sufferings to the law, that gives them their distinctive value." It is not the degree of the sufferings merely, but the dignity of the sufferer also, which determines their sin-atoning efficacy."—*Ibid.* p. 152.

Our standards declare that the penalty of the law in the case of Christ includes "the miseries of this life, the wrath of God, the accursed death of the cross, and continuance under the power of death for a time."

12. *In what sense and on what ground were the sufferings of Christ equivalent to the sufferings of all his people?*

They were unutterably great, and equivalent to the sufferings of all his people, not in a pecuniary sense, as precisely a *quid pro quo*, both in kind and degree, but in a penal sense, as in the judgment of God fully satisfying in their behalf all the penal claims of the law.

The ground upon which God judges the sufferings of Christ to be, in a penal sense, equivalent to the sufferings of all his people, is not the nature or degree of that suffering, but the dignity of the sufferer. Those sufferings, though endured in a finite nature, were of infinite value, because of the infinite dignity of his person.

13. *In what sense were Christ's sufferings vicarious, and in what sense was he the substitute of his people?*

A substitute is one who acts or suffers in the place of or in behalf of another; and that is vicarious obedience or suffering which is rendered or endured by the substitute in the place of another. In this sense Christ is our substitute, and his sufferings vicarious, Rom. v. 8; Matt. xx. 28; 1 Tim. ii. 6; 1 Pet. ii. 24; iii. 18; Isa. liii. 6.

14. *What were the qualifications necessary for such a substitute?*

1. That he should be personally independent of the law, owing it nothing on his own account.

2. That, possessing the same identical nature with man, he might be made under the law, and introduced into precisely the same legal and covenant relations sustained by those for whom he stood.

3. That his person should possess infinite dignity, in order to give an infinite moral value to his finite sufferings.

4. That there should be a sovereign designation upon the part of the Father, and a voluntary assumption on

the part of the Son, of the position of covenanted head and legal representative of his elect.

15. *What is the scriptural meaning of the phrase "to bear sin, or iniquity?" and show what light is thence thrown on the nature of the atonement.*

The phrase, "to bear sin, or iniquity," has a perfectly definite usage, and it signifies to bear the guilt of sin, or the penal consequences attached by the law to sin, Lev. v. 1; x. 17; xvi. 22; xx. 20; Num. xviii. 22; Ezek. xviii. 19, 20.

Of course, this language, which is applied frequently to Christ, (Heb. ix. 28; Isa. liii. 6, 11, 12; 1 Pet. ii. 24,) precisely defines the relation of his sufferings to the penalty of the law.

16. *In what sense was Christ an offering for sin?*

Both Jews and Gentiles were familiar with sacrifices for sin, and both recognised in them precisely the same transference of guilt from the offerer to the victim, and the extinguishment of that guilt by the death of the victim. This was the definite sense of the phrase universally received by those to whom the apostles wrote.

This is plain—

1. Because without the shedding of blood there was no remission, Heb. ix. 22. "For the life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls," Lev. xvii. 11. Life was substituted for life.

2. The sacrifice must be spotless, Lev. iii. 1. A spotless life must be offered in place of one forfeited by the guilt of sin.

3. The offerer laid his hand upon the victim,—which act was symbolical of transfer, Lev. i. 4; iii. 2; iv. 4, 15; 2 Chron. xxix. 23; and confessed his sins, and his sins were laid upon the victim, Lev. xvi. 21.

All this is said to be the shadow of good things to come, while the substance is Christ. He is called "the Lamb of God," "a Lamb without blemish and without spot," "his blood cleanseth from all sin;" "his soul is an offering for sin," Isa. liii. 10; 1 John i. 7; John i. 29; 1 Pet. i. 19.—*Hodge's Essays*, p. 149; *Fairbairn's Typology*, vol. ii. p. 221.

17. *State the argument on this subject derived from those passages which ascribe our salvation to the death or blood of Christ.*

See 1 Pet. i. 19; Rev. v. 9; 1 John i. 7; Rom. v. 9, 10; Heb. ix. 15; ii. 9, 14, 15. In these and similar passages it is taught that the "death" or "blood of Christ" "redeems us," "cleanses us from sin," "justifies us," "reconciles us to God," "delivers us from bondage," "redeems us from the curse of the law." This language can mean nothing if the sole purpose of Christ's death was to produce a moral impression either upon the individual sinner, or upon the universe as a common subject of divine government. But its use is appropriate, if the death of Christ really satisfies God's justice, and by satisfying the penalty of the law, removes, by ending, the guilt or legal obligations of our sins.

18. *In what sense is Christ said to have purchased or redeemed his church?*

Two Greek words are translated by the word "redeem" in our version: 1. *λυτρόω*, "to release for a ransom," mid., "to ransom, redeem;" 2. *ἐξαγοράζω*, "to buy out of the hands of, to redeem, buy off." These, of course, when applied to the work of Christ, 1 Pet. i. 18, &c., are not to be understood in the sense of a pecuniary transaction,—i.e., purchase by the payment of an exact equivalent in value; but if they mean anything they must teach that Christ has acquired a right to his church by doing and suffering that which God has demanded as the condition of its deliverance and his possession. It is expressly said that the ransom demanded was his blood, and that the condition from which his church was bought off was that of subjection to "the curse of the law."

19. *How can the Bible doctrine of the nature of the atonement be further proved from the revealed fact that Christ offered himself to God as our high priest?*

That he is truly a priest, and that he fulfilled all the functions of that office, has been fully proved above, chapter xxi., questions 14–17. Now when an Israelite sinned, he went to the priest, who, taking a victim, offered it to God, life for life; and thus making atonement for sin, it was forgiven the transgressor, Lev. iv. 20, 26, 31; v. 10, 18. "Wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer;" and, "Not by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood, he hath obtained eternal redemption for us," Heb. viii. 3; ix. 12. The priest never offered the sacrifice to obtain the possibility of salvation for his client, nor to manifest the determination of God to punish sin, but always to obtain remission of the penalty.

20. *How may it be shown that the substitution of Christ in the place of his people did not cause him to become personally a sinner?*

Reason and Scripture alike teach that the personal character of one man can never be transferred to another; but, on the other hand, that the legal re-

sponsibility, or liability to punishment, under one man labours, may be transferred to another, whoever sovereign authority recognises one as representing the other. Christ is said to be "made for us" in the same sense that we are said to be "made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Cor. v. 21). We are justified, or declared to be righteous for Christ's sake, we are no less than before personally sinners of heart and habit, because it is his legal merit, and his personal holiness, that is counted ours. So it remains no less infinitely "holy, harmless, and undefiled," when the chastisement of our sins is laid upon him, or their legal responsibility counted his.

21. *Show that the doctrine of a full satisfaction in atonement does not destroy the gratuitous nature of salvation.*

1. Christ did not die to make the Father love the elect, but was given to die because of that love, iii. 16; 1 John iv. 9.

2. Christ made full satisfaction to divine justice, Rom. iii. 26; Ps. lxxxv. 10. The greatest obstacle, and the more costly the price demanded by justice, the greater the love and the freer this ground "God commendeth his love," Rom. v.

3. God the Father and God the Son are one identical in nature, moved by the same love, and offering the same satisfaction.

4. Penal satisfaction differs from pecuniary. Sovereign appoints or accepts a substitute, it is by grace.

5. To Christ, as mediator, the purchased salvation his people belongs of right, from the terms of the eternal covenant; but to us that salvation is given as a gift, all its elements, stages, and instrumentalities, only free and sovereign favour. The gift is gratuitous. The beneficiary has no shadow of claim to it, and conditions are exacted of him. The less worthy the beneficiary is, and the more difficult the conditions which justice exacts of the giver, the more eminent is the gift.

THE SAILOR OF HELIGOLAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.



HE oyster-dredging had been very unproductive. The fishermen returned early in the morning; times were hard, and for the last two or three months they had caught little or nothing. Lütji Tönning went home, sat down beside the stove and was soon asleep. David, his son, had remained on the shore with the boats. He was a lad of eighteen, strong and born to be a sailor. From early youth he had been on the waters, and had weathered many a storm. His great desire had been

to go to America, but his father refused his consent. "For," said he, "all Tönninge lie buried either in Heligoland or in the sea; my boy's body shall not rest on American soil."

About an hour afterwards David returned, and found his father ill. He had complained of pains over his heart and had gone to bed. When Lütji Tönning did tell his father of his desire, you might be sure something was wrong. His wife, therefore, was anxious and busy preparing him some tea. She was an old Heligoland widow of the right sort; many such are still to be found

She had worn her red petticoat with its yellow border these fifteen years, and still it looked fresher than her old wrinkled face. She had been born in Heligoland, and had never left it. Many a noble life begins and ends on the little rock, hardly two miles in circumference, and all it knows of the world being rock, sky, and water.

Old Tönning had often been in Hamburg and Bremen; he sold his oysters and lobsters there. He was well paid for them; rich people need dainties, which poor fishermen fetch from the bottom of the sea amidst storms and dangers.

He and his comrades were to have gone again on the following day, but he was poorly. "Remain at home, Lütji," said the wife. He tried to get up, but after a few steps sank down; he felt giddy and sick, and the old mother had to help him back to bed. Sixty years of storms, day and night at sea, often for hours in the water, wet with rain and snow,—no wonder his old bones ached, no wonder his legs would not support him.

David loved his father, and to see the old man sick saddened him. Sailors cannot show their feelings with many words, but as strong love lies deep within their hearts as with those who can express it. "Let me go to Hamburg," said David. "Go then," replied the old man, but only after a while, for he was considering if it could be managed. David had never been there, and the errand was not without its risks. But the father trusted his boy; he must have gone some time or other.

David was busy on the shore all day, and was little at home. The mother used all sorts of appliances, but the old man could not get warm; he trembled from head to foot. He spoke little, and when he did so it was of his lad. David returned in the evening, and all was in readiness; he and his companions were to set sail at three in the morning. He did not wish to disturb his father, and so said good-bye in the evening. The old man told him where to go when he reached Hamburg, what to get and where to deliver the oysters; he was to say, "Old Tönning was ill, but would come the next time." The mother prepared provisions, wished him a happy voyage, and counselled him to take the Lord with him to sea. He was to sleep for some hours. But neither father nor son could do this; the old man was kept awake by pains, the young one by anxiety. The first voyage is an important event to a young lad. He had heard much of Hamburg and its glories; many bright visions floated before his eyes. He prayed, but could not get rest, and never shut an eye. At two he got up and dressed, intending to slip out quietly so as not to awaken his father. But he called out, "David." "Here, father," and he approached the bed. Lütji Tönning gave him his hand and said, "A safe journey, take care of yourself." "Thank you, father," said David, "don't be anxious about me, get you well. Have you not slept?" "No." He turned in bed and sighed. David put his hand on his forehead; it was hot and Jewish. He gave him some water which the old man

drank greedily. "Farewell, father," said he. The mother had wakened also and called good-bye after him.

David descended the stairs to the shore; night was nearly gone, and the morning had begun to dawn. His comrades were ready; a slight breeze was upon the sea; the rock of Heligoland stood in the waters like an elephant of stone. The sails were unfurled, the anchor raised, and the little island was soon lost in the morning mist. After a few hours the lighthouse of Cuxhaven appeared on the horizon. David's spirits rose. He noticed everything. Cuxhaven, the steamer just passing, the English brig in full sail, the tall lighthouse and the broad Elbe, the villages on both sides, the windmills on the hill tops, the little town of Blankenese, where sailors were lounging about and waved their welcome, the town of Altona, with its dark houses and garrets, then the great harbour of Hamburg, with its forest of masts from all nations, and at last, the tower of St. Michael raising its head above all.

David was astonished, he looked to this side and that, keeping up a fire of questions at his companion, who had been there often, and who was not a little proud of the information he could impart. "This is an American three-master," said he, "and this goes to California where the gold grows, this to Rio," and he looked important, as if he had been in these places, and as if his pockets were full of gold.

The oysters were delivered the following day, and the money received. The return having been fixed for next morning David strolled about the town, saw the beautiful long streets, the Zungfernstieg and the Alster, the bank and bazaar built of marble, the shops with their treasures, carriages and horses, which are not to be seen in Heligoland, (there is not a single horse on the island) and the splendidly dressed people. His friend told him that many a single merchant here had as much money as all the Heligoland people put together. He felt quite a respect for them, and when an old gentleman came up, who looked like a merchant, he stared as he passed, and turned to look after him. He had never had more than five thalers in his possession, and some here had millions.

In the afternoon our friends were in a tavern drinking a glass of wine. The tavern was frequented for the most part by sailors. A great many of these were there, some English, some American, some Hamburgers. David could not understand much, for the English and Americans spoke their own tongue and drank spirits. A sailor from Hamburg sat down beside David and got him to talk. He soon saw that David had not been beyond Heligoland, and so began to boast of his adventures. David listened eagerly, and told him that he also had wished to go to America; indeed, he would have been there now had his father allowed him. "What?" replied the other, "I never asked leave of my father; he ordered me not to go, so I ran off." "How long ago is that?" asked David. "Six years, and since that I am a free man." "But that is

wrong!" said David; "to leave one's parents so is not the fashion with us." "Ah," said the sailor, "you are an old-fashioned set! We have got over that long ago. Every one lives here according to his own fancy; and, indeed, nothing else is worth a pin!" "That is profane," said David, and was going away; but the stranger was affronted, and angry too, that such a chicken should read him a lecture. "I will show him what profanity is," thought he, "and that he is no saint either." Thereupon he changed the subject, inquired about Heligoland, and was told a great many things about dredging oysters. David became quite talkative; the sailor pledged him in wine, and one glass succeeding another, David's head was soon in danger. "A happy trip to America!" drank the sailor. David followed his example. "I shall drink no more." "Come," said the sailor, "I'll show you the town. You Heligoland people never saw anything like it." "I have seen the town already," answered David. "What did you see?" "The Zungferstieg and the Alster, and the big shops." "Oh," said the sailor, "you have seen nothing as yet. Come, I'll show you what Hamburg is!"

David rose, walked about the streets arm in arm with the sailor, while his companions from Heligoland sought other friends and amusements. The sailor brought David to the suburb of St. Paul, into the midst of a great crowd and noisy amusements. He showed him carouselles, shows of wild beasts and birds, the theatre, &c., and ended in a saloon, from the open windows of which the sound of dancing music was heard. What a scene! hot faces and glittering finery, hot eyes and hot wine. The sailor almost pushed the hesitating David into the house, ordered punch, and the dancing couples flew past them. The punch got to the poor lad's brain. A woman pulled him into the dance, sat down beside him, and drank out of his glass. The sailor clapped him on the shoulder. This was he who had preached to him; he would teach the soft youth a lesson!

But the touch on the shoulder and the face of the wretch brought David to his senses, as far as that was possible, for he was tipsy, and his tongue was heavy. He got up and said, "I am going!" But the woman held him, the sailor also; he filled a glass full and said, "Who can't drink can't sail! For shame, you Heligolander!" And the poor lad was ashamed, emptied the full glass, and fell down. They pushed him into a corner of the room, where he lay more like a brute than a human being.

As night approached, the Hamburg sailor disappeared. David lay still without recollection; around him music, dance, and shame.

II.

The mother, at that time, sat weeping beside the bed of old Lütji Tönning. He had had a bad day, and was getting worse every hour; he complained little, but his half closed eyes, and the pallor of his sunken

countenance, told only too plainly that the last moments of the old sailor were not far off. He was quite collected, understood what was said to him, but answered little. "David!" he called repeatedly. "David!" "He is coming to-morrow; be at rest; he is in God's hand," said the old woman. Tönning wished to see his pastor; he came; they communed, as they had often done before, of Christ, the Friend of sinners, who had taken away their sins and washed them in his precious blood. And the old man once more and for ever took hold of Jesus.

After the pastor was gone, the dying man lay quiet for a time. It was now towards midnight, and the lamp burnt low. "David!" he called again, and added, "God have mercy upon me!" The mother took the hymn-book and read,—

"I thank thee with a joyful heart,
O Jesus, loving friend,
That in thy death I have a part,
To thy voice did attend.
Oh, grant that I keep near to thee
Now, when I come to die,
And keep thou ever near to me
When I in grave must lie.

When I must hear the midnight call,
Do thou not part from me,
Though I must suffer death and all,
I'll only trust in thee.
What time I am in greatest need,
My heart with care oppress,
Then, Jesus, hear me, do thou heed,
Give strength and grant me rest."

The old woman looked at the sick man. He did not move. "Tönning!" cried she. He did not answer. "Tönning!—Tönning!—Tönning!—Tönning!" And the gray-haired woman threw herself across the dead body of her husband, and kissed his cold lips. But she could not awake him; he lay and slept, not to wake until the last.

The old woman raised herself and stood near the bed. Amidst sobbing and tears she said slowly, "Tönning, thou art in God's hands. It is better there than here in this evil world. Thou didst love the Saviour, and hast found him. Farewell, Tönning!" She knelt down and prayed aloud:—"I believe in God the Father, the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth; in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son; in the Holy Ghost, a holy catholic Church, the communion of saints; in the resurrection of the dead, and the life everlasting. Amen." "Tönning," said she, after a little, "this was also thy faith. Thy body shall be raised and shall inherit eternal life." And now she broke forth in weeping, wetting the death-pillow with her tears, and kneeling beside the bed.

After an hour she rose, put her hymn-book under the death-pillow of her husband, dried his damp brow, smoothed the bed-clothes, put away the medicine bottles, sat down in her husband's old arm-chair, and remained so all night. Towards morning her weary eyelids had closed, but in a little she started in terror. She had had a terrible dream. The sea was boisterous; she saw a boat with Jesus, her husband and her boy in

it; but a fearful wave washed David out of the boat, and, apparently, not even Jesus could help him. She screamed and awoke.

III.

David returned next morning. He had had a wretched sail; not because of wind and waves, these were favourable; but there was a tempest in his heart. He awoke early, his head was confused, and looking round him in the half-darkened saloon, he remembered where he was,—a burning shame took hold of him,—a burning anger also against the sailor, against himself, against the whole world. He thought of Heligoland, of his mother and his father, and was overwhelmed.

He went to look for his comrades, wandered in the strange empty streets, and lost his way. He had great difficulty in finding any one who could direct him. His comrades asked where he had been, he would not answer. They joked him, and imputed all evil things to him; he remained silent. He felt better at sea, away, away from Hamburg!

The money he had received was fortunately not touched; only his own savings, which he had gathered for a long time, were gone, not a penny left! He tried to chase away thought, and therefore worked as hard as possible on board, his comrades wondering to see him so excited and impatient. He never heeded villages, nor church-towers now; Cuxhaven and the light-house he did not see—onward, only onward! When the waves washed on board and wetted him, he felt refreshed; he breathed anew. At last they sighted Heligoland. He never had been afraid to look at the red rock before, but he was so now.

It was not quite dark when the boat landed. They had told his mother; she was waiting on the shore for him. David went to her and heard all; he felt giddy; in a few moments he was in the little cottage. How he ever managed to ascend the steps in the rock he never knew. Standing beside his dead father, he was relieved by a flood of tears. The mother said,—“He only called David! David!—Last night at eleven, always David he called!” David struck his forehead, tore his hair; his mother looked at him in terror, she did not understand it. He hid the gnawing worm in his conscience.

Litji Tønning lies buried in the churchyard on Heligoland. The funeral was a sad one to mother and son. And when the two were home again they sat for a time in silence,—the mother weeping, and he in a corner leaning his head on his hands. “I must look to you now,” said she. “Yes, mother,” said David. “Keep hold of God as your father did.” “Yes, mother, I shall try,” said David. And in his innermost heart he vowed to be faithful to his father’s and mother’s God. “Mother,” cried he, “forgive me!” “What, David?” “Forgive me, I have sinned!”

And he told her everything that happened in Hamburg while his father was dying. The mother shut

her eyes, then rose to fetch the Catechism, opened it, and said, “Didst thou not learn it?—*The fifth commandment*—Honour thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee. What is required in the fifth commandment? We are to fear and love God that we may not despise or displease our parents or superiors.* David, not displease,—and she burst into tears; but David held her in his arms, and said,—“Mother, with the help of God, it was for the last time.”

Since that time David was never seen in a tavern or at a dance; seldom about the quay, where the men and boys lounged talking of wind and weather. Nobody, however, knew better how to manage the boats; he was the first to set out to sea, the last to leave off work. He spoke little, and jokes and merriment did not suit him. Many called him a moper, but his own comrades knew him better, and because of his bereavement did not trouble him with many questions. But he was the joy of his mother’s heart. He read to her during the evenings; every shilling he earned he brought her; she wanted for nothing. But what was more, he served her in love, and nobody but she and their God in heaven saw it; it seemed as if he had ever in mind his sin against his father, and was determined, nevertheless, not to lose the promise of the fifth commandment. The old mother was peaceful and contented, and none but loving words passed between them. David became again cheerful, only something remained in his heart still; he became excited when he thought of it,—the Hamburg sailor who had tempted him. “What is the matter with you?” asked the mother, when she noticed him moving about uneasily, and striking the table with his fist. “Nothing, nothing,” said he; but the mother knew well what was the matter.

IV.

More than a year had passed. It was October, and the weather bad. A storm had been raging round Heligoland; not a boat had ventured out these eight days, and planks and rafters from stranded ships were daily drifted to the shore.

It was on a Monday, when the sailors were gathered about the pier, looking through a telescope at a ship which came in sight towards the north of the island. She laboured hard against the storm; they discovered that her mast was lost, and the wind drove her towards the island. It was impossible to man the lifeboat. She came nearer and nearer to the island, and an eager crowd gathered on the shore. They looked out anxiously, and the sailors shook their heads; for, if she drifted to the north-west, she would be lost among the long range of rocks which run in that direction. A signal was hoisted from the ship; it was useless. The tempest continued, and the white spray dashed in clouds on the rock, where they could hardly manage to keep their

* Translation from the Lutheran Catechism. The fifth commandment being the fourth there.

feet. The vessel stranded upon the rocks in half an hour.

While the sailors stood looking on, and the women were wailing, they saw down below a boat putting out to sea. The waves now tossed it on high, now dashed it into the deep; two men were in it. Who are they?—it is no other than David and his comrade. They did not consider long, jumped in, gave their souls into God's keeping, and away to the wreck. Some of the onlookers were in terror, while others were ashamed. Two or three boats followed in a few moments. "God protect the brave men." They have managed with ropes and poles to approach the vessel. Only two men were lost, the rest were saved after great labour.

They were received with joy and acclamations, especially the first boat, with David and his companion. It had been an English brig, the saved almost all English, except a few Germans. All of them seemed more dead than alive; they had for the last three days hung between life and death. The Heligolandians took them into their houses, clothed and fed them. David also brought one into his house to his mother, one whom he himself had saved; he was a German, a young lad not twenty years old. He was now lying in David's bed, and his mother was busy about him; he did not speak, indeed was hardly conscious. In her care of him she had almost forgotten her son, who had ventured his life.

David was standing at the window, looking out silently. His thoughts were far away. Where? At his father's death-bed, in the dancing saloon in Hamburg, where the tempter had pledged him in wine, where sin took hold of him, while his father lay dying. He heard him call, "David! David!" and the father died, and David lay in the house of shame, and the wailing mother pointed to the fifth commandment: "Thou shalt honour thy father and mother."

What ails the lad? that the old sorrow again gnaws in his conscience? Has the worm not died, or has the fire not been quenched? The worm lives again, and the fire has rekindled—it burns—it burns; for he whom he has saved from the wreck—he who lies on his bed all unconscious—is no other than his tempter.

David did not tell his mother; as he looked on the youth who lay there, the anger he had against him in his heart was quenched. He remained silent so long that his mother wondered. David passed that night on the floor, on some coverings he laid down; the stranger occupied his bed. He felt better next day. David had risen early and had gone out; he did not wish to speak to him as yet. Under the old woman's care, who nursed him as if he had been her son, he was able during the afternoon to tell her of the dangers and anxieties they had experienced. He looked about the small room, and could hardly believe that he was safe on shore; everything still danced before his eyes; when he tried to lift his head, he felt giddy, and sunk down again. Towards evening David returned; the mother asked him to remain for half an hour, as she had some things to attend to. David

remained, but at first stood at the window looking toward the sea; then he approached the bed and sat down. Both men looked at each other and were silent.

"We have seen each other before," said David.

"I believe—I do not know where."

"I know where," said David,—*"in Hamburg, in a tavern. Do you remember the lad from Heligoland? He told you that he wished to go to America, but his father would not let him. You told him never to mind his father,—that you went to sea without your father's leave; and when I rebuked you, you remember what followed?"*

The stranger was silent; he was pale as death.

"Do you wish to know more?" continued David.

"In that hour, while I lay in sin and shame, dost thou know what happened, in this very room, in this very bed? My father died!" And David covered his face with his hands, and burst into a fit of weeping.

The sailor did not utter a word. His own life passed before his eyes,—his father and his mother, whom he left and betrayed, and the whole blackness of his sins. At last he answered—

"I thought to kill you, but you have saved my life!"

David started up: "That is all past—long past! I believe that God has forgiven my sins; it may be a mockery to you, but I believe that Jesus Christ has been crucified for me, and has risen again!"

"No, no!" exclaimed the other—"no mockery! In death, in drowning, I was taught to believe in Jesus. I did not *wish* to do it before that."

"Yes," continued David, "I bore hatred to no man; but, may God pardon me, I bore it against you. I could have—yes, yes! I could have killed you; I almost believe I would have done it. Will you forgive me? I saved thee, thank God for it, thank not me. Let me be thy friend! Who knows for what good reason thou hast been wrecked here? Thou hast led a wicked life; may be thy father also is dying now."

The door opened, and the mother entered. David said, "Mother, will you leave us for a little? What we have to say to each other no one must hear." And the mother left them. The sailor then gave David an account of his sinful, wicked life. He confessed and stammered it out with great pain.

David answered, "God liveth indeed and in truth. He is holy, and will punish sinners. We should perish if we had no Saviour. My father died in that faith, and I also will live and die in the same. Comrade, is it not a happy thing to know the Saviour, through whom all our sins may be forgiven?"

And the comrade replied, "I was stranded, but praise be to God, I am safely landed now!"

I do not know what became of the speaker. The hand of God sought him out, and it is a precious thing when one is found.

The Good Shepherd has many servants, through whom he seeks the lost; at this time it was by a Heligoland sailor.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.



the prayer of faith there are three kinds; the miraculous, of the apostolic age; the submissive, of the common Christian; and the prayer that both expects and insures a specified answer.

By a special and delegated authority the apostles, and some of the private Christians of that age, were authorized to ask for and expect a specific answer to some of their prayers. The most of such answers were of a miraculous kind, and implied a special divine interposition. The right to offer such prayers was a prerogative of the apostolic age. The answers were to constitute a part of the evidences of Christianity for that age of spectators, and for all subsequent ages of readers. Such prayer stood inseparably connected with God's policy of proving and establishing the Christian religion as a divine institution. After sufficient evidence of the miraculous and supernatural kind had been accumulated, and by inspired men had been made a part of the permanent record and scripture of the Church, God caused the accumulation to cease. As there is a point where cumulative evidence of the same kind ceases to add to its force as a whole, there must be a limit to the useful multiplication of the miraculous evidence of Christianity. The doubling of the number of miracles wrought by Christ, or by his apostles, would not aid in the conviction of a man who is now sceptical in view of those actually wrought. That kind of evidence has already spent its force on him, and no increase of its amount would increase its force. For this reason, among others, we may suppose that God allowed miraculous power to cease with the apostolic age. So those promises that warranted Christians of that age in praying for and expecting miraculous aid, we must regard as confined to that age in their use. Casting out devils, speaking with new tongues, taking up serpents, drinking deadly poisons, healing the sick, and such like miraculous acts, the early disciples, as well as the apostles, were able to perform. The specific promises of Christ warranted them in praying for this specific power with a faith absolutely expecting the power. "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; [the miraculous works] and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father" (John xiv. 12). "The topic of discourse here," says Olshausen, "is the working of miracles on earth." "Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig-tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done. And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. xxi. 21, 22). "This promise was evidently a special one, given to them in regard to working

miracles. To them it was true. But it is manifest that we have no right to apply this promise to ourselves. It was designed specially for the apostles; nor have we a right to turn it from its original meaning" (Barnes, *Com. in loco*). These passages must serve for a class, and the meaning that we are compelled to give to these must confine the import and application and use of them to the apostles and to the Church of the apostolic age. Their scope lies within the area of the supernatural, and the faith they encourage in prayer is the faith of miracles.

A second kind of prayer of faith is what we have called the submissive, or the common prayer of the common Christian. By this we mean a prayer, however intense, specific, and persevering, that is poured into the ear of God, and left for his disposal. This is the prayer of faith, in the sense that he who offers it has faith in God that he will do only what is best in the answer; either granting the petition wholly, or denying it wholly, or granting it with variations. It is faith or confidence in the wisdom and justice and goodness of God. It is prayer in blank for God to fill out according to his most holy will. We have a perfect illustration of this kind of prayer, both in form and in spirit, in our Saviour's agony in the garden. He had a specific desire, and it was a holy desire, and most fitting to constitute the body of a prayer. It was proper that he should urge it with a most sincere and concentrated and repeating earnestness. Yet, with an overmastering faith in God, he makes his personal desires and will in the matter cheerfully and totally submissive to the divine will. In this thrice offered prayer, there is in each instance the same contingent veto supplicated on the same intense petition: "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Here the desire for the object, the faith in God for granting or denying, and the submission in advance to his unknown decision, are equally eminent and holy and worthy of imitation. And these three elements, an absorbing and persevering earnestness, a faith in God's justice and wisdom and love, and a sweet submission to his unknown will, constitute the acceptable prayer of a child of God.

A third kind of prayer of faith is the prayer that expects and insures an answer specified and defined in the petition. This is a kind of prayer clearly taught by some, and blindly and painfully laboured for by many of their disciples. Few religious and doctrinal errors, as we apprehend, have occasioned more confusion of theological truth, or vain struggle for a supposed eminence in holiness, or despondency under a constant defeat. The piety that is supposed to offer this prayer of faith, has assigned to it a special elevation in the attainment of a Christian life. Hence, to those whose piety is more emotional and ecstatic than it is

doctrinal and reflective and uniform, this teaching has a fascination and a temptation. They crave that sublimated and growing nearness to God, bordering on the perfect state, and they have holy aspirations for a position and power so at one with God that they may properly ask what they will and receive it. And the ill-defined approaches to this elevation and its misty surroundings enhance their desire to reach it. For as we know that clearness in a religious truth or way is a stimulus to some, so a cloudy overshadowing, and a dim religious light, are a stimulus to others.

We begin our examination of this kind of prayer of faith by quoting some definitions or declarations of it by one of its leading teachers. We make our quotations from Mr. Finney, and for the double reason that he has put on record very clear and generally received statements of this peculiar doctrine, and because he has done as much probably as any living author or preacher in spreading the doctrine:—

“What encouragement have we to pray for anything in particular, if we are to ask for one thing and receive another? Suppose a Christian should pray for a revival here—he would be answered by a revival in China. Or he might pray for a revival, and God would send the cholera, or an earthquake. All the history of the Church shows that when God answers prayer, he gives his people the very thing for which their prayers are offered. . . . When he *answers prayer*, it is by doing what they ask him to do.” “When a man prays for his children’s conversion, is he to believe that either his children will be converted, or somebody’s else children, and it is altogether uncertain which? All this is utter nonsense, and highly dishonourable to God. No, we are to believe that we shall receive the *very things* that we ask for.” “I am speaking now of the kind of faith that *insures* the blessing, . . . the faith which secures the very blessing it seeks.” “I will proceed to show that this kind of faith *always obtains the object*.” . . . “Persons who have not known by experience what this is, [the prayer of faith] have great reason to doubt their piety.”

Such is this modern prayer of faith in its nature and scope, and the last quotation we have made indicates the spirit that sometimes possesses those who believe, and try to practise, such an article of faith. We now proceed to an analysis of the doctrine.

There must be a great difficulty in obtaining the evidences on which to found such a faith. According to the premises, the faith must amount to an assurance and certainty of obtaining the very thing prayed for. Such a faith must arise from proofs that God will, beyond all question, confer a specified favour. Where are these proofs to be had? God only can furnish them, and if found at all, they must be found in his providences, or prophecies, or promises.

The providence of God assures us of nothing in advance that lies in particulars. Providences are acts of God completed. They are fruits or results, and not to be foreknown. They can only be known in retrospect, and so can constitute only a general warrant for

us to expect general favours in the future. They reveal God’s character, and so give us a basis for a broad confidence in him. For any particular acts or events the future these providences can furnish no data assurance, since providences, as circumstances, never repeat themselves in distinctive particulars.

Prophecy can in no way furnish a basis for this faith from the very obscurity that hangs over its import, at the time of its accomplishment. It is but the pre-announcement of an event, whose time is with God. It should be added, too, that prophecy is rarely, if ever so minute in details, as to descend to a specification of items, such as this prayer of faith is supposed to hold of.

The promises of God, for those who would plead them in prayer, have the same vagueness. A reserve sovereignty, as to times and modes, envelopes them. Let one attempt to refer to chapter and verse that shall assure him of the recovery of an only daughter from sickness, or of the conversion of his second son, or of certain prominent and hopeful member of the congregation, and he will apprehend the point we now make.

The promises of God do not run like a commercial order, payable to bearer at sight, or in thirty days. More than this, they are all conditioned on our doings, and so, conditions that human sinfulness is liable constantly to infringe. Hence an approximation to perfection is indispensable to an approximation to certainty that God will grant a specified favour. Take the text much used by the advocates of the tenet in question: “If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you” (John xv. 7). This promise they use on two assumptions, that it is not confined to the apostles as an office of miraculous power, and that any, the least sin, incompatible with abiding in Christ. So is it the single one, for the time being, who can offer the prayer of faith on this promise, and obtain the specified answer. Of necessity, a pressure toward sinlessness must precede a pressure toward the prayer of faith. So Mr. Finney says, “Entire consecration is indispensable to the prayer of faith.” Hence the historical fact in the Church that the doctrine under discussion and the doctrine of perfection are usually found associated.

In the arguments used to show that the providences, prophecies, and promises of God furnish a basis for the prayer of faith, there is always apparent a consciousness that they are not enough. Hence there is a constant tendency to quote and appropriate the promises made for use only in the apostolic age, and that warranted prayer for miraculous aid. The advocates of the doctrine under discussion fail to discriminate between the extraordinary and the ordinary promises. Indeed to be able to appropriate some of these promises of supernatural aid and specified mercies, Mr. Finney finds it expedient to discard the distinction between miraculous and common faith: “Just as if the faith in miracles was something different from faith in God.”

Miraculous and common faith he makes the same, and so of course the two classes of promises must become one. Such reasoning puts him offering the prayer of faith on apostolic ground, as to power with God. He may ask what he will among natural or supernatural favours with the assurance of getting them. Yet even the ordinary and extraordinary promises together do not seem to constitute a sufficient warrant always for the prayer of faith. They are not felt to be specific and tangible enough to beget assurance and positiveness in him praying. Hence the resort to a warrant and evidence based on our desires, as desires begotten of God:—

"If you find yourself strongly drawn to desire a blessing, you are to understand it as an intimation that God is willing to bestow that particular blessing, and so you are bound to believe it. God does not trifle with his children. He does not go and excite in them a desire for one blessing, to turn them off with something else. But he excites the very desires he is willing to gratify. And when they feel such desires, they are bound to follow them out until they get the blessing." "If God give other evidence besides the senses, where is the objection? True, there is a sense in which this is a new revelation; it is making known a thing by his Spirit." "If we are not bound to expect the very thing we ask for, it must be that the Spirit of God deceives us. Why should he excite us to desire a certain blessing, when he means to grant something else?"

This is an assumption of modern, daily, inspiration. The Scriptures failing to give a man warrant to press God for a specified object, he supplements the Scriptures by an inspiration of his own. His moods constitute new chapters, and the separate desires are the verses thereof. "There is a sense in which this is a new revelation." A broader platform for the wildest fanaticism is not needed. The counsel of the heart is esteemed the voice of God. This strange assumption of authority has been the germ of the grossest excesses in Christian history. A notable illustration is found in the hallucinations of Edward Irving and his followers. When this theory is put in practice there is religion enough in it to intensify all the impulsive activities of the soul, while there is left sufficient latitude for the wildest wanderings of enthusiasm. For by the conditions of the theory quoted, nothing outside the man, or appealing to him through the ordinary channels, can control him. Being by admission beyond the warrant of any specific promise, he is a law unto himself; and if he construe his desires "as an intimation that God is willing to bestow that particular blessing," he is both "bound to believe it" and to refuse all outside evidence to the contrary. So do extremes meet. Theodore Parker says that his own heart is a sufficient source of inspiration for himself, and he glides away into infidelity. This new school of religionists, in an extreme devoutness, construe their desires as a supplement to the Scriptures, and added by the Spirit, and they glide away into antinomianism.

It is strange that discerning and thoughtful men should

adopt such a theory of government by desires. With the knowledge and admission that the heart is deceitful above all things, and with the painful fact standing forth in the history of the Church that the gravest delusions have had their origin and growth in this theory, we marvel at its adoption by intelligent men. Allow for all the holiness we will, and in those most sanctified, when the person praying goes beyond the warrant of any specific promise covering his specified object, and makes his intense desire an assurance of the Holy Ghost that he shall certainly obtain the very thing he asks, he is but praying on his own judgment. He is taking the responsibility of claiming and expecting the favour on the ground only that he does extremely wish it. The "discerning of spirits" is over-ruled, and no margin is left for the mistakes of sinful and broken human nature. It is true "the Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered" when "we know not what we should pray for as we ought." But we are nowhere told what mode for helping us the Spirit adopts. Least of all are we authorized in saying that he does it by begetting in us specific desires that we are to consider as a warrant from God "that we shall receive the very things that we ask for." We are wisely thrown back on our moral judgments to determine how much of our intense longing for an object of prayer is of ourselves and how much of God. The joint action of our hearts and the Holy Spirit in these deep religious emotions and wishes will not resolve itself with a perfect clearness in a human analysis. "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing" when he thus works in us to will and to do.

As it is impossible, therefore, to obtain evidence warranting a certainty that the very thing prayed for shall be obtained, so it must be impossible to be sure of obtaining the thing. In other words, this prayer of faith is an impossible prayer. It cannot find a basis for the certainty of the answer. Every man praying knows so much of the deceitfulness of his heart, and of the variations and mysteries in providence, and of the many high conditions that God imposes for acceptable prayer, that he cannot bring himself to the full belief of obtaining a specified object. He will doubt, not God, but himself, while he prays; and the best part of his prayer will be this self-distrust. For that honest scepticism on his own motives and spirit and warrant and expectations will probably make him so Christ-like as to say: "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." Doubtless individuals are sincere in thinking that they have offered this prayer and received answer to it. This is easily understood. Their prayers were sincere, earnest, and persevering, with the reasonable labour accompanying that is adapted under God to work an answer. Such prayers are the ones that God usually answers graciously; and in the cases supposed the answers were answers to the common prayers of devout, earnest hearts. Because in certain instances the thing granted was the thing asked for, we may not assume

that the prayer of faith obtained it, and so urge the obligation to have and use this faith of getting just what we ask for. Such conclusion is broader than the facts will warrant. The answers may have had, and probably did have, no connection with the assurance that they were to obtain those very objects. The fallacy of all this reasoning from supposed answers to the prayer of faith will be apparent if one will make his argument tabular, and composed of all the facts that should go in. Let him draw his schedule with columns for the person praying in the full faith supposed, the time, the place, the object, and the answer. The blanks in the column for answers, when the very thing sought was not obtained, will destroy that presumptuous certainty that we can have the precise favour we ask for. The truth is, Christian ardour and an emotional piety have outrun the logic of texts and induction to establish a favourite theory. The argument has been based on the exceptions, and the conclusion will be denied if the table of facts is made out in full and allowed in evidence.

We have yet another difficulty with this theory.

If Christians of a tender and devout spirit are urged to the exercise of this prayer of faith, it must work frenzy and fanaticism. For striving for it takes one out of the region of the senses, of evidence, knowledge, and reasoning, into the region of the enthusiastic, the visionary, the inspired. The safe basis of revealed truth and established fact is left for the structures of a devout fancy. An inner light, the most delusive of all lights, is taken as a supplement where the revealed light ceases to shine. So the man is urged on over a dim and perilous way, his desires alone being guides to his dangerous footsteps. What shall keep such a man from being sufficient unto himself, and fanatical without limit?

Moreover, how can one exercise a truly submissive spirit while offering this prayer of faith? One's liability to mistake God's will, or his own real good, must be overlooked; the favour sought must be specified, as in an order, and the certainty of receiving it must be absolute. For "this kind of faith always obtains the object." Where is the place left for one to feel and say: "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done!" That glorious and gracious condition, which leaves all the responsibility of granting or denying with God, and gives us such a bold refuge from our errors in judgment or feeling, is thrown out. The suppliant, trusting spirit

is supplanted by a self-sufficiency; the only will nized is the man's will, and the faith exercised faith that the man has in himself that he is and is sure of gaining his end. It is not at sweet faith that trusts God to do as he pleases. is no tender yielding of our most cherished or sacred interests, as when, "Abraham st forth his hand, and took the knife to slay hi According to this prayer, the man and all his do not enter into and disappear in the unknow God, leaving this voice only to be heard: "glorify thy name." It precludes the rich exper those eminent saints whose prayers were almost t praises before they came to the gates of pearl, of their own will had they left. In contrast wi the prayer of faith is business-like, and they w it are apt to manifest an easy familiarity with G at times a spirit almost exacting and demanding prayers do not remind us of Abraham's interces Sodom, and David's for his sick child, and Pa the thorn in the flesh, and our Saviour's in Geth

We have yet to remark only on the depressir ences of this doctrine on some minds. A tende tive, prayerful heart, if once gained over by this d would not soon or easily escape the power of have met many on whom its effects were most and distressing, till the truth as to the real p faith relieved them. For they felt pressed teaching to ask and expect mercies of a defin specified kind, while they could find no Sc warrant for such definiteness in expectation. T that there was an alarming and sinful deficiency faith, if they did not feel certain of obtaining the sought, while they could find no basis for such ce While they were conscious that their heart deceived them, they felt that in the prayer of fa must make no allowance for error in feeling or ju and so shade the certainty of the answer with a de brief, they found that the doctrine pressed them an impossible prayer. After years of depress struggle, they have escaped from the entanglin and come into the joyous liberty of having faith They can now be joyous in a filial confidence. can press their desires warmly, perseveringly, a a struggle at the throne of grace, sometime earnestly, "being in an agony," and then with a like contentment leave their garden of Geth saying, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be



THE CARPENTER OF NISMES.

A HUGUENOT STORY.

I.—WHO HE WAS.

At the darkest hour of a dark night, towards the close of the year 1569, two young men were walking up and down the market-place of Nismes. When the moon, struggling through dense masses of cloud, cast a fitful and occasional gleam on their figures and faces, an observer might have noticed that they contrasted strangely with each other. The dress and bearing of the elder was that of a gentleman; his features were noble and thoughtful, but careworn; a life of constant peril and suffering had left little to tell of youth on his furrowed and wasted cheek. His arm was linked with that of his younger and less dignified companion, whose coarse woollen doublet sufficiently marked his

position. "You are right, Monsieur le pasteur," said the peasant in tones hoarse with suppressed anguish, "do not leave us. It is written: 'When they perish in one city, flee unto another.'"

It is hard to leave the flock which He has committed to the 'beautiful flock,' in the very mouth of

the wolf. As Emile de Rochet spoke rather to his own mind than to his companion, yet the artisan understood him.

"You save them, Monsieur, by remaining? You save my—my only brother, who perished upon yonder spot?" And he pointed to a dark, blackened spot in the market-place, which had been at that moment illumined with a cold, ghastly light.

"They who have fallen asleep in Christ have not perished," returned the pastor.

"How do you know it, Monsieur," said the youth, "I know it; but could I bear to live?" His voice trembled, and his strong frame shook with emotion. After a moment he resumed more calmly: "It was the Lord's will, Monsieur le pasteur, that you were not taken with us. But the good Master knew we could not stay here."

"Would we spare Jules Maderon," said de Rochet, "the young, gifted, zealous disciple—he to whom such a saintly spirit and strong hand I looked to set a standard if I fell, or rather, when I fell. I have foregone my trust in the faithfulness of Him who loves us, but surely His way is in the sea, his path is upon great waters, and his footsteps are not known." "Yes, Monsieur, true. Only think of it: I was at Guilis, working at my trade and fearing no

evil, when he went to that assembly and prayed with the poor people. The governor hears of it (alas! that a man whose hairs are white, and who has but a few years more to live, should be so pitiless—God forgive him!) he sends his spies—Jules is taken; and when I come back he lies fettered in that tower, waiting for his doom. I see him no more until—until this day. I stood close beside him to the last; I told the halberdiers (for I was desperate), that I feared neither the swords they carried nor the faggots they kindled. We clasped each other's hands—I had meant to strengthen him, but I could not say one word. He said to me, 'Good night, brother; we shall meet in the morning of the resurrection.' And so we shall, but the night is a long one, Monsieur."

"The day that follows will be glorious, Jacques; and its sun shall no more go down."

"One thing is strange to me, very strange," resumed the artisan. "Why *he* was taken—he who could do so much for the cause—gifted as you know he was. He had the good book all by heart; never a priest or monk but he could reason down and leave without a word; and, O Monsieur, when he spoke of the blessed Saviour, and what he has done for us, and how good he is, and how loving—it made our hearts burn within us. While I, though his own brother, am a rough, ignorant lad, who never yet could say three words to purpose. I can saw and plane with the best, I know my trade, but, God help me, I know nothing more."

"Yes, my friend, thou dost know one thing more: 'Jesus Christ and him crucified.'"

"Jesus Christ!" The softened reverent tones in which the youth repeated the Name which is above every name, were enough to show how he loved it, and how that love had changed and raised his whole nature. There must have been tears in his eyes, though they were not allowed to fall. "Monsieur," he said, "I was wild and thoughtless, I cared not for these things. Plenty of food, a dance in the evening with the girls, a game at tennis with the apprentice lads—this was all I wanted. Then *he* came home from his travels, so strangely changed. He talked to me about the mass, and the Virgin, and the saints; but I could not tell you half he said. At last he would have me go with him to the field-preaching; and because we were but two, and we so loved each other, I would not say him nay. There I heard you preach, Monsieur. I forget your words, for it was not your voice I heard, but the voice of One who spoke through you, and who said a word to me I never shall forget. That word was, 'Seek my face.' I sought him; I prayed (mine were

poor prayers surely, but the good Lord understands us all). I went again to the field-preaching, and again I heard his voice. This time the words were, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace.' Monsieur, do you marvel that my heart is nigh to breaking this hour, because I was not the one to be burned instead of my young brother? Surely the best use the Master could have made of me was to let me die for him. I can never persuade any one to love him; but I could have stood firm at the stake, thinking of those blessed words of his; and then Jules might have lived to do such great things for his name's sake."

"He knows best," returned the pastor. "And thou canst not doubt, Jacques, that He who hath spoken those two words to thee, speaks another also—'Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.'"

"I work, Monsieur? How?"

"With all that thou hast, which is his, since thou thyself art his."

"Ah, Monsieur, I have nothing save my hammer and my plane, my saw with its file, and the power to use them."

"Then use them in his service."

"How so, Monsieur?"

"Go and ask Him. This much, at least, I tell thee, Jacques Maderon, He never yet refused any offering brought by a grateful heart—from the gold, frankincense, and myrrh, spread before him by the kings of the East, to the palm-branches gathered by the feeble hands of the children of Jerusalem."

"I partly understand you, Monsieur," said Maderon slowly and thoughtfully; "you mean that I must work well and honestly, and work hard too, that I may have wherewith to help our poor brethren, who are oppressed and plundered by the Governor. One thing I know," he added—"neither Jeannette nor her aged father shall want for bread whilst Jacques Maderon can saw a board in two."

"Jeannette?"

"Ah, Monsieur, you did not know them. She and my Jules loved each other from childhood."

De Rochet seemed to shiver with pain, as one might do if a wound were heedlessly touched.

"Are not all these things with thee, my God?" he said, half aloud. "Dost thou not mark every cry and tear, and every silent agony? And the poor girl?" he asked.

Maderon sighed, but answered, "She has her father and her brother." He added, after a pause, "The old man is nearly past labour, and Charlot still an apprentice."

Perhaps this was not said without a slight gleam of satisfaction. The only earthly thought which just then could give Jacques Maderon any feeling akin to pleasure, was his purpose of toiling night and day for those bound to him by the double tie of love to his martyred brother, and faithful service to his Lord and theirs.

"Jacques," said de Rochet, "the hour is late; thou shouldst return to thine home."

"I have no home now, Monsieur," replied "The spot most like home to me in the world is this, where I last saw his face. But you, have you arranged all things for your escape to-morrow?"

"I have, my friend; or rather, our brethren arranged for me, and I trust to avoid suspicion at this midnight hour, a little band await me in Rue des Cannes, to meet for the last time at our footstool. Wilt thou thither with me?"

"No, Monsieur le pasteur, no! To-night I bear the faces of our friends and their questions; your leave, however, I will walk with you to the gate."

They walked on in silence till they reached the house in the street named by de Rochet.

"Now, farewell, my brother!" said the pastor, tending his hand. "Remember the words I have said to thee; keep them in thy heart all thy life, until he says that other word, the best of all—'Friend, go up higher.'"

"Farewell! God bless and preserve you, M. Rochet. You have indeed been his messenger."

He turned away. The pastor looked after him a moment, then knocked at the gate—a low knock, evidently a pre-concerted signal. A man who was on the watch, admitted him, without delay; then closed and bolted the door, leaving Jacques Maderon in the deserted street alone.

II.—WHO WERE HIS FRIENDS.

The year in which Jacques Maderon wept for his brother, and Emile de Rochet fled to Guis, was a year which marked the cruelty of the governor of Nismes, was a year in the history of the Huguenots. They were forced to take up arms in defence, not so much for their liberties as of their very lives; but the God had not, in his mysterious providence, seen fit to give the victory to those who were maintaining a just cause. In the beginning of October the Huguenot army sustained the disastrous defeat of Montauban, which nearly struck despair into the heart of the wise and good Coligny. Amidst the glimpses now and then afforded by history, of what men said and did, but of what they really felt, few are more touching than that of the reign of Henry IV. Two princes still in their prime, the Prince of Navarre and the Prince de Condé, at this time the nominal chiefs of the Huguenots, but the responsibility devolved, in fact, upon the able admiral, D'Aubigné, the historian of the Huguenots, in his "Histoire Universelle," depicts at once the weakness and the strength of the Huguenot cause, and the faith, of this true soldier of the cross. Surrounded by weakened towns, terrified foreigners without baggage, himself without pursuers by an enemy pitiless to all, without help; he was abandoned by every one save by

the Queen Jeanne, who had already reached Niort, to hold out her hand to the afflicted, and assist in retrieving their affairs. This old man, consumed by fever, as they carried him in his litter, lay revolving all these bitter things, and many others which were gnawing at his heart, their sting more grievous than his painful wound, when L'Estrange, an aged gentleman, and one of his principal counsellors, travelling wounded in the same manner, ordered his litter, where the road widened, to be a little advanced in front of the other, and, putting forward his head, looked for some time fixedly at his chief. Then the tears filling his eyes, he turned away with these words, "*Si est ce que Dieu est tri-doux*" (Yet God is a sweet consolation). And so they parted, perfectly understanding each other's thoughts, though quite unable to utter more. But this great captain has been heard to confess to his intimates, that this one little word from a friend sufficed to raise his broken spirits, and restored him to better thoughts of the present, and firm resolutions for the future."

God "who comforteth those that are cast down," was, indeed, preparing in many ways "a little help" for his tried and suffering servants; and amongst the means by which it was his good pleasure to aid them in their distress, not the least was one resulting from a train of thought which about this time occupied the mind of Maderon, the carpenter of Nismes.

The lonely silent Huguenot artisan steadily pursued his daily toil, "working with his hands," not so much to supply his own necessities as those of his friends who were imprisoned or reduced to poverty on account of their steadfast adherence to the truth. He was "con-fused concerning" his brother, for to him, as well as to the great and wise Coligny, God was a sweet consolation. From that lodging in a narrow street many prayers went up which did not fail to reach the ears of the Highest, and such an answer of peace did they bring to the heart of him who prayed, that he soon began again to chant the psalms of Clement Marot whilst engaged in his work, although when he did so he almost always made choice of the "songs of Zion" in her days of distress and affliction. Nor was his work itself without a helpful and soothing influence. It were an interesting problem, were any one competent to solve it, to calculate how much sorrow, morbidness, and even despair is put to flight from time to time by hard and continuous toil, still more by such work as requires and repays the exercise of mind.

Jacques Maderon did not forget his self-imposed duty towards the family his martyred brother had loved. He ministered to their wants, read "the Book" with them in the evenings, when the doors were shut, and exercised a salutary influence over Charlot, a thoughtful though well-disposed and amiable youth.

In his way from their lodging to his own, Maderon always passed near the Porte des Cannes. There was something there which might have attracted the eye of a stranger, though few uneducated men, born and bred

upon the spot, would have regarded it with particular interest. The town of Nismes was then and is now supplied with water by means of a Roman aqueduct, which conveys the waters of two springs—the Airon and the Ure—a distance of twenty-five miles, by the celebrated Pont du Gard, to a fountain within the town. Between the Porte des Cannes and the castle, the waters flow through a channel which is closed by a grating. One evening Maderon looked thoughtfully at this grating as he passed. "I wish those bars were gone," he said to himself, "so could our brethren from Guilia enter unobserved, and take the town for the Princes." The next evening and the next the same idea recurred to him, and each time with added force. "I wish I could file away those bars," he thought, and the thought went with him to his lonely lodgings, haunted him while he slept, and then mingled with his dreams.

It has been said, with much truth, that "wishes are often idle things," and yet perhaps with even more, that—

"Wishing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real."

Upon the following evening, Maderon again passed slowly near the Porte des Cannes, thinking this time of the sentinel who stood all night under the castle wall, just above the channel, as if for the express purpose of guarding that one entrance to the strongly fortified town. On this occasion his musings were brought to a close by Jeannette's young brother Charlot, who had been in search of him, and accosted him hastily and with emotion,—

"Come home with me, Maderon," he said, "we are in bitter sorrow, our father—"

"Speak lower, boy," interrupted Maderon, "the passers by will hear thee. Well?"

"Our father has been seized by the governor's men and thrown into prison."

"Alas, alas!" cried Maderon. "From the governor's prison there is no escape save by denying the faith, and that brave old Pierre Mallard will never do."

"I marvel the townsfolk suffer these things," said the youth, "there are so many amongst them who think with us."

"What of thy sister, Charlot?"

"She weeps—it is well enough for girls and women to weep—but men—"

"I tell thee, lad, be silent till we leave the street. Here we are?"

They had reached the door of the humble dwelling, and were about to climb the steep and narrow stair which led to the room occupied by the Mallards. The sound of a loud energetic voice struck upon Maderon's ear before the door was opened. A few neighbours, who shared the same religious opinions, had come in to comfort the afflicted family; and when Maderon and Charlot entered, a blacksmith, whose Huguenot leanings were well known, was haranguing the group with the volubility and violent gesticulation so usual amongst his country-

men upon far less exciting occasions. "We are sheep," he cried, "and like sheep we are letting ourselves be dragged one by one to the slaughter. Where are the lords, the knights, and the gentlefolk who talked so loudly of the gospel in the good times, before the peace was broken, and the country turned into a slaughter-house? Ah, they are safe enough at Guilis, or elsewhere, little thinking how the yoke presses upon us poor souls. There was our pastor, Monsieur de Rochet—"

"Not a word against the pastor at thy peril, Jean Brusson," interrupted an old man, "he had the heart of a martyr."

"Nor is Jean Brusson the man to deny it," replied the blacksmith. "But this I say, if the exiles of Guilis care for us, let them come back to us like men, and strike one blow for our liberties and lives, trusting us to strike the second. Had I nothing but my hammer, with a strong hand to grasp it, it would do good service against the old tyrant who is starving our brethren in his dungeons, and shedding their blood on his scaffolds. Jacques Maderon, let us hear thy mind on the matter."

Maderon had been listening thoughtfully. "My mind is this, friend Brusson," he answered, "the less said and the more thought and done, the better. Keep thy hammer ready, though, the time may come for thee to use it." He paused, then added, with some hesitation, "It is written in that Book for which our dear brethren are suffering even unto death, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' If we strike for vengeance with wrath and bitter hatred in our hearts, the good Lord will not give us the victory. But it may be that if we ask him he will have mercy on us, and show us some way to save alive a remnant of his little flock in this great wicked cruel city."

Having said thus, he crossed the room, and spoke to the weeping Jeannette and two or three women who were with her. The girl's tears ceased to flow, and she looked up with interest as he told her that he had found means before this to visit his Huguenot brethren confined in the town prison, and to supply them with food and other necessities, and he would not fail to do as much for his faithful friend, Pierre Mallard.

"Can you take me to see him?" asked Jeannette.

"Perhaps so," returned Jacques, and he stooped down, and added very low, "It may be God will give him back to thee ere long. Good night, my girl." He then gave some directions to Charlot, passed out of the room and went quietly home.

III.—THE USE OF A FILE.

"Charlot," said Maderon, as the youth entered his workshop by appointment on the evening of the day after Pierre Mallard's arrest, "wilt thou aid me to save thy father's life?"

"Try me, friend Jacques," was the eager reply.

"I would have thee count the cost," returned Maderon; "dost thou fear to peril thine own?"

"Not in such a cause," said Charlot.

"Canst thou bear fatigue, and cold, and longing? Canst thou wait as well as work, Charlot?"

"If I know myself, I can."

Maderon looked at him earnestly for some time.

"One question more," he said at length; "Canst thou keep silence,—such silence as the dead keep graves,—until I bid thee speak?"

"Shall I swear it?"

"Promise rather,—God hears every word."

"I promise, as I stand in his presence."

"Good; now go back to thy sister, tell her thee for some work, and as we must labour thou shalt stay the night with me. Say I will pay it and thou mayest bring food and wine to the fi-morrow. Take thy cloak and return as quickly as thou canst."

Charlot did as he was directed. When he Maderon stood before him, equipped in his coarsest strongest doublet. He looked pale, but there was an expression of quiet determination in his face that told of courage to do, to dare, and to endure. With just such a look he would have stood on the scaffold or clasped the stake, and he would have done so with just as little consciousness that he was performing any but the most ordinary Christian duty.

"With the good help of God," he said, "I will go to file the bars of the grating in the channe-Porte des Cannes, that our brethren from Gu-enenter to take the town, and to deliver thy father and all the other Huguenots in this oppressed city."

Charlot gazed at him, speechless with astonishment. At last he said, "Who put thee upon this business who counselled thee, bade thee do it?"

"God," said Maderon, reverently.

"What dost thou mean?" asked Charlot, with the solemnity of his manner.

"That I believe and am sure He wills me to do this work, and that He will aid me to accomplish it."

"But," said Charlot, "the sentinel who stands at the castle, wilt thou work under his very eyes?"

"I have considered all, replied Maderon. The sentinel is changed every hour. He rings a bell when his time has expired, and before his place is taken by his comrade there is an interval in which a man may count three, four, or even five hundred. Those precious moments God gives me to do my work. See"—he raised the sleeve of his doublet and showed Mallard a cord which he had wound many times round his waist,—"I will lie in the ditch, and the sentinel will stand by the wall in a dark, safe place I have discovered. I will hold the end of this cord (it is long enough to reach the bell rings and the soldier leaves his post, then I will pull it, and that will be my signal to work as if when the soldier returns, another pull, and I will be quiet until the next hour gives me my work again. So on until the morning light." *

* The particulars of Maderon's plan are all historic.

"Maderon, the work will take us a year."

"It will not," returned Maderon quietly, "nor even a month."

"'Twill be freezing work too in that ditch these winter nights."

"Better I should freeze than thy father should burn."

"If the sound of thy file should betray thee?" suggested Charlot.

"The rushing of the water will drown it; and lest the light should discover what is done in the darkness (though it be no deed of darkness), I will hide the traces of my work every morning with mud and wax. Charlot, dost thou hesitate? wilt thou make me repent that I have chosen to aid me in this deed, in preference to any

man in Nismes, a lad who has his father to save from the burning pile, or the slow death in prison, which is worse?"

"No, Jacques, no! I will stand beside thee till the last, God helping me."

"God help us both, and establish the work of our hands upon us." Maderon took a file from amongst his tools, saying as he did so, "The Lord hath need of thee, —Monsieur de Rochet was right.—Come Charlot, every moment is precious."

The two young men went out together, and that night they began their work.

(To be continued.)

WHAT KEEPS YOU FROM CHRIST?

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.



PERHAPS you are kept from coming to Christ from fear of ridicule. This is not a snare to weak minds alone; to many persons there is more terror in a laugh than in a blow. Yet, from whom do you expect ridicule? From those whose good opinion you ought to value? No; but only from the giddy, the frivolous, or the

profane. How shall you meet it? You may, if you choose, quail before it, and be laughed out of your soul. This will give you but sorry consolation on your dying-bed. At the bar of God it will be a poor amend to you for having lost the favour of God, and the joys of heaven, that you won the applause and feared the laughter of fools. There is but one way to meet ridicule—face it down. It is, indeed, a nettle that if touched lightly will sting thee; but grasped firmly it becomes a "handful of down." A college lad, who scoffed at his room-mate for "saying his prayers" before retiring, was at last so affected and shamed by his room-mate's persistency in doing right, that he was led himself to penitence and prayer. You injure even the sneerers when you yield to their sneers. Pray for more grace, and persevere!

II. Pride has tripped many a soul and kept it back from Christ. Every sinner has his full share of this; some more than their share. Naaman the Syrian had like to have lost his life through this snare. He wished to be saved like a gentleman; but he had to give in, and go to the Jordan like a filthy leper. When you undertake to dictate to God just how he shall save you, it is sheer pride that is keeping you back. When you refuse to go down in the dust before Christ's cross and confess guilt, and cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" pride is the lurking devil that is plucking at your skirts. If you are saved at all, it must be on God's terms, and in God's way, and in his good time. Count it the greatest marvel of Divine generosity that

God is willing to save so perverse a sinner at all. But if you are lost, the inscription which truth will write over you will be, "Perished through pride."

III. Several persons with whom we have laboured during the past year, have been kept from yielding to Christ by the passion for the cup. Appetite warred against the Holy Spirit. To such a man a faithful pastor once said, "You must do as you choose; but you must give up your bottle, or give up your soul." The sacrifice was too great; the poor slave of appetite bartered his soul for his dram. The number of those who are held in the snares of secret sensuality is fearfully great. How can a man admit the holy Jesus into his heart, while that heart is a dram-shop or a cage of unclean birds?

IV. Perhaps none of these snares—pride, fear of ridicule, love of gold, or love of drink, or love of sensual enjoyments—may hinder especially your salvation. You frankly say, "I am all wrong; I ought to be a Christian; I want to be one; but my heart is obstinate and I cannot change it." You are right, you cannot change it alone. Do not attempt it. But suppose I hand a note to my servant, and say to him, "Go and deliver that to a gentleman in Wall Street." The lad comes back, and says, "The river is deep and the tide runs; I could not ford or swim the East River." "To be sure you could not; but opposite Wall Street is an established ferry; it was made for those who cannot ford or swim the stream; take that boat, and trust it to carry you over." Between you and heaven is a river that no good works can bridge, and no strength of your own can breast. Your error and your sin are that you do not take God's ferry of free grace (pardon the homely allusion), and go over on the merits of the Lord Jesus your Saviour. Christ is waiting to change your heart; he has been ready to do it for many a guilty year of your life; the spirit of love is wooing you; reason unites with conscience in urging you to submit to Jesus, just

as Bartimeus submitted to be cured of blindness. But remember that Bartimeus did three things—he “came to Jesus,” and gave himself up to him without any dictation to be cured entirely by the Divine Wonder-worker. He did not wait; for in ten minutes the passing Saviour would have been out of hearing. He did not attempt to open his own eyes after he came to Jesus; he submitted to be operated on; his faith took him to Christ, and Christ healed him. Precisely this are you to do. Here begins and ends your doing. Don’t forget that the blind man *went to Jesus*. Have you done that?

Perhaps you are intensely serious for an hour or two on the Sabbath under the pressure of preaching, but on Monday morning slip back again into the old grooves, and run your whole mind upon money-making, or study, or self-gratification. How long would it take you to build a house if you worked on it one hour each week, and pulled it down the rest of the time? When will you become a Christian by serving the world six days, and then *thinking about* serving God on a small portion of the seventh?

My friend, you are trifling with your soul. You are trifling with God. He offers the new heart; he offers the grace that can convert you. Christ has knocked for many a year at your heart’s door; the arm that knocks is not weary yet. But presently you will have another knock—the hand of *death* will be at the door and him you cannot shut out. How if he come in and find no Saviour there? It will cost thee an eternity to bewail thy folly in!

Do not stop to pick flaws in others, when God is in thee the huge sin of rejecting the blood of Jesus. Do not prate about the “inconsistencies of Christianity” when your whole life is one long consistency of admitting that religion is the only *one thing needful*, and making it less than nothing. There is no inconsistency on earth that compares with his who knows that Christ Jesus is willing to save him and yet persists in damning his own soul! Whatever you say now in self-exculpation we warn you that at the judgment-seat you will be ready to confess with bitterness of spirit, *God was right and I was wrong*. Why not confess that now, and upon it, before it is too late?

PEACE BY FAITH.



DR. SPENCER, in his “Pastor’s Sketches,” gives a touching account of a young woman who suddenly obtained peace by faith in Christ, after a long period of gloom. She had clear and pungent convictions of sin, felt the necessity of immediate repentance, and the absolute need of an atoning Saviour to save her from condemnation. She seemed to understand her dependence on the Holy Spirit, and the danger of grieving him, and was earnest in her private devotions, and in constant attendance on the means of grace. But for many weeks she made no progress. Her friends and companions one by one rejoiced in hope of pardon, but she remained in deep gloom. Her pastor had many long conversations with her, but could not understand what obstacle hindered her conversion.

One evening on his way to church he called at her house. He found her just where she had been for many weeks. On leaving her he said,—

“I would aid you most willingly, if I could, but I can do you no good.”

“I do not think you can,” said she, calmly, “but I hope you will still come to see me.”

“Yes, I will,” said I, “but all I can say is, I *know* there is salvation for you; but you must repent, and you must flee to Christ.”

On reaching the church he gave out the hymn close with the stanza,—

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.”

The next day she came to see him, to tell him what he had made a new discovery, and on his asking her what it was, she said,—

“Why, sir, the way of salvation all seems to me perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone. I see now what I never saw before. All is light to me. I see my way clear; and I am not burdened as I was. I do not know how it is, or what has brought me to it. But when you were reading that hymn last night I saw the whole way of salvation to sinners perfectly plain, and wondered that I had never seen it before. I saw that I had nothing to do but *trust* in Christ:—

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.”

I sat all the evening just looking at that hymn. I did not hear your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text. I thought of nothing but that hymn, and I have been thinking of it ever since. It is so light, and makes me so contented. Why, sir, *don’t you think that the reason we don’t get out of darkness sooner, is that we don’t believe!*”

Simple faith in Christ will always bring peace to the soul.





The Children's Treasury.

GOD'S MINISTERS.

"Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure."—Ps. ciii. 21.

WHEN we speak or think of God's ministers, God's hosts, we naturally imagine to ourselves those beautiful angels, who in Bible times so often visited this earth, bringing messages of comfort, or direction, or warning, to the people of the Lord, or executing his judgments on his enemies. We think of an angel who appeared to Hagar in the wilderness, to Ishmael under the juniper tree, to Peter in prison, or "multitude of the heavenly host," whose sweet, celestial anthem the wondering shepherds heard on the night of Bethlehem. And do not you sometimes wish, dear children, that you could see them, and hear them now? Our heavenly Father does not see that to be good for us, but he tells us in his word that these holy messengers have not forsaken our world, and are ever invisible to our mortal eyes, as they were to the prophet's servant (2 Kings vi. 15-17), they still "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation" (Heb. i. 14). But God has many messengers, besides the holy angels. He can make use of any of his creatures to do his will. It is the joy and honour of his believing people, old or young, to feel that they are ministers and instruments in his hands, serving him "with their voices and spirits, which are his." You, who read these lines, may begin already this blessed service. Even a young child may be one of God's ministers, by every act of kindness, and comfort, and help to others. And beginning so early, how delightful to hope that you may be allowed to do much for Jesus and his people, if you live long on earth; or if your life here is not to be a long one, you are preparing to enjoy the happy home in heaven, where we know that his servants shall serve him for ever, without any taint of sin, or weariness, or sorrow. Even wicked, ungodly men, without any intention, against their own will, are often made to fulfil God's

purposes, either of judgment or mercy. But not men alone; he can employ any of his creatures, even the smallest and most insignificant. I have often been struck by this, in reading the account of the plagues sent upon Pharaoh and his people in Egypt, when they refused to obey God and let the children of Israel go. I have thought how the proud Egyptians must have been mortified and humbled by the kind of enemies God sent against them. Had these been angels with flaming swords from heaven, or strong armies of invaders from a distance, or even terrible wild beasts from the mountains, they would not have felt it so much; but to be attacked by nasty little insects, and creeping frogs, and feel themselves quite unable to overcome *these*,—how they must have been humbled, and compelled to acknowledge that the God who could employ such hosts to fight his battles was indeed the Almighty!

But then it is the blessed privilege of those who love the Lord to receive all things, joyful or sorrowful, as from his hand, and every message of hope and comfort, from whatever quarter it comes, as sent by himself. Hear what a dear young Christian wrote not long ago. She had been once as full of life and spirit as any of you, and delighted in rambling among all the sweet sights and sounds of the fields and the woods. But God laid her for long years on a bed of pain and weakness, and there was no hope given of her being ever restored to strength again. Yet thus she writes to a sister at a distance, one fine spring morning:—

"I think I have found more help than ever in the lessons from nature, since I have been laid aside from reading. I have so enjoyed the last few days a beautiful little thrush, who begins his song with the daylight, and gives me such lovely music all day just at intervals. I feel sure he is sent as a messenger of love. How tenderly the Lord does provide for our pleasures as well as our wants!"

Yes, the pretty thrush was God's messenger to Fanny Bickersteth.

I have read somewhere of a good missionary, in the West Indies, I think, who had to travel alone in a dark night on a very dangerous road. It led through a deep ravine, where, in some places, the path was so narrow that a single false step of the horse would have been destruction. The servant of God must have known the danger, but he thought it his duty to go on, trusting that he would be preserved in safety. In Bible days, perhaps, an angel would have been sent to guide him on the way. But though no angel appeared to this good man, he was not left with help. Some of you must have read of the wonderful little insects called fire-flies, which in these hot countries shine in the dark evenings, flitting about like moving stars through the summer air. I believe the light they give is so clear that if one be confined below a glass you could see to read by it. Well, when the missionary came to the worst part of his road, two of these bright little creatures kept flying beside him, following the horse's head, and by their light he was able to avoid the dangerous steps. He gratefully recorded the circumstance next day in his journal, seeing in the pretty fire-flies the ministers of his heavenly Father's providence.

Another striking story, of the same kind, I met with lately. It was the account of a young gentleman, who, along with two companions, took a walk one autumn evening, in the south of England, below the high chalk cliffs which there rise from the shore. He was fond of natural history, and got so interested in the search for stones and fossils that he lingered behind his friends, and almost without knowing it scrambled a good way up among the rocks. Suddenly, looking round, he saw that he had gone much higher than he had intended, and that, in fact, at that point he could not turn back, but must go forwards. He saw far above a ledge of rock, where there might be something like a secure footing, and with very great difficulty and danger he succeeded in reaching it. But now, what a terrible situation he found himself in! He was four hundred feet above the shore, and the precipice, which it was perfectly impossible to ascend, rose two hundred more

above his head. His friends were out of sight, and the dark cold night rapidly coming on. He could not stand upright on the narrow shelf of rock, and with difficulty keep in a sort of sitting position. He was overcome by fatigue, hunger, and also pain, for his hands were torn and swollen. And worst of all, he felt a stupor and drowsiness creeping over him, which he could hardly resist, and he well knew that to sleep in such a place would be certain death, as he should then, without doubt, fall over the fearful precipice.

He was a Christian, accustomed to pray, and giving thanks to God for having thus far preserved his life, he cried unto him now for help and deliverance. No angel was sent for his relief, but ministers of another kind. He was roused from the fatal sleep that oppressed him by a loud scream, and the flapping of a large bird's wing close at hand. A pair of sea-gulls had their nest in some crevice of the rocks, and were so alarmed for their young ones on seeing the strange visitor, that instead of going to roost they kept flying round and round, screaming, and flapping their wings almost in his face, through all the hours of darkness. He felt them to be messengers of Providence, and told that their harsh notes seemed music in his ears. Thus kept from the sleep that must have proved the sleep of death, he took hope and courage, and when morning came at last, he was able to attract the notice of a fisherman on the shore, and then, by the exertions of the Coast Guard, was rescued in safety from his perilous situation.

Oh, how should the wicked and ungodly, old or young, fear Him who can employ so many ministers to punish them for their sins, even in this world! And how safely may all who love this God and Saviour trust in him, and feel assured that he is able to help them in every time of trouble, and can never be at a loss for messengers by whom to send them comfort or deliverance!

"And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee" (Ps. ix. 10).

J. L. S.

BIBLE PICTURE. (See Engraving.)

"JOSEPH SOLD TO THE ISHMAELITES."—GENESIS XXXVII. 23-28.



AND it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colours that was on him;

And they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?

Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content.

Then there passed by Midianites merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes.

returned unto his brethren, and said, The coat; and I, whither shall I go? They took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the flock, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father, and said, This have we found now whether it be thy son's coat or no. He knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; and hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt alive.

And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.

And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.

And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

NELLY SPRY; OR, LITTLE CHRISTIAN: HER HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

LEWCASTLE, like most of our great cities, is divided into two distinct portions—the old and the new. The older portion, lying huddled together, with its narrow lanes and miserable houses, on and at the foot of a steep ascent, looks as if the gayer new town had thrown it down hill, and it had never been able to rise instinctively one feels that the population, too, have fallen to a lower social and moral level. So, it has, yet, as among the refuse thrown up surrounding coal-pits many choice pieces of concealed, so, too, among the poorest of these are to be found holy men, women, and little children shining in dark places.

In Pudding Chare, one of the low alleys of old, that Nelly Spry might be seen daily hawk-ket of fish, and which, indeed, she had done time that her little arms could grasp the burthen and privation of every kind had been the portion from her birth; but it was not until her mother died that gloomy fears filled her heart. Her death has met in their childhood, must remember the unutterable dread of that time, and even well for them if there was some kind voice to then to speak of Jesus, and of heaven, and of resting; but poor little Nelly was left alone to with the darkness that oppressed and filled her heart. One Sunday morning, as she loitered in a basket near a church, she saw a number of walking together with books in their hands. As she was going to church she thought, and almost curiously she followed them to the gate. Dropping out in the porch, she entered, too, and stood round her in wonderment till a woman kindly came in a pew for her. It was the first time that word of prayer and praise had reached her ear, and it felt like a beautiful dream. When the preacher read as his text, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." She scarcely listened, and under- stood less, until near the close, when a sentence ar-

rested her every faculty. It was this: "A Christian need not be afraid to die. Jesus has died for him, that living or dying he may be the Lord's."

As she took up her basket and hurried home, she repeated over and over to herself, "A Christian need not be afraid to die!"

As usual, she found little Annie playing in the lane, and brought her home, and, as usual, she tried to wash her sister's bright face, and to smooth her brown curls; but she heard none of her baby-prattle. Michael Spry stood watching the children while Mrs. Spry tried to stitch up a rent in his coat.

"Father!" exclaimed Nelly, "I'm going to be a Christian."

"What's that the child is saying?" said Michael.

"The minister said," continued Nelly, "that Christians need not be afraid to die, and I'm going to be a Christian."

"Bless your heart, child," he said, "it's time enough to think of dying long after this."

"Willie was far littler than me," answered Nelly, "and I am afraid to die."

"For the matter of that, so am I," said her father; "but the question now is, how are we to live? and a pretty hard one it is, I reckon;" and taking his cap, he went whistling down the stair.

Nelly was asked by her mother how she had angered her father, and sent him to the public-house again, and she slipped silently away to tell her new thoughts to the old woman next door.

"Janet," she began, "I am going to be a Christian."

"I be's glad to hear it," said Janet; "but how are you minded to begin?"

"I don't know," said Nelly. "I must go to church, and I must learn. Can you read, Jenny?"

"May be I can, and may be not," answered the old Scotchwoman; and Nelly saw she would get little help from her.

Full of her new ideas, she soon told them to her companions, but was silenced by their rude laughter and jests, and before long, when she was seen in the street, she would hear them shouting in derision, "Here comes little Christian. Miss Christian, how do you do? Has

the fish sold well, Miss Christian?" &c., &c., till she bitterly regretted having told her thoughts, though the purpose of her heart remained unshaken.

Neither of her parents could read, and there was no book in the house; but from an old pamphlet she learned the letters by the help of Jenny. Opposite their window stood the sign of "The White Bear." She knew it but too well, so she thought to herself, "these three words are 'the white bear,' so t, h, e, must be 'the,' and w, h, i, t, e, must be 'white,' and b, e, a, r, must be 'bear,' so these are three words that I can learn to read," and often and often she spelt them over until she had fully mastered this her first lesson. There were many other names over the shops and eating-houses which day by day she tried to spell, and in this odd way had got a good many words into her little head; but her education was coming pretty much to a stand-still after a time, and how to learn more she could not think.

One of the regular purchasers of her fish was Mrs. Goodenough, the schoolmaster's wife, and Nelly had often wondered how the name was spelt; but there was no sign up to tell her. Mr. Goodrich, the baker's name she knew well, so she had her own ideas as to the orthography of Mrs. Goodenough's too, and became very eager to know if they were correct. At last she resolved to ask; so one day, when the good woman had made her purchases, she said very timidly, "Please, ma'am, is your name spelt, G, o, o, d, n, u, f?"

"My dear, no," said Mrs. Goodenough; "but what an odd child!" and little by little she learned Nelly's history, and all her plans how she was going to be a Christian, and how she was learning to read the names.

"A very remarkable child!" old Reuben said at night, when his wife had told it all over to him, "a very remarkable child! I wish there were some like her at school. I must teach her myself, wife, I must teach her myself."

But willing as old Reuben was to teach, he found little Nelly had no time to learn; for had not she to wander about with her fish all day, and to do all the work of home at night nearly; for how could her feeble mother look after Annie, or, indeed, do anything at all? The schoolmaster, however, would not give up so desirable a pupil, and it was settled that on Sunday evening Nelly was to get her first lesson. How she wearied for the time to come, and how eagerly she ran all the way to Bottle Bank where Reuben Goodenough lived! The schoolmaster sat with a Bible before him.

"It is the Lord's day, my dear," he said, "and this is the Lord's own word, and we will ask a blessing upon it."

After a short prayer, he added, "And, Nelly, as it is names that you have been learning, we will begin to-night with the name which is above every name—the blessed name of Jesus." And Nelly got her first lesson from this verse:—"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." The lesson ended, as it had begun, with prayer.

"Sir," said Nelly, when old Reuben ceased "I have never spoken to God."

"Never spoken to God, my child!" he "and God has loved and watched over you all

Nelly thought a moment. "Jane Brown, "is never hungry, and Lizzy Proudfoot has stockings and warm clothes; and I see some like me riding in carriages. God loves them

"Not more than he loves you," said Reuben and honours are no proof of the love of God. loved the world, that he gave his only begot This is the great gift of God, and he offers J as your Saviour as freely as if all the riches i were yours."

Nelly could not quite understand this. sir," she persisted, "that if God loved me he let me be cold and hungry."

"Ah," said the old man, "when the childr are naughty I use the rod, and I remember own little ones were sick, I often had to physic that they cried to take, instead of bread that they were wishing for. So, ch dear child, when it is good for you the phy taken away, and the sweet bread given, and all your life through that God is dealing lovingly with the children of men."

Nelly pondered these things as she went as a carriage rolled past, she murmured, "G as much," and when she passed Lizzie Proud looked at her warm stockings and shoes, sh "That is part of the sweet bread that Mr. G said God would give me when it was good fo

CHAPTER II.

Each succeeding Sabbath evening found master and Nelly poring over the Bible tog so earnest was the little student, that even was satisfied with her progress, and often re first opinion,—“She is a very remarkable ch

At home Nelly tried to cram the less will her sister Annie with the knowledge she w and though Annie cared little for it, the er teach fixed it in her own memory.

When she began to try and put into daily holy lessons she was learning, the mockery companions was hard to bear; but Nelly had to wish to be a Christian. Mrs. Spry herself into a passion when she first refused to go out on Sunday. Angrily she told the child to se where she chose that day, for if she would n must want. Poor Nelly stole away to chu any breakfast; and the rest of the day she lo among the streets, which were covered with it was late enough to run to her friends at B The kind old couple were not long of findir something was wrong; and from that tim always a nice little dinner waiting for Nell

home. She did not often fare so well at home, for matters were getting worse and worse there.

Michael Spry, the blacksmith, was far oftener to be found at the White Bear than at home. Mrs. Spry, a woman of feeble health, had long ago lost heart; helpless and hopeless, she made no effort to make things brighter, or stay the fast approaching ruin. At the time of which we are writing, Annie was five years old, and Nelly eleven. She was a pale, thin child, deeply marked by small-pox, and only remarkable for an expression of intellect and feeling not often seen in one so young.

Spry's parents kept a toll-bar at the north-east end of the town; and every Saturday Nelly was sent to her grandmother for eggs. She was a cross old woman, who could not move without crutches; and when Nelly went she was generally received with unkind looks and reproachful words, such as, "Child, I was thinking you was a beggar! If your mother can't put you out a little better, you may just tell her to keep you at home;" for Mrs. Spry was ashamed of the poverty-stricken appearance of her grand-daughter.

One afternoon, as Nelly was returning home, she saw a crowd of children following an old woman, who was speaking loudly and angrily to them. To Nelly's surprise, she saw it was her grandmother, who had been driven most of the way in a cart, and was now hobbling down the steep street on her crutches, resolved to see for herself how things went with her son and his wife. Nelly was yet unseen by her, and she could not bear to own that the angry old woman was her grandmother, for all the children knew her well enough. While she was wondering if she might turn down another street, one of the wildest of the crowd snatched away a crutch, and Mrs. Spry stood in a helpless rage among her little persecutors. One thought passed through Nelly's mind, of Him who is not ashamed to call us brethren; and bursting through the crowd, she put the feeble old arm round her neck, and said, "Won't this do for a crutch, granny dear?"

There was a moment's silence among the children, till the boy who held the crutch shouted out, "A brick! a brick! little Christian's a brick! Hurrah for little Christian!" and after some noisy hurrahs, the little crowd dispersed, leaving the crutch behind them. Nelly lifted it, but her grandmother still kept her arm around her, and in this way they reached Michael Spry's house. The old woman left it sadder than she came. "It's all up with Michael," she afterwards said, "if it isn't for that child; but Nelly is past the common."

"I wonder, father," said little Annie, after her grandmother left—"I wonder if this is a home?"

"Why do you ask that?" he replied.

"Because," she said, "I heard a woman singing about 'Home, sweet home!' and I wondered if this is a home?"

"Well, I suppose it is," said her father, looking doubtfully round on the bare, dismantled walls and broken

sticks of furniture; "but anyhow it is more like one over the way;" so he rose and went across to his old resort.

When Nelly next went to her grandmother's, she took little Annie with her; and leaving her in the cottage, she busied herself for a few minutes feeding the hens at the porch.

A man and woman were resting at the toll-bar. The man was tall and dark; the woman, who was dressed in a sort of hat and grey cloak, had a bright and pleasant face, but did not look like the people Nelly was used to see. She looked at them once or twice, and, seeing that they were poor and tired, she asked them if they wanted anything, but they answered, "No."

"That's a smart maid," said the man, when Nelly was gone. "Would she do?"

"No, no, Gabriel," the woman answered; "she's a much too big, and nobody would look at her white face."

While they sat and talked the two children came out of the cottage,—Annie shaking her brown curls, and making the air ring with her merry laugh. They had gone a little way, and were just entering the town, when they heard some one calling, and saw the man and woman running to them who had been sitting at the toll-bar.

"Your grandmother has forgotten a somewhat," said the man to Nelly; "she says she must keep you a bit, and the little one may go home."

"Annie will never find her way," said Nelly,—"and she is tired; what will I do?"

The man looked at the woman.

"Maybe," she said, "we could take her home. Where do you live?"

"At Pudding Chare," said Nelly.

"Oh," said the woman, "we are going to the wharf, so that will do very well; and run quick to your grandmother, for she is not over pleased."

Nelly had many beggar-friends, so she thanked these new ones; and, Annie being very willing to go with them, she ran back to the toll-bar as fast as she could.

Great was her surprise to find that her grandmother had sent no message. It was a cruel joke to a little girl who was so tired, she thought; but Mrs. Spry feared something worse.

"They were the regular gipsy set, Nelly," she said; "and I've heard how they sometimes steal children when they are likely like Annie; so run after them as hard as you can, dear, and see that they do no harm."

Nelly needed no second bidding, and returned as fast as she could to the spot where she parted from them. It was at the very entrance of the town, and three roads met just there. On two of them no trace of any one was to be seen. On the third, almost out of sight, there was a waggon driving very fast, and for a moment Nelly fancied she should follow it; but, remembering it might after all be only a jest, she hastened home, in the vain hope of finding her little sister there. She had never returned.

Vainly they sought for her all that and the next day. No trace of the people described by Nelly could be found anywhere. Unable to bear any longer the reproaches of her half-distracted mother, Nelly left home, resolved never to return unless she brought Annie with her. She met Lizzy Proudfoot in the lane. "Lizzy," she said, "tell mother I am going to seek Annie, and never to fear, that I will bring her home some day with me;" and so she left the dreary abode of her childhood, little dreaming that she would scarcely call it "home" again.

CHAPTER III.

It was on a fine morning in early autumn that Nelly left her home. The streets were thronged with people, for it was market-day; but no one noticed the pale, thinly-clad little girl, who pressed through the crowds intent on the business so all-important to her, and of so little moment to the rest of the world. The tears rolled fast down her cheeks. "Annie, Annie," she thought, "if you only come back, I will never be cross to you again, not if you tease me ever so much!"

She tried to remember how old Reuben had told her to be sure that God always dealt wisely and well, and she thought if only Annie were found she would believe it all. Like many an older Christian, her faith was to follow sight. "Blessed are they that have not seen, yet have believed."

When she reached the spot at which she last parted from her sister, she sat down and sobbed aloud. As I have said, three roads met at this place—one going east, one west, and one north. She soon decided on following the northern one, as it was on it that she had observed the waggon. After walking some two or three miles, she came to a porter's lodge, and resolved on making her first inquiries there. In answer to her gentle rap, a very cross-looking woman came to the door.

"If you please, ma'am," said Nelly, "did a waggon pass here on Thursday?"

"To be sure it did," said the woman.

"And, ma'am," asked Nelly, "were there any gipsies in it?"

"Gipsies!" the woman answered; "it was Rodgers, the carrier's waggon; and what would he do carrying gipsies? If that's all you've to say, you may just take yourself off."

Nelly would have liked to ask a drink of water; but the woman looked too cross, and she turned sadly away. So it had not been a gipsy's cart after all! Still she thought it as well to pursue the same road. Towards evening she came to a small village, where she was kindly lodged for the night by a woman, who took pity on so young a traveller.

Still she could meet with no trace of the gipsies. None of the villagers, who eagerly listened to her story, had seen them pass; and they tried to persuade the child to return home, but in vain. Next morning she

again set forward on her journey; but her pace was slower, for her poor little feet were becoming blistered and weary. She ascertained that there had been a man and woman travelling with the carrier, but no one had seen a child. She passed through the pretty, old-fashioned little town of Morpeth. She thought it looked like a place that gipsies would like, and gazed at its foreign-looking old houses, half hoping to see her little Annie at some window. Beyond it she stopped at a cottage door, and begged a drink. The woman, looking at her weary face, bade her come in and rest; and from her Nelly heard the joyful news that the carrier had passed, and that there was a child in the waggon—a pretty, little, curly-haired child, just such as Annie was. Nelly would have started afresh that moment; but Mrs. Martin, the cottager, advised that she should remain with her for the carrier's return. It was now Saturday, and he passed again on Monday.

"You are too lame, my dear," she said; "and, besides, there are many different roads, and you might take the wrong one. Wait here till Monday, and Rodgers will tell us where he put them down, and where they were going."

The weary child was glad to rest in so kind a home. Mrs. Martin looked at her poor feet. One of them was sadly blistered; so in a minute she filled her darning needle with a woollen thread, and before Nelly knew what she meant to do, she had passed the needle through the blister, leaving the thread within it.

"Now, my dear," she said, "you may walk to Jericho, and get no harm."

But poor Nelly wept at the pain of the simple operation, and feared she would never be able to walk again. Mrs. Martin, having given her some food, then put her to bed, bidding her sleep, for she had need. Nelly soon fell fast asleep, but was roused by the sound of voices. Mrs. Martin's husband had come home, and only a thin partition separated them from the place where Nelly slept.

"She is too young by half," she heard Mrs. Martin say; "and, John, you will write to Miller the policeman at Gateshead, and bid him find her people, and tell that she is here, and say we will keep her until they come for her. A pretty like thing indeed to send one baby to seek for another!"

And the stirring Mrs. Martin brought paper and pen, and Nelly heard the letter written to their friend the policeman. Her heart throbbing with indignation at the kindly trap they were laying for her, she longed to leave the cottage that moment; but remembering that next day was the Sabbath, she lay still, and fell asleep again. In the morning she went to church with the Martins; and after a peaceful, happy Sabbath day, she went to bed, but not to sleep as she had done before. Almost before the dawn she rose, and having asked God to help her and guide her, she opened the little casement, and easily let herself down from it. She walked many weary miles that day without food,

for she had no money to buy it, and no one offered her anything.

At one time, when going along the banks of the pretty, sparkling, little Coquet, she saw a lady at some distance from her drop a purse. Picking it up, she ran forward with it. Had the lady looked at the hungry face of the child, she would surely have given her something. As it was, she scarcely thanked her; but replacing it in her pocket, walked on in a sort of dream.

Nelly burst into tears. "She might have helped me," she thought; "her purse was so full! Or if I had taken away a sixpence, she would never have missed it." Then in terror at the wickedness of the thought, she wept more bitterly. As she walked on a little further, her delighted eyes rested upon a large slice of bread and cheese left on a stone. "Oh, this is for me!" she thought, and was going to seize it, when she saw a man's cap beside it, in token of its owner's return. "Is it only a temptation of Satan?" she thought; "and would it be stealing to take it?" And unconsciously she groaned aloud, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil."

At this moment a man leaped across a wall by the road-side.

"So you are wishing my dinner, little maid," he said; "and you're not to get it, I can tell you; but look, do you see that farm-house in the hollow? Go there, and say that the master sent you, and they'll give you as much as you like to eat."

Nelly thanked him, and gladly turned aside to the farm-house, where she was as kindly received as the master had promised. Her recent experience made her not so willing to tell the object of her journey to every one; but as she sat at the fireside drinking the delicious warm milk, and eating the nice, mealy potatoes, she began as usual to ask about the gipsies and the little girl. They had been there! In that very house! She started up, laying down her half-finished dinner.

"Won't you rest a bit, and eat a little more?" asked Mrs. Jones.

Nelly was going to answer, but somehow the words refused to come, her head seemed to turn round and round, and in a moment she lay senseless on the floor. When she next woke to consciousness it was weeks after, and all that time the kind people at the farm had nursed her through a dreadful fever. As soon as she was able she told her little history, and begged leave to begin her journey again; but that was not to be thought of. After a time farmer Jones said he knew a plan that he thought would do. He said there was on the borders a village, called Yetholm, where the gipsies had in a manner colonized, and he thought it likely that, about winter time, the ones they were in search of would turn in there. He had a cousin, a farmer, who had lately gone to the Mains, a farm about four miles from Yetholm; and his plan was to send Nelly to winter at his cousin's farm, at which all the

gipsies were sure to call on their way to Yetholm; and "anyhow," he added, "Roberts is the man to help to find the lost sheep."

Nelly gratefully agreed to the kind proposal, and, after an affectionate farewell to her friends, started anew; but this time it was not on foot, but in Rodger's waggon,—the very waggon that had carried away her little Annie.

CHAPTER IV.

Nelly was kindly received at the Mains farm. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts at once said it must have been the gipsy Gabriel and his wife whom she described, and she found, to her no small grief, that after returning to Yetholm with Annie, they had again passed the farm on their way south, and the child was still with them.

To follow them seemed vain, and all she could do was to remain at the farm in the hope of their return. No one was allowed to be idle there, and Nelly was at once appointed as herd. This country life was a pleasant change to the little town-bred girl until winter came with its frosts and snows, but then she thought she would have perished with cold as she tended the cattle among the bare, bleak Cheviots. One day the farmer brought a great comforter of his own and wrapped it round her till little but her eyes remained to be seen. Then during the few hours that the cows were out she kept running up and down to warm herself, and never dared to sit down unless she could pounce upon the spot where some lazy cow had been resting, which was sure to be warm and comfortable, and then she would venture to take a little book from her pocket and read until the cold again drove her to her feet. These were precious moments to Nelly, she was so afraid of forgetting the little knowledge she had learned. One morning, when she was herding close to the high-road, a man called to her and asked if any one had passed that way. She knew his voice and face in a moment, for it was Gabriel the gipsy, and she could scarcely answer that she had seen nobody that morning, so he passed on. As she eagerly watched him she saw him meet with a woman and child. "What a comfort it is," she thought, "that Farmer Roberts muffled up my face so, as perhaps he might have known me too!" Waiting till they were out of sight, she sprang up and running to the field where the farmer was at work, got him to hasten home with her, by a short cut across the meadow.

When a beggarly tap came to the farm-door Nelly opened it, and there to be sure stood the gipsies and little Annie. With a wild scream of joy she sprang to her sister's arms. It was in vain that Gabriel tried to tear her away. "I won't go with you again," she cried, "you were very kind to me, but I won't leave sister Nelly any more, not any more!" and she clung to her more eagerly than ever. Had Nelly been left to fight the battle alone perhaps the gipsies would have won the day, but when Farmer Roberts and his stout cudgel

appeared they hastily took flight, and were never seen at the farm again.

In a few more days Nelly and Annie were sitting in the carrier's cart on their way home. Nelly was glad as she passed to show the wanderer to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and to beg pardon of kind Mrs. Martin, whom she had left so unceremoniously, and then at last they reached again the old city of Newcastle. The low alley of Pudding Chare seemed doubly dirty and miserable to them after the free life that they had led, but the joy of their parents when they re-appeared made up for all. Still when the first delight of meeting was past, they saw that everything was even more wretched than it used to be, though that had been bad enough. It was the close of December when they returned, and on the last night of the year it seemed as if Michael would never come home. The children had long gone to bed, but Mrs. Spry still sat over an expiring fire. Far on in the morning Michael came in, and not drunk as he generally was. "Wife," he said, "I'm in for it now."

"In for what?" she faintly asked.

"Most likely for a free passage across the Atlantic, or may be worse," he answered. As he spoke he drew from his pocket two keys, and whispered something to her.

"Don't do it, Michael," she cried, "never mind your word."

"But they will kill me, I tell you, if I leave them now, and I'd as soon they did it too, for I'm weary of such a life as this is," and he threw the keys down with an angry clank.

Nelly sprang from the bed and ran up to him, "Father, father," she cried, "don't say these dreadful words again. Let us leave these wicked people; let us leave this wicked town, and let us go to God's wide, beautiful country, and be happy."

He shook his head. "There is no room, no work for us there, child; go to bed and sleep, can't you."

But she wildly repeated, "Let us go away, father, mother; let us beg, let us do anything, only not these wicked things."

Her pleadings seemed to shake his resolution. "There's only one way," he said, "and that is to fly this moment. Jem and Simmons expect me to-morrow morning at three for our work, and if I am to get out of their hands, we must be all clear of this miserable town by that time."

"We will do it," said Mrs. Spry, "keep out of Jem's way to-day, Michael, and the children and me will come

to you on the wharf when it's night, and— And so it was settled, and Michael went to a strange New Year's Day that. Mrs. Spry sent the children out, but she went out herself with small bundles, and came in without. Neighbours whispered to each other, "trouble, but they asked no questions. They knew what it all meant, for there had been many a man flitting in Pudding Chare. So as soon as it came they called in all their children, and shut the doors, but first each left on the stairs some little gift for the poor woman and her child. It was very quiet very early, although it was a New Year's Day, but it was not until midnight that the children heard the door stealthily open, and listened to the footsteps that passed for the last time do."

A little after and a man much muffled on the wharf, and led them silently into a room that was just under weigh.

"Where are we going?" said Annie.

"To London now," whispered her father, "be still."

Would our readers like one other glance at the scene we close? Here it is,—

"There stands, some miles from Quayside, which is almost never still, and near it rather small farm-house, all the surrounding country speak of peace and plenty, and this is the home of Michael Spry.

Within Nelly was raising her poor bed-room while she supped her evening meal.

"Nelly, child," said the poor woman, sitting down, "what would I do without you? My answer was a fond embrace.

Michael had finished his supper, and sat in his arm-chair till Annie had brought and laid it on the table.

"Children," he said, "it is fifteen years since we left Newcastle. Nelly, let us raise you of praise."

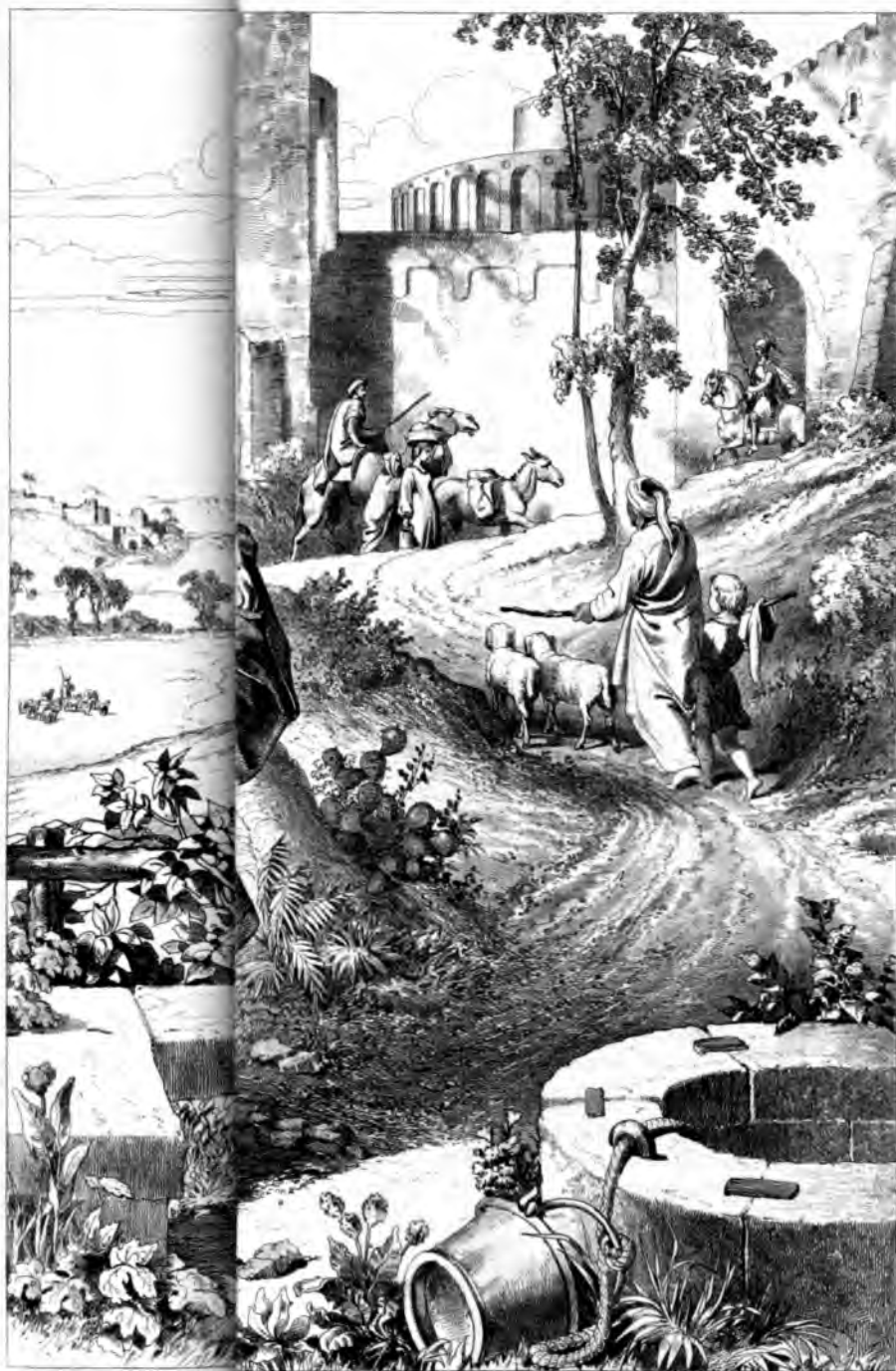
And Nelly read the 103d Psalm, after which said, "Let us pray," and the little household together at the throne of grace.

Nelly lingered for a moment, with her head on her father's neck, after she had said good night.

"Father," she said, "Annie once won't we had a home. We have got one now."

"Yes, my child," he answered solemnly, "each of us be seeking for a better one abo-







DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVYLYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

PART III.

Great Ormond Street.



HEY were all so kind to me when I left Hackney, I felt very sorry to go, and should have grieved more, had not the leave-taking been like a half-way house on the journey to my dear home.

Uncle Henderson gave me a purse with five new guineas in it, saying some people had found a fortune grow from no bigger beginning, and who knew but my guineas might expand into a "plum?" (a hundred thousand pounds). I do not very well see how, because I have spent the whole over ten times in my mind already; but I know it will bring me in pleasures as rich to me as anything Uncle Henderson could desire for me, if I can only tell which of the ten plans I have thought of is the best.

Aunt Henderson gave me a little book with a very long name, which she hoped would prove, at all events, more profitable reading than Bishop Taylor. Cousin Tom had relapsed into something of the shy, half-surly manner he had when first I came; and his great eyes were flashing, and his voice was very gruff. But just as I was getting into the hackney coach, he said abruptly, "Cousin Kitty, forgive me if I spoke roughly to you; you have been very good to me; and some day perhaps I will hear Mr. Wesley." Aunt Jeanie, to whom I paid a visit early in the morning, gave me nothing—at least nothing gold and silver can buy or pay for; but, like the apostles, such as she had she gave me abundantly. There were tears in her dear kind eyes, and she called me her poor lambie, and fell very deep into Scotch, and prayed

that the good Lord would keep me through all the perils of the wilderness; "for the world was a wilderness, no doubt, and temptation was strong. The Lord forgive her if it was like murmuring to say so, she had found so many pleasant places on her way; and all the way had been good to her; and every thorn needful; and the waste places as wholesome as the Elims; the water from the rock sweeter even than the fountains under the palms. And how can I dare be so ungrateful as to distrust my God for thee, my bairn?" she added. "If I am old and tough, and able to bear a prick now and then without shrinking, and thou art young and tender, and quick to feel, does not He who gathered the lambs in his bosom know that better than I?"

So we cried together a little while, and then she knelt down with me for the first time by her bedside, and poured out her heart for me in tender, pleading words, that melted all my heart as ice melts in the spring sunshine and rain.

What she said I cannot remember. It was not like words. It was like a heart poured out into a heart—a child-like, dependent human heart into the great, infinite, tender heart of God. But when she rose and kissed me, and bade me farewell, all my heart, which had been so touched and melted, seemed to have grown strong and buoyant. It seemed as if every burden became light, and every task easy, and every grief illuminated in the light and heat of that prayer.

When I reached Great Ormond Street, the butler said my lady was still in her chamber, but had directed that I should be shown up to her at

once. I thought this very affectionate of Aunt Beauchamp, and stepped very softly, as when Mother has a headache, expecting to enter a sick-chamber.

But, to my surprise, Aunt Beauchamp was sitting at her toilette, in a wrapper more magnificent than Aunt Henderson's Sunday silk. And the chamber was much more magnificent than the best parlour at Hackney, with a carpet soft as velvet, and all kinds of china monsters, on gilded brackets, and rich damask chairs and cushions; not stiffly set up, like Aunt Henderson's, as if it was the business of life to keep them in order, but thrown lavishly about, as if by accident, like the mere overflow of some fairy horn of plenty. Two very elaborately dressed gentlemen were sitting opposite her; what seemed to me a beautifully dressed lady was arranging her hair in countless small curls; while a shapeless white poodle was curled up in her lap; and a black page was standing in the background, feeding a chattering parrot.

It startled me very much; but Aunt Beauchamp, after surveying me rather critically as I made a profound courtesy, held out two fingers for me to kiss, and patting me on the cheek, said, "As rosy as ever, Kitty; the roses in your cheeks must make up for the russet in your gown.—A little country cousin of mine," she said, introducing me in a kind of parenthetical way to the gentlemen in laced coats.

One of the gentlemen looked at me through an eye-glass, as if I had been a long way off, which made me indignant, and took away my shyness. The other, in a sky-blue coat, who seemed to me rather old, rose, and with an elaborate bow offered me a chair, and hoped it would be long before I withdrew the light of my presence again from the town. "The planets," he observed, looking at Aunt Beauchamp, "naturally gathered around the sun."

Aunt Beauchamp gave a little girlish laugh, tapped him lightly with her fan, called him a "mad fellow," and bade me go and seek my Cousin Evelyn.

It seemed to me very strange to see these elderly people amusing themselves in this way, like old-fashioned children. Aunt Beauchamp is much older than Mother. I should think she

must be five-and-forty. And the old gentleman's face looked so sharp and wrinkled under his flax wig. And I could not help noticing how close he kept his lips together when he smiled, as if I did not wish to show his teeth. He must be more than fifty.

I felt so sorry Aunt Beauchamp let her maids put those cherry-coloured ribands in her hair. They made her face look so much older and more lined. And it is a dear, kind old face, too. She looked almost like Father when she patted my cheek. Father says she was very beautiful when she was young. I suppose it must be so to give up being beautiful. Yet it seems to me every age has its own beauty. White hairs are as beautiful at seventy as golden locks at twenty. It is only by trying to prolong the beauty of one stage into another that the beauty of both is lost.

I hope I shall know when I am five-and-forty and not go on forgetting I am growing old, while every one else sees it.

I am resolved that on all my birthdays I will say to myself, "Now, Kitty, remember you are eighteen, nineteen, twenty." And in that way I think old age cannot take me by surprise.

I found Cousin Evelyn in dishabille, not elaborate, but real, in her room, one hand holding a novel which she was reading, the other stroking the head of a great stag-hound which stood with his paws on her knee, while her maid was smoothing out her beautiful long hair.

Her greeting was not very cordial; it was kind, but her large penetrating eyes kept investigating me as they had on our journey from Bath. Having finished her toilette and dismissed her maid, she said, "What made you stay so long at Hackney? Did you not find it very dull?"

It had never occurred to me whether it was dull or not, and I had to question myself before I could answer.

"You need not be afraid to tell me what you think," she said. "Mamma thinks Aunt Henderson a self-satisfied Pharisee; and Aunt Henderson thinks us all publicans and sinners; so there is not much communication between the families. Besides, I suppose you know that the distance between America and England is nothing."

tween the east and the west of London ; we wished it ever so much, it would be able for us to meet often."

not afraid to tell you anything, Cousin I said ; "but I never thought very t was dull. It was of no use. I had re ; and although, of course, it could e home, they were all very kind to me, Cousin Tom and Aunt Jeanie."

now you *have to be here*," she replied ; suppose you will not think whether it is ot, but still go on enduring your fate rtyr."

not a martyr," I said ; "but you know ossible to feel anywhere quite as one home." And I had some difficulty in back the tears, her manner seemed to rupt and unjust.

suddenly her tone changed. She rose, g herself on a footstool at my feet, took r hands in both of hers, and said, "You mind me. I think I shall like you. lways say what I like. I am only a 1 see," she added, with a little curl of "Mamma will never be more than herefore, of course, I can never be more

not help colouring, to hear her speak mother ; and yet I could not tell how ict her.

ways saw in a moment what one does and she turned the subject, saying very Tell me about your home. I should ar about it. You seem so fond of it." t it seemed as if there were nothing to ry one and everything at home are natu-bound up with my very heart, that to t seemed like taking up a bit of myself ng at it.

velyn drew me on, from one thing to until it seemed as if, having once begun, ever finish. She listened like a child to iry tale, leaning her face on her hands, g on me with her questioning eyes quite ly saying when I paused, "Go on—then ?"

I spoke of Mother, a tender, wistful look r her face, and for the first time I saw tiful and soft her eyes were. That ex-

pression, however, quickly passed, and when at length I came to a long pause, she said, smiling, "I am glad your Trusty is a genuine, uncompromising old sheep-dog. I hate poodles," and then she added in her old dry tone : "It is as good as a pastoral, and as amusing as a novel. When we go back to Beauchamp Manor, I will ask papa to build me a model dairy, and will commence an Arcadian life. It would be charming."

"But," I said, bewildered at her seeming to think of me and Mother and Betty as if we were people in a poem, "your dairy would be mere play ; and I cannot see any amusement in that, except for children. It is the thought that I *ought* to do the things—that the comfort of those about me depends on my doing them—that makes me so happy in them."

"The thought that you *ought* !" she said ;—"that is a word no one understands here. We do what we *like*, and what we *must*. If I thought I ought to go to the opera or to Vauxhall, I should dislike it as much as going to church."

"As going to church !" I said.

"Yes," she replied. "I mean at Beauchamp Manor, where Dr. Humden reads long sermons some dead bishop wrote centuries ago, in a voice which sounds as dead and stony as if it came from the effigies of all the Beauchamps which preside over the Church. In town it is different. The archdeacon never preaches half an hour, and that in the softest voice and in the most elegant language—very little duller than the dullest papers of the *Spectator* or the *Tatler*. And then, one sees every one ; and the performances of the congregation are as good as a play."

Evelyn next gave herself, with real interest, to the inspection of my wardrobe.

It seemed almost like sacrilege to see the things which had cost Mother so much thought and pains treated with the imperfectly concealed contempt, which curled my cousin's lips as she unfolded one carefully packed article after another. My best Sunday bonnet brought a very comical twist into her face ; but the worst of all was when I unpinned my very best new dress, which had been constructed with infinite contrivance out of Mother's wedding-dress. Evelyn's polite self-restraint gave way, and she laughed. It was very seldom she gave any token of being

amused, beyond a dry, comical smile; and now her rare, ringing laugh, seemed to discompose Dragon, the stag-hound, as much as it did me. He seemed to feel he was being laughed at—a disrespect no dog can ever endure—and came forward and rubbed his nose reproachfully under my cousin's hand, with a little deprecatory moan, as she held up the dress.

She gave him a parenthetical pat, and then looking up in my face, I suppose saw the foolish tears that would gather in my eyes.

"You and Dragon seem aggrieved," she said. "I am afraid I have touched on sacred ground, Cousin Kitty. You seem very fond of your things."

"It is not the things," I said; "but Mother and all of us thought they were so nice; and Miss Pawsey from Truro does go to London once in every three or four years; and, besides, she has a Book of Fashions, with coloured illustrations."

I could not tell her it was Mother's wedding dress. Rich people, who can buy everything they want immediately they want it, at any shop, and throw it aside when they are tired, can have no idea of the little loving sacrifices, the tender planings, the self-denials, the willing toils, the tearful pleasures, that are interwoven into the household possessions of the poor. To Evelyn my wardrobe was a bad copy of the fashions;—to me every bit of it was a bit of *home*, sacred with Mother's thoughts, contriving for me night and day, with the touch of her busy fingers working for me, with the quiet delight in her eyes as she surveyed me at last arrayed in them, and smoothed down the folds with her delicate neat hands, and then contemplated me from a distance with a combination of the satisfaction of a mother in her child and an artist in his finished work. I could not say all this with a steady voice, so I fell back on the defence of Miss Pawsey; but she only laughed, and said—

"Do you not know that three years old is worse than three centuries? It is all the difference between antiquated and antique. You would look a great deal more modern in a ruff and fardingale of one of our great-great-grandmothers in Queen Elizabeth's days. Indeed, I have no doubt, if I could see Aunt Trevelyman at this moment, I

should think her quite in fashion compared to those exactly out-of-date productions of the mouth oracle. We must send for my r

"But Mother thought it so nice, Cousin," I said at length; "I could not bear what she took such pains with pulled t

She looked up at me again with the full look in her eyes, folded the precious together as reverently as I could have laying it in the trunk, said very gently.

"Do not think any more about it, Cousin. I will manage it all."

I have been to the opera and to church, cannot wonder so much at Cousin Evelyn comparing the two.

The gloom of the Hackney Sunday cheerfulness itself compared to the dreary day glare of these. At the opera the air as beautiful as songs in the woods on a morning: it was composed by a young gentleman—Mr. Handel. It was very different from the people attended so little. A champion had quite a little court of middle-aged gentlemen, to whom she dispensed smiles, or frowns, which seemed in themselves welcome, pretty severities with her laughing rebukes; and whenever I looked between the acts, the same small entertainments seemed going on in the boxes around me, the music went on I could see and hear else.

Evelyn laughed at me when we returned. Actually she was so unsophisticated, she said to the opera to enjoy the music.

"What can any one go for else?" "It is not a duty."

"For the same reason we go to church where else," she replied,—“to meet our friends, to play over our play, or see them. I could have told you of three separate entertainments going on in the boxes nearest us, one of which is likely to rise into tragedy.—the music then?”

"It was as beautiful as a dream," I said. "I wished sometimes it was a dream."

"Why?"

"I felt sorry for that modest, gentle young woman having to talk so much

I think she could hardly have felt it bring right and wrong into everything. I do not think of the actors as men and not as merely machines."

rich it seemed to me very much the same. Beauchamp encountered many of her little distributed her nods and smiles and catenary glances, as at the play.

the Psalms people made profound courtship to their neighbours in the next pews; and at the Litany there was a general fluttering of application of smelling-bottles, as if the congregation of ourselves miserable sinners were too much for the nerves of the congregation. But it occurred to me that I was as careless as if I should have known nothing of what was going on of the congregation were about; and it was an effort to confess it in the words of the psalm. Afterwards I stood up, and was beginning to sing with all my heart in the psalm, when a lady tapped me lightly, and said, "No one is to sing; the professional choir." Then I saw that several people were looking at me with contempt, and I felt ashamed of my own conduct. I then felt ashamed of being ashamed.

The sermon was on the impropriety of being too much over much; and every one said, as they exchanged greetings in the porch that it was the most elegant and able discourse. It was one of the Methodist fanatics could not do. Afterwards many important arrangements were made as to card-parties and balls for the week, or for Sunday evening itself.

On my way home Aunt Beauchamp said to her dear child, you really must not say the same so emphatically, especially those about the miserable sinners. People will think you have done something really very wrong, in being a sinner in a general way, as, of course, we all must expect to be."

It was this thing that made me feel strange in Aunt Henderson's church is its looking so different from the church at home. I cannot help liking the stone pillars and the arched roof, and the work of the high windows, with bits of glass still left in them, better than this rich, with its carpeted passages, and

cushioned galleries, and painted wooden pillars, and flat ceiling. The music, and even the common speech in response and prayers, seem in some way mellowed and made sacred as they echo and wind among the old arches and up the roof, which seems more like the sky.

But Cousin Evelyn says my taste would be deemed perfectly monstrous—that these old country churches are remnants of the dark ages, quite Gothic and barbarous, and that in time, it is hoped, they will be replaced throughout England by buildings in the Greek and Roman style, or by that classic adaptation of both which is so elaborately developed in the ornamental pulpit and sounding-board of the church we attended.

And then Aunt Beauchamp says some of the wood-work is of that costly, new, fashionable wood called mahogany, so that it admits of no comparison with the rough attempts of less civilized ages.

I wonder if there are fashions in architecture as well as in dress—only counting their dates by centuries instead of by years. It would be strange if these old churches should ever be admired again, like the costumes of Queen Elizabeth's time, and these new buildings be ridiculed as antiquated, like Miss Pawsey's fashions!

I should be glad if this happened! The poor old Gothic builders seem to have delighted in their work, and taken such pains about it, as if they were guided by thoughts about right and wrong in what they did, by love and duty, instead of just by fashion and taste.

There seems such a heavy weight of emptiness about the life here. The rigidity of Aunt Henderson's laws seems to me liberty compared with the endless drifting of this life without laws. In the morning the toilette, with the levee of visitors, the eager discussions about the colour of head-dresses and the shape of hoops. In the evening a number of beautifully dressed people, paying elaborate compliments to their present acquaintances, or elaborately dissecting the characters of their absent acquaintances—the only groups really in earnest being apparently those around the card-tables, who not unfrequently fall into something very like quarrelling.

This kind of living by the day surely cannot

be the right kind—this filling up of every day with trifles, from brim to brim, as if every day were a separate life, and every trifle a momentous question.

When our Saviour told us to live by the day, he meant, I think, a day encompassed by Eternity—a day whose yesterday had gone up to God, to add its little record to the long forgotten history of the past, whose to-morrow may take us up to God ourselves. We are to live by the day, not as butterflies, which are creatures of a day, but as mortal yet immortal beings belonging to eternity, whose mortal life may end to-night, whose longest life is but an ephemeral fragment of our immortality.

Evelyn seems very much aloof from the world about her. In society sometimes she becomes animated, and flashes brilliant sayings on all sides. But her wit is mostly satirical; the point is too often in the sting. She is evidently felt as a power in her circle; and her power arises in a great measure from her absence of ordinary vanity. She does not care for the opinion of those around her; and whilst those around her are in bondage to one another for a morsel of praise or admiration, she sits apart on a tribunal of her own making, and dispenses her judgments.

At present, I believe, she has passed sentence on me as pharisaical, because of something I said of the new oratorio of the Messiah. At first it seemed to me more heavenly than anything I had ever heard; but when they came to those words about our Lord's sorrows, "He was despised and rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and around us there was, not a hush of shame and penitence, but a little buzz of applause, suppressed whispers, such as "Charming!"—"What tone!"—"No one else can sustain that note in such a way!"—and at the close the audience loudly clapped the singer, and she responded with a deep theatrical courtesy—I thought of "*When I survey the wondrous Cross*," wished myself in Dr. Watts' chapel, and felt I would rather have listened to any poor nasal droning which was worship, than to such mockery. I could not help crying.

When we were in the house again, Evelyn said—

"You enjoyed that music, Kitty."

"No, Cousin Evelyn," I said; "I would rather have been at the opera, a hundred times and far rather in Aunt Henderson's chapel at Hackney."

"Your taste is original, at all events," she replied drily.

"To think," I said, "of their setting the great shame and agony of our Saviour to music for an evening's entertainment, and applauding it like a play! One might as well make a play about the death-bed of a mother. For it is true, it is true He did suffer all that for us."

She looked at me earnestly for a few moments and then she said coldly—

"How do you know, Cousin Kitty, that other people were not feeling it as much as you? What right have we to set down every one as profane and heartless just because the tears do not come at every moment to the surface. The Bible says 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged;' and tells us not to be in such a hurry to take the motes out of other people's eyes."

I was quite silenced. It is so difficult to think of the right thing to say at the moment. Afterwards I thought of a hundred answers, for I did not mean to judge any one unkindly. I only spoke of my own feelings. But Evelyn has retired into her shell, and evades all attempts to resume the subject.

This morning at breakfast Cousin Harry (to whom we see very little) spoke, quite as an ordinary occurrence, of a duel, in which some one had been killed, in consequence of a quarrel about a lady; and of another little affair of the same kind ending in the flight of a lady of rank to the Continent.

I asked Evelyn afterwards what it meant.

"Only that some one ran away with some one else's wife, and the person to whom the wife belonged did not like it, and so there was a duel and the husband was killed."

"But," I said, "that is a dreadful sin. Those are things spoken of in the Ten Commandments."

"Sin," she replied, "my scriptural cousin, is a word not in use in polite circles, except on Sunday, as a quotation from the Prayer Book. We never introduce that kind of phraseology on week-days."

these terrible things happen often, then?"

"every day," she replied drily. "The thing you will be thinking is, that you hted on a den of thieves. A great many nly play with imitations of hearts in ice. ance, mamma's little amusements are as to herself and all concerned as the inno- mbols of a kitten. The only danger in id of diversion," she added bitterly, "is, ometimes ends in the real heart and the being scarcely distinguishable from each

easy and polished world around me no seems to me empty and trifling, but ter- these icicles of pleasure are, then, only the g crust over an abyss of passion, and nd sin.

is excitement and interest enough, cer- watching this drama, if one knows any- what is underneath,—the same kind ment as in watching that dreadful rope- Cousin Harry took us to see at Vauxhall. ple are dancing at the risk of life, and n life. The least loss of head or heart, glancing aside of one of these graceful d the performers fall into depths one to think of.

ble when I think of it. Dull and hard religion seemed to me at Aunt Hender- is safety and purity compared with this cruel levity, this dancing on the ice, which your neighbours are sinking and g in agony.

on is worth something as a safeguard, n it has ceased to be life and joy.

weet hawthorn which makes the air fra- spring is still something in winter, it be only as a prickly prohibitory

ees, which were a home of happy singing d a treasure of shade and refreshment in are still a shelter even when their leafless toss and crackle in the fierce winds of r. That is, as long as there is any life orns, or the trees, or the religion.

were death instead of only winter that trees leafless, they would soon cease to

be a shelter as they have before ceased to be a delight.

Yesterday I had a letter brought me by Evelyn's maid, written on perfumed coloured paper.

In it the writer ventured to call me in poetry a goddess, and a star, and a peerless rose. If there had been only that, I should have felt nothing but indignation; for I do believe I have done nothing to deserve such nonsense being said to me.

But at the end there is some prose, in which the writer says he has really formed a devoted attachment to me, and he seems to want me to marry him at once, for he talks of lawyers and settlements. Cousin Evelyn came in as I was sitting perplexing myself what I ought to do. She laughed at my distress, and told me she could show me a drawer full of such compositions.

"It is so trying to have to make any one really unhappy," I said; "and you see he says in the prose that life will be a blank to him if I cannot give him the answer he wishes."

"Indeed you need not mind," she said. "I myself have broken a score of hearts in the same way, and I assure you no one would know it; they do as well without their hearts. They are like the poor gentleman, whom Danté discovered, to his surprise, in the Inferno while he was supposed to be still alive. A devil was walking about in his body while his soul was in torments; and the devil and the soul were so much alike that no one had suspected the change."

"I had never anything of the kind to do before," I said, "and I am sorry. The prose really looks as if he would care, and I want to write gently but very firmly. I wish I could see Mother." But then I thought how Mother had always told me of the one refuge in every difficulty, and I said softly, hardly knowing I said it aloud, "But if I pray, God will help me to do what is right."

"Pray about a love-letter!" exclaimed my cousin, looking nearly as much shocked as I had felt at her calling the church as good as the play. "Pray about a love-letter, Cousin Kitty! You surely would not do anything so profane."

"Surely I may pray God to help me to do right," I said, "about everything. Nothing in

which there seems a question of right and wrong can be out of His care."

Evelyn looked at me once more with her wistful soft look, and said very gravely,—

"Kitty, I believe you really do believe in God."

"You do not think that any wonder," I said.

"I do," she said solemnly. "I have been watching you all this time, and I am sure you really do believe in God; and I think you love him. I have never met with any one who did since my old nurse died."

"Never met with any religious person!" I said.

"I did not say that," she replied. "I have met with plenty of religious persons. Uncle and Aunt Henderson, and several ladies who almost shed tears over their cards, while talking of Mr. Whitefield's 'heavenly sermons,' at Lady Huntingdon's—numbers of people who would no more give balls in Lent than Aunt Henderson would go to church. I have met all kinds of people who have religious seasons, and religious places, and religious dislikes, who would religiously pull their neighbours to pieces, and thank God they are not as other men. At the oratorio I thought you were going to turn out just a Pharisee like the rest; but I was wrong. Except you and my old nurse, I never met with any one who believed, not in religion, but in God; not now and then, but always. And I wish I were like either of you."

"Oh, Cousin Evelyn," I said, "you must not judge people so severely. How can we know what is really in other people's hearts? How can we know what humility and love there are in the hearts of those you call Pharisees; how they weep in secret over the infirmities you despise; how much they have to overcome; how, perhaps, the severity you dislike is only the irritation of a heart struggling with its own temptations and not quite succeeding? How do you know that they may not be praying for you even while you are laughing at them?"

"I do not want them to pray for me," she replied fiercely. "I know exactly how they would pray. They would tell God I was in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity; they would thank him for having, by his distinguishing mercy, made them to differ; and then they would express a hope that I might be made to see the error of my ways. I know they would, for I heard two religious ladies once talking together about me.

One asked if I was a believer; and the other, who had expressed great interest in me and sought my confidence, said she 'was not without hope' of me, for I had expressed great disgust at the world. She had even told Lady Huntingdon that thought I might be won to the truth.' The woman had actually worked herself into my confidence by pretended sympathy, just to gossip about me at the religious tea-parties."

I endeavoured to say a word in defence, but she exclaimed,—“Cousin Kitty, if I thought your religion would make you commit a treachery like that, I would not say a word to you. But you have never tried to penetrate into my confidence nor have you betrayed any one else's. I feel I can trust you. I feel if you say you care for me you mean it; and you love me as *me myself*,—not like a doctor, as a kind of interesting religious case. Now,” she continued, in a gentle tone, “I am not at all happy, and I believe if I loved God as you do I should be. That may seem to you a very poor reason for wishing to be good but it does seem as if God meant us to be happy and I have been trying, but I don't get on. Indeed I feel as if I got worse. I have tried to confess my faults to God. I used to think that must be easy, but the more I try the harder it is. It seems as if one never could get to the bottom of what one has to confess. At the bottom of the *faults*, censoriousness, idleness, hastiness, I come to *sins*, pride, selfishness. It is not the things only that are wrong, it is *I* that am wrong,—I myself,—and what can alter me. I may change my words or my actions, but who is to change *me*? Sometimes I feel a longing to fall into a long sleep and wake up somebody else quite new.”

It occurred to me that the thought of conversion, which to Cousin Tom had, in the wrong place, become like a barrier between him and God, would to Evelyn be the very thing she longed for. And I said, “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.” It is *we* that must be converted, changed, and not merely, as you say, our actions,—turned quite round from sin and darkness to God and light.”

She caught at the words “*as little children*.” She said, “Cousin Kitty, that is just

the thing I should like,—that would be like waking up quite new. But how can that be?"

"It seems to me," I said, "that it must be like the blind man, who, believing our Lord's words, and looking up to him sightless, saw. Looking to Him must be turning to him, and turning to him must be conversion."

Then we agreed that we both had much to learn, and that we would read the Bible together.

Since then we have read the Bible very often together, Evelyn and I. But her anxiety and uneasiness seem to increase. She says the Bible is so full of God, not only as a King whose audience must be attended on Sundays, or a Judge at a distance recording our sins to weigh them at the last day, but as a Father near us always, having a right to our tenderest love as well as our deepest reverence.

"And I," she says, "am far from loving him best—have scarcely all my life done anything, or given up anything, to please him."

I comforted her as well as I could. I told her she must not think so much of her loving God as of His loving her,—loving us on through all our ingratitude and foolishness. We read together of the Cross—of Him who bore our sins there in His own body, and bore them away.

I cannot but think this is the true balm for my cousin's distress; it always restores and cheers me—and yet she is not comforted.

It seems to me sometimes as if while I were trying to pour in consolation, a mightier hand than mine gently put aside the balm, and made the very gracious words I repeated a knife to probe deeper and deeper into the wound.

And then I can only wait, and wonder, and pray. It does seem as if God were working in her heart. She is so much gentler, and more subdued. And the Bible says not only joy and peace, but gentleness, is a fruit of the Holy Spirit.

I often wish Evelyn were only as free as the old woman who sells oranges at Aunt Beauchamp's door, or the little boy who sweeps the crossings; for they may go where they like and hear the Methodist preachers in Moorfields or in the Foundry Chapel. And I feel as if Mr. Wesley or Mr. Whitefield could help my cousin as I cannot. If she could only hear those mighty,

melting words of conviction and consolation I saw bringing tears down the colliers' faces, or holding the crowd at Moorfields in awe-stricken, breathless attention.

My wish is accomplished. We are to go and hear Mr. Whitefield speak at Lady Huntingdon's house in Park Street. It came about in this way:—

A lady who is reported to have lately become very religious called one morning, and after some general conversation began to speak of Mr. Whitefield's addresses in Lady Huntingdon's house. She strongly urged my aunt and cousin to go, saying, by way of inducement, that it was quite a select assembly—no people one would not like to meet were invited, or, at all events, if such people came, one was in no way mixed up with them. "And he is such a wonderful orator," she said; "no common-place fanatic, I assure you, Evelyn. His discourses are quite such as you would admire, quite suited to people of the highest intellectual powers. My Lord Bolingbroke was quite fascinated, and my Lord Chesterfield himself said to Mr. Whitefield (in his elegant way), 'He would not say to him what he would say to every one else, how much he approved him.'"

"I did not know that Lord Chesterfield and Lord Bolingbroke were considered good judges of a sermon," said Evelyn drily.

"Of the doctrine—well, that is another thing," said the religious lady; "but of the oratory and the taste. Garrick, the great actor, says that his tones have such power that he can make his hearers weep and tremble merely by varying his pronunciation of the word Mesopotamia; and many clever men, not at all religious, say they would as soon hear him as the best play."

"I have heard many services which seemed to me like plays," said Evelyn, very mischievously; "and I do not see that it can do any one's soul any good to be made to weep at the word Mesopotamia."

"Oh, if we speak of doing real good to the soul," rejoined the visitor—"that is what I mean;" and in a tone of real earnest feeling she added, "I never heard any one speak of the soul, and of Christ, and of salvation like Mr. Whitefield. While he is preaching I can never think of any-

thing but the great things he is speaking of. It is only afterwards one remembers his oratory and his voice."

And it was agreed that we should go to Lady Huntingdon's house the next time Mr. Whitefield was to preach.

"How strange it is," Evelyn said to me when the lady had left, "what things religious people think will influence us who are still 'in the world!' What inducement would it be to me to go and hear a preacher, if Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Chesterfield, or all the clever and sceptical and dissipated noblemen in England liked him, and were no better for it? They try to tempt us to hear what is good, by saying the congregation is fashionable, or that clever people are captivated, or that the preacher is a genius, or an orator, or a man of the world, when I do think the most worldly people care more for the religion in a sermon than for anything else, and would be more attracted if they would say, 'We want you to hear that preacher, because he speaks of sin, and of Christ, and of the forgiveness of sins in a way no one else does.' I wonder," she concluded, after a pause, with a little smile, "if I ever should become really religious, if I shall do the same; if I shall one day be saying to Harry, 'You must hear this or that preacher; for he is a better judge of a horse than any jockey you know.'"

We have heard Mr. Whitefield.

And what can I remember?

Just a man striving with his whole heart and soul to win lost souls out of a perishing, sorrowful world to Christ, and holiness, and joy.

Just the conviction poured in on the heart by an overwhelming torrent of pleading, warning, tender, fervent eloquence, that Christ Jesus the Lord cares more infinitely to win and save lost wandering souls than man himself—that where the preacher weeps and entreats, the Saviour died and saved.

Yes, it is done. The work of salvation is done. "It is finished."

I never understood that in the same way before.

It is not only that the Lord Jesus loves us, yearns over us, entreats us not to perish. He has saved us. He has actually taken our sins

and blotted them out, washed them out of sight, white, whiter than snow, in his own blood.

It is not only that he pities. He saves. He has died. He has redeemed. The hands stretched out to save are those that paid the terrible ransom. He did not begin to pity us when we began to turn to him. "When we were without strength, he died for us, ungodly."

"God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

"For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

I never understood this in this way before; and yet there it is, and always has been, as clear as daylight, in page after page of the Bible.

All the way home Evelyn said nothing. Aunt Beauchamp was the only one who spoke; and she said it was very affecting, certainly; but she did not see there was anything so very original. It was all in the Prayer-Book and in the Bible.

And then, after a pause, she added, in rather a self-contradictory way, "But if we are to be what Mr. Whitefield would have us, we might as well all go into convents at once. He really speaks as if people were to do nothing but be religious. He forgets that some of us have other duties."

Then she took refuge in her vinaigrette, and said in a very languid voice, "My darling Evelyn, you look quite pale. Much more excitement of this kind would make us both quite ill. The man is so terribly vehement, he makes one feel as if one were in peril of life and death. Such preaching may do for people without nerves, but it would soon kill me. I am only too glad I escaped without an attack of hysterics. And," she continued, "I was told that a few days since Lady Suffolk was there by invitation. I really wonder a person of Lady Huntingdon's character should invite such people to her house. My dear," concluded my aunt, "I do not think the thing is respectable, and I wonder Lady Mary proposed our attending such an assembly. Indeed I wonder at myself for consenting to go. It is not at all a kind of place for sound church people to be seen at. I would not have the archdeacon know it on any account; and I am

sure Dr. Humden would think I had been out of my senses."

And soothed with so many restoratives, ecclesiastical, social, and medical, Aunt Beauchamp relapsed into her usual state of languor and self-contentment.

But Evelyn said nothing. Only when I ventured some hours afterwards to knock at her bedroom door, she opened and closed it in silence, and then taking both my hands, said, in a soft trembling voice, "Cousin Kitty, I am very full of sin! I really think I am worse than any one, because, being myself so wrong, I have so despised every one around me. I have been a Pharisee and a publican all in one."

And then she burst into tears, and buried her face in her hands. But in a few minutes she looked up again with a face beaming with a soft, childlike, lowly peace, and she said, "But Cousin Kitty, I am happier than I ever thought any one could be. For I do believe our Lord Jesus Christ died for my sins, and has really washed them away. And I do feel sure God loves me, even me; and I think he really will by degrees make me good—I mean humble, and loving, and kind. I do feel so *at home*, Cousin Kitty," she added. "I feel as I had come back to the very heart of my Father—and oh, he loves me so tenderly, so infinitely, and has been loving me so long. Yes, at home, and at rest," she sobbed; "at home *everywhere*, and for ever, and *for ever*."

The next morning Evelyn came to me early, pale, but with a great calm on her frank expressive face. "Kitty," she said, "I have had a strange night. I could not sleep at all. It seemed as if the sins of all my past life came up before me unbidden, as they say the whole past sometimes comes vividly back to a drowning man. I saw the good I had left undone, the evil I have said and done, and the pride and selfishness at the bottom of all. And almost more than anything, I felt how unkind, and even unjust, I had been to mamma; how ungenerous in not veiling any of her little infirmities; for I know she loves papa and Harry and me really better than all else in the world. I felt I must come with the first light and confess this to you. For one night came back to me, Kitty, years and years ago, when I was a little child. Harry and I had the scarlet

fever, and I saw before me, as if it were yesterday, my mother's pale tender face, as she moved from one little bed to the other. I remember thinking how beautiful and dear she was as she sat by the nursery fire, and the flickering light fell on her face and her dark hair, and how she started at any movement or moan I or Harry made, and came so softly to the bedside, and bent over me with such anxious love in her eyes, and said tender little soothing words, and smoothed the pillow, or kissed my forehead with the soft kiss which was better than any cooling draught. Since then, indeed, we have been much away from her, and left to governesses and tutors; but Kitty, think what a blessing it is to recall all that early affection now, instead of by-and-by, when it would be too late to say a loving word, or do a thing to please her in return! *Now* I can bear to think of this, and of all my coldness and impatience, with the thought of the Cross and of God's forgiving love, and with the hope of the days to come. But only think what it would have been to have seen it all *too late*."

It seems as if, in coming back to God, Evelyn had come back to all that is tender and true in natural human love.

I suppose this is conversion. The joy of such a waking must be very great. But it is joy enough to *be awake*, however little we know when and how we awoke,—awake in the light of our Heavenly Father's love, to do the day's work he gives us.

To-day she smiled and said to me,—

"I think I should not mind now their talking over my case at Lady Betty's tea-parties. I had rather not, but if there was kindness at the bottom of it, I need not mind much. But Kitty," she continued, "I do think still it is not possible to talk truly and much of our deepest feelings of any kind. I think it is a waste of power which we want for action."

"We certainly need never sit down to talk of our own feelings," I said. "There are moments when they will come out. And there is so much in the Bible to speak of without talking about ourselves."

"Yes," she said; "I think setting ourselves to talk religion is weakening. Think of Harry and me

having a meeting to discuss which of us loved our parents best, or whether we loved them better yesterday or to-day! Yet there are sacred times when we *must* speak of those we love."

Aunt Beauchamp is rather puzzled at the change in Evelyn. Evelyn has tried to explain it to her. But she says she cannot at all understand it. "*Every one* believed in Christianity except a few sceptics, like Lord Bolingbroke. *Of course*, the work of our redemption was 'finished.' It was finished more than seventeen hundred years since. Mr. Humden preached about it, always, at least, on Good Friday. And why Evelyn should be so particularly anxious about having her sins forgiven, she could not conceive; she had always been charming, if at times a little *espiègle*. But if she was happy, no one could object."

There is nothing striking in this change in Evelyn, but it is pervading,—a gentleness in all she says and does; which, with the natural truthfulness and power of her character, are very winning. And this I notice especially with regard to her mother, a deference and tenderness, which, with no peculiar demonstrations of affection, evidently touch Aunt Beauchamp more than she knows. She begins even to venture to consult Evelyn about her wardrobe.

Evelyn does not ask to go again to hear Mr. Whitefield. But she has asked to go with me to see my poor old Methodist orange woman, who has disappeared from our door-steps, and now lies contentedly on her poor bed, coughing and suffering, waiting the Lord's time, which she says, is sure to be exactly right. The dear old soul gets us to read to her chapters from her old Bible and hymns, from Mr. Wesley's new hymn-book; and repeats to us bits from Mr. Wesley's sermons. And perhaps, although sometimes the grammar is very confused and the theology not very clear, the strength of God made perfect in the weakness of a dying-bed may help us both as much as the mighty power of Mr. Whitefield's eloquence.

To-day Hugh Spencer called on his way from Cornwall to Oxford.

At first he called me Mrs. Kitty and was very ceremonious. But I could scarcely help crying,

I was so glad. It was like a little bit of home. But he did not bring a very good account of Mother, and that made me cry in earnest when he saw that he dropped naturally into his manner,—always so kind and like truth itself.

When he was gone, Evelyn asked me how I was, and why I had not said more about "He looks," she said, "a man one could love."

But why should I? He is only like ourselves.

I am so glad and thankful. Aunt Beauchamp is going again to Bath for the waters. And Mr. Bath, father or Jack is to fetch me home.

I am so happy, I can scarcely help sinning every day. I hope it is not ungrateful. They have been so very kind to me in London.

And even Aunt Beauchamp's very kind maid, of whom at first I stood in some awe, seemed quite sorry when she heard I was going, and fell from the highest refinement of English into her native Devonshire dialect, when I bade her leave of me, to go and prepare the house for my return, and wished me every blessing with tears in her eyes.

Yet I have done nothing for her, except to be very sorry for her, and trying to comfort her every day when she was crying because her only son had got drunk and gone and taken the king's shilling, and listed for the wars, and left her with her mother alone.

To-day Evelyn went with me to wish good-bye to Aunt Henderson. Aunt Henderson was very kind in her hortatory way. She told me how much she heard with thankfulness that Evelyn had become serious. But she advised her not to run into extremes. Young people brought out of the world were very apt to run into the other extreme of fanaticism. She hoped Evelyn, if indeed sincere, would keep the golden mean. It had always been her endeavour to do so, and she had found it the wisest plan.

Cousin Tom was more shy and awkward than ever. He said, when I asked him, that he had attended Mr. Wesley's preaching two or three times, but it was like daggers to him. He was not telling everything to his father and mother, and he did not see how any human being could. He was even after evening at home a distrustful, and even a querulous, the subject of indirect lectures, was

than he could bear. If he confessed, he must run away the next morning.

I told him I was sure he had no idea of the true love there was in his mother's heart—if he would only try it.

"Very little more idea, Tom," I said, "than you have of the love God has for you—if you would only try that!"

A gleam of light flashed for a moment from under the shaggy eyebrows, and he glanced up at me. But then the old desponding downcast look came back. Aunt Henderson and Evelyn joined us, and he said no more.

Aunt Jeanie seemed to me feebler than when I saw her last; but her dear old face lighted up as she talked to us.

And as we were going away, she rose and held our hands in each of hers, and said, in a tender, trembling voice,—

"The world is no easy place for bairns like you to find their way through. And there's no safe road through it that I know, from first to last, but just the foot-prints of the Lord himself. But you must not look to see even these in any long track before you. You'll mostly find nothing

plain but the next step. But your hearts need not sink for that. A Saviour's hand to guide you is better than a map. It *upholds while it guides*. I have found that the times when I was longing for the map were just those when I was losing hold of the hand; and then more than once the thorns, piercing my feet, drove me back to the foot-prints and the hand I should never have forsaken. But you need not be afraid even of the thorns," she added, her whole face lighting up with confidence and joy; "the feet in whose prints we tread were pierced for us with worse than thorns. And the hand that guides and upholds is a hand well able to bind up any wounds. It has bound up what none else could—the broken heart."

Then, as once or twice before, she seemed to forget the thought of our presence in the presence of God. Her whole spirit seemed to rise in prayer.

Evelyn and I said little as we went home together. But it was not because our hearts were closed to each other. They seemed not only too full, but too near to need the intervention of words.

E. C.

The Biblical Treasury.

THE RECHABITES.

BY THE REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE.



THE tribe thus named appears before us in one memorable scene. Their history before and after it lies in some obscurity. We are left to search out and combine some scattered notices, and to get from them what light we can.

In 1 Chron. ii. 55, the house of Rechab is identified with a section of the Kenites, who came into Canaan with the Israelites and retained their nomadic habits, and the name of Hammath is mentioned as the patriarch of the whole tribe. It has been inferred from this passage that the descendants of Rechab belonged to a branch of the Kenites settled from the first at Jabez in Judah. The fact, however, that Jehonadab took an active part in the revolution which placed Jehu on the throne, seems to indicate that he and his tribe belonged to Israel rather than to Judah, and the late date of 1 Chron., taken together

with other facts, makes it more probable that this passage refers to the locality occupied by the Rechabites after their return from the captivity. Of Rechab himself nothing is known. He may have been the father, he may have been the remote ancestor of Jehonadab. The meaning of the word makes it probable enough that it was an epithet passing into a proper name. It may have pointed, as in the robber chief of 2 Sam. iv. 2, to a conspicuous form of the wild Bedouin life, and Jehonadab, the son of the *Rider*, may have been, in part at least, for that reason, the companion and friend of the fierce captain of Israel who drives as with the fury of madness (2 Kings ix. 20).

Another conjecture as to the meaning of the name is ingenious enough to merit a disinterment from the forgotten learning of the sixteenth century. Boulduc infers from 2 Kings ii. 12; xiii. 14, that the two great prophets Elijah and Elisha were known, each of them

in his time, as the chariot of Israel, i.e., its strength and protection. He infers from this that the special disciples of the prophets, who followed them in all their austerity, were known as the "sons of the chariot," and that afterwards, when the original meaning had been lost sight of, this was taken as a patronymic, and referred to an unknown Rechab. At present, of course, the different vowel-points of the two words are sufficiently distinctive; but the strange reading of the LXX. in Judges i. 19 shows that one word might easily enough be taken for the other. Apart from the evidence of the name, and the obvious probability of the fact, we have the statement of John of Jerusalem that Jehonadab was a disciple of Elisha.

2. As his name, his descent, and the part which he played indicate, Jehonadab and his people had all along been worshippers of Jehovah, circumcised, and so within the covenant of Abraham, though not reckoned as belonging to Israel, and probably therefore not considering themselves bound by the Mosaic law and ritual. The worship of Baal, introduced by Jezebel and Ahab, was accordingly not less offensive to them than to the Israelites. The luxury and license of Phœnician cities threatened the destruction of the simplicity of their nomadic life (Amos ii. 7, 8; vi. 3-6). A protest was needed against both evils, and as in the case of Elijah, and of the Nazarites of Amos ii. 11, it took the form of asceticism. There was to be a more rigid adherence than ever to the old Arab life. What had been a traditional habit was enforced by a solemn command from the sheikh and prophet of the tribe, the destroyer of idolatry, which no one dared to transgress. They were to drink no wine, nor build house, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, nor have any. All their days they were to dwell in tents, as remembering that they were strangers in the land (Jer. xxxv. 6, 7). This was to be the condition of their retaining a distinct tribal existence. For two centuries and a half they adhered faithfully to this rule, but we have no record of any part taken by them in the history of the period. We may think of them as presenting the same picture which other tribes, uniting the nomadic life with religious austerity, have presented in later periods.

The Nabathæans, of whom Diodorus Siculus speaks as neither sowing seed, nor planting fruit-tree, nor using nor building house, and enforcing these transmitted customs under pain of death, give us one striking instance. Another is found in the prohibition of wine by Mahomet. A yet more interesting parallel is found in the rapid growth of the sect of the Wahabys during the last and present centuries. Abd-ul-Wahab, from whom the sect takes its name, reproduces the old type of character in all its completeness. Anxious to protect his countrymen from the revolting vices of the Turks, as Jehonadab had been to protect the Kenites from the like vices of the Phœnicians, the Bedouin reformer felt the necessity of returning to the old austerity of Arab

life. What wine had been to the earlier preacher of righteousness, the outward sign and incentive of a fatal corruption, opium and tobacco were to the later prophet, and as such were rigidly proscribed. The rapidity with which the Wahabys became a formidable party, the Puritans of Islam, presents a striking analogy to the strong political influence of Jehonadab in 2 Kings x. 15, 23.

3. The invasion of Judah by Nebuchadnezzar in B.C. 607, drove the Rechabites from their tents. Possibly some of the previous periods of danger may have led to their settling within the limits of the territory of Judah. Some inferences may be safely drawn from the facts of Jer. xxxv. The names of the Rechabites show that they continued to be worshippers of Jehovah. They are already known to the prophet. One of them (ver. 3) bears the same name. Their rigid Nazarite life gained for them admission into the house of the Lord, into one of the chambers assigned to priests and Levites, within its precincts. They were received by the sons or followers of "a man of God," a prophet or devotee, of special sanctity (ver. 4). Here they are tempted, and are proof against the temptation, and their steadfastness is turned into a reproof for the unfaithfulness of Judah and Jerusalem. The history of this trial ends with a special blessing, the full import of which has for the most part not been adequately apprehended: "Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever" (ver. 19). We should hardly expect at this precise point to lose sight altogether of those of whom they were spoken, even if the words pointed only to the perpetuation of the name and tribe. They have, however, a higher meaning. The words "to stand before me" are essentially liturgical. The tribe of Levi is chosen to "stand before" the Lord (Deut. x. 8; xviii. 5, 7). In Gen. xviii. 22; Judges xx. 28; Ps. cxxxiv. 1; Jer. xv. 19, the liturgical meaning is equally prominent and unmistakable. The fact that this meaning is given ("ministering before me") in the Targum of Jonathan, is evidence—(1) as to the received meaning of the phrase; (2) that this rendering did not shock the feelings of studious and devout rabbis in our Lord's time; (3) that it was at least probable that there existed representatives of the Rechabites connected with the Temple services in the time of Jonathan. This, then, was the extent of the new blessing. The Rechabites were solemnly adopted into the families of Israel, and were recognised as incorporated into the tribe of Levi. Their purity, their faithfulness, their consecrated life gained for them, as it gained for other Nazarites that honour. In Lam. iv. 7, we may perhaps trace a reference to the Rechabites, who had been the most conspicuous examples of the Nazarite life in the prophet's time, and most the object of his admiration.

4. It remains for us to see whether there are any traces

their after-history in the Biblical or later writers. It is believed that there are such traces, and that they confirm the statements made in the previous paragraph.

We have the singular heading of the Ps. lxxi. in the XX. version, evidence, of course, of a corresponding Hebrew title in the third century B.C., and indicating that the "sons of Jonadab" shared the captivity of Israel, and took their place among the Levite psalmists who gave expression to the sorrows of the people.

There is the significant mention of a son of Rechab in Jer. iii. 14, as co-operating with the priests, Levites, and princes in the restoration of the wall of Jerusalem.

The mention of the house of Rechab in 1 Chron. ii. 55, though not without difficulty, points, there can be little doubt, to the same conclusion. The Rechabites have become scribes. They give themselves to a calling which, at the time of the return from Babylon, was chiefly if not exclusively in the hands of Levites. The other names (Tirathites, Shimeathites, and Sachathites, in the authorized version) seem to add nothing to our knowledge. The Vulgate rendering, however (evidence of a traditional Jewish interpretation in the time of Jerome), gives a translation based on etymologies, more or less accurate, of the proper names, which strikingly confirms the view now taken,—"*Cognationes quoque scribarum habitantium in Jabes, canentes atque resonantes, et in tabernaculis commorantes.*" Thus interpreted, the passage points to a resumption of the outward form of their old life and its union with their new functions. It deserves notice also that while in 1 Chron. ii. 54, 55, the Rechabites and Netophathites are mentioned in close connection, the "sons of the singers" in Neh. xii. 28 appear as coming in large numbers from the villages of the same Netophathites. The close juxtaposition of the Rechabites with the descendants of David in 1 Chron. iii. 1, shows also in how honourable an esteem they were held at the time when that book was compiled.

The account of the martyrdom of James the Just, given by Hegesippus, brings the name of the Rechabites once more before us, and in a very strange connection. While the Scribes and Pharisees were stoning him, "one of the priests of the sons of Rechab, the son of Rechabim, who are mentioned by Jeremiah the prophet," cried out, protesting against the crime. Dr. Stanley, struck with the seeming anomaly of a priest, "not only not of Levitical, but not even of Jewish descent," supposes the name to have been used loosely as indicating the abstemious life of James and other Nazarites, and points to the fact that Epiphanius ascribes to Symeon the brother of James the words which Hegesippus puts into the mouth of the Rechabite as a proof that it denoted merely the Nazarite form of life. Cal-

met supposes the man to have been one of the Rechabite Nethinim, whom the informant of Hegesippus took in his ignorance for a priest. The view which has been here taken presents, it is believed, a more satisfactory solution. It was hardly possible that a writer like Hegesippus, living at a time when the details of the Temple-services were fresh in the memories of men, should have thus spoken of the Rechabim unless there had been a body of men to whom the name was commonly applied. He uses it as a man would do to whom it was familiar without being struck by any apparent or real anomaly. The Targum of Jonathan on Jer. xxxv. 19, indicates, as has been noticed, the same fact. We may accept Hegesippus therefore as an additional witness to the existence of the Rechabites as a recognised body up to the destruction of Jerusalem, sharing in the ritual of the Temple, partly descended from the old "sons of Jonadab," partly recruited by the incorporation into their ranks of men devoting themselves, as did James and Symeon, to the same consecrated life. The form of austere holiness presented in the life of Jonadab, and the blessing pronounced on his descendants, found their highest representatives in the two brothers of the Lord.

Some later notices are not without interest. Benjamin of Tudela, in the twelfth century, mentions that near El Jubar he found Jews who were named Rechabites. They tilled the ground, kept flocks and herds, abstained from wine and flesh, and gave tithes to teachers who devoted themselves to studying the law, and weeping for Jerusalem. They were 100,000 in number, and were governed by a prince, Salomon han-Nasi, who traced his genealogy up to the house of David, and ruled over the city of Thema and Telmas. A later traveller, Dr. Wolff, gives a yet stranger and more detailed report. The Jews of Jerusalem and Yemen told him that he would find the Rechabites of Jer. xxxv. living near Mecca. When he came near Senaa he came in contact with a tribe, the Beni-Khaibr, who identified themselves with the sons of Jonadab. With one of them, Mousa, Wolff conversed, and reports the dialogue as follows:—"I asked him, 'Whose descendants are you?' Mousa answered, 'Come and I will show you,' and read from an Arabic Bible the words of Jer. xxxv. 5-11. He then went on. 'Come and you will find us 60,000 in number. You see the words of the prophet have been fulfilled, Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever.'" In a later journal he mentions a second interview with Mousa, describes them as keeping strictly to the old rule, calls them now by the name of the B'né-Arhab, and says that B'né Israel of the tribe of Dan live with them.—*Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible."*



BEYOND THE SHADOW

[Written for the comfort of a dear friend, who had been speaking of one "gone before," and saying, "O how I think of her at nights, out in the cold churchyard, when the snow is on the ground!"]



AST thou thought of me at night,
 dear,
 When the snow was on the
 ground,
 And the cold wind moaning past
 the house,
 With its dreary, wailing sound?

When the rest were gathered gladly
 In the cheerful light at home,
 And smiled and talked of their pleasant life,
 And of happy years to come.

While the storm beat on the window,
 And its voice was hoarse and loud,
 Did thy thoughts go away from the smiling friends,
 To visit the friend in her shroud?

To one who lay out in the storm there,
 Though the snow was on the hill,
 And the rain beat wild on the graveyard,
 And her bed was low and chill.

She, too, had sat in the fire-light,
 And smiled with life like these,
 Now, let her lie still in her churchyard chill
 With the snow about her face.

When they sang sweet songs to thee, dear,
 Those friends in their cheerful light,
 Hast thou thought of the dreary voices
 That murmur across *my* night?

The voice of the night-wind wailing,
 The voice of the wild bird's cry,
 The sound of the dead leaves falling,
 Where the dead men round me lie.

Thou hast thought of me at nights, dear,
 When the snow was on the hill,
 And the fire-light danced upon thy face,
 Though that snow on mine lay chill.

* * *

I have thought of *thee*, at night, dear,
 Even as thou hast thought of me,
 I—come to the quiet haven,
 Thou—out on the wintry sea.

I have thought of thee at night, dear,
 When the night on earth went down,
 And thou were out in the cold, dear,
 And I in the Father's home.

I—in the quiet city,
 Where the sun shines evermore;
 Thou—out in the night, with thy fading light,
 And thy face away from the door.

I have thought of thee at night, dear,
 When the angels stood by me;
 And the House was filled with the victor-song,
 And the sound of the crystal sea.

For I knew that the songs of sorrow
 Were the nearest unto thee;
 And the sound of the dreary river
 Which flows in the dark to the sea.

We used to talk of the glory,
 When I, too, stood outside;
 Now I see the King in his beauty,
 In the far-off land abide.

But the half of all His glory
 Had never been told to me,
 Nor the joy of the joyous city
 Which stands by the crystal sea.

I have spoken to Him at nights, dear,
 When I sat low down at His feet,
 And the light of His overcoming smile
 Shone on till it seemed *too* sweet.

Too sweet for one so worthless;
 Yet I felt it set me free—
 And free to think of *thee*, dear,
 For He hath done all for *me*.

When the earth-wind sounded dreary,
 Far away outside the gate,
 I have said, "It bloweth chill on *her*;
 Will she not be home till late?"

The sun was on the city—
 The sun on the golden street—
 And the light of His smile, shone on a while,
 As His answer sounded sweet.

in the speech of heaven,
I may not tell to thee,
"I have rest and peace for *all*
seek for rest in Me."

Thou of thee at nights, dear,
The cold night falls on thee,
The moon goes down, through storm and sun,
Thou art at rest, dear one, with Me."

And He'll think of thee at night, dear,
When the *last* night cometh down,
And the cold dew falleth, gleaming
In the last gleam of the sun.

When the death-wind from the valley
Moaneth through the forests dim,
We will think of thee at night, dear,
And thou shalt think of *Him*.

B. K.

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER.

THE TOMBS OF THE HOLY CITY.

"But we must wander witheringly
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie."

may the poor Jew now sadly sing as he wanders, a despised and persecuted outcast, among the desolations of the once proud capital of his ancestors. Wherever he turns his eyes—on Zion, Moriah, Olivet—he looks by rock-hewn monument and yawn that Jerusalem is not only his holy at the ashes of his ancestors are there; as the captive said in Babylon, "the many fathers' sepulchres" (Neh. ii. 3). There are among the most interesting monuments of Jerusalem. The temple "hath not left" the palaces of Solomon and Herod since crumbled to dust; the Jerusalem prophets and apostles "became heaps" many centuries ago; but the tombs are as perfect as when the princes of Israel were there laid "in glory, every one in his tomb" (Isa. xiv. 18). I was sadly disappointed, after days and weeks of careful and diligent search, I could only discover a very few vestiges of "the city of the Great King," a few fragments of the colossal wall that encircled the temple courts; a few broken shafts were here in the lanes, or protruding from the rubbish heap; a few remnants of fortifications that once defended Zion. All is gone; buried deep, deep beneath the tellings.

When excavating for the foundation of the English Church, portions of the old houses and aqueducts of Zion were found nearly forty feet below the present surface! We need not wonder that the identification of the particular buildings of primitive ages is now so difficult; and that even the position of the valleys which once divided the quarters of the city, has come to be subject of keen controversy among antiquarians. The city of Herod was built on the ruins of the city of Solomon; the city of the Crusaders was built on the ruins of that of Herod; and modern Jerusalem is founded on the ruins of them all. Hills and cliffs have been rounded off; ravines have been filled up; palaces and fortresses have been overthrown, and their very ruins have been covered over with the rubbish of millennia. Could David revisit his royal capital, or could Herod come back to the scene of his magnificence and his crimes, or could Godfrey rise from his tomb, so complete has been the desolation, so great the change even in the features of the site, that I believe they would find as much difficulty in settling topographical details as modern scholars do.

It is pleasant to think that amid ruin and confusion there are still some monuments left in and around the Holy City, as connecting links between the present and the distant past. The sepulchres of the Jewish nobles remain though

their palaces are gone. We can see where they were buried if we cannot see where they lived. I could not describe with what intense emotion I heard my friends speak familiarly of the tombs of David and Absalom, of the judges, the kings, and the prophets; and what was the excited state of my feelings when they proposed one bright morning a walk to Tophet and Aceldama. Some of these names may be, and doubtless are, apocryphal; none of them may be able to stand the test of full historic investigation; but the high antiquity of the monuments themselves cannot be denied; and an inspection of them is alike interesting and instructive, from the light they throw upon the customs of God's ancient people, and from the illustrations they afford of many passages in God's Word.

JEWISH TOMBS.

The earliest burial-places on record were caves. When Sarah died, Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah, and buried her there. Samuel is said to have been buried "in *his house* at Ramah" (1 Sam. xxv. 1); by which, I believe, is meant *the tomb* he had excavated for himself there, for the Hebrew word *Beth* ("house") is sometimes used to signify tomb, as in Isaiah xiv. 18, and Eccles. xii. 5, "Man goeth to his *long home*," literally, "to his *eternal house*." We read, moreover, of King Asa, that "they buried him in his own sepulchre *which he had digged for himself* in the city of David" (2 Chron. xvi. 14). Elisha was buried in a *cave* (2 Kings xiii. 21); the sepulchre of Lazarus was a *cave* (John xi. 38); and the Holy Sepulchre was a *new cave* which Joseph of Arimathea had "hewn out in the rock" for himself (Matt. xxvii. 60).

In our own land we are all familiar with the grassy mounds and marble monuments which fill the cemeteries, and which pass away almost as quickly as man himself. In Rome and Pompeii we see the habitations of the dead lining the great highways, and crumbling to ruin like the palaces of their tenants. But the moment we set our feet on the shores of Palestine, we feel that we are in an ancient country—the home of a primeval people, whose tombs appear in cliff and glen, and mountain-side, all hewn in the living rock, and permanent as the rock itself. The tombs of

Jerusalem are rock-hewn caves. I found them in every direction. Wherever the face of a crag affords space for an architectural façade, or a projecting rock a fitting place for excavation, there is sure to be a sepulchre. I visited them on Olivet and Scopus, on Zion and Moriah, inside the modern city and outside; but they chiefly abound in the rocky banks of Hinnom and the Kidron. Near the junction of these ravines, the overhanging cliffs are actually honeycombed. Hundreds of dark openings were in view when I stood beside En-Rogel. Some of these tombs are small grottoes, with only one or two receptacles for bodies; others are of great extent, containing chambers, galleries, passages, and *loculi*, almost without number, each tomb forming a little necropolis. The doors are low and narrow, so as to be shut by a single slab. This slab was called *golal*, that is, "a thing rolled," from the fact that it was rolled back from the opening in a groove made for it. The stone being heavy, and the groove generally inclining upwards, the operation of opening required a considerable exertion of strength. Hence the anxious inquiry of the two Marys, "Who shall *roll* us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" (Mark xvi. 3). The stone always fitted closely, and could easily be sealed with one of those large signets such as were then in use. Or perhaps the Holy Sepulchre may have had a wedge, or small bar, pushed into the rock behind it, like that at the tombs of the kings (described below), and preventing the stone from being rolled back. To this the seal might be attached (Matt. xxvii. 66). I had always to stoop low on entering the doors, which reminded me of Peter at the sepulchre (Luke xxiv. 12). The façades of many are elegantly and elaborately ornamented; but one thing is very remarkable, they contain no inscriptions. The tombs of Egypt are covered with hieroglyphics, giving long histories of the dead, and of the honours paid to their remains. The tombs of Palmyra not only have written tablets over the entrances; but every separate niche, or *loculus*, in the interior has its inscription. I have counted more than fifty such in a single mausoleum; yet I have never been able to discover a single letter in one of the tombs of the Holy City, nor a single painting, sculpture, or carving on any ancient

ewish tomb in Palestine, calculated to throw light on the story, name, or rank of the dead.

Simplicity and security appear to have been the only things the Jews aimed at in the construction of their sepulchres. To be buried with their fathers was their only ambition. They seem to have had no desire to transmit their names to distant posterity through the agency of their graves. It has been well said that the words, "Let me bury my dead out of my sight," "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day"—express, if not the general feeling of the Jewish nation, at least the general spirit of the Old Testament. With the Jews the tomb was an unclean place, which men endeavoured to avoid rather than honour by pilgrimages. The homage paid to them is of late date, and the offspring of a corrupt age. When near relatives died it was, as it still is, customary for females to go and weep at their graves, as Martha and Mary did at the grave of Lazarus; but the dead were soon forgotten, and except in the case of a few of the patriarchs, kings (Acts vii. 16, ii. 29), and prophets (Matt. xxiii. 29) we have no record of tombs having been even held in remembrance.

There were always a few in every age who coveted outward show and splendour in their tombs, as well as their houses. Such was the upstart Shebna, whose vanity and pretension the prophet Isaiah describes and denounces: "What hast thou here, and whom hast thou here, that thou hast hewed thee out a sepulchre here, as he that beareth him out a sepulchre on high, that graveth an habitation for himself in a rock?" (xxii. 16.) It is evident that the greater part of the ornamented façades, and architectural tombs, are of a late date, and not purely Jewish.

JEWISH MODE OF BURIAL.

The Jews used no coffins or sarcophagi. The body was washed (Acts ix. 37), anointed (Mark xvi. 1; John xix. 40), wrapped in linen cloths, (John xix. 40; xi. 44), and laid in the niche prepared for it—an excavation about two feet wide, three high, and six deep, opening endwise in the side of the rock-chamber, as is represented in the diagrams given below. The mouth of the loculus was then shut by a slab of stone, and sealed with cement. In some cases the bodies were laid on

a kind of open shelf, such as I have seen in many of the chambers. It was thus our Lord was laid, for John tells us that Mary "stooped down into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels, the one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain" (xx. 12).

The kings of Israel were buried with more pomp. In addition to the anointing of the body with sweet spices, "burnings" were made for them. Thus Jeremiah says to Zedekiah: "Thou shalt die in peace; and with the *burnings of thy fathers*, the former kings which were before thee, so shall they *burn* for thee." And in the case of Asa we are told there was "a great burning" (2 Chron. xvi. 14). It is not meant that the bodies were burned, but that sweet spices and perfumes were burned in honour of them, and probably in their sepulchres. The bodies of Saul and Jonathan are the only ones which we read of as having been burned (1 Sam. xxxi. 11-13).

THE TOMB OF DAVID.

On the southern brow of Zion, outside the modern walls, there is a little group of buildings distinguished from afar by a dome and lofty minaret. These, according to an old tradition, believed in alike by Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, cover the sepulchre of Israel's minstrel king. As matters now stand the truth of the tradition can neither be proved nor disproved. The Turks esteem the spot one of their very holiest shrines, and they will neither examine it themselves nor permit others to do so. No place about Jerusalem, not even the Haram, is guarded with such jealousy. I visited the building frequently: I walked round and through it: I peeped into every hole, window, and passage accessible to me: I tried soft words and even a liberal *bakhshish* with the gentlemanly old keeper: but it was all in vain; I saw no more than my predecessors had done.

The principal apartment in the group of buildings is a Gothic chamber, evidently a Christian church of the crusading age, though probably built on an older site, or perhaps reconstructed out of an earlier model. Tradition has filled it with "holy places," making it the scene of the Last Supper (hence its name *Coenaculum*), of the

meeting after the resurrection, of the miracle of Pentecost, of the residence and death of the Virgin, and of the burial of Stephen. At its eastern end is a little chancel where Romish priests sometimes celebrate mass; and on the south side is a *mihrab* where Moslems pray. It is thus a grand centre of tradition, superstition, and imposture.

The crypt is the real holy place. A portion of it has been walled off and consecrated as a mosque mausoleum. So sacred is it, that none have the *entrée*, not even Muslem santons or grandees—except the sheikh who keeps it, and the members of his family. Fürer, a German traveller of the sixteenth century, tells us he gained access to it, and he probably saw the interior. In 1839 Sir Moses Montefiore was permitted to approach an iron railing and look into the chamber which contains the tomb; but he could not enter. The Jew is shut out alike from the Temple and tombs of his fathers.

Miss Barclay, a young American lady, (daughter of the author of "The City of the Great King,") has been more fortunate. She gained admission to the mausoleum with a female friend, a near relative of the keeper; she spent an hour in the sanctuary, took a sketch of the interior, and has given us the following description of what she saw: "The room is insignificant in its dimensions, but is furnished very gorgeously. The tomb is apparently an immense sarcophagus of rough stone, and is covered by green satin tapestry, richly embroidered with gold. A satin canopy of red, blue, green, and yellow stripes hangs over the tomb; and another piece of black velvet tapestry, embroidered in silver, covers a door in one end of the room, which, they said, leads to a cave underneath. Two tall silver candlesticks stand before this door, and a little lamp hangs in a window near it, which is kept constantly burning. . . . The ceiling of the room is vaulted, and the walls covered with blue porcelain in floral figures."

Such then is the present state of the reputed tomb of David. It is well known, however, that the Moslems carefully shut up their most sacred shrines, and construct others either directly over them, or close beside them, which they visit and venerate as the real places. So it is at the tomb

of Abraham in Hebron, and so, doubtless, it is here. The real sepulchre, if here at all, is in a vault beneath, and the door mentioned by Miss Barclay probably leads to it. No fact in the word of God is more plainly stated than this, that David, and most of his successors on the throne of Israel, were buried in the "city of David," that is, in Zion (1 Kings ii. 10; xi. 43; xv. 24, &c.) The royal sepulchres were well known after the return of the Jews from Babylon, and Nehemiah incidentally describes their position (iii. 15, 16). Josephus says that Solomon buried David with great pomp, and placed immense treasures in his tomb. These remained undisturbed until Hyrcanus, when besieged by Antiochus, opened one room and took out three thousand talents to buy off the enemy. Herod the Great also plundered the tomb; and it is said that two of his guards were killed by a flame that burst out upon them when engaged in the sacrilegious act. We have a still later testimony to the preservation of the tomb in the words of the apostle Peter regarding David: "His sepulchre is with us unto this day." (Acts ii. 29). We hear no more of it till the 12th century, when Benjamin of Tudela relates the following strange story, which I insert as having perhaps some slight foundation in fact:—

"On Mount Zion are the sepulchres of the house of David. In consequence of the following circumstance, this place is hardly to be recognised. Fifteen years ago one of the walls of the church on Zion fell down, and the patriarch ordered the priest to repair it, and to take the stones requisite from the old wall of Zion. . . . Two labourers when thus employed, found a stone which covered the mouth of a cave. This they entered in search of treasures, and reached a large hall, supported by pillars of marble, encrusted with gold and silver, and before which stood a table with a golden sceptre and crown. This was the sepulchre of David; to the left they saw that of Solomon in a similar state; and so on the sepulchres of the other kings buried there. They saw chests locked up, and were on the point of entering when a blast of wind rushing out threw them lifeless on the ground. They lay there senseless until evening, and then they heard a voice commanding them to go forth

from the place. The patriarch on hearing the story ordered the tomb to be walled up." The royal sepulchres were doubtless hewn in the rock, like all those of great men in that age; and they must still exist. Excavation, or at least a full exploration of the place, will alone solve the mystery. Of one thing we may be assured, that the sepulchre of David cannot have been far distant from the building now said to stand over it.

TOPHET.

On one occasion, after a long visit to Zion, I walked down through the terraced corn-fields on its southern declivity into the deep glen of Hinnom. The sun was low in the west, and the caving, with its ragged cliffs, and dusky olive groves, was thrown into deep shadow. Not a human being was there, and no sound from the city broke in upon the silence. The high rocks along the whole southern bank are honey-combed with tombs, whose dark mouths made the place look still more gloomy. Already the jackals had left their lairs, and numbers of them ran out and in of the sepulchres, and prowling among the rocks and through the olive trees. As I wandered on down Hinnom towards the Kidron I observed that the tombs became more and more numerous, until at length, at the junction of the valleys, every available spot in the surrounding cliffs and rocks was excavated. They are mostly plain chambers, or groups of chambers opening into each other, hewn in the soft limestone, without any attempt at ornament, save, here and there, a moulding round the door. I observed a few Hebrew and Greek inscriptions, but of late date—certainly not older than the ninth or tenth century.

Here, in the mouth of Hinnom, was situated the *Tophet* of the Bible,—originally, perhaps, a "music bower," or "pleasure garden" of Solomon's; but afterwards desecrated by lust, and defiled by the offerings of Baal and the fires of

"Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears."

It finally became so notorious for its abominations that it was regarded as the "very type of hell;" and the name of the valley, Ge-Hinnom, in Greek

Gehenna, was given by the Jews to the infernal regions. Jeremiah gives some terrible sketches of the fearful atrocities perpetrated in this spot in the name of religion (vii. 31); and he depicts the judgments which the Lord pronounced on the city and people on account of them (xix. 6-15). Standing on the brink of the valley I saw how literally one part of the curse had been fulfilled:—"Wherefore the days come when it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of Ben-Hinnom, but the valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place" (vii. 32). And as I returned that evening up the Kidron to my home on Olivet, I saw what seemed to me another terrible illustration of the outpouring of the curse. I saw hyenas, jackals, and vultures tearing the corpses from the shallow graves in the modern Jewish cemetery. With what harrowing vividness did the prophet's dire prediction then flash upon my mind:—"Their carcases will I give to be meat for the fowls of heaven, and for the beasts of the earth. And I will make this city desolate, and an hissing; every one that passeth thereby shall be astonished and hiss, because of all the plagues thereof" (xix. 7, 8).

ACELDAMA.

On another occasion I went to the necropolis of Tophet with a double purpose,—to explore the rock tombs more thoroughly, and to see the painting of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which the lamented Mr. Seddon was just then completing. He had pitched his little tent at the door of an old sepulchre on the brow of the hill; and as we approached an armed goat-herd was before him, whom he was working into the foreground. I was equally delighted and surprised at the boldness of design, the faithfulness of colouring, and the scrupulous accuracy of detail in that admirable picture. He kindly left his work, and walked away with us to Aceldama. Another artist was of our party, whose brilliant genius was then reproducing, with all the vividness and faithfulness of reality, the scene of THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE. That day will ever remain as one of the sunny spots on memory's clouded landscape.

Tomb after tomb we passed and explored,

lighting up their gloomy chambers and narrow *loculi* with our torches, and wondering at the endless variety and numbers of these homes of the forgotten dead. At length we reached a narrow ledge or terrace, on the steep bank, directly facing the pool of Siloam. Here was a large square edifice, half excavated in the living rock, half built of massive masonry. Looking in through a rent in the wall, we found that it was a vast charnel house, some twenty feet deep, the bottom covered with dust and mouldering bones. This is *ACELDAMA*, "the field of blood;" bought with the "thirty pieces of silver, the price of Him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value" (Matt. xxvii. 9). The tradition which identifies it is at least as old as the fourth century; and it is a remarkable fact that the peculiar clay on the adjoining terraces would seem to show that this had once been a "potter's field:"—"They took counsel, and bought with them the *potter's field* to bury strangers in" (ver. 7).

SILOAM.

I had often been struck with the quaint and picturesque appearance of the little hamlet of *Silwan*, whose houses seem to cling like swallows' nests to the gray cliffs of Olivet. It takes its name from the fountain on the opposite side of the Kidron, at the base of Moriah; and it alone brings down to modern times the sacred name of "the waters of *Siloah* that flow softly" (Isa. viii. 6), and of that "pool of *Siloam*" in which our Lord commanded the blind man to wash (John ix. 7). Its inhabitants have a bad name, and are known to be lawless, fanatical vagabonds. I resolved, however, to explore their den, and I succeeded, notwithstanding repeated volleys of threats and curses, intermixed, now and again, with a stone or two. I was well repaid. The village stands on a necropolis; and the habitations are all half caves, half buildings,—a single room, or rude porch, being attached to the front of a rock tomb. It is a strange wild place. On every side I heard children's prattle issuing from the gloomy chambers of ancient sepulchrea. Looking into one I saw an infant cradled in an old sarcophagus. The larger tombs, where the ashes of Israel's nobles once reposed, were now filled with

sheep and goats, and lambs and kids gambolled merrily among the *loculi*. The steep hill-side appears to have been hewn into irregular terraces, and along these the sepulchres were excavated, one above another. They are better finished than those of Tophet; and a few of them are Egyptian in style, and may, perhaps, be of that age when Egyptian influence was strong at the court of Solomon (1 Kings vii. 8-12; xi. 7; 2 Kings xxiii. 3; 2 Chron. viii. 11).

ABSALOM'S PILLAR.

The most picturesque group of sepulchral monuments around the Holy City is that in the valley of the Kidron, just beneath the south-east angle of the Haram. There are four tombs here in a range, which, from their position in the deep narrow glen, and from the style of their architecture, they cannot fail to arrest the attention of every visitor to the Holy City. I walked up to them from Siloam. That was a sad walk. I can never forget the horrid sights I saw. The whole side of Olivet is covered with Jewish graves. In most cases the bodies have only a few inches of loose earth thrown over them, and then a broad stone is laid on the top. All round me were revolting evidences of the carnival held nightly there by dogs, jackals, and hyenas. Vultures were enjoying a horrid banquet within a stone's throw of me; and gorged with food they seemed fearless of my approach. Never before had the degradations to which the poor Jews must now submit been brought before my mind with such harrowing vividness:—

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!"

The *Tomb or Pillar of Absalom* is a cubical structure, hewn out of the rock, measuring twenty-two feet on each side, and ornamented with Ionic pilasters. It is surmounted by a circular cone of masonry, terminating in a tuft of palm leaves. In the interior is a small excavated chamber, with two niches for bodies. The architecture shows at once that this cannot be the "pillar" which Absalom had "reared up for himself during his lifetime in the king's dale" (2 Sam. xviii. 18); and, indeed, his name was

only attached to it about the twelfth century. It resembles some of the tombs of Petra; and may, perhaps, be the work of one of the Herods, who were of Idumean descent.

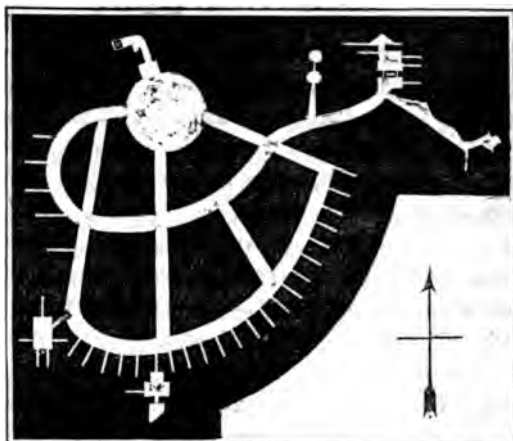
A few yards farther south is another monolithic structure, somewhat resembling the preceding, and now usually called the *Tomb of Zacharias*—that Zacharias who was stoned in the court of the Temple in the reign of Joash (2 Chron. xxiv. 21); and to whom Christ refers, as slain between the temple and the altar (Matt. xxiii. 35). But there is no evidence to connect it with this or any other Old Testament worthy. The Jews hold it in high veneration; and the dearest wish of their hearts is to have their bones laid beside it. The whole ground around its base is consequently crowded with graves.

Between these two monuments is a large excavated chamber in the side of the cliff, having a Doric porch supported by two columns. Within it are several spacious vaults, and numerous loculi for bodies. Here, says tradition, the Apostle James found an asylum during the interval between the crucifixion and the resurrection. The story is, of course, apocryphal, and was not attached to the tomb till about the fourteenth century. The view of the Kidron valley from this spot is singularly impressive. There is nothing like it in Palestine, or elsewhere. The valley is deep, rugged, and altogether destitute of verdure. On one side Moriah rises in banks of naked rock and bare shelving acclivities, until it is crowned, far overhead, by the colossal wall of the Haram; on the other side the limestone cliffs are hewn out into architectural façades, and stately monuments, and yawning sepulchres; while away above them, here and there, a patriarchal olive, with sparse branches and great gnarled arms, stands forsaken and desolate, like the last tree of a forest.

THE TOMBS OF THE PROPHETS.

High up on the brow of Olivet, between the footpath that leads to the Church of the Ascension and the main road to Bethany, is a very remarkable catacomb, of the most ancient Jewish type. It is now called the *Tomb of the Prophets*, though there is no inscription, or historical memorial, or even ancient tradition, to justify the name. Equipped in a "working costume," and furnished

with a handful of little candles, we started early one morning to explore it. Crawling into a narrow hole in an open field, and then down a long gallery, we reached a circular vault, twenty-four feet in diameter; from it two parallel galleries, five feet wide and ten feet high, are carried through the rock for some twenty yards; a third runs in another direction; and they are all connected by cross galleries, the outer one of which is forty yards in length, and has a range of thirty *loculi* for bodies. The accompanying diagram will show



the intricate plan and singular structure of these interesting catacombs better than any description.

TOMB OF THE VIRGIN.

In coming forth again to the light of day, which, after the darkness, seemed doubly brilliant, we descended the hill side, and paid a passing visit to the tomb of Mary. It is a quaint, but singularly picturesque structure, and must excite the admiration of every pilgrim to Gethsemane and Olivet. Gray and worn with age, deeply set among the rocky roots of the mount, shaded by venerable olive trees, it is one of those buildings which even all the absurdity of tradition cannot divest of interest. On entering the door we had a long descent by some sixty steps to the chapel, a gloomy, rugged, natural cave, partly remodelled by human hands. Here tradition has placed the empty tomb of the Virgin; and here popery has fixed the scene of the Assumption.

We walked on up the glen, through olive groves which seem denser and more ancient than anywhere else round the city. The rocky banks

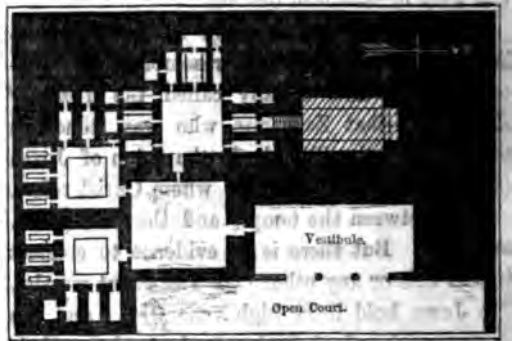
on both sides, but especially on that next Jerusalem, are filled with tombs; and I felt strongly impressed that some one of these was that "new tomb" which Joseph of Arimathea "had hewn for himself" in his garden, in which Jesus was laid. Continuing our walk, we saw traces of Agrippa's wall on the brow of the glen. Then, after crossing the Anathoth road, and turning westward, we came upon more sepulchres, with richly ornamented doorways. But by far the most magnificent sepulchre in this region, and indeed around Jerusalem, is the so-called

TOMB OF THE KINGS.

This remarkable catacomb is half a mile from the city, not far from the great northern road. On reaching the spot we find a broad trench, hewn in the rock to the depth of 18 feet. An inclined plane leads down to it. Then we pass, by a very low doorway, through a wall of rock 7 feet thick, into a court 92 feet long, 87 broad, and about 20 deep, all excavated in the living rock. The sides are hewn quite smooth. On the western side is a vestibule, originally supported by two columns. The front has a deep frieze and cornice, richly ornamented with clusters of grapes, triglyphs, and pateræ, alternating over a continuous garland of fruit and foliage, which was carried down the sides. Unfortunately, this beautiful façade is almost obliterated. When perfect, it must have been magnificent.

The entrance to the tomb is at the southern end of the vestibule. The door, with its approaches and fastenings, is one of the most remarkable and ingenious pieces of mechanism which has come down to us from antiquity. The whole is now in a ruinous state; but enough remains to show what it once was. The door could only be reached by a subterranean passage, the entrance to which was a small trap-door in the floor of the vestibule; and when reached, it was found to be covered by a circular stone, like a small millstone, which had to be "rolled away" to the side, up an inclined plane. In addition to this there was another large stone, which could be slid in behind the door, at right angles, along a concealed groove, and which held it immovably in its place. And there was, besides, an inner door of stone, opening on a pivot, and shutting

by its own weight. The interior arrangements of this splendid monument will be best understood by the accompanying plan. In one respect it



differs from all the other sepulchres yet known about Jerusalem—the inner chamber, which is several feet lower than any of the others; formerly contained two sarcophagi of white marble, beautifully ornamented with wreaths of flowers. The most perfect of them was carried away by the well-known French savan, M. de Saulcy, and placed in the museum of the Louvre. The other is in fragments.

Even this tomb contains no record of its history. The memory and the names of those who were laid here in royal state cannot now be ascertained with certainty. There is a high probability that it was the sepulchre of Helena, the widowed queen of Adiabene. It is known that she became a proselyte to Judaism, resided in the Holy City during the apostolic age, and made for herself a great sepulchre. Able scholars have questioned the identity. Be this as it may, we have here a costly, grand, and strongly guarded sepulchre, now opened, wrecked, and rifled, as if to show that man's home is not, cannot be, on earth.

Other celebrated tombs I visited and explored. *The Tombs of the Judges*, a mile farther north; the *Tomb of El Musahny*, recently discovered, and of the earliest Jewish type; the *Tomb of Helena*, &c. I need not describe them. The general plan of all is the same; and all are equally without story, without name, and without tenant. The hand of the spoiler has not even spared the ashes of fallen, outcast Israel.

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST,
February 1864.

PHILIP SHARKEY, THE CONVERTED BLACKSMITH.



PHILIP SHARKEY, the subject of the following narrative, was a blacksmith at Kilmarnock. He had been brought up a Roman Catholic, but had long abandoned the creed of his early days. He had become infidel in his opinions, and profligate in his habits. Moreover, with a vigorous but undisciplined mind, and warm affections, Philip was one of those who are naturally fitted for being ringleaders in their little circles. His influence in this way was accordingly very great. To use his own words, he had been "for three and fifty years the devil's honest servant." His reputation among his comrades may be judged of from what one of them said to me. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see through you; you want to convert me. But try your hand on Sharkey; he's a merry one, and you won't go without your answer from Phil."

Our intercourse, which continued for two or three years, was barely tolerated on his part. He would gladly have dropped it; but poor Philip's kindness of heart did not permit him to be rude; and he never took any step more decided than quietly to slip the bar in the door when he saw me coming. My one object, never lost sight of, was in the gentlest way to awaken his conscience, while at the same time I kept ever before him Jesus as God's gift to him, and as available for him now, and here, just as he was. His one object was to keep these subjects far away, and to waste time on unprofitable topics; or, worse still, to pick out little holes, as he thought, in the Scripture story. But though he struggled hard to resist the truth, it was as the sword of the Spirit, "quick and powerful."

"Man," said he one day, "you make me miserable. You don't speak to ither folk that way, do you?"

The eye of God had been following all the windings of this poor wanderer, and the set time for his recovery was now come. God himself did it all. It was something to hear the story, the second morning after his conversion occurred, from his own lips, trembling with emotion, while the tears trickled down his blackened cheeks; but it is comparatively nothing to read it here on paper, without the feeling and without the tears. I will try, however, to give it as nearly as possible in his own way.

"Who was speaking to you, Philip?" I asked him one morning in his little workshop, where I had found him, with open mouth and enlarged heart, praising his Saviour.

"There was naeboddy speakin' to me at this time; but I'll tell you't a'. On Tuesday morning, after my breakfast, I took my Bible, and read a wee bittie o' the third o' John. Weel, as I was reading, there was an awfu'

thocht took a haud o' me; it stanged me jist like a bee, an' put me that I couldna read ony mair."

"What was that thought, Philip?"

"Weel, it began wi' this. I saw that Nicodemus was a guid man, a saint beside me, and yet even he couldna be saved, unless he was born again; and my conscience said to me, 'What'll come o' a dyvour (a worthless fellow) like you?' I kenned I had tried to be guid; and, though I hadna managed it yet, I expected to manage it some time; but to be born again, born owre again, I had ne'er tried that. I had ne'er thoct o' that ava' (at all), an' didna understan hoo it was to be dune; and yet, unless I was born owre again, I couldna see the kingdom o' God. I was dumbfounded an' ha'ena mind whether I let the book fa', or flung it frae me; but I got rid o't and gaed out to shake aff the fear and trouble that it had brocht on me. But it wadna shake aff. 'Hoots!' said I, 'it's a nonsense.' But something in my heart said, 'It's no nonsense, but it's a' true.' I gaed into the smiddy, and began to work, and tried to forget it: but no, it grew waur and waur, till I couldna bear't. I never was in such a state in my life. If ever onybody had a taste o' hell, it was me on Tuesday, staunin' wi' the hammer in my haun before the studdy there, an' the sweat breaking on me in perfect horror. There was hell opening its very mouth afore me, an' there was I just steppin' into't; an' a' that I had been doin' for three and fifty years was only heapin' up sin on my ain head. 'Oh,' said I, 'if I never, never had been born!' It was awfu'! I couldna bear't; so I creepit doon on my knees in the corner, owre among the coals there (it's a braw while since I was on my knees before), and cried out for mercy.

"Weel, I believe I got it. When I was on my knees saying I dinna ken what, a strange licht filled my mind. I saw things clearer than ever I did afore; na', things I never saw afore. I had aye kent I was bad enough, and had aye ettled (intended) to be better some time; and though I had never managed it yet, I blamed mysell for no being earnest enough, and thoct that the next time I tried I wad pit out a' my pith (strength), and mak' a richt reform. But I never saw till I was on my knees there, that it was a' far past that already; that, even though I could mak' mysell better, I wadna be a bit nearer the mark, for I was lost already, and a' my strivings, reform or no reform couldna alter that. But alang wi' this I saw anither thing: that salvation was a' settled tae for me by the Lord Jesus; that afore ever I had sinned ava', he himsell had ta'en the sin, and suffered for the sin, and sae completely settled salvation for me, that naething was left for me to dae, but just thankfully to tak' him at his offer. Oh, man, hoo my heart grippet at it! and I rose filled wi' wonner that the Lord Jesus wad

hae ony thing to dae wi' a creatur like me. It's wonnerfu'; but it is the blood of Christ that cleanses from *all* sin. If I was in hell afore, I hae been in heaven ever since. I never was happy till noo, an' I believe that I hae never stoppet praying nicht nor day sin' syne. I prayed a' nicht yestreen in my dreams."

It was with the deepest emotion that Philip told this and with wonder at the grace that could stoop so very low as to reach him. "But," said he, "ye'll no tell onybody."

"What! Philip, are you ashamed of the Lord Jesus?"

He was slightly hurt at this, and said, "No, I was nane ashamed o' Satan when I served him to my ain sorrow; and do you think I'll be ashamed o' my Saviour? No, no; but to tell you the truth I'm no just surc that it will staun'. Wait a wee, an' see. I hae mony a time tried to be guid, but it aye wore aff in a day or twa; an' oh, if this should wear awa' tae! But I hope no, for I ne'er felt anything like this; but still I'm a puir weak creatur' an' if I canna dae the cause ony guid, I wadna like to dae 't ony ill." I encouraged Philip to trust in God for his keeping, and after prayer we parted.

But he could not keep the secret himself. God's candle in him shone out through the crevices of the crazy bushel with which he would have covered it, and refused to be hid. That very day he was at the prayer meeting; and as soon as his old companions visited him, they found him a *new* man in word and spirit. God's word was in his heart like a burning fire shut up in his bones; so it burned its way out in spite of his plans, and like the prophet Jeremiah he *could not* stay (Jer. xx. 9). He was regularly at the daily meeting. One day he said, "Hoo comes it that folk pray sae different frae what they used to do? Lang syne a prayer used to be the dullest thing I ever heard, but noo it's a perfect treat."

"Ah, Philip," the reply was, "the difference is less in the prayer than in yourself."

He was a most eager student of God's word. His two great subjects of regret were that he had wasted his life in sin, and that he had never till now seen the glories of God's word. Of his past life he said, "It seems to me that I hae been a' my days like a man castin' his coat to grip butterflies."

A few days after the great change, he told me of a little struggle he had had on a point of conscience. In his work an opportunity had occurred by which he could have made a few shillings in some way, which, though justifiable on the principles and practices of his class, was certainly not so on those of God's word. Still it had been a little struggle, especially as the tempter strove to bewilder his conscience with sophistries; but, in answer to prayer, he had got direction as to what he ought to do and also strength to do it. "But," said he, "if it had been a fortnicht since, it wadna hae cost me a thoct; but noo I hae naething to dae but praise the Lord Jesus in everything."

Six weeks after his conversion he caught cold, and his

illness, four months after that, issued in death. All this time he delighted in God's word. The psalms were exquisitely sweet to him. The Gospel of Luke was as much so. As for the Epistle to the Romans, he could not get through it. Verse by verse, he hung over its golden treasures; and, unwilling to lose any of them, instead of pushing forward, he turned back again and again to the beginning.

"Have you got through Romans yet?" I said to him one day, having before left him about the twelfth chapter.

"No," said he, "I'm fear't I'll no get through't here; I hae begun't owre again."

He would have been quite as fond of other Scriptures; but he was not spared long enough to enter so fully into them. The rich and glorious exhibitions given in the Epistle to the Romans of God's *free grace* as reigning over man's *utter ruin*, were the food on which Philip's hungering soul delighted to feast. His only confidence was in *grace*—free, full, unbounded grace. Unless he were dealt with in mercy, mere mercy, nothing but mercy, mercy that was ready to give him free and complete forgiveness of *every sin*, he felt he could have no hope. But he saw with unusual clearness how such mercy reached him through the Saviour's blood, and he found perfect peace in resting with confidence on the strong statements of God's word about Jesus and his work. His favourite text was, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Not long before he died his wife said, "But, Philip, are you no fear't to dee? I declare I'm fear't when I think o't."

He replied, "No, Peggy woman, what wad I be fear't for frae a man that deed for me?"

"But, Philip," said I, "have you never any trouble at all when you think about your sins?"

"No," said he, "I canna say I have: the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from *all* sin. Ye see the view I tak' o't is this: *God says* it, and I *just believe* it. There are some men so true that I would actually lippen (*trust*) my soul to their words. Indeed they might be mista'en; and so I wadna like to stake my soul on their judgment; but I could at least lippen my soul to their *truth*. No, no, they wadna kenninly deceive a puir creatur' to his eternal ruin. Weel, then, is the Lord Jesus *worse* than them? Ye ken, he canna be mista'en; and is his word no to be trusted as weel at least as the best o' men's?" Here was the rock on which Philip built his house—*Christ's blood*, and *God's word*.

I never referred to the doctrine of election, but Philip once did, and only once, having found it in the Epistle to the Romans. He said he had formerly abhorred it; but, said he, "There it is, plain enough, in *Romans*. An' 'deed it's just as plain in my ain case; for I wasna seekin' God at a' when he socht me; and I'm sure if he had let me alane that day, I wad hae let him alane."

Philip, like the rest of God's children, was no stranger to spiritual conflict. He found the life of faith to be a

life of fighting. "It's my ain heart that bothers me," he would say, "my ain bad heart."

Another passage of Scripture to which he constantly referred was, "Thou art *my* hiding-place" (Ps. xxxii. 6). "It's wonderfu'! most wonderfu'! *my* hiding-place! *mine*! I used to hide *frae* God; but noo, I hide *in* him. I used to be fear't for him; and noo, a' my comfort is to be beside him."

One day I found a young man at his bedside, and spoke to him; but he avowed unbelief.

"Ah," said Philip, "James's great loss is that he's far owre wise. He kens a heap; but, puir man, he does na ken that he's a *sinner*. That's his want. Yesterday he rose and gaed out, saying, 'Hoots! Phil; what way are ye aye harping on thae gloomy subjects? Think o' something cheerie, man.' And what think ye were the gloomy subjects he spak o'? The love o' God, the blood o' Jesus, the blessedness o' salvation, the glory o' heaven. An' he ca's thae *gloomy*!'"

"Weel," said the young man, "they are gloomy enough to me."

"Ah! James," said Philip, "my warst wish for you is that the Lord may mak' them as sweet to you as to me. Man, they mak' this bed the very gate o' heaven."

His disease progressed, but his confidence never faltered. It was all based on free, full grace, through the precious blood of Christ. One evening a neighbour of his who was ailing in body, and also exercised about his soul, said to him, "Yes, Philip, I believe God is willing to forgive me; but you see, I'm bound to be terribly scourged, I have been such a sinner."

Philip's reply was, "No, no, man, that won't do.

Nane o' ye a', ye ken, hae a richt to speak about sin an' scourgin' like me. But my comfort is that the Lord Jesus took a' my sins, an' was scourged himsell for them eighteen hunner years since. It's his scourgin' gets them forgi'en to me. As for this illness o' mine, I look on't as God's dealin wi' me in love for my ain guid."

Philip's end drew nigh; it was perfect peace. Psalm xxxii. 6, and 1 John i. 7, became more and more precious to him.

The last time I saw him he was sorely distressed in body, but calm in soul. With great effort he gasped out, word by word, slowly and painfully, "When—ever—I breathe—my—last here—I just—drap—drap—into—Christ's—arms." He clearly wished to say more, but could not. He took my hand, gave it a gentle squeeze, smiled with a happy smile, and glanced upwards. We met no more.

"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" And is not the gospel of the grace of God still, as in the apostles' days, the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth?

Careless reader! The man whose story is here briefly told was no *worse* than you; and oh, if his sins so distressed him, why is it that your sins do not distress you?

Troubled and anxious reader! This man was no *better* than you. Will you not, then, be encouraged by the ready welcome and the abundant mercy which he received to go at once to the same Saviour? Listen to that Saviour's loving words: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).—*From Tract just issued by the Religious Tract Society*

JESUS ONLY.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



is very probable that Christ's transfiguration took place upon Mount Hermon. The outlook from that summit carried the eye from Lebanon, with its diadem of glittering ice, southward to the silvery mirror of Gennesaret; but it was not that vision of natural beauty that the disciples looked at chiefly; they saw "Jesus only." Two illustrious prophets, Moses and Elijah, had just made their miraculous appearance on the top of the mount; but neither of these mighty men appeared any longer to the disciples' view; they "saw no man save *Jesus only*."

In this expression we find the clue to the power of apostolic preaching. That solitary figure on the mount became the central figure to the eyes and hearts of the apostles. One Person occupied their thoughts; one Person filled all their most effective discourses. It was no such benevolent charlatan as poor *Renan* has lately

attempted to portray; it was the omnipotent and holy Son of God. They saw in him "God manifest in the flesh;" they saw in him an infinite Redeemer, a divine model, an ever-living intercessor and friend. And they saw no one save *Jesus only*. Paul gave utterance to the heart of the whole apostolic brotherhood when he said, "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Has not this been the key-note to the best sermons of the best ministers ever since? Is not that the most powerful sermon that is the most luminous with Christ? Depend upon it that the pulpit, the Sabbath-school, and the volume which God honours with the richest success are those which present "no man save *Jesus only*."

Here too is a clue to the best method of dealing with awakened and inquiring hearts. We are too prone to send the unconverted to a prayer-meeting, or to reading good books, or to listening to some popular Boanerges.

The experiences of many a troubled inquirer have been somewhat like those of the woman to whom a faithful minister once said,—

“Have you been in the habit of attending church?”

“Yes, I have been to every church in town; but the little comfort I get soon goes away again, and leaves me as bad as before.”

“Do you read the Bible at home?”

“Sir, I am always reading the Bible; sometimes I get a little comfort, but it soon leaves me as wretched as ever.”

“Have you ever prayed for peace?”

“Oh, sir! I am praying all the day long; sometimes I get a little peace after praying, but I soon lose it. I am a miserable woman.”

“Now, madam, when you went to church, or prayed, or read your Bible, did you rely on these means to give you comfort?”

“I think I did.”

“To whom did you pray?”

“To God, sir; to whom else should I pray?”

“Now, read this verse, ‘Come unto me and I will give you rest.’ Jesus said this. Have you gone to Jesus for rest?”

The lady looked amazed, and tears welled up into her eyes. Light burst in upon her heart, like unto the light that flooded Mount Hermon on the transfiguration morn. Everything else that she had been looking at—church, Bible, mercy-seat, and minister—all disappeared, and to her wondering, believing eyes there remained no man save *Jesus only*. She was liberated from years of bondage on the spot. The scales fell from her eyes, and the spiritual fetters from her soul. Jesus only could do that work of deliverance; but he did not do it until she looked to him alone.

This incident reached us during the first years of our ministry. With this “open secret” in our hand, we approached the first Roman Catholic that ever attended upon our preaching. He had turned his troubled eye for a long time to the Holy Virgin and to sainted martyrs in the calendar. He had been often to a priest; never to a Saviour. We set before him Jesus only. He looked up and saw the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. “My Romish mother,” said he to us, “would burn up my Bible if she knew I had one in my house.” But she could not burn out the blessed Jesus from his emancipated and happy heart.

Next we took this simple revelation to a poor invalid

of threescore and ten. His sight was failing, and the vision of his mind was as blurred and dim as the vision of his body. We set before him, in our poor way, *Jesus only*. The old man could hardly see the little grandchild who read aloud to him. But he could see Jesus with the eye of faith. The patriarch who had hardened under seventy years of sin became a little child. The scepticism of a lifetime vanished when the Holy Spirit revealed to his searching, yearning look the divine form of a Saviour crucified.

We never forgot these lessons learned in our ministerial boyhood. From that time to this, we have found that the only sure way of bringing light and peace to an anxious inquirer is to direct them away from themselves—away from ritualities and stereotyped forms—away from agencies of every kind—away from everything save Jesus only. John the Baptist held the essence of the gospel on his tongue when he cried out, “Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.” My anxious friend, be assured that you never will find pardon for the past, and hope for the future; you never will know how to live, or be prepared to die, until you look to *Jesus only*.

Here is a hint too for desponding Christians. You are harassed with doubts. Without are fightings, and within are fears. Why? Because you have tried to live on frames and feelings, and they ebb and flow like the sea-tide. You have rested on past experiences and not on a present Saviour. You have looked at yourself too much, and not to Him who is made to you righteousness and full redemption. Do you long for light, peace, strength, assurance, and joy? Then do your duty, and look to Jesus only.

When the godly-minded Oliphant was on his dying bed, they read to him that beautiful passage in the seventh chapter of Revelation, “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” (It is the passage which poor *Burns* could never read with a dry eye.) The old man exclaimed, “Perhaps that is so. The Bible tells me that there is no weeping in heaven; but I know I shall cry the first time I see my Saviour!” He was right. The first object that would enchain his view on entering the gates of glory, would not be the jewelled walls, or the shining ranks of the seraphim. It would not be the parent who bore him, or the pastor who taught him the way of life. But amid the myriad glories, the thousand wonders of that wonderful world of light and joy, the believer’s eye, in its first enrapturing vision, shall “see no man save JESUS ONLY.”



The Fourfold Life and the Four Biographers.

BY REV. W. G. BLAIR, A.M.

No. 1.—MATTHEW THE PUBLICAN.



AS it ever occurred to our readers to ask, —How comes it that we have no fewer than four Gospels,—four inspired accounts of the Life of our Blessed Lord? There must be some remarkable reason for this, for it is not what we should have expected beforehand. Would not one full and complete Life have answered the purpose better? In that case there would have been none of those apparent discrepancies between one evangelist and another that have so often puzzled good men and delighted bad. Then all that Jesus did and taught would have been under our eye together; and if some of the things that have been recorded by more than one evangelist had been given but once, room would have been found for fresh selections from that mass of unrecorded works which St. John tells us that the world itself would not have been able to contain.

What are the divine reasons in favour of four Gospels, by which such considerations as these are outweighed? Some of the ancient writers used to assign reasons more fanciful than solid. Were there not four rivers that flowed from Paradise, and do not the four Gospels go forth like them to water the earth, with four currents of different volume and intensity? Had not the cherubim four faces, and were they not images of the life and work of the Son of God? But the favourite emblem was the four living creatures seen by Ezekiel in his vision; especially as these are modified in the Apocalypse. These four animals were not always assigned to the same evangelists, but the most common distribution (often seen in middle-age pictures and engraved title-pages), was that which assigned "the man" to Matthew, "the lion" to Mark, "the ox" to Luke, and "the eagle" to John.

Fanciful though these views were as explanations of the Old Testament emblems, they were true in so far as they represented the four evangelists as portraying *different views or sides of the life of Christ*. This seems to be the real reason for our having four Gospels instead of one. It has seemed good to the wisdom of God that we should have four views of that wonderful life,—four portraits of Him who is fairer than the sons of men, according to the impressions made upon four different persons, and the circumstances under which they severally wrote.

Let us suppose that, apart from inspiration, four intelligent and independent travellers were each to write a book upon a foreign land. To a certain extent the

accounts of the four would agree, but in many respects they would vary. One connected with trade or agriculture would dwell very fully on the commerce or the cultivation of the country. Another, an admirer of nature, would give full descriptions of its scenery. A third, fond of society, would write at large on the manners and customs of the people. A fourth, an admirer of the fine arts, would describe its architectural buildings, its picture galleries, its monuments and its statues. The result of the whole would be, that we should have a much more copious account of the country in all its aspects than any single writer would have been able to give us. And as all the four narratives, though independently written, would substantially agree, they would give rise to a much firmer conviction of the reality of what they told us than the testimony of but a single traveller could have produced.

The Gospels, we need not say, differ from all ordinary narratives, in their being written under the inspiration of God. But then, in guiding men to write his word, the Holy Spirit gave free scope to the individual peculiarities of each. He allowed them to present the Life of Christ in the light that was most congenial to their own minds; he allowed them to write in the form and manner that were most natural to them; and he allowed them to adapt what they did write to the state of the different communities among whom they were labouring at the time. In this way the four Gospels are far from being copies of each other, or of the same thing. They convey the impression made by that holy life on four different observers; and they are thus adapted to be much more extensively useful than a single Life written by a single writer would have been. And then, as the four Gospels, though differing in many points, agree in all that is fundamental, they leave on every candid mind the strongest conviction of the reality of what they record; so that the very variations that occur in them, by showing that they were not copied from each other, serve to prove the more clearly that Jesus Christ lived, and taught, and worked, and died, and rose again, as they all concur in representing him to have done.

But if these things be so, is it not extremely desirable that ordinary readers should know something of the characteristic differences of the four Gospels—should have some idea what they are especially to look for and to find in each? On this subject we fear that nine readers out of ten have hardly any definite ideas. What is the peculiar view of Christ's life that we have in

Matthew? What is the special feature of Mark, what of Luke, and what of John? We cannot but think that ordinary readers would be greatly benefited by a little insight into these things. They would then read the different Gospels with much more of intelligent interest and profit. They would not have that secret uncomfortable feeling which sometimes lurks in their minds when they have finished Matthew and are beginning Mark, that it is just the same thing over again. They would be deeply interested, once they had the right clue, in tracing out the characteristic features of each, and marking the bearing of all that they record on the ends they had severally in view. And then, any thing that deepens men's interest in the Scripture is of incalculable value. Of all the evils that we have cause to dread at the present time, none would be so serious as the discontinuance of the habit of devout, intelligent reading of the Scriptures. Of all safeguards against Rationalism and Popery and religious error of every kind, none possesses one-tenth the efficacy that, under God, belongs to that habit. The task which we now set ourselves, therefore, is one of no ordinary moment, being fitted, if we can but accomplish it, to deepen the interest of ordinary readers in the four Gospels, and guide them to a more full, impressive, intelligent acquaintance with that grandest chapter in all Revelation,—the Life and Death of the Son of God.

In looking at the four Gospels as a whole, one distinction strikes every reader—the difference between St. John's Gospel and the other three. The difference is so great that it has commonly been thought, that as John's Gospel was the last of being written, he was acquainted with what had been recorded by the rest, and that his great object was to *supplement* their narratives, by a view of Christ's life not given by them.

It is in *two* respects chiefly that the difference between John and the other evangelists comes out. In the first place, the first three evangelists record only what is called Christ's *Galilean* ministry, and his last journey to Jerusalem, terminating in his death. One would hardly gather from Matthew, Mark, and Luke, that Christ's public ministry began at *Jerusalem*; that from time to time he visited the capital on occasion of the various festivals, and that at these times he delivered very remarkable discourses, and sometimes performed signal miracles. All that the first three evangelists record of his public life are his sayings and doings in Galilee, up to the time when he turned his face to go up to Jerusalem, knowing the things that awaited him there. In John, on the other hand, we have hardly any record of what Christ did or said in Galilee: nearly all relates to what took place in Jerusalem or its neighbourhood.

The other peculiarity of John is the greater *depth* of the discourses which he records. In the first three Evangelists, the discourses are comparatively simple and practical; in John, they are often profound and

intricate, with views of Christ's person and work which it is by no means easy to apprehend. To these peculiarities it may be added, that while John sometimes makes remarks of his own (as he does very memorably in his first chapter), the other three content themselves with the simple narrative, hardly ever inserting any comment, except, perhaps, to point out the fulfilment of a prophecy. These considerations mark off the fourth Gospel very decidedly; but when we come to examine the first three, and endeavour to ascertain their characteristic features, the task is not so easy.

Something, however, may be gathered from the different circumstances of the communities for whose behalf these three Gospels were first written and published.

From the testimony of ancient writers, we learn that St. Matthew, whose labours as an apostle were at first carried on in Palestine, wrote his Gospel chiefly for the benefit of the Hebrew Christians there and in the neighbouring countries. The character of his Gospel, as we shall by-and-by see, entirely corresponds with this account of its origin.

Mark's Gospel was written for a different class. Mark, or John Mark, as he is sometimes called, was once a companion of Paul; but separating from him, along with his uncle Barnabas, he became afterwards (see 1 Peter v. 13) a companion of St. Peter. Ancient writers affirm that his Gospel was written at Rome; this may be doubted; but it may certainly be held as having been written chiefly for Gentile Christians.

Luke, again, was a companion of Paul. He joined him when he first crossed over from Asia to Europe, and he remained with him to the last. His Gospel was therefore probably written for the benefit of the Churches planted by Paul in the later period of his ministry, that is, in Macedonia, Greece, and Rome.

The more special features of each of these three evangelists can only be learned on a more minute investigation; but it is, at least, something to bear in mind that Matthew's Gospel was, in the first instance, written for Hebrew Christians, Mark's for Gentile Christians, and Luke's for Christians generally, whether of Jewish or of Gentile origin.

Let us now fix our attention for a little on the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

I. As to its *author*. Originally in the position of a publican, or collector of taxes for the Romans, he was called from the receipt of custom near Capernaum, to be one of the twelve apostles. The man was rich, and on the high road to even greater preferment and wealth; but with a beautiful spirit, at the call of Christ, he resigned his wealth for poverty, and left his spacious mansion to follow Him who had not where to lay His head. As he had lived at Capernaum, he was probably no stranger to Christ before this, nor Christ to him. He had been one of his hearers when he preached the Sermon on the Mount; and when we find how readily

he abandoned his worldly wealth to follow Christ, we may believe how he must have been impressed by such weighty words as those which he has recorded, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." It is believed that for a considerable time Matthew exercised the office of apostle by preaching in Palestine and its neighbourhood. When about to leave Palestine for Ethiopia or some other distant place, old writers say, he wrote his gospel, and left it with his former charge, as the sum and substance of what he had taught them with his living voice.

According to some we may find traces of the business habits of the publican or tax-collector, in the *style and manner* of Matthew's Gospel. This, perhaps, is rather far-fetched; but, unquestionably, we may discover not a few indications of that *talent for orderly arrangement* which was a remarkable feature of the Jewish character generally, and which seems to have fallen in large measure to the lot of Matthew.

Matthew does not go on the principle of recording everything in the precise order in which it happened. He groups sayings and events together, when they were of corresponding character, and this very strikingly. The collection of miracles, recorded in his eighth and ninth chapters, are remarkably well grouped, and following immediately the Sermon on the Mount, they serve to illustrate the sermon, as the sermon, too, illustrates them. Indeed it is a very interesting exercise to read the miracles in the light of the sermon; each miracle will be found to illustrate some part or other of the discourse.

Another instance of skilful grouping is the collection of parables in his thirteenth chapter. Each successive parable adds weight and power to the great lesson of the group. As a whole, we find in Matthew a singularly orderly style of writing, especially when he records, as he is fond of doing, the longer discourses of our Lord. Nothing could be more exact or complete, for example, than Matthew's account of the beatitudes. So also in that beautiful series of our Lord's final prophecies, in the twenty-fifth chapter, his talent for exact and finished narration is most strikingly shown. For literary beauty and finish, not to speak of intrinsic value and power, the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew stands on the very loftiest pedestal.

And as Matthew seems to have had a remarkable gift of orderly arrangement, so he seems to have had also an eye for *striking contrasts*. Thus it is that the picture of the wise men, in the beginning of his Gospel, recognising in the infant Jesus the great King of the Jews, is immediately followed by that of Herod sending forth his soldiers to massacre the babes, and the flight of Joseph and the young child by night into Egypt.

Thus again, in the third chapter, when the voice from heaven has borne testimony to Jesus at his baptism, he is immediately led forth, in the following chapter, to be tempted by the devil in the wilderness. Thus, also, in the twenty-first chapter, when the multitude have been shouting Hosanna, and the Lord of the temple has asserted his sovereignty by driving the hirelings from its courts, it is immediately added, that next morning he came an hungred to a fig-tree, seeking fruit and finding none. And to mention but one other instance,—scarcely have the dark and humiliating scenes of the crucifixion passed before us, when the risen Saviour is brought on the scene, parting from his little flock with these sublime words, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth." It seems as if the mind of Matthew had been wonderfully impressed with the combination in Jesus of heavenly glory and earthly humiliation; as if he found it hardly possible to describe the shame without exhibiting the glory also; he could not tell how deeply he had been humbled by man, without also showing, side by side, how highly he had been honoured and exalted by God.

II. But unquestionably the *main* peculiarity of Matthew's Gospel arises from its having been originally designed for Jewish converts to Christianity. Its specific object is to show that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah of the Old Testament; that in him its prophecies were fulfilled; that he was in very truth the Son of David; and that the kingdom which he established was in reality the very kingdom that David's great Son was to set up in the world. The greater part of Matthew's Gospel clusters round this centre—*the true kingdom of Christ upon earth*: what it really was—what its true glory was—how it was to be promoted—the character of its members—the spirit of their service—its treatment in this world—its dark history of suffering and persecution, followed at last by its glorious triumph, the elevation of its members to God's right hand, and the destruction and confusion of all its enemies.

The Gospel according to Matthew is thus in its true position at the beginning of the New Testament. It is the connecting link between the Old and the New, between the Law and the Gospel; it shows how the one was the fulfilment and completion of the other; it exhibits the rod coming out of the stem of Jesse, and the Branch growing out of his roots.

Hence it is that we find in Matthew such points as these:—

1. Frequent quotation of *Old Testament prophecies*, verified either in letter or in spirit, in the history of Christ. The first three chapters are full of instances. When the virgin brings forth her son, attention is called to Isaiah's prophecy of Immanuel. When the wail of the Bethlehem mothers is heard, we are pointed to Jeremiah's description of Rachel's weeping at Rama. When Jesus is brought back from Egypt, attention is drawn to God's word by Hosea, "Out of Egypt have I

called my Son." Nearly everything in Christ's life is referred to something parallel or identical in the Old Testament.

2. In the same spirit, *Christ's allusions to the Old Testament* in discourses and conversations are very carefully recorded. (The reader will easily find illustrative passages).

3. The true spirit and bearing of *Old Testament laws and institutions* is very carefully brought out. The most remarkable instance, perhaps, is the commentary on the Decalogue in the Sermon on the Mount, showing how, and in what sense, Christ had not come to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil.

4. The *errors of the Jewish sects*, and especially their perversion of the Old Testament Scriptures are frequently and fully exposed. In no other gospel do the Scribes and Pharisees and Sadducees come so often on the scene.

5. The kingdom of Christ is shown to be *the fulfilment and the perfection of the Old Testament kingdom of David*. The very first word of Matthew, the very first thing he says of Christ, is characteristic here,—“The book of the generations of Jesus Christ, the Son of David.” It is one of the great objects of the book to show that Jesus really was the Son of David, in spirit as well as in letter; how he fulfilled and infinitely transcended all that was great and good in his progenitor, and how the kingdom which he set up, in its spiritual glory and wide-reaching influence for good, was the real fulfilment of all that had been foreshadowed and promised by the typical kingdom.

This idea underlies the whole book of Matthew. It colours most of the long discourses and parables, and most of the miracles too. It is most beautiful to study, in Matthew's pages, the manner in which our Lord sought to introduce into the minds of men the true notion of the kingdom of Christ, in opposition to the common notion of a kingdom governed by force, and illustrated by the glory and glitter of this world. It is delightful to see how wonderfully he succeeded, with hardly any formal controversy, in dispossessing old notions, and introducing new. It is largely through Matthew's gospel that the views of spiritual Christianity, that are now happily so generally recognised, have gained their footing. From Matthew we learn how the kingly power of the true Son of David first makes itself felt in the soul, bringing it rest and peace, then subduing it, purifying it, and consecrating it to the service of Christ. The heaven thus pervading one soul reaches other souls through it; and they too are subdued, and brought under his holy influence. Families, communities, continents, fall in like manner under the power of his rod. As the pro-

cess spreads, blessings spread as quickly, and the delightful effects of his reign are felt. But there is bitter opposition to the kingdom from without, and often hypocrisy and apostasy within. Hence the true servants of the kingdom must be watchful, active, and prayerful. They must be intensely devoted to their Master's interests. They must use every talent most assiduously in his service. The more saintly they are in character, and the more self-denied in their service, the higher will be their reward. They must not lose heart or patience, if he is long of coming to reward them. Come he will one day, with power and great glory, to the infinite joy of his servants, and to the infinite consternation and everlasting destruction of his foes.

What elements of practical power there are in these views of the kingdom, or with what force they take hold of the conscience, it is not necessary for us to point out here.

6. The *priestly office of Christ* is not overlooked in Matthew. But it is rather as the victim than as the priest that he appears. The grand purpose of his death is not fully opened up. But from the moment when, about the middle of the book, the first announcement is made to the disciples of what is to befall their Lord at Jerusalem, an air of subdued sadness surrounds the narrative, and we seem to have joined a funeral procession. Before us we see Jesus led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb; and the very choicest of his sayings and mighty words seem like the garlands that were hung round victims of old as they were led to the altar. Like the minute gun at sea, or the tolling of a funeral bell, the solemn announcement of his approaching death is constantly repeated at brief intervals, and our minds are prepared for the coming catastrophe. The only one of the seven sayings from the Cross that Matthew records is the darkest of them all,—“Eli, eli, lama sabachthani!” At last the final blow is struck, and the Lamb of God dies on the altar. The narrative of the resurrection follows, and the book closes under a brighter sky. But not much is said of the reasons for this awful sacrifice; the reader must gather from the Old Testament, or from books of the New that are to follow, how “it became him, by whom are all things and for whom are all things, in bringing many sons to glory, to make the captain of our salvation perfect through sufferings.”

One great lesson is constantly before us in Matthew; it gathers force as the narrative proceeds, and by the end its power is overwhelming. If we are members of Christ's spiritual kingdom, all is well with us; if we are outside, there is nothing for us but everlasting woe.



THE CARPENTER OF NISMES.

CONCLUDED.

IV.—A PRISON SCENE.



None of the gloomiest cells of the gloomy town-prison of Nismes, Pierre Mallard lay on his straw pallet heavily ironed. His frame was wasting under the influence of the prison fever,—the pestilence that walked in the darkness of those abodes of misery, piercing with its subtle shafts many an unknown and unnoticed victim. In those evil days Christ had his martyrs in the dungeon as well as on the scaffold and at the stake. Nor were all so fortunate as Mallard. It was evident from a few simple comforts and even luxuries which the cell contained that friends had been permitted to visit him, and to minister to his wants. No day, however, since his imprisonment had been so marked with white as this, the fourteenth since those gloomy gates had closed upon him. He heard the key grate heavily in the door, which was then swung open by the rough though not unfeeling prison official as he ushered in a young girl, closely veiled, and with a basket on her arm.

"Prisoner Mallard, thy daughter has come to see thee."

In a moment father and child were locked in each other's arms, with emotions those alone can understand in whose hearts sorrow has deepened everything, even the capacity to enjoy.

Mallard was the first to speak,—*"So thou hast come to me,—thou! How didst thou gain admission?"*

"Jacques is acquainted with the second jailer; he managed all;—he is good to us, my father."

"There are many good to us, my child, and One above them all who hears the sighing of his prisoners."

Jeannette could not help mentally concluding the passage,—*"With the greatness of thy power preserve thou those that are appointed to die,"* and the words became a passionate prayer, a wild, bitter cry for help, almost ending in tears. So sadly changed was the dear face on which she looked, *"appointed to die"* seemed indeed to be written there.

She said as calmly as she could, whilst she caressed the hand she held, *"My dear father is ill."*

"Not very ill, my child. I have no pain, I am only weak and weary. It refreshes me to see thee; thy face is more to me than sunshine, and so it has ever been."

"But not like the sunshine, father," said Jeannette, *"not at least of late—too often dim with tears. Ah, I was ungrateful to weep the past so bitterly, whilst thou wert left with me. If the good God will only give thee back to us, no more vain tears shall fall, it shall be all thankfulness, even in this poor heart of mine."*

"Child, our Father knows our frame, and, I doubt not, will sometimes be tenderer to us than we are to ourselves. It is not said 'sorrow not,' only not 'without hope.' But our time is short; tell me of thyself, of Charlot."

"We have lacked nothing, father," she answered in a trembling voice. "Yet do not think we are leaning altogether on our kind friends. Charlot works hard after hours with Jacques Maderon, with whom, indeed, he stays the night, that he may not go to and fro at unseasonable hours."

"Poor boy! he must not work too hard."

"It is his pleasure, my father, to work for thee, and for me also. See, he hath sent thee this," and she took a flask of wine from her little basket.

"Would I could share it with some of my poor brethren who are not so well provided," said Mallard.

"I have more to tell thee of Charlot," Jeannette resumed. "God oftentimes sends great comfort where he sends great trouble. My father, Charlot is changed."

Mallard's eye brightened; he half raised himself, and looked eagerly at his daughter.

"None would know the wild thoughtless lad, who gave thee so many anxious hours by joining the foolish frolics of his brother apprentices. It would seem as if, in leaving us, thou hadst left thy spirit behind with him. He is tender, thoughtful, serious, and depressed, as I doubt not, with anxious thoughts of thee, perhaps also of himself. Last night he said to me, 'Sister, pray for me; I have more need for prayer than thou canst know.'"

"Now God be praised!" said the old man, while tears of grateful joy filled his eyes. "I knew he would hear my prayer. Jeannette, if he should in his love and mercy call me home by this quiet path, by a death which is not like other deaths thou hast known of. Nay, do not shudder, do not weep. *His* death was glorious, my child, the greatest glory man can have on this poor earth. Nay, greater than the bright angels have, who behold the Father's face. Only I am so weak, too weak, I fear, to be a blessed martyr like him thou mournest; therefore, I will thank my Saviour if he sends his messenger some day or night to this lonely room, and calls me out of the darkness into his presence, where there is light and joy."

"Do not speak so, my father," said Jeannette through her tears, "there is hope of deliverance."

"What hope, my poor child? I would not sadden thee with needless fears; but neither would I have thee stay thy heart upon false hopes. Without denying his faith, no Huguenot leaves this prison save for the market-place."

"There is hope," said Jeannette earnestly. "I can scarcely tell from whence the light comes, but I see it. Charlot hopes. Sometimes he drops dark hints of deliverance possible—near. He said yester eve, 'When my father comes home, I will tell him why I go no more to the tennis court.' I answered, 'Alas, brother, when?' He saith, donning his cloak and his bairret cap, 'Thou shalt know a week hence.' And sometimes—But hark, the jailer returns. Can it be that the time has passed?"

It was time. The father and child were forced to part, neither knowing whether another meeting would be theirs on this side of the grave. Still they were both calm, at least, in outward appearance, as they committed each other to the love and care of their heavenly Protector.

And yet, notwithstanding the hopefulness with which she spoke, the heart of Jeannette was very sorrowful when she saw the prison-gate closed, and went her way homeward. Her father's words of mournful resignation echoed in her ears and lingered in her heart. She did not think, as the happy sometimes do, that death was a strange impossible thing, which should not and could not invade the charmed circle of her loved ones. He who had been dearest to her upon earth "was not," and death, when it has once drawn near to deep natures, stands close at hand for evermore. The same stroke that bids them mourn for one, bids them tremble for all the rest.

Meanwhile, we may be permitted to learn more of the occupations of Charlot Mallard than his father and sister. A fortnight had passed away, and still Maderon toiled on with untiring perseverance. Every morning found him half frozen with cold and worn out with fatigue, but rejoicing in the progress made during the few precious moments in which he was permitted to work. He was cheerful and hopeful; scarcely once, from the commencement of his arduous undertaking until its conclusion, doubting its final accomplishment. Perhaps the secret of his success lay in the use made of the long idle hours as much as in the brief intervals during which he employed his file. In those hours his work was prayer, and no work is half so rich in results. He sometimes feared lest the long watching might prove too severe a trial for his youthful companion, and injure a frame which had not yet attained the full strength of manhood. Under this apprehension he proposed to Charlot that they should confide their secret to another friend, who might take his turn at the place of watching.

"'Twere a strange way to serve thy father," he said, "were I to deprive him of an only son."

"Never fear for me, Jacques," replied the youth, "I am able for my work, which, besides, is nothing to thine," he added; "and I really love my place beneath the wall. I have *thought* more there than elsewhere in all my life."

"Courage then," replied Maderon, "courage and

patience. The work is almost forward enough to give our friends a word of warning."

"And after fifteen nights of labour, mysterious rumours of deliverance at hand were spread abroad amongst the Huguenots of Nismes; whilst Jacques Maderon departed early in the morning for Guilla, taking with him his tools, that the uninitiated might suppose his object was merely to seek for work."

V.—CONCLUSION.

In a little "temple" at Guilla, Emile de Rochet was expounding the Scriptures to a congregation chiefly composed of refugees from Nismes, when Maderon entered silently, and took his place upon a bench amongst the listeners. The pastor's quick eye marked and recognised him immediately, and the thought passed through his mind that he too had been forced by persecution to flee from his native city. As soon, therefore, as his discourse was concluded, and before his hearers were dispersed, he summoned the carpenter to his side, feeling sure that all the refugees would listen with interest to the tidings brought by their humble fellow-townsmen.

Every eye was fixed on Maderon as he walked quickly through the room and took his place beside de Rochet. Having grasped his extended hand and wrung it warmly, he looked around on the little assembly, in which were many faces that he knew.

"My brethren," he said, and he spoke very calmly, without hesitation or embarrassment, "Come with me to Nismes. God has given the city into our hands."

"Art thou mad, or dreaming, Jacques Maderon!" cried one voice and another from amongst the listeners.

"I am neither," replied Maderon. "Listen to me. I have filed the bars of the grating which closes the channel at the Porte des Cannes, and any man of you who chooses may enter Nismes this night."

"Impossible! He is a spy, a traitor! It is some snare!" Such exclamations as these, from different parts of the room, evinced the difficulty which the refugees not unnaturally felt in accepting a statement, so improbable in itself, from the lips of a humble artisan.

It had not occurred to Maderon that they would doubt his word, or hesitate to engage in the enterprise to which he summoned them. A look of grief and disappointment passed across his face, and he said simply, but with intense earnestness, "My brethren, your friends are dying every day in the governor's dungeons, they call upon you to deliver them, and upon your heads their blood will rest, if you refuse to obey the call."

He paused, then added, with an appealing glance at de Rochet, "Monsieur le Pasteur, tell them that I speak the truth."

Then de Rochet spoke out, his clear deep voice stilling every murmur in the assembly. "I would

ake my life, and every other life I prize, upon the oath of Maderon's words. To prove what I say, I go back with him this hour to Nismes;—who volunteers to accompany us?"

"God bless you, Monsieur!" cried Maderon.

"Well, Monsieur le Pasteur," said a young Huguenot gentleman in the assembly, "if you will risk your neck on this errand, it shall never be said that we of the word and haubeck proved less daring than a man of ace."

And a stout tradesman added, "If your jewelled sword lead the way, chevalier, I have a good cut-throat in a strong hand to follow you."

Stimulated by the example and influence of the pastor and the chevalier, one and another and another volunteered, until a little band was formed, which de Rochet and Maderon judged sufficient for the enterprise.

A very brief preparation sufficed them, and after a short but most fervent prayer for their success, offered by the pastor, they began their march, while the shades of evening darkened over Guilis. The weather was settled, and seemed to afford them the prospect of a night calm and fine, yet sufficiently dark to favour their enterprise.

"Now, carpenter," said the chevalier to Maderon, "should we find that thou hast led us into a snare, 'twill fare ill with thee."

"First take Nismes, Monsieur le Chevalier," replied Maderon, "then do what you will with me."

"Look! See! What was that?" cried the Huguenots, standing still and gazing at each other with pale, agitated faces.

A vivid flash of lightning, followed by a heavy peal of thunder, was the cause of their alarm. This sudden frown of nature, coming as it did where all had seemed but a few moments before so calm and untroubled, brought dismay into hearts not emancipated from the childish superstitions of the age. Nor were all the little band of such resolute temper as de Rochet and Maderon. Startled and terrified, they crowded together like a flock of sheep, and seemed disposed to turn their faces again in the direction of Guilis. But de Rochet raised his voice once more to animate them. "Courage, my brethren!" he cried; "the lightning shows that God himself will fight for us."* And throwing himself into the midst of the wavering group, he besought them earnestly, and with impassioned gestures, to persevere in the good work they had undertaken, and not to doubt the presence and assistance of Him whose cause they were maintaining.

Meanwhile the Catholics of Guilis had retired to rest, little anticipating any disturbance of their quiet slumbers. Not so the persecuted Huguenots. Under the direction of Maderon, Charlot Mallard had hinted

to many of them that they should hold themselves in readiness. Between the night and the morning a cry was raised, which the silent anxious watchers recognised as the expected signal. They seized whatever weapons came first to hand, and rushed eagerly from their houses to the scene of action. Only about twenty of the exiles from Guilis entered by the way so strangely opened by Maderon; and by this little band the Huguenots of Nismes were not so much delivered from their oppressors as given courage to effect their own deliverance. The Catholics, astonished and terrified, had few means of resistance at hand; the Huguenots were numerous, and fighting for faith, and freedom, and even for life; and after a short, sharp, confused struggle in the streets, the town was theirs.

Jean Brusson did good service with his hammer in the mêlée, and better still in the prison, whither the victorious Huguenots rushed, eager to taste the sweetest fruit of victory, the joy of delivering their captive brethren. Brusson performed, with noisy glee, the agreeable task of freeing them from their fetters; whilst Maderon, with deeper and less demonstrative joy, found his way to the prison of Mallard, accompanied by Charlot. It took some time to make the old man believe that the city was in the hands of his brethren, and that he was safe and free. When at last he did so, tears of grateful joy came more readily to his eyes than words to his lips. So deeply was he moved, that Maderon thought it wisest to defer one of the best parts of his communication, the tidings that his beloved Charlot had been greatly instrumental in bringing about this happy result. He soon found that Mallard longed for his home,—for the close room in a narrow street was as truly home to him as if it had been a chalet amidst the snow-clad Alps. He contrived, therefore, a rude litter with the aid of the willing, happy Charlot, and in a short time the old man was lying on his own bed, tended lovingly by Jeannette. The young girl busied herself in little tender cares for his comfort, scarcely daring to indulge in a moment's retrospective thought, lest she should be rendered incapable of action. She was very thankful; from that day and hour a subdued and quiet trustfulness, that was almost happiness, began to take the place of mournful dreams of the past, and gloomy anticipations of the future. Never again did that blackness of darkness return upon her soul, which, in those first days after the martyrdom of Jules Maderon, had seemed to veil both earth and heaven from her sight. God had set his bow in the cloud that overshadowed her; he had shown her a token not to be mistaken, of his watchful care and tender love; and that love, which includes within itself the promise and the essence of all good, she would never afterwards permit herself to doubt.

"What am I, an empty talker, beside this great doer?" said Martin Luther, when he heard of the victorious faith and heroic fortitude of an obscure martyr.

* D'Aubigné gives us the pastor's words upon this occasion: "Falling them by their sleeves, he exhorted them to come back, saying, *Courage! cet éclair montre que Dieu veut être de la partie.*"

A similar thought filled the mind of de Rochet, as he entered Maderon's workshop towards the close of the following day. Perhaps unconsciously to himself, he expected some change in the appearance, speech, and conduct of the man, corresponding to the strange revolution which had transformed the humble mechanic into a hero. If so, he was disappointed. The carpenter was seated at his bench, engaged upon a rather elaborate piece of work, and as truly "a whole man" to that "one thing," as if he had no thought or aspiration beyond.

De Rochet laid his hand on his shoulder, "What, my friend, at work to-day?" he said.

Maderon rose quickly, and saluted "Monsieur le Pasteur" as usual, with respect and cordiality.

"My work would not wait, Monsieur," he said. "I have promised it to-morrow; and, moreover, a little extra pains may not be amiss. I would have these Catholic gentlemen say, 'Huguenot tradesmen are always the best.'"

"Faithful in the least, faithful also in much," thought de Rochet, and he could not help adding aloud, "Show me the man who performs every little daily task as unto the Lord, and I will show you one who will not fail when called to do or to suffer greatly for His sake. Maderon, thou hast fulfilled nobly the charge I gave thee that night in the market-place."

Maderon replied with a frank simplicity in which there was no mixture of pride or self-consciousness. "And I have found, Monsieur, that the Master needed me, Jacques Maderon the carpenter, just as I was; and since I had only my hands to serve him with, he had a work for my hands to do. But, Monsieur, what of the castle? the Catholics hold that still."

"They cannot continue to hold it more than a few days. A messenger has been dispatched this morning

to inform the princes and the admiral that the town is theirs. 'Twill be happy tidings to them, and to all who have the good cause at heart."

"True, Monsieur; but the Lord's great mercy has done most of all for us, the poor Huguenots of Nismes, who may now lie down to sleep at night and go to our work by day in peace and safety, none making us afraid." He added with a thoughtful, half-doubting glance at de Rochet, "Is it possible—think you—that—that—my brother Jules may know of these things?"

"I dare not say so, Jacques; there are passages in Scripture which would seem to intimate the contrary. But what matters it? We are quite sure that he knows the end, that he rests in the full certainty that truth and right will triumph at last; why then should we care that he should know every little step of the way?"

"You are right, Monsieur, only I would have liked—" his lip trembled, and he turned his face away for a moment, then he resumed calmly, "I see that the same Lord who wanted him in his bright home above, wanted me in this poor workshop here. Doubtless, when my work is done, he will call me also to himself. Meanwhile I will work on hopefully and happily, knowing that each day's toil is done unto him, as truly as it was for his sake I filed the grating at the *Porte des Camées*."

We may leave Jacques Maderon with these words on his lips, only repeating his thought in a more complete and forcible form, as it "dropped from the dying hand" of one of the greatest thinkers of modern times. "Do little things as if they were great, because of the majesty of our Lord Jesus Christ who dwells in thee; and do great things as if they were little and easy, because of his omnipotence."

Does not the sublime precept of Pascal embody and enforce the lessons taught by the simple story of the carpenter of Nismes?

D. A.

MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. XII.—MADAGASCAR—continued.



"OTHER," said George, next Sabbath evening, "I have been often thinking of Radama this week. How sad and strange that he should have been so kind to the missionaries, and yet himself never believed in Jesus!"

"Sad indeed, but not more strange than cases of the same description in our own days. How many persons believe that the Bible is true, go to church regularly, are civil or kind to Christian ministers, and yet are never in earnest to seek salvation for themselves. And what keeps them back? Just the same hindrances as those of the heathen prince—love of this world, its cares and pleasures, and unwillingness to part from their favourite sins. Is there not

a king mentioned in Scripture, whose character and conduct resembled that of Radama?"

"Herod, I suppose; he did many things to please John the Baptist, and heard him gladly, but would not give up Herodias."

"And Agrippa," said Anne, "who was almost persuaded to be a Christian."

"Very good examples. Let us take home the lesson and warning to ourselves. Radama probably had his seasons of conviction and serious impressions, and would put them off with the idea that there would be plenty time to become a Christian when he should be an older man, and have his wars and other undertakings accomplished. But he died in the very prime of life, leaving all his projects of ambition and usefulness unfinished."

ppose," said Mr. Campbell, "you have said tell us about the mission, this evening." in some respects, encouraging in others." n did their troubles begin?"

he autumn of 1826, the missionaries met with loss in the death of Mr. Hastie, who, as British in Madagascar, had ever been their true His death was deeply mourned by Radama and truly desired the good of the country. After schools still increased in number, but the attendance at public worship became small, and onaries, with anxious hearts, felt as if there was wing from above resting on their labours. In eputation of two gentlemen was sent from the Society to examine and report upon the real state m. They arrived in July, and the first news rd was that Radama was alarmingly ill. One eputies, the Rev. Dr. Tyrman, overcome by und anxiety, became ill immediately, and died s after he landed."

very sad, mamma!"

as so indeed, and while the missionaries were lly attending his funeral, they received the first of a yet more mournful event, the death of ."

it did he die of?"

! his illness was brought on by his intemperance r sins. Mr. Jones saw him two days before the it could hardly understand the few words he ed to say. And as he never believed himself ntil too late, he had taken no steps to secure ightful heir should succeed him."

o was the right heir?"

nephew Rakatobe, son to Prince Rataffe. But at a distance from the capital when Radama d the throne was violently usurped by one of ns, Ranavalona, assisted by some bold ambitious tors."

at kind of person was she?"

uel, hard-hearted woman, and a bigoted idolater. aliah of old, she no sooner mounted the throne resolved to destroy 'all the seed royal.' Prince e was the first victim. He was an amiable ad been educated by the missionaries, and they ch hope that he was a true believer in Jesus. he soldiers seized him, he asked for a short time

While he prayed, his grave was dug, then he roed with spears, and buried at once on the

mma," said Tommy, "did he go to heaven?"

hope so, my dear; there was good reason to hat he was the first of the Malagasy who died ian. Perhaps this might be one cause why l queen wished his death."

o did she murder next?" asked George.

atobe's father and mother; the mother was Radama. They knew their danger, and sought he means of escape. They came to the mission-

aries for advice; it was a heart-rending interview we are told, but what could *they* do for them? A cruel captain refused them a passage to Mauritius, fearing danger to himself. They were soon discovered and murdered like their son. Then began a rule of blood and terror.

"How did the people submit to it?"

"They were taken by surprise, and although the queen was an ignorant, superstitious woman, she had several strong-minded, unscrupulous ministers who in fact ruled the kingdom in her name."

"How did the missionaries feel?"

"They must have felt," said Mr. Campbell, "as our Saviour describes, 'like lambs among wolves.'"

"From the first," said Mrs. Campbell, "they felt doubtless that their position had suddenly become most precarious and critical. The queen, indeed, professed that she intended to follow in all things the example of Radama, that whatever he had ordered or planned should be carried out by her, and the privileges of foreigners should continue as before. But the schools were closed for at least six months, as part of the public mourning for the deceased king, and thus the scholars were dispersed and discouraged; and soon after they had reassembled, the eldest and most promising both of pupils and native teachers were called to join the army, and serve as soldiers in many bloody distant expeditions. Thus the missionaries' hands were weakened, and in many ways which it would take too long to tell you of, the unfriendly spirit of the Government was shown. The health of Mr. Jones, long delicate, now gave way so much that he was obliged to leave Madagascar, in hopes of recruiting by change of climate. Mr. Freeman and his family left not long after. The other members of the mission party laboured faithfully on, in the work of teaching, preaching, translating and printing the Word of God. And in the midst of outward discouragements they began to receive tokens for good, that the seed they had so long been sowing in hope was now about to take root, and bear fruit to everlasting life in the hearts of the poor heathens around them."

"Do you mean, mamma, that there were real conversions?"

"Yes the people seemed to awaken to more serious concern about their souls, the chapel services were again crowded, and letters came to the missionaries from persons requesting baptism and admittance to the table of the Lord. Here is a specimen,—

"May you, Mr. Johns, live long, and never be sick. What we have to say to you is this: We know that we were born in sin, and that we have sinned from our youth until now. But we hope that we repent of our sins, and we bless God that Jesus Christ came into the world to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. We desire to approach him as sinners, and to give up ourselves to serve him all the days of our life. It is our desire to be received as members of the church that assembles at Ambatona-konga, that we may

commemorate the death of Jesus Christ, and we beg of you to make known this our wish to the church. We hope that God will guard us against the temptations of Satan, and help us to glorify Him, and to walk worthy of the gospel of Christ till we die."

Saith we (six names).

"No young persons in a Christian land," observed Mr. Campbell, "could express such a wish in a more satisfactory manner. It is very remarkable that this should have occurred at that time, when the clouds were gathering and a storm at hand, instead of during the calm days of Radama's reign. However we know that if times of trial make hypocrites and formalists fall away, they likewise test and bring to light real believers. The servants of Christ would feel to their joy and encouragement that the long years of previous labour had not been spent in vain. How did they now act?"

"They applied respectfully to the Government, asking whether the permission given by Radama to his subjects to embrace if they chose the Christian religion, was still to be continued. And the queen replied, that 'she did not wish to change the words of the late king,' and all who desired it were at liberty in this respect to do as they pleased."

"That was wonderful, mamma."

"It was a merciful interposition of God, and as such rejoiced in. On the following Sabbath, May 29, 1831, twenty of the first converts were publicly baptized by Mr. Griffiths in one chapel, and next Sabbath eight more in another chapel which had been lately erected. One of these converts had been a devoted servant of the idols, and a professed diviner or sorcerer. For more than a year he had given most decided proofs of a change of heart, and his wife came along with him to profess her faith in Christ. He was baptized by the name of Paul. This first formation of a native church excited much attention. The numbers of inquirers and candidates for baptism increased. The missionaries found their work becoming so important that they wrote to Mr. Freeman, who had gone to the Cape of Good Hope, begging him to return to their assistance. He did so, and 'could hardly believe his senses' at the change in the spiritual prospects of the mission since he had been absent."

"Then," said George, "were their troubles over?"

"Ah no, the worst were to come. Mr. Ellis considers that the Queen herself was not so opposed to Christianity as her ministers, but they, being wicked men, could not endure to see the progress of the religion of holiness and peace, and spared no efforts to work upon her superstition, and excite her fears and jealousy. The permission given to the natives to receive baptism and the Lord's Supper was soon recalled. The schools were made so much nurseries for the army, that the people became unwilling to send their children to them. One after another of the mission band were ordered to leave the island. Feeling that their time was short, they laboured with increased energy in printing the

Scriptures and other religious books, and in preaching the Gospel. At last the crisis came. Early in 1835, a native Christian, having refused to observe an idolatrous holiday, was ordered to take the 'tangena.'"

"What is that?"

"I ought to have told you of it sooner. It is one of the peculiar cruel customs of the Malagasy, a kind of trial by ordeal. An accused person is made to swallow a quantity of boiled rice, and then three pieces of the skin of a fowl killed for the purpose. Next, after a long invocation or prayer to one of the idols, an emetic is given, made from a poisonous nut called tangena. If the three pieces of skin are vomited up, the person is declared innocent;—if not, he is guilty, and put to death at once. Besides, many whom the ordeal calls innocent die from the effects of the poison. Mr. Freeman writes at the beginning of Ranavalona's reign, 'Hundreds, if not thousands, have perished by the vile tangena.'"

"Oh, mamma! what a strange, cruel, senseless custom!"

"Well, the young Christian took the tangena, and by the goodness of God was declared innocent. His friends received him back with a kind of joyful procession. The Queen happened to see this from a distance, and was very angry. Her ministers took every opportunity to aggravate her jealous feelings, and at last she declared that she would put an end to Christianity, though it should cost the life of every Christian in the island."

"And were there many then?"

"I do not know the numbers, but one of the mission party writes, 'Few families were to be found (I suppose he means near the capital), from the immediate connections of the sovereign to that of the humblest slave, who could not number among their near relations some who were the disciples of the Saviour. Many, there was reason to believe, were truly converted, others were desirous of knowing the way of salvation.' A general 'kabary' was summoned for the 1st of March, all within seventy miles of the capital being ordered to attend, and it was calculated that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand persons assembled. A terrible edict against the Christians was then proclaimed. The Europeans were still permitted to observe their own religion, and meet for worship on the Sabbath, but 'God was not to be worshipped by any native, and the name of Jesus was not to be invoked excepting in connection with the national idols, the sun, moon, &c. Transgression of this law was to be punished by the death of the offender, the confiscation of property, and if married the slavery of their wives and children. The names of Jehovah and Jesus Christ at first were only prohibited, but afterwards the devil was added, and his name not allowed to be mentioned.'"

"Those who accused themselves with professions of repentance, within a month, might hope for a lighter punishment than death, and many, as was to be expected, yielded to this temptation. The missionaries were far-

to teach religious knowledge of any kind, and the dered to *forget* all they had ever heard! Here volona's directions as to prayer.

I with regard to the mode of prayer, . . . I will how you are to pray. You must first of all Indriamanitra Andriamanahary; then all that of the twelve sovereigns; and of the earth and of the sun and moon, and then of the sacred limalaza, Ifantaka, Imahavaly, Imanjakatsiroa, have made sacred the twelve sovereigns. And ange this mode of praying, I will punish them th, saith Ranavalo-manjaka."

y had been listening more attentively than 'Mamma,' he said, "that was something like ad Daniel. Were there any Daniels in Mada-

my dear, a great many." were they put into the lions' den?" asked little

exactly, but into the hands of wicked men, el than wild beasts. The next orders the ve was that all the books they had ever received Europeans should be given up; and the people rowful looks did bring a great many to the d officers, but also managed to conceal a number. sionaries still worked hard at printing Bibles in-books, which they carefully buried in the n secret places. And then, with heavy hearts, at their presence could do no good, but only the danger of the converts, the last of the and left for Mauritius, in July 1836."

mamma!" said Anne, "then were the poor left among their enemies, without any ministers rs?"

and to all human appearance it seemed that spark of gospel light, kindled in Madagascar, a be quenched in heathen darkness, even sup- at those who now believed should prove faith- death. But it was not so,—the bush burning consumed was to be an emblem of the church in so many other parts of the world."

t did the Christians do when the missionaries ,?"

irst they appear to have been allowed rather quillity. Here is part of a letter which they l to send to Mr. Johns in 1837.

lth and happiness to you, beloved friends, say iciples of Jesus Christ here in Madagascar. . . . t perceive any change in the mind of the queen ard to Christianity. She remains the same. re less interfered with since our friends have perhaps it is thought that we shall certainly e word of God, now that we have no teachers. n does not understand that the best teacher e Holy Spirit, is still with us. . . .

us will not quench the smoking flax. We feared missionaries left us, lest God might forsake e have found the word of promise true, "I

will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He has, indeed, remained with us; and great has been the joy of our hearts in praying to him, and in conversing together on the things which relate to the life to come.

"The Bibles that were left have all been put in circulation, and many more copies are desired. If the Pilgrim's Progress be finished, let it be sent very soon, for we are desirous of it,—it rejoices our hearts. We meet on the mountains to sing and pray on the Sabbath, and we have three services after sunset in the course of the week. All the Christians are teaching others to read. There are ten learning with one friend, six with another, four with another, and so our numbers quietly increase. . . . We purpose to send every year to Tamatave, to forward letters to you, and to receive yours to us."

"And another letter says,—

"Through the blessing of God we have enjoyed peace and tranquillity beyond our expectation, and have been able to meet together frequently for religious purposes. . . . We have great pleasure in telling you that our number has much increased since you left. Some who had fallen away have been restored, and others have joined themselves, and are learning to read. We want more Bibles, and Testaments, and spelling-books, which we hope you will be able to send us. We are delighted with the Pilgrim's Progress; some have written it out for themselves, but we should be exceedingly glad to have some printed copies."

"The Pilgrim's Progress," said Mr. Campbell; "that wonderful book! did it penetrate even to Madagascar? How truly the ways and thoughts of God are beyond ours! When the enemies of gospel truth had got John Bunyan confined in the jail at Bedford, how little they thought that instead of silencing the preacher's voice, they were but preparing the way for his speaking, by his marvellous 'dream,' to almost every nation under heaven!"

"Yes; I suppose no other book except the Bible has been translated into so many languages, or suited the case of so many human hearts in all lands and circumstances. But I must hasten on with my story. The temporary respite was soon over, and the enemies of Christianity, finding that the religion they hoped to extirpate, was rather on the increase, began a violent persecution, which lasted for years."

"I recollect," said George, "seeing in a magazine at uncle's last summer, a paper called 'The Malagasy Martyrs,' but I did not know who they were, and did not read it. Were there really *martyrs* in Madagascar!"

"Yes, not a few, and I must tell you some things about them, though we have not time for all. The first was a woman named Rasalama. She was confined in prison, and cruelly tortured with heavy irons, but her faith never failed, and she spoke of Jesus to every one near her. She sang hymns on her way to the place of execution, and joyfully exclaimed as they passed by the

mission-chapel, 'There I first heard of the Saviour!' When the fatal spot was reached, she asked time to pray, and calmly kneeling, commended her soul like Stephen to Jesus, and in this attitude received the spears into her heart. See, here is a picture of the scene, at the beginning of Mr. Freeman's book. You see Rasalama kneeling; the murderers behind just about to strike their spears into her back and sides, and these wild dogs waiting to devour her body."

"O mamma! was she not buried?"

"No, the bodies of criminals were generally left to the dogs, and when the friends of Rasalama ventured to visit the place a day or two afterwards, they found only a few bones remaining."

"Who is that young man in the picture," asked George, "who looks grave and sad?"

"He is Rafaralahy, a young interesting Christian, who ventured to keep near the martyr to the end, and was heard to say, 'If I might have so tranquil and happy a death, I would gladly die for Jesus too.' He lived in the country, had a good deal of property, and spent all his money in relieving the wants of his poorer brethren. He removed his house to a very secluded spot, where he could shelter the afflicted Christians, and join with them in worship, and, whenever he had an opportunity, endeavoured to tell others of the Saviour. He was accused and arrested the year after Rasalama. He met death with the greatest composure, speaking all the way to execution of Jesus, and the happiness he felt at the thoughts of going to be with him. Like Rasalama he requested time for prayer, and prayed earnestly for his poor country and persecuted brethren. Then the executioners came near and wished to throw him on the ground, but he told them there was no need of that violence, as he was quite ready to die now,—and so calmly lay down to receive the spears. His friends obtained the favour of giving burial to his body."

"Soon after this a young married woman, refusing to deny the Saviour, was compelled by her relatives to take the tangena, and died from the effects of its poison. Then we hear of sixteen Christians, when endeavouring to escape, being all seized, and nine put to death at once. Each was bound to a pole, quite naked, and in this way carried to the place of execution, where, on a signal gun being fired, the executioners thrust spears into their bodies, and their spirits joined the 'noble army of martyrs' above. Paul and his wife, whom I mentioned before, were among the nine. The queen now become more furious than ever, and ordered that whenever the soldiers found any Christians they should be at once executed, by digging a pit on the spot, throwing them in bound, and pouring boiling water over them!"

"Did they not endeavour," said Mr. Campbell, "to save themselves by flight? Our Lord expressly says, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee to another.'"

"Many fled to the mountains, and at one time we hear from their letters that there were two hundred

thus wandering about, almost destitute of either food or clothing. Others sought to leave the island, and in 1838, two women and six men, after a series of most romantic dangers and deliverances, succeeded in reaching Mauritius, by the help of Mr. Johns, who ventured a visit to Tamatave in order to assist the escape of any fugitives. One of these women, Rafaravy or Mary, was a remarkable character, and had endured everything short of death for Christ's sake. She and some of the others were sent to England, and received there with the warmest interest and kindness. Good Mr. Johns was unwearied in his efforts to find some asylum or means of relief for the afflicted believers. Regardless of personal danger, he visited Tamatave three times, in a trading vessel, during the years 1842-43. His life was sacrificed to the cause so near his heart, for in August 1843 he died of fever, caught on the coast, in a small island near Madagascar, where he hoped to find a home for some of the poor refugees."

"I well recollect," said Mr. Campbell, "the sensation produced in this country, at a missionary meeting where I was present, by the reading of a letter from some of the persecuted Malagasy Christians. They begged for more Bibles, but bade them be of *small size*, that they might be easily concealed."

"I have marked that letter, and one or two others, for reading now, I only wish it were not so late, that we might read more of them. Here are some extracts:—

"To you, beloved friend, health and happiness. We have received your letter, and the cloth, soap, and salt. May God bless you for the compassion you have shown us! It is not in our power to repay you. You further ask, if there is anything we want. Now, there is one thing which much afflicts us—our want of Bibles. ~~Then~~ we possess are quite worn out. We can conceal them, though there are many enemies. As to our means of support, it may be said we have and we have not. All our property was taken from us when we were reduced to slavery. However, the Lord has said, "Consider the ravens, they sow not, they reap not, yet God feedeth them;" and just so, dear friend, the Lord has pity on us."

"Another letter says, in 1845:—

"The number of learners is greatly increasing. . . . Be strong, therefore, in prayer for us, O friends. Tell all you know that what is not possible with men is possible with God, and that when he works none can hinder it. Be not unmindful of us, your children, for God will not be unmindful of you; and He will help us still more abundantly. Be earnest in prayer, O beloved friends, for prayer is power, and strength, and life. God hears your supplications, and sends his answer to us."

"Touching the general condition of the country, the people are more and more afflicted. . . . But in conclusion, O beloved friends, when we examine the word of God, especially the passages which are suitable for us, we gain hope and confidence indeed. . . . Read, if you please, Dan. iii. 27, 28; iv. 34, 35; vi. 20, 28. Earnestly,

therefore, plead on our account and on your own; for if God be for us, who can be against us?

"All the Christians in Madagascar present their salutations to all you that are in Christ Jesus, in whom all friends who love one another, though distant, are united in one."

"And another:—

"This is what we have to tell you; afflicted are we because of the fewness of the Bibles here with us, and we extremely desire to have more. We thirst for them, for the Bible is our companion and friend, to instruct and search us thoroughly when in secrecy and silence, and to comfort us in our grief and tribulation. Blessed be God, the people who, through his grace, are going forward, are becoming many, so that the greater part of them cannot have Bibles. Send us, therefore, all you can, for even then there will not be enough; and let them be small, so as to be easily concealed. We need also hymn-books, catechisms, and Bunyan's Pilgrim; and also such tracts as are suitable for us. Remember, Jesus said unto Peter, 'Feed my sheep.'"

"As to the condition of our country, it is still dark, and persecution continues. Nevertheless, the people are going forward. Blessed be God, who thus prospers them! On the Sabbath-day we always go to some hill

or valley far away out of sight. We leave home on the Saturday, and on the Sunday we meet together and worship God. But only those who are strong can thus go to a distance, and we feel very much for the sorrow of those who cannot go. Still we do not faint, but continue to ask of God that he will help us not to sink under our affliction; for Jesus said, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'"

"Beautiful letters!" said George and Anne together.

"Beautiful indeed; and they teach us very important lessons. We in this favoured land are often too dependent upon our ministers and teachers, and means of grace of every kind. We cannot indeed set too high a value upon these, or seek too diligently to improve them, but it is well to be taught sometimes, as in this affecting story, how God can work by his Word and Spirit alone, without the human instruments and outward helps which we are apt to think so necessary."

"But, mamma, were they not delivered at last? Did the cruel Queen not die?"

"I hoped to have told you more to-night, but it is too late, and we must leave the story while they are still in the furnace of affliction,—the bush burning, but not consumed."

OUR BIBLE-WOMEN.



THE scheme for the employment of "Bible-women," which has been guided in London with so much skill by the accomplished authoress of "The Missing Link," has been crowned with signal success. Last year the number of female agents was two hundred, and the money received not less than £10,000. The work has spread into localities far remote from the great capital. In large provincial towns, in crowded manufacturing and mining districts, and in quiet rural villages, the hallowed influence of the female missionary has of late come to be greatly prized. Staid, prudent, but withal lively Christian women, have in such places been much owned and blessed by the Great Head of the Church, in spreading his word, and in encouraging the hearts of many who but for them would have continued to live in sin and have been lost to the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.

The ladies of Edinburgh early followed the example set by their sisters in London. There are now more than thirty Bible-women employed in the Scottish capital, and maintained at a cost of not less than £1000. Some of these are employed as the agents of individual congregations, but a considerable number are supported by a committee of ladies (over whom Lady Emma Campbell presides) belonging to various Christian denomina-

tions. This committee, should their funds increase, will employ more workers in destitute localities, of which there are still many unoccupied. The female agents are employed by them without regard to the church to which they belong. The only things looked for when engaging them are, that they have given evidence of being truly taught of the Spirit of God, that they are persons of prudence and tact, well skilled in household management, and willing to give a helping hand in the houses to which they carry the Word of Life, in times of sickness and distress.

I have been connected, as a lady superintendent with this association since its commencement, and have thought that one or two glimpses into the Bible-woman's work might be acceptable to your readers, and might interest them in work which has a strong claim on their attention and sympathies. Our first note refers to a village lying prettily in the midst of little hills—far enough away from great centres of population and enterprise to retain something of true village simplicity, yet near enough to have come much under the influence of some of the worst social features of large towns.

A solemn silence had fallen on a small company of village friends, as they stood gazing on the wrinkled, spent face of "mindless Mary," as they used to call her, who seemed to be lying very near the gates of death. None thought that this poor half-idiot one would ever

draw comfort from the words of the living God. They believed that all which could be done for her, even by the tenderest care, would be to soothe the pains of her body, now old and frail. But, once and again, Mary had been told of the "Good Book" and of the "gracious Saviour." All in vain, it had been thought; but now, when her last hour on earth was at hand, she, to the astonishment of all, raised herself up and said, in a clear, sharp tone, "What are you all standing looking at? Can you not read to me out of the Good Book?" Those around her bed were gladdened. The word read became to her healing and health. The long lost mind came back with power. She listened with earnestness, and deep, yet peaceful, anxiety, and at last "entered in" leaning on the Beloved.

In country districts young mothers are often too much lost sight of by those who should care for them. It would be almost impossible for many of them to leave their children at home and go to church. Besides, there are often difficulties on the score of dress. All this they feel keenly at first, but, by-and-by, they become hardened, and give up church-going habits altogether. I have never seen any district, however faithful the ministers in it, or however well-organized the congregations, which had not many women, I would say more women than men, who answered not the Sabbath-bell summoning them to the "House of Prayer." Can this be remedied? Better I believe in one way than in any other—by sending a Bible-woman among them. But, say some, will you get these women to come out if you ask them? Here was our first experience. An invitation had been given. The time for the meeting arrived. It was a clear frosty night. Every star was shining out in wondrous beauty. The moon's rays trembled among the hoar frost, and it sparkled like diamonds. The Bible-woman having swept her hearth, and made the fire brightly, filled her kitchen with seats, lighted her lamp, laid her Bible on a small table, and went to her door with some anxiety, to see if any of the women, who attended no church, and whom she had that day invited, were coming, to the first Mother's Meeting held in the place. One after another they came. The seats were soon filled, and the two beds had to be used as sofas. The meeting began. They stared and coughed, and whispered to each other at first, but soon the tick of the clock, the "singing" of the kettle on the hob, and a sigh now and then were all the sounds that mingled with the reading. The Bible was so fresh to them as they listened to the wondrous story of the Saviour's love

for sinners. Tears dropped from mothers' eyes and fell on the faces of their sleeping infants. The Spirit of God was present. They all shook hands heartily with the lady superintendent as they parted, and asked her to come again. These meetings continue, and the results for truest good are great.

"I had a sore heart the day I came to this meeting," said a poor woman to me in Edinburgh, "but oh, the comfort I have got here." "I don't know how I would have got through the winter, with nothing to look at but these four walls," said another, "were it not for this meeting."

And it is not only in the meetings, but in the homes that the Bible-woman's work is prized. Who should be so welcome? She goes with the Word of God in her hand, and as one ever ready to give her help in any needful household duty.

One case out of many may be given. A poor mother who had been very ill had just crawled out of bed, unable to get further than a low stool by the fire, where her three children sit looking at her, with a sad look of care on their young faces, while her infant, a few weeks old, lies asleep. Her husband cannot stay at home to help her. The bread-winner must go to his work. She has no friends near her, and no money to pay for help. Her next neighbour, in the comfortless room at the end of the long, dark passage, is an old woman, whom the Bible agent found on her bed, her grizzled hair matted on her brow, and a look of despair on her wrinkled face, saying, "Oh, if I die as I am, I know where I must go to!" her only friend, her witless daughter, sitting, with folded hands, in a corner of the small, dark room, gazing vacantly at her mother, or staring into the fire. How very welcome the Bible-woman's visit to such as these! Among such she works.

If I had the ear of ladies living amidst luxuries, and of mothers who have plenty and to spare, I would say, "Will you not give of your abundance to God's hidden poor ones? Will you not strive and pray that those who are ready to perish may be brought back to the fold of the true Shepherd? We are all naturally touched by the stirring story of want and woe. At our own doors, alas! there is abounding misery—souls are going up to God, that have scarcely ever heard of the Saviour's love. Is not this the worst misery of all? Can you do nothing to remedy it?"

"There's not a cottage hearth below,
But feeds with solace kind the willing soul—
Men love us, or they need our love."

HYMN-MENDING.

IN looking over Sir Roundell Palmer's new collection of hymns, in which, with great labour and research, he has restored nearly every hymn to its original form, rejecting the so-called improvements of the whole tribe of tinkers and menders, we are surprised to see how many of the compositions familiar to us in church-worship stand in our books mangled and hacked, wounded and crippled, by the cuts of surgeons and amputators. For instance, we will give Joseph Grigg's hymn (A.D. 1765) as the author left it, and as he meant it should always

"Behold ! a Stranger's at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a Friend indeed ?
He will ! the very Friend you need !
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

O lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands !
O matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

Rise, touched with gratitude Divine ;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That hateful, hell-born monster, Sin ;
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.

If thou art poor, (and poor thou art,)
Lo ! He has riches to impart ;
Not wealth, in which mean avarice rolls ;
O better far ! the wealth of souls !

Thou'rt blind ; He'll take the scales away,
And let in everlasting day :
Naked thou art ; but He shall dress
Thy blushing soul in Righteousness.

Art thou a weeper ? Grief shall fly ;
For who can weep with Jesus by ?
No terror shall thy hopes annoy ;
No tear, except the tear of joy.

Admit Him, for the human breast
He'er entertained so kind a Guest ;
Admit Him, for you can't expel ;
Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn ;
His feet, departed, ne'er return !
Admit Him ; or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Yet know, (nor of the terms complain,)
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign ;
To reign, and with no partial sway ;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey !

Sovereign of souls ! Thou Prince of Peace !
O may Thy gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door, each willing mind !
And be His empire all mankind !"

The above hymn, as it appears in our popular hymn-books, has been abridged, re-arranged, and re-written into the following mere apology for its former self :—

"Behold a Stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long—is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

Oh ! lovely attitude—He stands
With melted heart, and loaded hands ;
Oh ! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes !

But will He prove a Friend indeed ?
He will—the very Friend you need ;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
His feet departed, ne'er return ;
Admit Him—or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand."

Toplady's familiar hymn,—

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,"

as usually printed, has six stanzas, but correctly given has ten—which, from the preciousness of this undying lyric to many thousand Christian hearts, our readers will be glad to see in full :—

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of Love divine,
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home :
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His Grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.

Or, should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

The people of His choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His Name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

No wonder, when His Love
Pervades your kindling breast,
You wish for ever to retain
The heart-transporting Guest.

Yet learn, in every state,
To make His will your own;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone.

By anxious fear depressed,
When from the deep ye mourn,
'Lord, why so hasty to depart,
So tedious in return?'

Still on His plighted Love
At all events rely;
The very hidings of His face
Shall train thee up to joy.

Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait, till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveal His Love with power.

The time of Love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that He shed His Blood,
But that it flowed for thee!

Tarry His leisure, then,
Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see!"

The instances in which hymns are altered & improvement are few, though such exist. For example, the grand opening of Watts' hymn:—

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,"

was not Watts' own, but a retouching by Wesley's master-hand upon Watts' more feeble which was as follows:—

"Nations, attend before His throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

Another instance of improvement is in the following Thomas Haweis, 1792, which we give in its text:—

"O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!

When groaning on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me!

Temptations sore obstruct my way;
And ills I cannot flee!
Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me!

Distress in pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see!
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me!

If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

The hour is near; consigned to death
I own the just decree:
'Saviour!' with my last parting breath
I'll cry, 'Remember me!'"

The above hymn is now ordinarily sung as follows:

"O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

If, for Thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame;
O Lord, remember me!

When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me!

When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath
O Lord, remember me!

And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Thou, with the saints at Thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me!

Looking at the altered rendering of the above hymn, not but be struck with the increased force and of the abridgment—but who took the pains to delete the last unnecessary stanza to the abridgment? It does not appear in the original; it does not fitly belong

to either. The hymn would close more majestically with the stanza,—

“When in the solemn hour of death.”

Nor do we understand the taste which displaces “All hail reproach” with the weak substitute, “I’ll hail reproach.”


No treasure which a man can leave the world is richer than a Christian hymn. The builders of all the pyramids have done less for mankind than the maker of the four little prayerful lines,—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,”

which every child, born to speak the English tongue, repeats by heart. A hymn may outlast a kingdom, and the fame of making it be better than a kingship. Who speaks as often of George II. as of Charles Wesley? Good hymns become a sacred legacy from age to age, and he who mars and disfigures one commits sacrilege—a crime which, among book-makers, has become as common as it is disreputable.

GUILTY CONCERNING THE DEAD.

BY MRS. C. A. ROGERS.

E is, in truth, an enviable Christian who has not passed through that hour of agony when the tidings of a soul's departure from this life have brought to him the bitter consciousness that he had been verily and fearfully guilty concerning the dead. I do not speak with reference to any act of unkindness, any courtesy or friendliness, but to our failure in exerting a just influence in spiritual things; for, in that when it is told us that one is not, if he be Christ's we the joy of our grief, “God hath taken him!” but if a winged whisper to us that he is not, we cry, “Alas, my friend!” In the one case we seek to quell our inward agonizing by striving to follow the freed soul in its upward flight, until it finds its happy place among the spirits in Paradise; and in the other our anguish breaks in a wailing, “Whither has it gone?” but there is no answer. We do not then attempt to recall the face of our friend's life, but vainly seek to penetrate the veil that hides from our eyes his present state. Not the remembrance of his innate nobleness and wealth of inquiry, his winning affectionateness, his great and tender heart, can tempt us to a moment's rest from the pining inquiry, “Where is he?” And then, perhaps, the anguish of reflection upon our neglect of

There had been a time when he would doubtless have listened to a kindly word of exhortation, but our negligence was wanting, and it passed. An opportunity, once a recent one, offered itself to us for manifesting the traits of Christian meekness and love in his

presence, but pride ruled the hour, and by hasty words and foolish anger, we dishonoured our Master's name, and peradventure led an unbeliever to exclaim in his heart, “It is well that all the world's people are not like these Christians!”

One after another of like recollections crowd upon us; and when the height of our remorse has been reached, and we behold all our garments stained with blood, then our whole character and mission in the world appear to us in a new and fearful light. The shortness and uncertainty of life, the harvest before our eyes ungathered for the Lord of the vineyard, our souls' blindness and unbelief, and the glorious prize to be attained by those who do their Master's will, stand out in bold relief, and we instinctively promise, in memory of the dead, that on the morrow we will gird ourselves to the work right valiantly. But the bitter thought arises, “There is no to-morrow for him!” And we bow in the dust under a weight of crushing and inevitable regret.

It is not often the neglect of a direct and personal effort for his best good that haunts us most painfully, but the knowledge of our manifold follies and inconsistencies which have been known to him; for no teacher is so carefully observed and highly regarded as an example. We see ourselves for the time as others see us.

Yet there are no moments to be spent in idle grief. Be our sorrow never so appalling, there is a refuge ever open to us in ceaseless, fervent prayer, and the burden of our desire will be, “Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord.”

Words often profit little, but the humble soul, whose daily life is beautified by the grace of a meek and quiet spirit, whose conversation is just and tempered by a gentle charity, such an one is a living, tangible witness for the everlasting Word, and shall hereafter shine as the stars for ever and ever.

For many among us there is a past of anguished memories that hover about our path, and, as servants of our great adversary, strive to impede us in our onward course. "Aha," they cry, "I was an hungered, and would have asked for the Bread of Life, but you made it seem a cheat!" "My soul fainted for the living waters, but you had drunk of them and commended them not." "I was naked, and wanted the Christian's robe, but you wore it to your shame and my contempt." "My soul was sick, but you passed by on the other side." "Though bound in the world's prison-house I was a willing captive, for I loved my self-respect and kept it, while I saw yours was lost in your freedom."

Very grievous are their complaints, and at times well-nigh intolerable; but shall they make us falter in our heavenward race? Shall they not incite us to a more earnest watchfulness, a more steadfast looking unto Jesus, who has said, by the mouth of his servant, that it is only through much tribulation we can enter into his kingdom? The consciousness of our past errors should bring us great gain in humility, but when we have confessed them and implored forgiveness at the mercy-seat, it is a wrong done to our blessed Lord if we still seek to carry the burden of our guilt. The present, with its manifold temptations, its marvellous privileges and obvious duties, demands our utmost fortitude, our loftiest faith, and unfailing endeavour. Therefore, my friend, *forgetting those things which are*

behind, and reaching forth unto those which go before, let us press toward the mark, remembering that, by every idle word, every heedless step, we not only delay our own advancement, but are in danger of casting a stumbling-block before our brother, by which he may fall and not arise. And if we would be delivered from blood-guiltiness, we must cultivate a tender compassion and charity for those who are out of the way. The most effectual method of obtaining this largeness of kindly feeling is by letting out the soul in prayer, mindful that our great High Priest and Intercessor is always ready to offer up our petitions to the Father of mercy. He is faithful that promised, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive;" nevertheless we must take it on trust, for often it is not ours to know the answer. But with this we have little to do. The path of our duty, though rough, lies plain before us, and the end thereof is joy and eternal peace in the kingdom of our Lord.

Christian! heed my earnest cry;
Knowest thou the hour is nigh
When, for him who standeth there,
Thou canst breathe no more a prayer?

Stout of heart and strong of limb;
Ah! he trusteth not in Him,
Who alone his strength can be
In his sore extremity.

Naught of trouble doth he borrow,
Looking forward to the morrow;
But the morrow's scarce begun
Ere his whole life work is done.

Brothers! sisters! hear the call,
Pray and labour each for all:
Soon the season will be o'er,
And it cometh back no more!

HOW SOME PEOPLE DIE.

BY REV. W. MAGILL, CORK.



ALL death-beds resemble each other in suffering, in seriousness, in solitude. One look of death makes everybody in earnest. Every death-bed is hung round and round with photographs of sin, of hell, of eternity. There is overwhelming interest in watching a young man moving up reluctantly to the sword of the King of Terrors. Old age waiting for the final stroke moves our pity. If we were not wicked in heart, no preacher on earth would impress us like death.

Having one day accidentally met a doctor, I was requested by him to visit one of his patients who was near her end. I found her in an upper room of a poor tavern, in almost every kind of discomfort. It was not difficult to see "death's pale ensign" over her face. Having set the Lord Jesus before her as tenderly as I

could, and having endeavoured to suit the message of mercy, by varieties of simple language, to her condition, I wished to know the workings of her mind, and asked her—Will you come to Jesus for pardon and redemption? Once and again she answered me—it was the only answer I could get—"Yes, when I am better." A few hours after, when I again called, she was dead.

Have you ever considered, my reader, the hardship the labouring poor have to suffer for want of suitable houses to live in? It may be that you have a coiled and cedared mansion of your own, the comforts of which prevent you from thinking of life in a hut or a garret. That men with minds and bodies like your own, should be doomed in such large numbers to the tenancy of rooms unfit for human habitation—and that at a time when riches and their attendant luxuries are so largely

assessed around them, is surely a great evil under the sun—an evil for which God will visit.

Of all the abodes of the poor, the garret of a public-house is the worst. There is no peace—there is no Sabbath—there is no home. And there are the foul scenes of intoxication to be witnessed day and night. The ameliorating influences of society, education, and religion are generally shut out. Brought up among the gies of drink, what can the poor man's children be!—what can his wife be!—what can he be himself! Habits of worship, of cleanliness, of industry, of sobriety, are actually given up; and the family has started on their career of ruin.

My poor dying friend, I found, had lived for years in the tavern, had probably made too free with drink, had lived an ungodly life; and now, while face to face with death, refused to see the danger, and clung to the hope of life when there was no hope. She felt that the work of suffering was enough for her just then; and, as to the salvation of Christ, it should be attended to when she would get well.

The conduct of the dying woman impressed me much. She spoke out fearlessly what many other people feel, but do not say. She was unwilling and unfit to die. She had no doubt about that—and she would seek Christ, but not now. She could not die at this time, and she would not. She had years to live yet; and, when health would come back, she would lead a virtuous life. Oh, fearful delusion—deep as hell.

The unsaved, when drawing near their end, open the Bible and send for the minister. They are attentive to his teachings, and earnestly unite with him in his prayers. They will quote texts, and profess penitence, and express confidence in Christ. They generally enter the ocean of eternity in the ship called "Carnal Security." They have no bands in their death. They are quite sure of entering the kingdom of heaven.

I have found that the greatest sinners frequently leave the world in this way. Is it not strange, my reader, that there are many men whose eyes are so shut that not even death can open them? Sin is not sin to them; hell is not hell to them; the Jehovah of the Bible is a God with whom they have nothing to do. The rich man of the parable is to-day regaling himself with sweet wines, and reposing, amid fine linen and silks, on beds of ivory and gold—and to-morrow he is in hell, lifting up his eyes in torment.

My poor acquaintance had once, I understood, made a profession of religion. When the bloom of youth was upon her, she had attended the house of God, and heard the gospel of his grace. Marriage came, and a charge of home came, and little children came, and drink came, and apostasy came, and death came, and then came—. Oh, my God, what a fearful history is this—to how many, poor and rich, does it apply!

It is not often that a man or woman who lays the religious profession aside through sin, ever seriously takes it up again. The green tree blasted by lightning, withers away. The heart that, knowing better, deliberately chooses sinful things, is generally abandoned to them. There is an accursed calm about backsliders as they live without God, and dispense, like brute beasts, with even the semblance of religion. It settles down on them gradually. They are placid as a mountain lake—nor storm nor trouble can unruffle their bosom. The deepest and most helpless sleepers I know are those who, having once enjoyed a powerful gospel ministry, are fallen into the arms of spiritual death. They are comfortable in sin.

The poor woman put off her salvation till health came; and, alas! she perished. Are you sure, my gentle reader, that you are not doing the same. You intend to seek the Lord when you grow up to maturity—when you have learned your trade, or left school and college—when you get a house of your own—when your fortune is made, and a serene old age is reached. You are very busy now—working, sinning, suffering—and you cannot come to Jesus. Your plans of pleasure and profit are ripening every hour, and when you have drained the cup of indulgence and success, you expect to turn to the Lord.

This is the way souls have sinned and perished from the beginning of the world. Sinner, pause and pray. You have a soul to be saved. You are under sentence of death—a sentence that may be executed any moment. To perish in your sins is to perish eternally. God is just, and will by no means clear you. Beware of that life of placid ease which irreligious men generally lead. Through the faith of the name of the Lord Jesus, you may have the remission of sins. By the grace of the Holy Ghost you may enter the strait gate. Oh, think of eternal life, and serve Him who bestows it. There is nothing on earth so awful as an impenitent death-bed.





The Children's Treasury.

QUITE IN EARNEST.*

BY A. L. O. E.



“NOW, father, I want to ask you for something,” exclaimed Will Blane, almost the instant that he rose from his knees, after joining, or seeming to join in the prayer that his parent had been offering aloud.

It was the custom of Matthew Blane to pray morning and evening with his son. The first prayer, he would say, gave him heart for the labours of the day, and the second prepared him for the rest of the night. Matthew would as soon have forgotten his daily bread as his daily prayer to his God.

“You seem to be in mighty haste to ask me,” observed Blane, drily; he could not but notice how little of his son’s attention had been given to the prayer.

“Well, you see, father, as I’m going abroad, I was thinking how useful I should find one of those leather cases, with knife, and pen, and pencil complete, and a place for the paper and the stamps. Jem showed me where I could get one very cheap; and I thought, father, as a parting present, that you would not mind buying one for me.”

Matthew Blane gave a little dry cough. “You’re quite in earnest in wishing for the case?” asked he.

“Of course I am,” replied Will, a little surprised at the question.

“A good deal more in earnest, perhaps served his father, “than you were a few n ago, when you asked for safety, health, a giveness, and food for both body and soul.”

“Well, to own the truth, father,” said “my thoughts will wander a bit while saying my prayers.”

“Saying my prayers,” repeated Blane, himself; “ay, that is the word for the *Saying your prayers* is not praying. Y God for certain blessings as a matter of as a duty; but you don’t expect to get au your asking. You don’t look to receive an s as you did when you told me you want case.”

“O father, it’s so different!” cried Will

“Ay, it’s different; I grant ye that, Blane, slowly stirring the fire as he spoke is a different thing to ask for *all* that y need from One who alone has power to gi take away all, than to tell a father that y fancy for a trifle that you could very v without.”

“I did not mean that,” said Will, col “but it does not seem as if the great heaven would attend to the prayers of su creatures as we are.”

“That’s it; ’tis *unbelief* that makes s cold in prayer,” observed Blane, looking t fully into the fire. “We do not take God as we would that of a fellow-creature w respected. Does He not say again and a

One of an admirable series of new stories by A. L. O. E. just issued by our publishers.

the Bible what ought to encourage us to pray—*it, and it shall be given unto you. If ye then, knowing evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him.* There are many and many promises like that, which we'd hold fast and never let go if they were made by a friend upon earth. And if promises are not enough to content us, just look again into the Bible, and see if it is not full of examples of answers to prayer."

"But that was in the old times," observed Will.

"God never changes," replied Blane. "He is the same *yesterday, to-day, and for ever.* The same Saviour who stopped to listen to the cry of the poor, when he walked as a man upon earth, now listens with the same love and pity, sitting as God in the heavens. But then, prayer, to be answered, must come not merely from the lips—the heart must be quite in earnest."

"It is difficult to pray from the heart," said Will.

"Ay, the best of us need to say with the first disciples, *Lord, teach us to pray.* The wisest of us need to ask for *the Spirit of grace and supplications,* to help us to pray as we ought."

"But, father," said Will, with a little hesitation, "I don't see as how those who pray hard get much more than those who don't pray at all. If I were to ask God now to make me very rich, and pray with all my heart and soul, do you believe that he would send me a fortune?"

"May be not, my boy," answered Matthew Blane; "for God might see that a fortune would do you harm, and not good, as has happened to many afore. If you asked me for poisoned food, I'd not give it, however hard you might beg. I'd not harm ye even to please ye! But what I say, and what I'll stand by, is this: God gives to his praying children all that they ask for in faith, if it really is a blessing that they ask for. He may keep them waiting awhile, to try their faith and their patience; but He never forgets their prayer. They have at the last exactly what they would think best for themselves, if they could see all things as God sees—if they could know all things as God knows. And when, in a happier world, they look back upon their past lives, they

will find them—I'm sure that they *all* will—full of answers to prayer."

"Even in little earthly matters, father?"

"Even in matters that may seem to us earthly and little. I'll give you an instance, my lad. One fact will often go further than many words in the way of convincing. I'll tell you what happened not very long since to our Bible-woman, Lucy May."*

"What was it, father?" asked Will.

"Lucy had a ring that she dearly prized, because it had belonged to a pious sister, who was dead. I doubt if there was anything that she had that she would not sooner have lost than that ring. Lucy, as you know, is employed, like many another in London, in seeking out poor wandering sinners, and trying to lead them to the Saviour. There was one girl—her name was Emily—who seemed minded to listen to Lucy, and even agreed that she would go one evening with the Bible-woman to a meeting for prayer. It was on the very day, if I remember right, on which the meeting was to take place, as the two were together in Lucy's little room, there came the postman's knock at the door. Off started Lucy in haste, for she expected a letter. And sure enough there was one, bringing her news of her mother, who was ill. No wonder that while the poor Bible-woman was anxiously spelling over her letter, she forgot that in the room in which she had left the girl Emily there was her ring, besides a golden sovereign in her work-box—a work-box that was not locked."

"Ah!" exclaimed Will, "that was a forget indeed! Did the girl open the box and take them?"

"The temptation was too strong for her," replied Blane; "Emily took both sovereign and ring, and slipped them into her stocking."

"Lucy might have expected as much," cried Will. "What could have made her leave such a temptation as that in the way of a stranger?"

"I s'pose it must have been her anxiety about her mother, and the worry of the letter," answered Blane. "Anyways, it added not a little to her trouble when she found that the girl whom she

* A. L. O. E. had the following facts from one thoroughly acquainted with them, and on whose truthfulness she implicitly relies. She has only changed the Bible-woman's name.

had hoped to have as a penitent turned out such a thief; and that instead of going to the prayer-meeting as was settled, she went away no one knew where, with the stolen money and the ring, which she denied knowing anything about."

"Didn't Lucy call the police?" asked Will.

"No, she didn't like to set the police upon the track of the wretched girl; she would rather put up with her loss. And a sore loss it was to Lucy," added Blane. "I'll could a poor Bible-woman spare a sovereign that had been taken, but that loss might be made up by hard work, or by the kindness of friends; but who could restore the ring, the precious ring of her dead sister? How could Lucy hope to find again that which she had valued so much?"

"How, indeed!" exclaimed Will. "To hunt out one little ring amidst the thousands and thousands in the endless pawnbrokers' and jewellers' shops in this big town of London, would be indeed, as the saying is, like searching for a needle in a haystack! One would as soon expect to fish up a ring after throwing it into the Thames! What did poor Lucy do?"

"She went to her knees, my boy; she laid her trouble before God. She and a friend of hers prayed hard; they were *quite in earnest*, mind ye; their words didn't go one way and their thoughts another, like those of some one that I know of."

"But did Lucy ever get her ring back? that's the question," asked Will, who did not like the turn the conversation was taking.

"Be patient awhile, and you shall hear. No policeman followed that miserable thief; justice did not trace out her haunts; no one knew but herself in what pawnbroker's shop she had pledged the stolen ring; but it was as if she had been followed by Lucy's prayer; *that* was like an arrow in her heart; go where she might, she carried *that* with her. What was the surprise of the Bible-woman when, about three weeks after the robbery, the girl Emily came back of her own accord, with a look of sorrow and shame! She told Lucy that she could neither sleep nor eat, her conscience was so troubled by her sin. She had but three and sixpence left out of the sovereign which she had stolen, but this she was ready to give back; and she offered to take Lucy

to the pawnbroker's shop, where she might recover her ring.

"And Lucy went with the girl?" asked Will.

"She went with Emily to the place, and long and weary was her walk before she reached it at last; for so bent had Emily been upon hiding her wicked theft, that she had gone to a shop distant three miles from the lodging whence she had stolen the ring. Right glad was Lucy to recover her treasure, and all the more glad because she felt that she got it in answer to prayer. While she was engaged in the pawnbroker's shop, the poor shame-faced thief took the opportunity of slipping away unseen."

"Poor soul!" exclaimed Will, "there was some good left in her, or she would not have come back at all. Did Lucy never see her again?"

"Not for about nine months, I think," said old Blane; "and then she chanced—no, that's not the right word—God willed that they should meet in the streets. 'Why do you turn from me?' said Lucy, more anxious, I take it, to recover the poor wandering soul than she ever had been to recover her ring. Emily owned that she was ashamed to see her after having treated her so ill. She then told Lucy, and after inquiries showed that she told the truth, that she had once gone with five shillings in her hand to the lodging where she had stolen the money and the ring, to give them to the Bible-woman in part payment of what she had taken. Lucy had, however, left her lodging, and poor Emily frankly confessed that she had been rather glad at not being able to find her, being so much ashamed at the thought of meeting the woman whom she had so cruelly wronged. The poor creature had now only one shilling and fourpence in the world. She offered Lucy the shilling; the fourpence she said she must keep, as it was her only means of getting food that night."

"Well," exclaimed Will, "if Lucy prayed quite in earnest, that poor girl repented quite in earnest, or she would not have tried three times over to pay back as much as she could of the money. Did Lucy take her last shilling?"

"No; she had not the heart to do that. She showed the poor penitent girl the way to her new home, and made her promise to come and see her. I can't say—don't know," added Blane,

whether Emily has ever steadily begun a new one, and given herself to her Saviour, but I know at she has often been prayed for, and that the mighty heareth prayer. He who touched her heart with shame and repentance can touch it with faith and love. I don't despair—not I—of setting both the Bible-woman and the poor thief heaven!"

"Father," said Will gravely, "I never before thought that prayer was so *real* a thing; I never asked for an answer."

"Mark those telegraph wires stretching over the street," observed Blane, who was fond of illustrating his ideas by the common objects round him; "we can't see the message that is darted along them quick as lightning; but we know that messages are sent, we know that answers are returned, though plain folk like you and me cannot understand *how*. Now I often think, as I look at those lines, prayer is like a golden wire that stretches all the way up to heaven, and faith sends her messages by it. But there is one thing

which we must always remember, Will, whether we ask for earthly blessings or better gifts for our souls, we must ask all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is only for his sake that the Almighty stoops to listen to the prayers of poor sinners such as we."

Will sat silent for several minutes, turning over in his mind what he had just heard from his father. Matthew Blane was the first to speak.

"And now, my lad," said he, "you and I will go together to buy the case which you want. It may serve to remind you sometimes of what we have been talking over this morning. 'Tis well that every one should form a habit of daily prayer; but mere lip-prayer without heart-prayer is like a body without a soul, it has no more power for good than a dead corpse has in its coffin. To pray with power we must pray with faith, we must pray in the name of the blessed Saviour; and whether our words be many or few, our hearts must be *quite in earnest*."

THE POOR BOY OF DANTZIC.



POOR boy, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of a rich merchant, Samuel Richter, in Dantzic, and asked the book-keeper for alms. "You will get nothing here," grumbled the man; "so be off!"

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, and at that moment Herr Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning toward the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the meanwhile Herr Richter glanced toward the boy, and remarked that when close to the door he picked up something from the ground.

"Ha! my little lad, what is that you picked up?" he cried. The weeping boy turned and showed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer; "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Richter was pleased with the reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face.

"But are you not ashamed," he said, in a kind though serious tone, "you, so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how, and I am too little yet to thresh or fell wood!"

My father died three weeks ago, and my poor mother and little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish, and begged for alms. But, alas! a single peasant only gave me yesterday a piece of bread. Since then I have not eaten a morsel!"

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this, and thus harden many a heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said:—

"There is half a dollar. Go to the baker's, and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother, and brothers; but bring the other half to me.

The boy took the money and ran joyfully away.

"Well," said the burly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter; and as he spoke he beheld the boy returning, running quickly, with a large lot of black bread in one hand, and some money in the other.

"There, good sir," he cried, almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money!" Then, being very hungry, he begged at once for a knife to cut off a piece of the bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket-knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about

to bite upon it. But suddenly he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then he fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family at home, and learned that his father had lived in a village about four miles from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had been burned to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had then hired himself out to a rich neighbour; but before three weeks were at an end he died, broken down by grief and excessive toil. And now his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was, with her four children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek assistance, and had gone at first from village to village, then had struck into the high road, and at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight which Providence had drawn on him as a test of his gratitude.

"Listen, my son," he began; "have you then really a wish to learn?"

"Oh, yes, I have, indeed!" cried the boy. "I have read the Catechism already, and I should know a good deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for my mother was sick in bed."

Herr Richter suddenly formed his resolution.

"Well, then," he said, "as you are good, and honest, and industrious, I will take good care of you. You shall learn, have meat, and drink, and clothing, and in time earn something more. Then you can support your mother and your brothers also."

The boy's eyes flashed with joy; but in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said sadly, "My mother all this while has nothing to eat."

At this instant, as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Richter's house. The man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottlieb, and food, and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time Herr Richter directed his book-keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum for the poor family, and promising future assistance.

As soon as this was done, Herr Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottlieb's story, and of the plan he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in carrying out the plan, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster-father took him into his counting-room, in order to educate him for business. Here, as well as there, at

the writing-desk as on the school bench, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this, his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth, it is true, but by the aid of the noble Richter and of her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world except his benefactor. Out of love for him he became an active and zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When he had gained about a hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax, which was very good, and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well that, in the third year of his clerkship, Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined made him, in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer.

This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill, and fidelity; then he took the place of the book-keeper, who died about this time, and three years afterward he was taken by Herr Richter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon his bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest, Gottlieb now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, Herr Richter closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease he placed the hand of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two-and-twenty years, in that of his beloved foster-son. He had long looked upon them both as his children. They understood him; they loved each other, and in affectionate silence they solemnized their betrothal at the bedside of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships, employed in navigating the Baltic and North seas, and the care of Providence seemed to watch over the interests of their worthy owner—for worthy he

ained in his prosperity. He honoured his mother-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with tenderest affection, until, in her two-and-seventieth ; she died in his arms.

his own marriage proved childless, he took the st son of each of his two remaining brothers, now stantial farmers, into his house, and destined them e his heirs. But in order to confirm them in their

humility, he often showed them the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, of honesty, industry, and of misfortune, passed in peace from this world.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—*Mrs. St. Simon.*

BEWARE OF COVETOUSNESS.

THE STORY OF JOHN LEPREUX.



JOHN LEPREUX was a blacksmith in one of the villages on the eastern slope of the Jura Mountains. Strong and active, sober, industrious, and an excellent workman, he had always plenty of employment. He took pleasure in his work, and indifferent to the familiar noise of the hammer and the file, gave erance to his habitual cheerfulness in many a snatch song. He lived with his widowed mother in a cottage at a little distance from the shop in which he ought, and his well-tended little garden sloped down a stream, on the opposite bank of which was a eadow bordered by groves of walnuts and of wild erries, but which still retained much of the character had acquired in the higher mountain region of rocks nd pines. John Lepreux, at the time to which the recent narrative relates, was twenty-five years of age, nd had begun to think of marriage, but was restrained rom seeking the hand of any of the village maidens by strong desire to accumulate in the first place a little oney that he might bring home his wife to a better ouse, of which, both whilst at his work and in his eisure hours, he had many a pleasant vision. He had ade some progress already towards this object, and it eemed likely that in a few more years he would be able ully to attain it. He was much respected by all the illage and neighbourhood, and was at least a moderately prosperous man.

But John was not contented with his moderate prosperity, and the progress which he made was not equal o his desires. He had learned no lesson of contentment from the Bible. Like too many of his countrymen, he regarded all religion as mere superstition,—an error more excusable in him with religion continually esented to him under the mask of Popish idolatries nd mummeries, than it is in those who make it their ain boast in this more favoured land. His mother as devout in her way, attended mass regularly, went o confession, and was often to be seen on her knees efore an image of the Virgin, and John was too loving son to laugh at her openly. But in his heart he despised it all ; and as often happens in such cases, he apied much more than was really worthy of his con-

tempt. If excuse may be made for him in any degree, it must be that he knew little about the matter ; he adopted the opinions of those with whom he associated, and he believed what they said. But neither they nor he had ever read the Bible. They spoke very contemptuously of it, but in great ignorance ; in which respect many of the loudly professed admirers of Colenso and Renan in this country are very like them, and are much less excusable than they. John was therefore altogether unrestrained by any religious feeling or consideration,—alas ! for such freedom,—and evil passions grew in his heart without his seeking to subdue or quench them. He was not a vicious man in the ordinary sense of the term. Drunkenness is not a prevalent vice of his country, and not more than twice or three times in his life had John at all exceeded in wine. But he became envious of all who were more wealthy than himself, and longed for a short road to riches. He had heard much amongst his companions of the wrong done to the working classes by the wealthy, and had heard with pleasure, although he never could quite agree in the opinion that property is robbery, having a little of his own, which he was not inclined to part with. But discontented with his gains, and envious of all who were more wealthy than himself, he became unhappy. His song was not heard as before either in the workshop or the garden ; his joke and merry laugh no longer enlivened the groups of villagers and countrymen.

Whilst he was in this frame of mind there came to his village a workman of his own trade from Besançon, an idle talking fellow, who told big stories, and was often the hero of his own story. John Lepreux heard him with special interest when he spoke of the great wages to be won in Besançon, and the readiness with which the rich people in that local capital paid for any piece of work a far higher price than could ever be obtained in a poor country village. The man's own appearance was poor enough ; and it might have occurred to John to inquire why he had left a place so abounding in superior advantages for the village of which he spoke so contemptuously. But John resolved to go to Besançon in hope of pushing his fortune more rapidly, and to Besançon he went accordingly, leaving his mother in possession of the old cottage, which had been her husband's.

In Besançon John readily obtained employment, but he soon found that if wages were higher than at home, and work better paid for, living was also more expensive, so that it was not more easy to add to his little store of money than it had been in his native village.

Disappointed and chagrined, but more eager than ever for the acquisition of wealth, John remained in Besançon, envying the luxury in which he could not participate. A feeling of shame added to his unwillingness to go home again. He became more and more envious and unhappy.

He had become acquainted with a German, who, on various accounts, frequently visited the shop in which he was employed,—a man of more than middle age, of stooping figure, and strongly marked countenance, with great heavy eyebrows half concealing small quick eyes, a rather low forehead, and long locks of coarse grey hair. This man had shown a disposition to cultivate John's acquaintance, and John became more willing to converse with him than with any one else, notwithstanding the doubtful, or worse than doubtful, character which he bore. It was whispered that he had not left his native country without strong reasons, and particularly of dislike to a closer intimacy with its police and magistrates; and as to his means of living in Besançon, he kept a small shop containing goods of the most miscellaneous description, and he was reported to lend money in small sums on most usurious interest to the necessitous, and it was suspected that he was ready for the purchase of stolen property, or for any nefarious transaction. Notwithstanding all this, John Lepreux liked his company because his conversation frequently turned to those subjects in which John felt the greatest interest. The German had discovered the poor blacksmith's weakness, and having probed and sounded him in various ways, resolved to employ him as an instrument for the accomplishment of his own wicked designs. |

An opportunity presented itself. Lepreux went one evening, after work was over and shops were shut, to visit the German, who by-and-by placed wine upon the table—a thing which he seldom did, and by which he probably intended to win his visitor to more perfect cordiality and frankness of conversation. And in this he was successful, although the wine was the ordinary weak wine of the country, and neither of them drank much. From the subject of the unequal distribution of riches, and the hard lot of men obliged to toil, they went on to speak of the advantages of wealth to its possessor; and Lepreux broke forth in the exclamation, "Oh, that I had the power of turning this old iron into gold?" touching, as he spoke, a piece of the cheaper metal, which lay beside him among other articles of the stock-in-trade of his host. "You might easily do that, my lad, if you were but willing," replied the German. The poor blacksmith stared in astonishment. "I have the receipt for it," proceeded the other; "I can turn many things into gold. If I had but a clever fellow like you to help me, we could soon make ourselves rich."

Lepreux listened with eagerness. It was not the philosopher's stone which the German had discovered. What he revealed to his companion was only the art of making spurious coin. Lepreux had no principle to restrain him; and although he felt some compunctions at first—for he had been accustomed to live honestly, and could not enter into a dishonest course without loss of self-respect—yet he yielded soon, for his covetous longings had prepared him for the tempter, and he forgot the danger which he must incur, as he contemplated the dazzling prospect of a carriage and fine horses, a town-house and a country-seat, lawns and groves, woods and fields, hunting and shooting, requisite dishes and costly wines, servants and dependants, marks of respect, posts of dignity. He went home that night to a long waking dream of these and many such things. He did not think of the poor woman going with her only franc to the grocer's or provision-merchants', and horror-stricken by the announcement of its worthlessness. But after he fell asleep, his real dreams were less agreeable, and he awoke anxious and unhappy.

However, he went on. The German led the way, and made all the arrangements. The two companions in crime agreed to continue in appearance, as much as possible, their ordinary occupations in Besançon; although John soon found it necessary to quarrel with his employer and leave his work. They hired an old half-ruinous house at some distance in the country, of which the German found a suitable family to be the ostensible tenants—an old woman with a sickly son mostly confined to bed, but sometimes carried out to sit in a chair, and two or three small children who claimed some relationship to them not important to our story. The woman and her son were accomplices, whose poverty and dependance the German regarded as making them secure. The house had a cellar once used for storing wine, but which was now employed for a very different purpose. Here it was that the compounding of metals and the process of coining were carried on. And great success seemed to attend the operations of the criminals. Success often seems to attend wickedness at first. They sent into circulation no small amount of spurious money. The German managed it. John Lepreux was merely employed in the making of the coins. He had begun indeed to doubt if his share of the profits was large enough, but had been quieted on this point by the fair speeches and fair promises of the more astute German. John very often spent his nights at work in the cellar of the country house. His days were sometimes ostensibly spent in work in Besançon, but more generally in seeking it, for when he got it, he always contrived, ere long, to part with his employer again.

The quantity of false coin in circulation in that district soon attracted attention, and the police were thoroughly on the alert. At first, it was supposed to be imported from Switzerland or Germany, but nothing being discovered to confirm this suspicion, the safety which the coiners derived from it was not of long dura-

they had now accumulated more false coin than could venture to issue; but in hope of some future utility, they were busily employed in making more. It was a dark and stormy night. They preferred such weather to their coining, that the unavoidable noise of hammer might not be observed, although in the place which they had chosen there were few likely

But guilt is timorous. They were at work in the cellar; their only companion a large fierce dog, a tallow candle giving them all the light they had, and a small furnace. The German held the flattened anvil, and over it he had placed the die; the English held the hammer ready to strike. Such was the mode of coining, the mode employed, until nearly all the mints of the world. Something made unusual. Lepreux fancied that he heard an unusual

He expressed his alarm, and the German listened to it, and said there was nothing but the wind in the branches of the trees. There was no danger! rather more acute than the police! His precaution were sufficient to baffle them! But he was not satisfied. And the dog seemed to be in opinion, and stood looking keenly towards the furnace. The hot metal became cold, and the blow never struck the die. "Do you hear?" said the black-pig, partly lifting his hammer from the ground.

"Pshaw!" said his companion, "it is nothing." But after a pause he added, "Perhaps there is somebody passing on the road." The dog now assumed an angry aspect, and began to growl. "Be quiet, Tiger," said the German. Tiger growled lower than before. "Hush, hush, Tiger, be quiet," said the German again. Lepreux raised his hammer, and with kindled eyes he now exclaimed, "I will kill him, I will kill him." But he had no opportunity of committing murder. The door was violently assailed, and at once flew open. The dog dashed forward and was shot. The cellar was filled with *gens-d'armes*, in such numbers as to make resistance hopeless, and John Lepreux and his German friend were prisoners.

A little while more, and John Lepreux was in the *bagne*, the place of punishment to which France consigns the worst felons whose lives it spares. There he might be seen by the rare visitor a man apparently somewhat ashamed and evidently very miserable, unwilling to associate with his companions in guilt and punishment, yet unable to withhold himself from their company. His mother died of grief and shame. His old companions wondered and mourned. But they pursued their old occupations, and dwelt peacefully in their humble cottages, whilst he remained a felon and the companion of felons, miserable and hopeless, the victim of his own covetousness.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.



OTHER, I am very sorry for George Hamilton just now."

"Why, John?"

"Because he must go back to that English school on Monday, and he is so unwilling."

"Why does he dislike it?"

"He says there are such bad boys and that they never read their Bible, nor keep bath after church hours, but make a jest of being good."

I am glad to hear that George is distressed at this; it shows that he has some value for religion."

Yes, indeed, George is a very different boy from what he was last holidays, and that is the reason why he is so much to come here now."

There was a change to the better, otherwise he should not have liked your being so much with him of late. But what has made him more so?"

Ever since his little brother died at school, he says he felt quite differently. He thought death such a terrible thing, and for long he was very unhappy; but now, I really think he loves the Lord Jesus, and wants to be a true Christian. You know how regular

he is at church and the Bible class. I wanted him to speak to papa alone, but he is too shy."

"Your father did remark one day to me that he was surprised and pleased to see that boy at the class this summer. I am afraid he has not much encouragement in good things at home."

"Oh no, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton do not care about religion, and they are afraid of it making George gloomy. He has begged hard not to be sent back to that school, but they say it is a fashionable one, and will make him a gentlemanly, and he must go. He says he is afraid all the good he has got here will be forgotten when he is among these bad boys again. Oh, is not that sad to think of?"

"Very sad, my dear, if it were a necessary consequence, but that need not be the case. If George were going by his own choice to such a scene of temptation, I should fear much for him. But when it is against his will, by his parents' desire, he is only doing his duty by going, and I hope he may be sent there for good."

"For good?"

"Yes, good both to himself and others, if he goes in a humble, watchful, prayerful spirit, looking to God for help to avoid evil, and to walk consistently as a Christian. His own religion may be tested and established,

rather than shaken, and he may be made a blessing to others by example and influence."

"I never thought of that."

"He may not be so comfortable or happy himself, but by the grace and help of God he may be far more *useful*, may do more service for Christ, in that school, than in another where his companions were of one mind with him as to religion."

"I must say that to poor George, I am sure it will comfort him."

"Yes, and tell him the saying of a holy man, which made a strong impression upon myself many years ago, 'God never sends his people to any place without an errand.' In any change we have to make in this changeable life, our only anxiety, supposing that we are true Christians, should be to know that we are walking in the path of appointed duty. Once assured of this we need have no perplexity about not being in the right place, but simply set ourselves to discover what God's errand is for us there, what lessons he would have us to learn, or to teach, what good we are to gain for our own souls, or what service to do for our Lord. Often we shall find work enough of both kinds."

"I met with an anecdote lately, which strikes me as an illustration of this. I read it in a history of the Burmese mission. About thirty years ago, in the town of Ava, a small congregation of native Christians was collected by the efforts of a devoted missionary, one of whom was a young Burmese of superior rank. His sister, a maid of honour to the queen of the country, was greatly distressed at his forsaking the faith of his fathers. She used every persuasion to induce him to change his views, and finding all her entreaties were vain, she supposed this must be owing to the missionary's influence, and that her best plan would be to get him removed from his dangerous associates. At a distance from them, she doubted not, he would soon forget these new fancies and doctrines. So she made application to the queen, and obtained for the young man an appointment as governor in the district of Bassein, five hundred miles from Ava. It was an honourable office, and I suppose he had no alternative but to accept it, yet his heart sunk at the prospect of leaving his Christian brethren, and going far away to a land of heathen strangers. He sorrowfully went, and had hardly entered upon his new duties, when his officials brought before him some men of the Karen tribes whom they had caught in the jungles, and accused of worshipping a strange god. 'What god?' he asked. 'They call him the eternal God,' was the reply. After asking a few more questions he commanded the prisoners to be dismissed unmolested, to the great surprise of all present. Very

soon it became known that the governor was not only willing to tolerate the new religious sect, but was himself one of them. During the two years that he remained at Bassein, he was like a 'nursing father' to the infant church, and before he left there were, in the district, two thousand converts. Surely he was the right man in the right place after all, though when he went to it he was ready to say with Jacob, 'All these things are against me.'

"I must tell George that story, mother."

"Here is another which I was also much impressed by, but I read it long ago, and may not be quite correct in some of the details. It was given in a letter by a pious navy officer, telling how in time of war he was about to be sent on a distant cruise, and in much anxiety as to what vessel he should be called to serve in. There was a choice of two; in one of them he knew he should have Christian friends and privileges; the other was noted for the ungodliness of captain and crew. He applied for the former appointment, praying most earnestly that God would so order it, and felt such assurance of his prayer being heard, that it was quite a shock when government orders came, and he found he was appointed to the other vessel. He was distressed and depressed beyond measure, and almost bewildered, feeling as if the promises had failed and prayer been unheard. He went on board in a most unhappy, faithless, almost rebellious frame of mind. But he was too sincere a Christian not to let it be seen at once what Master he served. And to his great surprise he found there were more than one among the sailors who had been awakened to a sense of their sins, and who gladly came to him for instruction and advice. I forget the particulars, but I know he was much humbled for his faithless doubts and fears, and that the end was a general revival in the ship, and many, both of officers and men, being truly converted from sin to God."

"Then he was the right man in the right place too, and who knows but George may be so at school?"

"Tell him these stories, and bid him take hope and courage. But tell him also to beware of any confidence in his own strength, for it is only while keeping close to the Saviour by faith and prayer, abstaining from 'all appearance of evil,' and earnestly seeking grace to walk as consistent Christians, that we can hope to pass safely through scenes of spiritual danger, or help to save others from the snares of the enemy. And here is an exercise for you next Sabbath. Take your Bible, and find out for me instances of the right man being sent to the right place by God's appointment, when human wisdom would have judged otherwise. You may find a good many."

J. L. B.





THE TWO DOVES.



THE STRANGER IN THE VALLEYS.

A CONTINUATION OF "SUNSET IN PROVENCE."

L.—A RECOGNITION.

SIX hundred years have not changed the quiet valleys of the Dauphinese Alps so greatly that the traveller of the present day, who visits with interest the scenes consecrated by the labours of the sainted Neff, need find much difficulty in transporting himself so far backwards. A little apart from the group of chalets which formed one of the picturesque hamlets of the *Val de la Gail*, stood a solitary dwelling, in no way distinguished from the rest, except by being somewhat *saïer*. It was rude and simple, though not without air of homely comfort, and some traces of that refinement which wealth cannot produce and poverty need not destroy. The interior corresponded to these outward indications. It was small, and plainly furnished; the outer room was used for household purposes, but the inner chamber was the special domicile—at once the study, and sleeping-room of the Barbe Arnaud, earnest and faithful pastor of the primitive Church of the Valleys. He is seated in deep thought, perhaps preparing a discourse to be delivered next day in the little wooden "temple" farther up in the valley. His Bible lies on the table before him. It consists of only three volumes; but these form a precious treasure, in the possession of which Arnaud feels himself a rich man. There is an ancient treatise on medicine; for Arnaud, like so many of the Waldensian *doctes*, practised the art of healing. It must, however, be added that the success which often attended his prescriptions was rather due to habits of keen and patient observation, and to certain *sage maxims* orally transmitted, than to any wisdom derived from the pages of a book. There is a fair copy of the celebrated "*Noblaeyon*," the classic of the valleys; and last, and best of all, there are the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, perfect and complete. It is over this—which we rightly call the "*Book*"—that the thoughtful maintenance of the pastor of the Alps is bending reverently. Arnaud has passed the prime of life, but he is not old; his eye is bright and keen, and his dark brown cheeks are only sprinkled with gray; the lines on his face are deep and strongly marked, telling of suffering, toil, and conflict. Altogether his exterior is noble rather than winning, bespeaking a mind of more than ordinary

power and intensity. If, by the aid of the constantly recurring familiar names, we could decipher the antique dialect through which the word of God is speaking to his heart, we should find that the story of Abraham just now engages his attention. The glorious promises, those flowers which keep their perfume unchanged throughout the centuries, are shedding their fragrance on his soul. Given to the patriarch in the dusky morning of our world's history, to the Waldense of mediæval ages, in the shadow of his snowy Alps, they are still fresh with immortal life and loveliness; nor less so to us, the busy workers of a utilitarian day; for eighteen centuries ago they were gathered and bound together by a living band, gifted with miraculous virtue to preserve their life until the end of time, the "*Yea and Amen*" which is "*in Christ Jesus, to the glory of God the Father.*" While, however, we are engaged in observing Arnaud, his mind has visibly wandered from the high themes he has been contemplating to something of more transitory interest. He has come unawares upon the patriarch's earnest and pathetic cry for his firstborn son, "*O that Ishmael might live before thee!*" and the words seem to touch some chord of painful remembrance within. His look becomes troubled, his eyes grow dim with tears, and he covers his face with his hands. He remained thus silent and motionless until his reverie was disturbed by a little fair-haired girl, about eight years old, who tripped lightly into the room.

"Father—my father!" said the child, taking her stand by his side.

He answered her, almost without looking up, "I am busy; go to Margot."

"Margot is away, taking care of poor old Genevieve, who is ill. Come, my father, there is a boy without who wants thee."

"Who is he?" asked the pastor, still rather absently.

"I know not, my father; he is a stranger—a tall, pale boy, with large, bright dark eyes." She added, "I think he is hungry; may I give him some food!"

Her last words were unheard. Strange and sudden was the change that came over the pastor's face. In a moment his dark, sunburnt cheek grew pale with emotion, and a keen observer might have noticed that his limbs trembled as he rose to follow the child, which he immediately did, leaving the Bible open on the table. At the door of the little porch stood a boy, his face pale,

his slight form wasted with want and toil, and his dress—which had once been fine, even costly—worn and soiled. The pastor gazed at him for a moment earnestly and in silence, then turned away, perhaps to hide a look of sorrow and disappointment. He soon conquered the momentary weakness, however, and turning to the boy, he said, "Who art thou, and what dost thou want?"

The answer was given in a dialect differing considerably from the patois of the valleys, though the pastor fortunately appeared to understand it. "I am a Provençal, good barbe, and I seek Christian people who will give me food and shelter for the love of God."

"Ah, one of our poor exiled brethren! Come in, my child, and welcome, in the name of the Lord."

For the cruel devastations committed by the crusading army in the fair regions of Provence and Languedoc were the theme of daily conversations amongst the people of the valleys. Already many wanderers from these desolated countries had sought shelter "in the secret places of the hills," where their brethren dwelt in safety, and were welcomed with sympathy and kindness, which must have fallen like dew on their tried and sorrowing hearts. It happened, however, that the first of these strangers who visited the secluded Valley of the Guil was the orphan boy, whom Arnaud now gently took by the hand, and led into the cottage. He was soon seated, and little Aimée gladly fetched bread, milk, and cheese, and set them before him, whilst Arnaud himself poured out for him a cup of the red wine which the villagers used on festive occasions. He ate and drank as one who sorely needed such refreshment; and then, as he seemed much fatigued, Arnaud led him into the inner room, that he might rest and escape the questionings of little Aimée, her nurse Margot, and their peasant neighbours, who would not fail to flock to the barbe's cottage to see the stranger from Provence. The boy at once took up the open Bible, and having found the passage he sought, he pointed out the words to Arnaud, "Whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"May I then hail in thee a disciple of our common Lord?" said the barbe.

"I trust so, indeed," the boy replied.

"Thou hast been taught to keep the faith once delivered to the saints, and to abhor the errors which wicked men have introduced into the Church of Christ?"

"I have. I am one of the sect men call the Albigenses."

Arnaud inquired his name. He answered simply, "Henri."

"Art thou alone, poor boy? Have thy parents, kinsfolk, and friends, all perished?"

"All," was the mournful reply.

A few more questions elicited the principal facts of the boy's history. He told them without emotion, but with a quiet sadness which rather resembled the settled depression of advanced years than the quick, demon-

strative grief of youth. Only once he spoke earnestly, and with a flushed cheek and kindling eye. Impressed both by his appearance and by something which betrayed itself every moment in his speech and manner, Arnaud said, "I doubt not thou art of noble birth and lineage, my child."

The boy raised his head proudly. "Of the noblest," he said; "for three generations have my fathers kept the faith, and my mother"—here his voice faltered—"my mother died a blessed martyr for the name of Christ."

Arnaud embraced him; one who rejoiced in this, and in no other patent of nobility, claimed the strongest sympathies of the zealous Waldense, who himself drew his lineage from martyr sires, and in whose breast there beat a martyr's heart. Henri told him further, that after the martyrdom of his mother, the sainted lady of La Vaur, and the desolation of his childhood's home, he found refuge with the generous young Viscount of Beziers, whose chivalrous devotion to the cause of the Albigenses cost him lands and life. After witnessing his master's death in prison, the page escaped with difficulty, to find himself in the midst of snare and dangers, friendless, and without a refuge. He recalled the stories heard from his mother of brethren in the faith who lived in the secluded Alpine valleys, and he resolved if possible to make his way to their abodes. His journey, performed in the winter season, proved toilsome and hazardous in the extreme. His ideas both of the place he sought to reach and of the ways which led to it were exceedingly vague, and he feared to betray himself by too minute inquiries. Similar fears kept him from having recourse to the monasteries, which in those days were almost the only places where destitute wayfarers might hope to receive food and shelter. He confessed to Arnaud that his terror of falling into the hands of the priests and monks sometimes nearly paralyzed him; and remarked that it was strange he had never felt this until after his master's death, having cheerfully braved at least equal dangers in order to visit him in prison.

"Hast thou, then, such a fear of death?" asked the pastor.

"Oh, no, barbe; I did not fear death, if death would have come to me like sleep; in truth I was often so tired that I longed for it. But I feared torture; for then might I perchance have proved a coward and a traitor, and denied the Lord who bought me—a horrible thought, that haunted me night and day."

"And before the death of thy lord, when thou wert on thy way to reach him, did such thoughts never come to thee?"

"I recked not of them, I only thought of him; for I so loved him."

"And as that love bore thee fearless through the perils thou didst brave for his sake, so would a stronger love have upheld thee in the fiery trial, had that been appointed for thee."

"But thy journey must needs have been a difficult one?"

"It was so. Yet were there some who showed me kindness by the way. I shrank from the monasteries, but I sometimes sought the castles instead. I remembered many a *sirvente* which my lord and his knights used to sing in leisure hours, and more than once these men gave me a welcome and a meal. Of one castle I mind specially, where the seigneur was kind in his deeds though stern in his words and looks. He drew from a part of my story; and when I had told it, and was about to withdraw, the young lord his son followed me into the hall, and gave me a gold *bezant*, saying it was because I was a brave boy, and feared neither pope nor priest—God reward him!—though, in sooth, there was far more praise less deserved, for at the time he spake my hard heart was sinking to the very depths."

"But God has been better to thee than thy fears, my boy or child."

"Yes, barbe, he has led me home;" and he covered his face to conceal the grateful tears which, in his weakness and weariness, he was unable to repress.

The pastor saw that nature was almost exhausted. "Thou shalt rest," he said, "and to-morrow we will talk further of all these things."

The best couch the cottage afforded was soon prepared for the wanderer; and after an earnest thanksgiving for the mercies he had received, he laid himself down to rest, and ere long he fell into a heavy, but troubled and unrefreshing sleep.

Arnaud lit his little lamp, and taking his seat not far from the couch, he resumed his book. It was some time before he could fix his wandering thoughts even upon the sacred page before him. Many sorrows had he known, but one there was which, above all the rest, had shadowed his life, and the events of the day recalled it vividly to his mind. Never, indeed, could he wholly put it from him; it was the theme of bitter, agonizing thought; of fervent, even of passionate prayer; sometimes, too, of wild hopes, doomed to inevitable disappointment. Five years had passed since his only son and eldest child left his home for a day's visit to a neighbouring town, inhabited chiefly by Catholics. He did not return; for a zealous band of preaching monks, who were at that time pursuing their calling in the place, performed what they considered the charitable and meritorious deed of enticing the young Waldense from his home and parents, and Arnaud could never afterwards obtain even the least information about him.* What made this bitter stroke tenfold more bitter was the barbe's strong conviction that his beloved René had never felt the preciousness of the sacred truths in which he had been from his infancy carefully instructed. It was this which prompted the daily, nightly prayer so often mixed with tears, "Bring him back, O bring him

back to thee, my God! to thee, if not to me!" But he often added, "yet to me also, if it be thy will."

And all this went on beneath a calm, silent, stern exterior. Rarely or never had Arnaud addressed any in terms of fondness. His ordinary manner, though gentle, was cold and self-contained, even to abstraction. But he loved with a love the depth and intensity of which those light natures who wear their hearts on brow and lip could not even conceive. Only those of his flock who had felt his rare and tender sympathy in hours of sorrow, knew something of his real character, though even they little guessed from what conflicts and sufferings he had learned that very sympathy.

Will his reputation for good sense be fatally compromised if we confess the fancy that crossed his mind, almost overwhelming him with emotion, when his little girl so suddenly announced the coming of Henri? Even wise men allow hope to whisper many a suggestion which calmer reason disapproves. Moreover, had not Arnaud prayed for years, though with submission, for his son's restoration? Why should he not expect an answer? Although none knew better than he, that while prayer must and will be answered, it becomes not the petitioner to dictate the terms of the reply; still his faith in the tender love of Him to whom he prayed was at once strong and childlike, and he thought it a thing not incredible that some morn or eve his lost one might be literally "brought back to him,"—yes, even to the very door of his childhood's home.

After the unbidden, and, if you will, the irrational, hope in which he indulged, came the bitter disappointment; and it was with a feeling of depression that he returned to his work, trying to think that all remained just as it had been before the prayer of Abraham for Ishmael arrested his attention. The poor boy to whom he had given a refuge was only an exiled wanderer from Provence. Only!—did not the words of his Book rebuke the unworthy thought? Was it an accident that in turning over its leaves his eyes should rest upon the passage, "I was an hungred, and ye fed me; a stranger, and ye took me in." "And is it thou, O blessed Saviour—*thou*, in the guise of thy poor, weary, suffering disciple? Have I asked thee for *him*, and hast thou given me in his stead—*thyself*? Shall I murmur at the gift? Rather let me use it in all thankfulness, as from thine own gracious hand."

II.—"NOT YET."

Henri awoke from a short troubled slumber with a burning brow and throbbing pulse. He shivered as if with cold, and yet felt a strange heat through every vein. At first he could not recollect where he was; but looking up he saw his kind host still bending over his book in the lamp light; and the sight aided him in recalling, though gradually and with difficulty, the events of the preceding day. He tried to thank his heavenly Father for having led him safely through so

* It is well known that the practice of kidnapping the children of the Waldenses, for the purpose of educating them in the Romanist faith, was very frequent.

many dangers; but the expressions he sought refused to come to him. Once and again he began his simple prayer, and as often did he lose the thread of his thoughts in a sort of tangled maze. At last the words seemed to change into a procession of men and women with unnatural and distorted faces; they mocked and jeered at him as they passed, and eluded all his efforts to seize them. Then he found himself at La Vaur, the home of his childhood; his mother stood beside him; but her look (that look recalled so often) was troubled and anxious, and a shadow seemed to rest on her, and on all the familiar objects around. Presently the scene changed; the room gradually filled with fierce Crusaders, and he stood alone in their midst. He heard their loud voices, and saw their angry glances as they brandished their swords, threatening him with horrible tortures; a long-robed priest stood before him thrusting a crucifix into his face, wanting to force him to kiss it, and commanding him to abjure the Albigensian heresies. "No, no," he cried aloud, "I will not deny my Saviour!" With a start he awoke; where was he? On a couch in a quiet room, a kind grave-looking man standing beside him, holding his hand in his. The barbe soothed him with gentle words, telling him he was safe and amongst friends; and soon afterwards he held to his burning lips a cup containing some cooling draught. "I must not," cried Henri, turning away his head; "*he* said to me, Beware of it—touch it not!"

"Drink, my child," the barbe answered gently, but firmly; "the medicine will do thee good." Mechanically, and from the habit of obedience, Henri drained the cup. It was the last action of which he retained any distinct consciousness, and many days and nights passed away ere an interval of reason returned.

Carefully was the friendless stranger watched and tended by the inhabitants of the cottage; the neighbours too exhibited much sympathy, for was not the poor boy one of their exiled brethren, a sufferer for the faith they held so dear?

The fever was of a virulent type; whether Henri in his wanderings had been exposed to any infection, or whether it was merely a consequence of the hardships he had undergone, and of the anxiety and distress of his mind, was never certainly known. Experience had taught the barbe a few simple precautions against the spread of infection, and these he used; but his faith was too strong, and his charity too fervent, to allow him weakly to shrink from any danger that came to him in the guise of a duty. But when day after day passed away, and his remedies failed to produce any beneficial effect, he felt more depressed than he would have cared to own. On that first night of Henri's arrival, he accepted him as a gift from God to be received with grateful joy, which was no doubt increased by some hidden and unaccountable association connecting the stranger with his lost son. He could not explain this even to himself; but he certainly never looked on Henri's face without thinking of the one who "was

not," at least for him. Must he then die? Not if skilful tender care or fervent prayers could save him. But, alas, how often have all these been in vain! How many have been "prayed for with deep sobs," and "prayed for with mute lips," and clasped close to loving hearts that feel as if they must break without them,—and yet the dread fiat has gone forth, recalling the spirit to the God that gave it, and leaving nothing but a little dust to those that love and mourn! Why then should this stranger be spared!—the tears that might be shed for him, though sincere, would not fall from the eyes that had watched his infancy; and very soon, in a world where there is so much to weep for, the hand of Time would dry them, and he would sleep forgotten in a corner of the little mountain churchyard. And he was ready to go. Even the disjointed utterances of his wandering mind told plainly where were both his treasure and his heart. Often he seemed to fancy himself at La Vaur, with his mother, in the old happy times before the Crusaders came; almost as often at Beziers and Carcassonne with one whom he called his dear lord, his good kind master. But holy thoughts and words of prayer mingled with and coloured every dream. Frequently he repeated passages of Scripture; and Margot noticed especially that he seemed to know the Gospel of John by heart from beginning to end.

At last the fever left him; but with it seemed to depart strength, hope, and life. One lovely summer morning, when all nature rejoiced and was glad, the sunbeams that wakened the flowers gently touched Henri's cold pale brow, rousing him from a short sleep or a stupor that resembled sleep. He looked up; Arnaud sat beside him. It was wonderful how many hours the busy pastor managed to spend by that bedside. "Where am I?" he asked gently.

"With friends who love thee, dear child," answered the barbe.

"I think"—Henri began, but his bodily weakness, and perhaps also some confusion of thought, forced him to stop. At length he slowly resumed, "I have been—at home. I have seen my mother. Let me go again."

"Whither wouldst thou go—to La Vaur?" asked the barbe, probably with the usual and natural longing to win from dying lips some confession that the living may remember with comfort.

"No!" said Henri; and exerting all his strength, he raised his thin hand, and feebly pointed upwards. "My home is *there*,—my mother is there too,—and my Saviour—let me go!"

The hand dropped again on the coverlet, and the weary head pressed the pillow more heavily. Arnaud gave him some restorative, which he swallowed with difficulty; and then raised his large dark eyes wistfully to the pastor's face, as if they would repeat what his lips were too feeble to utter—"Let me go home." The flask was laid down with a sigh, and feeling there was nothing more he could do, Arnaud took his place again

silence beside the couch, and looked on the pale face, still almost childlike in its contour, though suffering had changed and solemnized its expression. Just at the same moment a little bird lighted on the casement and began to sing, in loud melodious notes, his morning hymn of praise; but not even a quiver of the closed eyelids gave sign that it was heard by Henri.

Then sounds of life began to stir in the adjoining apartment; although it was yet very early little Aimée was rising. Arnaud heard her voice through the thin wooden partition as she repeated her simple prayer. After the Lord's Prayer and some short petitions suited to her age which he himself had taught her, she added, with much earnestness, "And make the poor sick boy well, and let him be a wise and good barbe, and preach to the people like my father."

"Amen," murmured Arnaud, involuntarily.

An hour afterwards Margot opened the door softly and looked in. Arnaud pointed to the bed, saying, with a warning gesture, "He sleeps." That word of hope and promise, how often has it been whispered by trembling lips beside the couch of suffering! The sun was high in the heavens ere Henri woke from that sleep. When he did so, only Margot was near, and he did not speak, but took the medicine she gave without resistance, and closed his eyes wearily again. But when Arnaud returned, he said, with the first smile they had ever seen on his face, "Barbe, I have slept and dreamed."

"Of what didst thou dream, my child?"

"I was with my mother—I wished to stay—but she said, 'Not yet.' After a pause he added, "I saw her happy—so happy—in that bright home with the Saviour—that I asked to go there too, and I shall—only just not yet."

"Wilt thou be content then to stay here with us, and to live and work for that Saviour?" asked the barbe.

"Oh yes! if He help me."

"And He will," said Arnaud, earnestly.

So Henri lived and became a son to the Barbe Arnaud, and a brother to the little Aimée. For

"The martyr's God had looked kindly down
On the martyr's orphan son."

He set the solitary one in a family where he found Christian love, tenderness, and sympathy, and where he was trained for a life of useful labour in the Master's vineyard at a period when the harvest was indeed very great and the labourers were very few.

III.—A WALK IN THE SNOW.

Four years and a half have passed tranquilly over the little family in the Valley of the Guil since Henri stood a weary wanderer at the Barbe Arnaud's door. It is a wintry night, and a snow storm beats against the cottage, threatening to drive in the little door, which, never barred except against the elements, is

now as strongly secured as may be. There is warmth and light within: the pastor sits at the table with his Bible open before him; Aimée spins; Margot roasts chestnuts in the embers in anticipation of their frugal supper; whilst Henri, now a tall and very handsome youth of eighteen, has been busily engaged in preparing firewood for use, but he pauses, axe in hand, for the barbe has engaged him in an animated discussion on a subject which in those times frequently occupied the minds of the Waldensian Christians:—Was the Pope really the Antichrist of prophecy? And were the features of Papal Rome clearly traceable in the dark picture drawn by the pencil of Revelation of the woman drunk with the blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus? Upon this point Henri spoke with much energy and not a little natural eloquence. He had seen and felt, therefore he believed. By no light can certain passages of Scripture be read so plainly as by the lurid glare of martyr piles. Many things which hopelessly perplex the mere theorist are very comprehensible to those whom they concern, and for whose guidance and comfort they are mainly intended. Arnaud, as be-seemed his age, was more calm than Henri; his field of vision was wider, and he foresaw objections more readily, yet he was scarcely less decided in his opinions. As he was reading aloud some scripture bearing on the subject, Margot suddenly exclaimed—

"Listen! some one knocks."

Henri sprang to the door, and hastily unbarred it. A young man, whose fur coat was covered with snow, entered immediately, bringing a current of cold air and a stream of water into the comfortable room.

"Thou here, Christophe!" cried the pastor, recognising a member of his flock who lived at a considerable distance. "What errand hath brought thee so far on such a night?"

"An ill one, barbe," said the young man. "My poor mother—God help her!—lies since morning speechless, and for aught I can see, at the point of death."

It must be remembered that the barbe was by his calling a physician for the body as well as for the soul. It was not necessary, therefore, for the young peasant even to express a desire that he should accompany him. Without a moment's delay he rose to prepare for the expedition. It was a difficult, toilsome, and even dangerous one. A walk of seven miles at night, and in a snow-storm, over a rugged mountain and across a ravine, might prove really perilous to any but a very robust man, and one intimately acquainted with every rood of the ground he traversed. The latter Arnaud certainly was, but the hardships of his early life had left him no superabundance of physical strength, and therefore it was not wonderful that a thoughtful womanly little maiden like Aimée should look anxiously and sorrowfully at her father, and with a deprecating air at the hearer of the unwelcome summons. Margot expressed her opinion openly—

"Dost thou mean to bury the barbe in a snow-drift,

young man? Methinks thou mightst have waited until daylight, as if—"

"Margot," said the barbe in a grave though gentle voice,—and the word thus spoken silenced her immediately. In the meantime Henri brought the pastor's cloak and his own, while a glance of intelligence and sympathy passed between him and Aimée.

"I do not need thy escort, my son," said Arnaud, "that of Christophe is sufficient."

"But Christophe cannot return with thee, my father."

"I can wait till daylight."

"To-morrow will be the Sabbath," replied Henri.

"Supper is ready," said Margot, who had by this time recovered her equanimity, "you will not surely go forth without it."

Aimée and Margot hastily spread the board, and with as little delay was the meal partaken of by the three travellers. They set out at once, and reached their destination in safety to find the poor woman very ill, though not hopelessly so. Arnaud did what he could under the circumstances, and then, accompanied by Henri, set out on his homeward way, as it was necessary to return in time for the morning service. The storm had passed away, and the moon shone out clear and cold, lighting up the jagged mountain-peaks, the bare steep rocks, and the stone pines jewelled with snow flakes.

"How beautiful!" Henri could not help exclaiming.

"And so at last," said Arnaud with evident pleasure, "thou dost admire our rugged mountains."

"I have ever done so," replied the youth.

"Thou didst admire their beauty, perchance, but they seemed to thee like barriers, as if thou wert shut in by the walls of a fortress, far away from the rich and smiling plain, where thy heart lingered."

"But the fortress was my city of refuge," said Henri.

There was a long silence, and then he spoke again.

"I would not hide anything from thee, my father. It is true I longed for the old faces and the old scenes; and many a tear did I weep in secret as they came back unbidden on my mind. Yet I was not unhappy; I was very thankful for the mercies of my lot, for the love" [here his voice grew lower] "the love that watched me day by day, that tended me through that terrible illness, and through the long period of weakness that followed it. But I was so weary,—I had no strength left to prepare for a new life, and to make new interests in a strange place, and so I yearned for the dear old Provençal home, for one word from my mother's lips, or even one cheerful 'Come hither, Henri' from my kind young lord. But ever, with a burst of anguish, came the thought, 'All,—all are silent in the grave.' I knew it was not right, still it seemed as if I could not help wishing to lie down with them and be at rest."

"Poor boy! I well remember thy mournful looks. In good sooth I thought the Master had called thee."

"It was strange," continued Henri, "the first employment I felt an interest in, and for which I cared to

live, was teaching little Aimée to read. Dost thou not remember, my father?"

"I remember thou didst save me a troublesome work, and one that often tasked my patience."

"I received far more than I gave," said Henri. "How well I remember the evening I was installed in the office of teacher! I had been lying faint and weary, and in order to dissipate sad dreams of the past, I was committing to memory the *Nobla Leyçon*, when I heard thy voice and hers in the next room. Her lesson was a difficult one, and (if I must say it of the little sister) not over well prepared. Thou too hadst a wearisome day's work; and, in short, the thought flashed on my mind that I was selfish and an idler, mourning over what could not be changed, and making no effort to assist those who were so kind to me. I could do but little. Was that a reason I should do nothing? So I asked thee to permit me to teach little Aimée, and a pleasant occupation, in truth, have I ever found it." The last words were spoken with a glowing cheek.

"I feared it would too much fatigue thee, and the more so as my Aimée is thoughtless and inattentive, though quick. But my fears soon vanished when I heard peals of ringing laughter from you both over the book. And one evening, as I came upon you unawares, while you chased your wayward pupil in and out among the chestnut trees, my heart was very glad, and I said within myself, 'He will not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord!' Dost thou know, Henri, what hath ever been my desire for thee?"

"I have guessed it, my father."

"I trust to hear thy voice in our temple, and that when I go hence, and am no more seen, my adopted son, and not a stranger, shall succeed me in my work."

For some time Henri walked in silence beside the pastor. At length he said, "My father, didst thou not in thine early years preach the truth in distant lands?"

"Yes; I went forth as a missionary. I travelled in the plains of Dauphiny and in Provence, then northwards into Germany."

"Didst thou not travel in the guise of a wandering merchant, winning access by means of thy wares and trinkets for the precious jewels of the word of God?"

"Unfortunately for myself, I tried that plan at one time,—it was in Saxony. I laid myself open to suspicion by a thoughtless mistake in the prices of the goods I carried for sale, and the matter ended by my being lodged in the dungeon of a monastery, where I remained for three years."

This was the first time Henri had heard the barbe even allude to those three years of suffering, which, in truth, had done the work of ten or twenty on his frame and mind.

"They must have been dreary years," he said.

"No, God was with me," returned Arnaud with simplicity. He added, half reluctantly, "Yet I do not deny, it was sometimes hard to bear; for I had left one in the valley who would mourn for me—my little

Aimée's mother. But God was merciful to me; I escaped, returned home, and enjoyed several years of sweet and tranquil happiness, such as I shall never forget. I have known much sorrow since; but shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?"

Henri wished to know more, and yet he shrank from asking. When, however, a reserved and silent nature takes another into intimate love and communion, it is likely that once at least the secret place of the heart will be opened, and the friend allowed to enter in and touch the grief or the joy that lies beneath all others. Probably *once*, not oftener, and on both sides, the confidence is never afterwards alluded to, and never forgotten. Arnaud said abruptly, "I know not why it is, I always associate *thee* with him through whom God sent me the keenest sorrow, because my heart had given the deepest love."

Henri almost trembled. He would willingly have avoided what was coming, though a few moments before he longed to hear it. "I think I understand," he said in a low voice.

"Hath Aimée then told thee of her brother? Poor child, she scarce could remember him."

"She has a dim, confused recollection of a brave and beautiful boy, who played with her, and—" but he did not finish the sentence.

"Terrified, and led her into mischief, wouldst thou say! Truly a wilder, more daring boy than my René have I never seen. Fear was unknown to him; and this it was which led him to his ruin. Alas, those cruel monks! But what matters all the rest, were it not for his precious soul?"

"Is not that soul precious in the Saviour's eyes as well as in those of the wronged and deeply-suffering father?" thought Henri in his inmost heart; but he did not give utterance to his thought aloud. He asked in a faltering tone, "How old was he?"

"Only in his eleventh year. I have known children of that age and younger, of whom I could confidently say that 'neither death nor life could separate them from the love of God.' But *he* was not of these."

"My father," said Henri, "I should not speak, perchance, for I am but a boy, and I know scarce anything. But the little I do know I have learned through suffering, and this makes me grasp it very firmly. I think that God has strange ways of working, and that he is often about to give us our very heart's desire, just when

he seems to put it farthest away from us. It is not beyond his power, and who knoweth whether it may be his will even yet to give thee joy of the lost one, and to make his loss a link in the chain."

"What thou sayest has sometimes been the voice of my own heart; but I have feared to listen to it. The monks give not up their victims readily; and if, as is almost certain, my poor child very easily conformed to their religion, they would deal gently enough with him, and his fine talents and his energy would procure him many things which make a life in this world, a life without God, pass more pleasantly away. But alas for the end thereof!"

There was a deep settled anguish in his tone as he said this.

"One at least," he presently resumed, "mourned that loss, the days of whose mourning are now ended. Thou hast seen her grave, and that of the two little ones in age between my first-born and my little Aimée?"

"I have," said Henri; and he looked up in the pastor's face, and added, "God comfort thee, my father."

"He has, and by thy hand," replied Arnaud. "He sent thee to be my son instead of the lost one."

So the conversation dropped, and it was not until they had almost ended their walk that Henri resumed. "My father," he said, "if thou wilt approve, and bless me, it is my desire to go forth as a missionary into Provence and Languedoc."

"But hast thou counted the cost, Henri? Thou wilt have to put thy life in thine hand."

"I come of warlike sires; all my ancestors have dared death on the battle-field."

"But that death, thou knowest, is not as the martyr's slow death in prison or at the torturing stake."

"As little was the prize for which they contended like the crown of glory that fadeth not away."

But the prompt courageous tone in which these words were uttered was quickly changed as he added in a low voice, but very earnestly, "I am weakness itself, yet 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.'"

The pastor felt that Henri's purpose was no sudden impulse, but a determination which had been growing and deepening in his heart for years; he did not, therefore, feel that he could refuse his sanction and approbation.

(To be continued.)



COMING.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."



It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is
done,
And you have time to sit in the
twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies
slowly

Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of Me
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of *My* feet:
Therefore I tell you, Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed:
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill,
And My morning-star is fading, fading
Over the hill:
Behold I say unto you, Watch;

Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning
I may come.

It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbours come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done,
But remember that *I* may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore:
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning.
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up His hands in blessing—
Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking towards the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
When He would come back for me,
Till I was aware of an Angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth

In the light of God Most High.
 He passed the end of the cottage
 Towards the garden gate,—
 (I suppose he was come down
 At the setting of the sun
 To comfort some one in the village
 Whose dwelling was desolate),
 And he paused before the door
 Beside my place,
 And the likeness of a smile
 Was on his face :—
 “Weep not,” he said, “for unto you is given
 To watch for the coming of His feet
 Who is the Glory of our blessed Heaven;
 The work and watching will be very sweet
 Even in an earthly home,
 And in such an hour as you think not
 He will come.”

So I am watching quietly
 Every day.
 Whenever the sun shines brightly
 I rise and say,—
 “Surely it is the shining of His face,
 And look unto the gates of His high place
 Beyond the sea,
 For I know He is coming shortly
 To summon me.
 And when a shadow falls across the window
 Of my room,
 Where I am working my appointed task,
 I lift my head to watch the door and ask
 If He is come;
 And the Angel answers sweetly
 In my home,—
 “Only a few more shadows,
 And He will come.”

March 1864.

B. M.

THE FIG-TREE OF SCRIPTURE.*

BY JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.



IN the Jussieuian arrangement of plants, the fig belongs to the *Artocarpaceæ*, or the bread-fruit order; and this again is treated by many as a section or tribe of the *Urticaceæ*—a large and miscellaneous family, which would in that case include herbs and trees as dissimilar as the hop, the nettle, the hemp and the mulberry, the nut-bread-fruit and the deadly upas, the insignificant lory which scantily adorns the ruined wall, and the banyan covering whole congregations with its impenetrable shadow.

The fig-tree of the Bible is the *Ficus carica* of Linnaeus, and derives its trivial name from that maritime vine of Asia Minor which in classical times was so famous for this fruit, that we find Ovid and Cicero speaking of “*carians*” (*caricæ*) when they mean figs. We ourselves have the same habit of naming fruits after their most famous localities, till, as not unfrequently happens, the noun is merged in the adjective. Thus the grapes of Corinth have contracted into “*corinthians*,” and the plums of Damascus are “*damascenes*.”

Of eastern origin, the fig has been from time immemorial naturalized over a large extent of Asia, from which it has found its way into Greece, Spain, and nearly all the south of Europe. It ripens its fruit in many places in our own country. Visitors to Brighton will be well acquainted with the plantation of figs at Tarring, the goal of many a juvenile pilgrimage in August or early in September. Till lately, per-

haps down to the present day, the Primate of England could sit under the shadow of fig-trees planted at Lambeth by Cardinal Pole in 1525; and a fig-tree still flourishes at Christchurch, in Oxford, which Dr. Pocock brought from Aleppo in 1648.

The first time that the fig-tree is mentioned in the Bible is Gen. iii. 7, where we are told that Adam and Eve “*sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons.*” These leaves Milton supposes were the foliage of the banyan or sacred fig of India, which, with wonted learning and grandeur, he thus describes :—

“There soon they chose
 The fig-tree, and not that kind for fruit renowned,
 But such as at this day, to Indians known,
 In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms,
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother tree, a pillared shade,
 High overarched, and echoing walls between;
 There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds,
 At loop-holes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
 They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe,
 And, with what skill they had, together sewed.”—
Paradise Lost, book ix.

It is difficult to understand how any should have been led to imagine that for this purpose our first parents employed the leaves of the plantain or of the banana. Its enormous leaves, eight or ten feet long and two or three feet broad, would not require to be sewed together; and a single leaf, with its strong refractory mid-rib, is scarcely suitable for a girdle. Besides, the original word evidently indicates some sort of fig; and however much banyan may sound like banana, there is not the slightest resemblance between the fig and the musa.

From the “Imperial Bible Dictionary,” edited by Principal Cairnes, Messrs. Blackie & Son.

With its large and beautiful leaf, and with its free-spreading growth, the fig-tree affords a good shelter from the shower, and a still better shadow from the heat. Like the linden in Germany, like the oak and elm on the village-greens of England, like the rowan-tree and the "bour-tree bush" (the "bower-tree" or elder) at the cottage thresholds and farm-house gables of Scotland, to the inhabitant of Palestine the fig-tree was the symbol of home, and repose, and tranquillity. "Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, all the days of Solomon" (1 Kings iv. 25). "Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation; . . . but they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid" (Micah iv. 3, 4). Nathanael was resting, perhaps meditating and praying, "under the fig-tree," when he was accosted by an unlooked-for visitant, and in the stranger recognised "the Son of God, the King of Israel."

What is called the fruit of the fig-tree, with which we are so familiar, is in the eye of the botanist no fruit at all, but only an enlarged "receptacle," which bears on its inner surface the real fruit, those numberless small seeds which we find in the interior. "The flowers of the fig-tree are never apparent to the eye, but are contained in those fruit-like bodies produced in the axils of the leaves, and it is not till one of these is opened that the flowers are visible. What is therefore termed the fruit is merely the receptacle become fleshy, and assuming the form of a hollow body, bearing on its interior wall the flowers or fruit of the fig."

This fleshy receptacle, when ripe, is remarkably sweet and luscious, and in the countries where it comes to perfection, it is highly prized for qualities at once agreeable and nutritious. On the authority of Cloatius, Macrobius enumerates twenty-three varieties as known to the Greeks; and if it was not actually indigenous in Palestine, it there found a climate congenial, and was thoroughly naturalized. Moses, describing the "good land," speaks of it as already a land of "vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates" (Deut. viii. 8); and when the spies returned from their exploration, they brought not only the famous cluster of grapes from Eshcol, but they exhibited also the "pomegranates and the figs" (Numb. xiii. 23). According to Lightfoot, Bethphage was so named from its "green figs," and to the present hour the fig-tree grows "here and there" along the road in that same neighbourhood. As Stanley observes, two of the New Testament allusions to this tree are indisputably connected with Mount Olivet. "One is the parable not spoken, but acted, with regard to the fig-tree which, when all others around it were, as they are still, bare at the beginning of April, was alone clothed with its broad green leaves, though without the corresponding fruit. Fig-trees may still be seen overhanging the ordinary road from Jerusalem to Bethany, growing out of the rocks of the solid 'mountain' (Matt. xxi. 21), which might by the prayer of faith

be removed, and cast into the distant Medi 'sea.' On Olivet, too, the brief parable in prophecy was spoken, when he pointed to the buds of spring on the same trees as they greeted him,—'Behold the fig-tree and all the trees: now shoot forth; when his branch is yet to put forth leaves, ye see and know of your own that summer is now nigh at hand'" (Luke xii. 32; Matt. xxiv. 32).

Considerable difficulty has been expressed as to the fig-tree which Christ cursed on account of its fruitlessness (Matt. xxi. 19; Mark xi. 12). We have little doubt that the solution suggested in the foregoing is the true explanation, especially if we connect the fact that there are varieties which fruit in the season. "There is a kind," says Dr. Wilson, "which bears a large green-coloured fig tree very early. I have plucked them in May from Lebanon, one hundred and fifty miles north of Jerusalem, and where the trees are nearly a month earlier than in the south of Palestine: it does not seem impossible but that the same kind may have had ripe figs at Easter, in the warm, sheltered place of Olivet." This conjecture is borne out in the work of Miss Bremer. Visiting the farm of Bethlehem, near Bethlehem on March 2, her attention was attracted by some fig-trees still leafless, but which would not require many weeks to become fruitful. She was told that these are the so-called winter figs, which are formed late in the autumn, remain on the tree through the winter, and ripen during the following spring. "Easter"—this being the first fig crop of the year in Palestine—this being the first fig crop of the year in Palestine, who has resided in Palestine twelve years, she found, further, that the second setting of the figs was in March; frequently whilst the winter figs were still upon the tree, and before the tree is in leaf, the spring figs are called *boccore*, and are gathered at midday. The third and last crop—for the fig-tree, in Palestine, bears three crops in the year—is in the month of August. The August figs—hence called *vermilion*—are the sweetest and best. Those which next succeed are the figs which remain over the winter and do not ripen till the following spring. A full foliaged fig-tree in spring, before the time of crop, must then all the while be fruitless [in some stage or other], so far as it is concerned. But if it have not set fruit early in the spring, it will then bear none during the whole year. Even although none of the fig-trees now found in Jerusalem should yield winter figs, it is surely likely that at that period of high and careful cultivation the variety may have grown on Olivet which I have found three years ago at the Pools of Solomon. In all events, the tree, so to speak, *professed* to be fruitful for in the case of the fig, the so-called fruit develops earlier than the foliage; and all the more so because the other and ordinary fig-trees were less and bare, this one arrested attention, and drew expectation by that verdure which made it so

at a distance. If not one of the precocious kind above mentioned, it at least proclaimed itself in advance of its ordinary companions, which were still shut up in wintry deadness; and yet, on nearer inspection, it turned out a mere pretender. It was neither a distinct and early variety, nor was it even a fruitful specimen of the common kind. It had no excuse. Its leaves were an invitation to look for fruit, and if it had none, it could not be alleged that they were already gathered, because it still wanted some time until the regular fig-harvest ("the time of figs was not yet," Mark xi. 12). It was a mere impostor, and so the withering word was spoken, "No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever." "Fit emblem of those who make pretensions to which their conduct does not answer. Especially had it reference to the Jewish nation, who were distinguished from other nations as having-leaves, but from which the husbandman in vain looked for fruit. Jesus, in looking round over the nations, saw the rest in such a decidedly barren condition, that he did not expect to discover fruit upon them; but this one, the Israel of the covenants, was singled out from the others, and was distinguished from them, standing apart. When this one had no fruit, it was a worthless tree—worse by far than the others, for with them the time of fruit was not yet. Gentile nations would hereafter, but not at that moment, be asked for fruit."

Often a month or six weeks before the general crop is

gathered, there will be found on the tree some samples of the fruit already matured, and these "first-ripe figs" were highly prized. Soft and sweet, and richly purple, they came readily from the stem, and were deemed a special dainty (Nab. iii. 12; Isa. xxviii. 4). The fig season was July and August. A portion of the fruit was preserved for winter use. One method was to pound it in a mortar, and make it into rectangular masses or cakes. In this form it could be kept for a long period, and was convenient as well as acceptable provender in the soldier's haversack. After the defeat of the Amalekites, when David's men found an Egyptian in the field exhausted, "they gave him a piece of a cake of figs, and two clusters of raisins; and when he had eaten, his spirit came again to him" (1 Sam. xxx. 12).

When Hezekiah was sick unto death, Isaiah the prophet said, "Let them take a lump of figs, and lay it for a plaster upon the boil, and he shall recover" (Isa. xxxviii. 21). Possibly figs were already used in Hebrew surgery as cataplasms, but whether they were or not, the cure of the monarch was none the less the act of that supreme Physician who works his wonders through means inadequate, or without any means at all. The fig is emollient and demulcent, and boiled or roasted, and then split open, we believe that it is still used in the minor surgery which has to do with whitlows and gum-boils, and similar slight cases of supuration.

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, AUTHOR OF "MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK TO PALESTINE."

THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF GIBEON, AI, AND MICHMASH.

"I wandered on to many a shrine,
By faith or history made divine;
And then I visited each place
Where valour's deeds had left a trace."



THE stars were still trembling in the sky when, from the top of our little tower, we heard the impatient horses champing their bits beneath. We were soon in the saddle, and dashing down the rocky side of Olivet. It was a dewy morn in the end of September, and the air was fresh and balmy. Gethsemane and the Kidron were in deep gloom; but the first fleecy clouds of autumn, high overhead, had already caught the ruddy rays of the coming sun. A death-like silence reigned in the Holy City as we rode past. Our path led through the olive-groves, and then across the great northern road, near those mounds of ashes which have of late created so much controversy. At a smart pace we traversed the rugged table-land at the head of the Kidron, noticing the tombs in the rocks on each side.

The plain but chaste façade of the Sepulchre of the Judges drew our attention. Within its dark vaults are some seventy or eighty recesses for bodies; and here, it is said, the members of the Jewish Sanhedrim were laid in glory, "every one in his own house."

We had now reached the western brow of the table-land; and the deep glen of Wady Beit Hanina was at our feet, its banks formed into natural terraces by the horizontal strata. The whole scene was painfully desolate. Verdure there was none;—but gray crowns and gray cliffs protruding everywhere from the gray soil. In places the declivities seemed as if covered with white flags. The few old olives scattered singly or in groups along the glen can scarcely be said to relieve the uniform bareness; for they, too, look dusky and sapless; and the stunted trees and shrubs, clinging to the mountain-sides above, only make the features of nature

more forbidding. There was a total want of colour and variety of outline in the landscape. The dull uniform gray, and the long bare declivities and rounded summits had nothing attractive in them. Most of the higher peaks are singularly formed. They rise in concentric rings of terraces, like steps of stairs, from bottom to top.

MIZPEH.

Away beyond the Wady towered Neby Samwil, the highest and most conspicuous peak in southern Palestine. Its conical top, crowned with village, mosque, and minaret, forms the only striking feature in the northern view from Jerusalem. To it we were now bound as the first point of interest in our tour. Diving down into the glen; and then clambering up through terraced vineyards, over rude fences, along rocky brakes,—startling flocks of partridges at almost every step—we gained the summit, and committed our panting steeds to the care of a group of wild-looking boys who had been watching our approach from the walls of a ruined tower. The village sheikh was there to welcome us, conspicuous in his scarlet robe, which to this day is the badge of royalty or power among the inhabitants of Palestine (Lam. iv. 5; Dan. v. 7; Matt. xxvii. 28). Several of his elders stood round him, whose outer garments in the brilliancy and variety of hue of their embroidery reminded me of Joseph's coat of many colours.

Taking the worthy chief into our service we requested him to lead the way to the top of the minaret. What a noble view was there! I had seen none to be compared with it among the mountains of Palestine. It is far more extensive than that from Olivet, or Gerizim, or any of the peaks around Hebron. Away on the western horizon slept the "Great Sea;" and from this and other commanding heights in Palestine I saw how natural it was for the ancient Israelite to make the word "sea" (*ydm*), a synonyme for "west" (Gen. xxviii. 14; Ps. cvii. 3). Along its glittering shore lay the plains of Sharon and Philistia, extending indefinitely to the north and south—the orange groves of Joppa looking like a shadow, and the towns of Ramlah, Lydda, and Ekron like points of brilliant light on the smooth gray surface. Nearer were the declivities of Judah's mountains, furrowed deep with many a ravine, and bristling with many a castle-like village and ruin. The broad summit of the ridge was a forest of hill-tops,—separated, here by a little upland plain, there by a deep, dark, winding glen. On the east the Jordan and its valley were hid behind the heights of Benjamin, but the chain of Moab and Gilead rose over them,—a vast wall of azure, built up against a golden sky, and streaked from base to summit with rich purple shadows. The mountain strongholds of Judah and Benjamin, renowned of yore in sacred story, or celebrated in sacred song, were grouped around me;—Gibeon on its "hill;" Beth-horon guarding the western pass (2 Chron. viii. 4); Beeroth and Bethel, and away beyond them the "rock

Rimmon," where the six hundred men, the shattered remnant of a guilty tribe, found an asylum (Judges xx. 45-48); Ramah of Benjamin crowning its "height" (1 Kings xv. 17); Gibeah of Saul, now a bare desolate "mount" (1 Sam. x. 26); Kirjath-jearim, perched on the side of "the hill," where the ark of the Lord remained so long in the house of Abinadab (1 Sam. vii. 1, 2); Bethlehem, overlooking the wilderness, where its shepherd warriors were trained to battle; and in the centre of the group, begirt with mountains (Ps. cxxv. 2), Jerusalem herself sat in queenly state. That was a panorama which, once seen, could never be forgotten. Time cannot deface the image;—the mind must treasure up the stirring, hallowed memories with which every feature is associated. Probably this peak, from which the western pilgrim gets his earliest glimpse of the Holy City was in Tasso's mind, when he thus described the effect of "that first far view" upon the Crusaders,—

"Lo, towered Jerusalem salutes the eye!
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale;
'Jerusalem!' a thousand voices cry,
'All hail, Jerusalem!' hill, down, and dale
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, 'Jerusalem, all hail!'"

The mountain gets its modern name from an early tradition, which makes this village the site of Ramathaim-zophim,—the house and burial-place of the "prophet Samuel." Topography is against the tradition, but it seems to identify this spot as the *Mizpeh*,—"watch-tower" of Benjamin (Josh. xviii. 26); the gathering-place of Israel, where the tribes assembled and bound themselves by an oath never to return to their homes till they had avenged on the inhabitants of Gibeah the rights of hospitality outraged by an abominable crime (Judg. xx.); where Saul was chosen monarch, and where for the first time the hills of Palestine echoed back the loyal cry, "God save the king" (1 Sam. x. 17, *seq.*). It appears too that this is that very "high place of Gibeon" where Solomon offered a thousand burnt-offerings, and where the Lord, in answer to his prayer, gave him the wisdom which made him a world's proverb (1 Kings iii. 4-12). Something of sanctity has ever since clung to the spot. The Crusaders built a church on it; and now, within its shattered walls, the Mohammedans have a prayer-niche, and perform their devotions beside the traditional tomb of the great Jewish prophet.

GIBEON AND ITS BATTLE-FIELDS.

At the northern base of Neby-Samwil, in a little upland plain, stands a low circular hill with steep sides and flat top. The sides are covered with terraced vineyards, and on the top is the village of El-Jib, the representative of the ancient capital of the wily "Gibeonites." The name describes the site,—*Gibeon* signifies "belonging to a hill." We were soon in the midst of the village examining the ruins of its old

astle, and the massive fragments of ancient masonry which still form the substructions of its houses. But the fountain—there is only one—was the main point of attraction. It bursts from a rent cliff at the eastern base, and empties its tiny stream into a large reservoir a few yards off in the plain. This is that "Pool of Gibeon" where Abner and Joab, the rival warriors of Israel met, and where David's general gained a crowning victory (2 Sam. ii. 12-32).

But a still more famous battle was fought beneath the walls of Gibeon. Its old inhabitants, by a clever trick, had beguiled the Israelites into a league (Josh. ix. 3-15). The Canaanites combined against them, and five Amorite kings marched their forces to punish the traitor Gibeonites (x. 1-6). Messengers were sent to Joshua, then encamped at Jericho, praying for help. It was readily granted. In the evening Joshua set out; all night his active troops climbed the rugged defiles; with the first dawn they crossed the rising ground which shuts in the little plain on the east, and ere a note of warning could be sounded, they charged the besiegers. The attack was sudden, and the victory decisive. The banded forces broke and fled (x. 7-10).

Mounting our horses, we turned westward to trace the line of flight. The Israelites "chased them along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon" (ver. 10). A quarter of a mile west of Gibeon is a sharp ascent to a low ridge. Up this the Amorites fled, hard pressed by their pursuers. From the top of the ridge a long and rugged descent leads to Beth-horon, which now appears in front crowning a projecting shoulder of the mountain. The nature of the ground favoured the fugitives, but "as they fled from before Israel, and were in the going down to Beth-horon, the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them" (ver. 11). Joshua led the van of his troops. He saw that the victory was complete, but yet that night must eventually save the Amorite army from total destruction, and enable a large body of them to escape to their cities through the valley of Ajalon, at the foot of the pass down which they were rushing. Then, standing on some commanding rock in the sight of the whole people (ver. 12), in the fulness of faith and in the ardour of enthusiasm, Joshua gave utterance to that wondrous prayer-prophecy—glancing back towards Gibeon and forward upon Ajalon—"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies" (ver. 12, 13).

Beth-horon itself,—“Beth-horon the upper,” now called *Beit el Foka*, an Arabic translation of the Hebrew name,—has little to interest us besides its military associations as a strong outpost of Judea, guarding the principal pass from the western plain to Jerusalem (1 Mac. iii. 13-24). As I sat on the top of the conical hill, beside its shattered walls, I saw the "nether Beth-horon" (Josh. xvi. 3) away below at the bottom of the pass; and farther south, on the side of

its valley, the little village of Ajalon. The view over the broad expanse of Sharon and Philistia to the sea was glorious.

BEEROOTH AND BETHEL.

We now turned our faces eastward again, and rode across wild and bleak hills, dotted here and there with a vineyard or an olive-grove, and in two hours reached Btreh, the ancient Beeroth, one of the four cities of the Gibeonites (Josh. ix. 17). The only object of interest there is an old Gothic church, built by the Knights Templars, who held Beeroth during the reign of the Latin kings. I did not linger, but galloped to BETHEL, two miles distant, where I found my tent pitched beside the little fountain.

During the still evening, when the shadows were deepening in the glens, and the last rays of the declining sun gilding the top of rock and cliff, I explored the site of this the most ancient of Israel's holy places. I looked all round in the hope of identifying the spot where Jacob slept, and which he consecrated and called the "House of God." I explored the rock sepulchres, too, which dot the sides of "the mount" (2 Kings xxiii. 16), thinking that one or other of them might be that of "the Man of God from Judah," whose bones Josiah respected (verses 17, 18). Clambering to the top of a shattered tower which crowns the hill of Bethel, I looked long, and in sadness, over that dreary field of ruin, only inhabited by a few shepherds; and I saw how terribly time had fulfilled the city's prophetic doom: "*Bethel shall come to nought*" (Amos v. 5).

AI.

In the early morning, crossing a rocky glen, I ascended the mountain to the spot where Abraham pitched his tent and built his altar, "having Bethel on the west, and Hai (Ai) on the east" (Gen. xii. 8). Here I found a little plateau, stony but fertile, on the very crest of the hill; and on reaching it the valley of the Jordan, and the glittering waters of the Dead Sea suddenly burst upon my view, lying deep, deep down at the foot of a dreary wilderness. On this spot Abraham and Lot had that memorable interview after their herdsmen had disputed, and "they found that the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together, for their substance was great" (Gen. xiii. 3-7). There and then they resolved to separate; and "Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan that it was well watered" (ver. 10), and he chose that rich region as his abode. How wonderfully graphic did the whole narrative appear to me as I read it on that mountain top.

Bethel was behind me on the west; but where was Ai—long lost Ai? On this and on two other occasions I visited the district to search for and verify its site. I believe I was successful. Jutting out eastward from

the plateau on which I stood is a lower ridge, having deep glens on all sides, except where it joins the mountain. Over its whole summit I found traces of very ancient ruins, with cisterns and caves such as exist on the sites of all mountain cities in Palestine. At the eastern base are large quarries, and many rock-hewn tombs. I had no doubt then, and I have none now, that here stood Ai, "on the east" of Abraham's camping ground and altar.

The capture of Ai forms one of the romantic episodes in Jewish history. The first assault was unsuccessful, and the little army was driven back in confusion (Josh. vii. 4, 5). The second was more skilfully planned, and had the sanction of the God of battles. North-west of Ai, between it and Bethel, is a little rocky glen; and in this, during the night, five thousand chosen Israelites were placed in ambush (Josh. viii. 9, 12). Joshua and the main body took up a position on the commanding ridge north of the city, separated from it by a deep valley (ver. 11). In the morning, before it was yet light, he advanced into the valley, as if to attack the fortifications in front (ver. 13). The first dawn revealed him to the watchful foe, who immediately, leaving Ai in force, charged impetuously down the hill (ver. 14). The Israelites gave way "as if they were beaten, and fled by the way of the wilderness,"—down the wild mountain defiles towards Jericho (ver. 15). It was a feint, and it succeeded. The whole population of the city rushed out in pursuit (ver. 16). Just then, in obedience to the command of God, and, doubtless, in accordance with a preconcerted signal, Joshua standing on some prominent rock or cliff, "stretched out the spear that he had in his hand toward the city. And the ambush arose quickly out of their place, and they ran, and they entered the city, and hastened, and set the city on fire. And when the men of Ai looked behind them, they saw, and, behold, the smoke of the city ascended up to heaven, and they had no power to flee this way or that way" (ver. 19, 20). They were completely paralyzed in fact. They were all put to the sword, and Ai razed to the ground.

Some centuries later Ai appears to have been rebuilt; but it is now, and has been for a thousand years, a desolate ruin.

MICHMASH.

Much pleased with the result of my visit to the site of Ai, I rode down the rocky glen through which the Israelites fled, and then over bare undulating table-land to Michmash, one of the ancient strongholds of Benjamin. My chief object now was to inspect the scene of Jonathan's singular and successful adventure. The village stands near the summit of a ridge which descends in rugged banks and broken cliffs to a deep valley. On the south side of the valley is a corresponding ridge, crowned by the buildings and ruins of the ancient GEBA—about a mile distant, and in full view

from Michmash. Half a mile farther down the valley contracts into a ravine, with high cliffs on each side; and above the cliff toward Michmash a few acres of table-land. Riding down to and examining the features of the glen, the opposite ridges, I felt convinced that he scene of Jonathan's exploit.

The Israelites under Saul were in Geba. The Philistine army held Michmash (1 Sam. xiii). The Philistines, resolving to force the pass, left the army advanced to the edge of the ravine (ver. 1). The Israelites, few in number and dispirited by the defeat at Mizpah (ver. 19–22), retreated to Migron, near Gibeah (xiv. 2). Jonathan, seeing the harassed state of the country, and the despair of his father's troops, to make a bold attempt to surprise the enemy. The cause of his sudden resolve and his hope of success he explained to his armour-bearer:—"It may be that the Lord will work for us, for there is no other God but the Lord to save by many or by few" (ver. 6). "The Lord is in thine heart," was the reply of his armour-bearer, "I am with thee according to thy heart." The nature of the ground favoured the enterprise. The point where they had to cross the ravine was a sharp cliff on the one side, and a sharp ridge on the other (ver. 4). Stealthily and cautiously they descended the southern cliff, screened from view by rocks. They then climbed the north bank of the ravine, where, by stepping out on some projecting rock, would be in view of the Philistines, and yet distant to escape if requisite. Advancing from rock to rock they showed themselves to the enemy. Each naturally said to each other on seeing them, "Behold the Hebrews come forth from the camp, where they had hid themselves." "Come on," cried the Philistines. The desired opportunity was given (compare verses 10, 12). "Upon their feet" these brave men scaled the cliffs and rushed upon the foe. A sudden panic seized the Philistine host. The Lord fought for Israel. The success of the unexpected attack, and the simultaneous earthquake, created such terror and confusion that the Philistines madly fought with each other (ver. 17). The heights of Geba. Saul's watchmen saw the army melting away; and Saul's own army came to the battle (ver. 16, 19). Collecting his men he pursued the Israelites and joined in the slaughter. Swiftly he sped over hill and dale—through city and village. The Philistines fled; and swiftly the men of Israel came from cave and rock, and stronghold, and joined in the pursuit (ver. 21, 22). The battle of Michmash was one of those fierce conflicts which were carried on through the long reigns of Saul and David, and eventually resulted in the final expulsion of the Philistines from the mountains of Israel.

The modern inhabitants of Michmash seem to have something of the fierce and predatory spirit of the Philistines. They dogged me wherever I went,

reats and curses, at first asking, but in the end 'demanding *bakshish*. I took no notice of them further as it was absolutely necessary. When at length, having finished my survey of the battle-field, and a sketch of the "pass," I mounted my horse to go to Geba, they rose up before me in formidable array, and swore by the life of the prophet I should not move. I insisted, however, in breaking through their ranks; and fortunately for me their valour did not go beyond presenting a few old muskets at my head, and a noisy brandishing of swords and daggers. The goat track by which I had to descend the glen bank was, perhaps, quite as dangerous to life and limb as the lawless vagabonds of Michmash. I have traversed many bad roads in my Syrian wanderings; I have ridden my Arab horse to the very highest peaks of Hermon and Lebanon; but the mass of Michmash was the worst I had ever encountered.

Geba, the ancient city of Canaan, the stronghold of Benjamin, is now represented by a few ruinous huts, in which some half-dozen families of shepherds find a home. A shattered tower, and the foundations of an old church, with heaps of hewn stones and rubbish, are the only vestiges of former greatness. Standing there all solitary on its bare rocky ridge, looking down, over barren hills and naked ravines, upon the scathed valley of the Jordan, it is the very type of desolation. The curse has fallen heavily upon "*Geba of Benjamin*." When Elisha came up the defile from Jericho to Bethel, forests clothed the surrounding heights; now there is not a tree (2 Kings ii. 24). Vineyards then covered the steepest sides of glen and hill, from base to summit. They have all disappeared. Cities and fortresses, in the days of Israel's power, crowned every peak and studded every ridge; shapeless mounds now mark their deserted sites. From the side of Geba no less than nine ruined towns and villages were pointed out to me. How wonderfully have the predictions of Moses been fulfilled!—"I will destroy your high places . . . I will make your cities waste, and bring your sanctuaries into desolation . . . And I will bring the land into desolation: and your enemies which dwell therein shall be astonished at it" (Lev. xxvi. 30-32).

ANATHOTH.

Anathoth is barely three miles south of Geba, and yet the road is so bad, and the intervening glens so deep and rugged, that I was a full hour in reaching it. Were it not for its sacred associations, no man would ever dream of visiting Anathoth—a poor village of some twenty houses, built among white rocks and white ruins, on a bare, gray mountain side. No trees, no verdure, no richness, or grandeur or beauty; and yet here, in this ancient city of priests (Josh. xxi. 18), the prophet Jeremiah was born (i. 1). Here he received his first commission to warn and threaten a rebellious nation (i. 5-19); and here, amid mountain solitudes and rocky

dells, he mourned and wept over the foreseen calamities of his beloved country. When I looked out over that

"Barren desert, fountainless and dry,"

of which Anathoth commands a prospect wide and wild, his words seemed filled with a double power and pathos: "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people! *Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people, and go from them!*" (Jer. ix. 1, 2). One can trace, in nearly all the images and illustrations with which his writings abound, the influence of those wild scenes amid which he passed his boyhood. Mountains, rocks, wild beasts, shepherds, are again and again introduced; and when predicting the utter ruin of Israel he says, with characteristic allusion to his home—"The spoilers are come upon all high places *through the wilderness*" (Jer. xii. 12). The view from Anathoth is dreary and desolate, but it is singularly instructive to the thoughtful student of Jeremiah's prophecies.

GIBEAH OF SAUL.

Looking westward from the village, my eye caught the white top of a conical hill, rising over an intervening ridge. "What is the name of that hill?" I said to an old man at my side. "*Tuleil el-Fûl*," he replied. Seven long hours I had already been in the saddle, under a cloudless sun, and I had not enjoyed even for a moment "the shadow of a great rock" in that "weary land;" yet the surpassing, all-absorbing interest of holy sites and holy associations made me insensible to fatigue. *Tuleil el-Fûl*, I knew, was covered of yore with the buildings of *Gibeah*, the city which, by its crimes, brought such calamities on the tribe of Benjamin (Judg. xix.); which gave Israel its first king (1 Sam. xi. 4); and which witnessed the unparalleled maternal tenderness and devotion of poor bereaved Rizpah (2 Sam. xxi. 8-11).

Half an hour's hard ride brought me to its base, and in a few minutes more I was on its summit. A rude cairn on the hill-top—a few massive foundations now supporting little terraces along the sides—some scattered ruins at the western base—these alone mark the site of the royal city of Benjamin. Its very name has long since gone, unless indeed the Arabic *Tuleil* ("little hill") be a translation of the Hebrew *Gibeah*.

NOB IDENTIFIED.

Riding towards Jerusalem another conical tell attracted my attention. It is about half a mile from Gibeah. I found on its sides and summit traces of a small but very ancient town; cisterns hewn in the rock, large building stones, portions of the hill levelled and cut away, and the ruins of a small tower. It commands a distinct, though distant view of Mount Zion; Moriah

and Olivet being hid by an intervening ridge. I felt convinced that this is the site of the long last Nob; and I here saw how graphic was the whole description of the march of the Assyrian host upon Jerusalem, as given by Isaiah. I had followed the line from Ai; and on the top of this tell I understood the full meaning of the last sentence, "He shall remain at Nob that night, *he shall shake his hand against the mount of the daughter of Zion, the hill of Jerusalem*" (Isa. x. 28-32).

Between Nob and Gibeah is a deep retired vale, which must have been the scene of the affecting interview between David and Jonathan, recorded in 1 Samuel xx. David seeing that his life was threatened at the court of Saul, went to Nob, got Goliath's sword from Ahimelech the high priest, and fled to Gath. David's visit sealed the fate of Nob. A base Edomite betrayed the innocent priest; and when no Israelite dared to carry

out the savage commands of a tyrant king, Doeg proved a willing executioner. Ahimelech and his whole family were murdered, and "he smote Nob with the edge of the sword, both men and women, children, and sucklings, and oxen, and asses, and sheep" (1 Sam. xxii.) Sitting on the desolate site I read the story of that terrible massacre; and I shuddered as I looked around and saw the rocks once stained with the blood of the helpless victims. Can we wonder that Ezekiel was commissioned to pronounce a curse upon Palestine, when he could with such truth assign as its cause, "*for the land is full of bloody crimes*" (vii. 23).

Another hour brought me to my home on Olivet, and to the end of one of the most interesting and profitable excursions I ever made in Palestine.

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"AS THY SERVANT WAS BUSY HERE AND THERE, HE WAS GONE."*

1 KINGS xx. 40.

BY THE REV. J. D. BURNS, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON.



WE may detach these words from the immediate connection in which they stand, and regard them as one of those Scripture sayings which are so rich and fruitful in application. It stands as the mournful motto of many a neglected opportunity, the memorial of many a departing year, the confession of many a wasted life, the epitaph of many a lost soul. "As thy servant was busy here and there, it was gone." And in this sense it speaks on the last Sabbath of another year, with a most significant and solemn voice to every one of us.

I. A serious charge has been laid upon us. A precious trust has been committed to us: and, like the soldier with his captive, we are warned to guard it well, to beware how we lose it or let it slip from our grasp. This weighty and valuable trust is time, life, the day of grace, the season of hope and blessed opportunity, wherein we are to work, to begin and finish the work that God has given us to do. None of us can refuse to accept the trust; none of us can put aside the grave responsibility. It came to us with the breath of life; it is the inevitable condition, the high prerogative of this nature of ours, so fearfully and wonderfully made. It is the birthright of our immortality. A certain time on earth has been allotted to us, which is

called our life; and into that fast-fleeting and uncertain period, longer or shorter it may be, but brief at the longest, are crowded opportunities for turning it to the ends for which it has been given, for doing the work in it that God summons us to do. He has bestowed this weightiest of all trusts, this richest of all treasures on us, with the clear announcement that one day He will require us to give in an account. And gliding away as it does so noiselessly, so imperceptibly, bearing away as it does on its swift silent current so many opportunities that never can be recalled, it becomes most essential that we should often stand still and consider whether we are really keeping the trust; guarding the treasure in such a way that we shall not have to dread the account when it is demanded, lest "while we are busy here and there it should be gone." Just as the chosen people on the verge of their desert wanderings were called to remember all the way by which God had led them those forty years in the wilderness,—every day, every season, every year, every passing stage of our life's journey should be calling us to the same reflection,—to look back on the past and ask what results it has yielded, to look forward to the future and the end, and ask whether we are better prepared to meet it than when it was not so near. Day after day has come and gone, Sabbath after Sabbath, striking a bar of celestial radiance across the common ground of life, has brightened and faded,—year after year, gathering up those days and Sabbaths, has left its deeper mark upon life. Childhood has melted into youth, youth with many of

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us into manhood, manhood with some of us into age. And at whatever stage of the unresting journey this last Sabbath of another departing year finds us, are there not many here, who, if they would but give words to the unheard whisper of conscience, could give no better account of every Sabbath and every year, and all the irrevocable past than this, "While thy servant was busy here and there it was gone." Oh! if this sad and humbling avowal of wasted opportunities, and a trust betrayed, would but inspire the prayer, "So teach me to number my remaining days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom;" and the prayer inspire the resolution, and by God's grace some hearty effort to begin to redeem this present day, these ebbing sands of the dying year to God, all might yet be well.

II. The trust committed to us is of infinite importance and value. Consider how much it involves, what unspeakable issues for weal or woe depend upon it. It has been bestowed on us, not to be idly kept or selfishly hoarded, but to be diligently used, to be what Scripture calls "redeemed," that is, turned now to immediate and enduring account. Within the twelve hours of this day of life a great work has to be done. The work is the salvation of our souls,—it is the service of Christ our Saviour,—it is the glorifying of God by a life of child-like obedience and devotedness to His will. Briefly it may be described as the business of preparation for eternity,—the laying up of a good foundation against the time to come,—the attaining of a good hope through grace for the blessed life hereafter. Hour after hour, as the day passes, the Lord is calling us to go out into His vineyard where this work is to be done. In one aspect it is His work, in another it is our own. Our best hopes, our highest welfare, our everlasting happiness are bound up with it. And it is this that gives not simply to life in general, but to every fragment of life, its supreme importance. The value of a year, a Sabbath, an hour of time, is to be measured by the opportunities it brings, by the blessings it might ensure to us as a possession for ever. This year with all its ministries of grace, with all its dealings of Providence, with its joys and sorrows, with its words of promise and warning, might have witnessed the conversion of my soul to God,—the surrender of my whole heart to the Saviour,—my entrance on the path of Christian self-denial and holiness,—my evident progress in the way to heaven. I can look back upon some event that roused and startled me into more than ordinary seriousness: I can remember one Sabbath when I was more than usually impressed by the reality of things unseen. In that time of affliction, when the hush of sickness or the shadow of death was over my dwelling, I seemed to hear God's voice clearer in the stillness, and to feel His hand drawing me nearer to Himself. But somehow other cares and duties called me, and the impression faded away. While I was busy here and there, it was gone—"The harvest is past, and

the summer is ended, and I am not saved." O how memorable this year might have been in your spiritual history, as the year of your birth and awakening to a nobler life,—a life of which no sepulchral monument shall ever date the end. Who can tell how brightly some day of it may shine for ever in the remembrance of a glorified spirit, as the day that witnessed the dawning of a better light, the arising of the day star of the blessed hope on the soul.

Were you to see one stand on the bank of a river, and drop piece after piece of gold from a purse he carried into one of its dark deep pools beneath, your first thought might be, what folly to throw away a treasure so precious! Your next thought would be, what wickedness to squander so recklessly that with which so much good might have been done,—which might have given bread to so many hungry ones, and clothed so many naked, and lightened so many a load of poverty, and gladdened many a forlorn and wretched dwelling? All this might have been, but by one act of criminal indifference, all these possibilities and certainties of good have perished. A day may seem a trifling unit of your time, a Sabbath may be made a cipher, a year may be suffered to slide unheeded and unimproved away, but estimate each by the value of the opportunities it brought, by the fruit it might have yielded, and you must feel that it is not only no excuse, but a confession that involves no common measure of guilt, if all the account we can give of it is this, "While thy servant was busy here and there, it was gone."

III. There are many temptations to neglect the trust. In the tumult and confusion of a battle-field, with his own life to defend from spear thrust or arrow flight, with endless sounds and sights to distract attention, it was not easy for the Hebrew soldier to guard well his prisoner. We cannot wonder that he was busy here and there, though he was justly held responsible for neglect of duty. And so with us called to keep watch over a higher treasure lest we should let it slip, to guard well that trust committed to us, it is well we should remember what temptations assail us, what snares are laid for us, what enemies invisible hover round us, all seeking to throw us off our guard, to snatch away this treasure, to betray us into forgetfulness, to accomplish the ruin of our souls. Do we not see every day with what deadly effect,—on the brink of what terrible unknown abysses we stand. Our warfare is not with flesh and blood. Through the perils of a battle-field thronged with silent and sleepless adversaries, we are charged to bear safely the casket that shrines the precious jewel,—life eternal. Day by day we are to work out our salvation with fear and trembling, even while we draw strength and hopefulness from the assurance without which indeed the work could come to no result, that it is "God that worketh in us both to will and to do."

Yet of how many a life such as we see multitudes

around us living, might not this be the motto, "Busy here and there," with no settled purpose, no ruling aim in it whatever, evaporating in plans and dreams of mere selfish enjoyment. Evidently, the soul is looking no further—no higher than the mere horizon of the day, languidly following the last mocking echo to its own weary cry, "Who will show us any good?" and life is passing, it cannot tell how, save that it is busy here and there. Thus, not to speak of those sinful allurements by which so many are led captive, may not life come to be so absorbed in worldly cares, and pursuits and occupations which in themselves are innocent and lawful, as to be utterly diverted from its true purpose, to leave no clear space, no interval that can be redeemed to God, and the higher interests of the life eternal. You are busy here and there, laying up a good foundation for the coming years of time, but never thinking of the life beyond. Day after day comes crowded with its demands, year after year slips away in this perpetual excitement, in this feverish unrest. You are busy here and there, and it is gone. And thus, lured on insidiously from point to point, saying to God as it were, Let me alone this year also, when I have a more convenient season I will give heed to the things that concern my peace; the day of grace wears slowly to an end, and the Voice from heaven breaks in upon many an unfinished plan, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." It is not easy in the din and clamour of the market-place to hear the voice of God. But has He never sent some season of sickness, or sorrow, or disappointment, when you were made to hear him speaking to your heart and see things in their true light,—to discern in their real proportions the littleness of time and the greatness of eternity? Has He not, by some intervention of His Providence, sought to make that pause, that breathing-time for your distracted spirit, which it could not, or would not, make for itself, when that gravest of all questions was pressed home to the conscience, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Have you not at times been conscious of more solemn impressions,—a call to a higher walk and nobler service than that in which your years are wasted? Conscious of His Spirit striving with you, and drawing your thoughts upward from the dust,—of Christ speaking as of old to her of Bethany, "Thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful?"

Again; one may be "busy here and there" even with religious duties. One of the most prevalent evils that beset a religious profession in our day is a hurrying to and fro in perpetual excitement, toiling in a round of meetings, associations, benevolent and pious enterprises of all kinds, absolutely leaving no time for quiet thought and self-communion,—the great work of life as regards

ourselves, unheeded: so that after all these anxieties for others, one may take up the l "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but vineyard have I not kept."

"This year also" has been given; to wit The Lord of the vineyard comes to make l tion. Is there fruit now where there was richer and more abundant growth of holy virtues and attainments than before? Or ar ing dead, barren, unprofitable cumberers of th all the blessed dews and the sunshine of hee on our fruitless branches? It was in ans pleadings of the Intercessor, the season of was given. Has the long-suffering of God indeed salvation? We know not if He will year also;" we know that He says, "To-day called to-day, harden not your hearts." L to redeem this day; to strive now to enter all diligence that we may be found of Him : ing, in peace; to labour for eternity as tho that the hours are fleeting, the shadows l and the night coming wherein no man can thing let us seek after; "Seek first the king and His righteousness, and all other thin added." That will give unity, hopefulness all your plans of life. Give God the first pl hearts, and all other things will fall into places. Let Christ in all things have tl nence, and there will be a blessed order and in your soul, a serene and wholesome your life. Then you may be busy here Time need not hang heavy on your hands will be no lack of opportunities of serving (love serving one another. And thus, with a fast hope in your heart, and a brighter light your heavenward path, you can watch ead departs, and say, "It is gone, but it has left of which no after-chance can deprive me. let it go; it is but another league travelled that takes me to my journey's end,—anothe on the way home, another meridian line cro ocean over which I voyage to a more blessed is gone; but it has brought me nearer to the there shall be no more warfare, no more we sin, nor death; no more time to redeem, but to rest in and employ in higher and more bles in that presence where 'there is fulness Time recedes, but eternity draws near, a come brighter glimpses of the glory that i "Thine eyes shall see the king in his be shall behold the land that is very far off." l life which is not reckoned by length of days years. There is the light that casts no sl knows no waning.




DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVILYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

PART IV.

 home again! With what longing I have looked forward to the moment when I should be able to write those words. And now I can scarcely see to write them through my tears.

For Mother looks so ill, so terribly gentle; her step, always light, so less; her voice, always soft, so low and t; her smile so tender, not like the dawn or echo of happy laughter, but like the light gglng through tears.

an these few months have made such a ge, or have I been blind? Father does not to see it, nor Jack. Can it be, after all, that, coming out of the glare of that brilliant don world, everything in our quiet world at e looks pale for the time?

ecause the house, and the furniture, and all : so different. I never saw before how the of carpet in the parlour is worn and colour-; nor how the chintz curtains are patched; how Mother's Sunday dress itself is faded. nd these cannot have changed much in a few ths.

adeed, as it is, I should not have noticed the uture half as much if we had met as usual in hall, around our ordinary table, to our ordi- fare. But Betty was determined to make : high-day; and accordingly the meal was ad in the parlour, and the best Delft ware brought out, as if I had been a stranger of inction; and, after all, it seemed a positive ng to notice the darns in the table-cloth, ched to such a dazzling whiteness, and the k in the best glass sugar-basin, monument of ncient battle between Betty and Jack.

es, it was this holiday pitch to which Betty insisted on winding everything up, which : brought me from the laughing point to the

crying, which is so near it. It was the tender anxiety in Mother's eyes that I should find every- thing especially pleasant and bright, that so nearly turned the smile in mine into tears whenever I looked at her. It was Betty's ostentatious ex- hibition of all her grandest things that gave me the little pang when Father took off his best coat, which he had put on to welcome me, and Mother took it from him, and folded it so carefully in its white covers, and laid it on its shelf in the cup- board.

For it is no grievance to have to take care of one's clothes; I am sure none of us feel it so. And I would not, if I could, have our dear old furniture sink into the mere decorative ciphers such things are in rich men's houses, instead of being the dear familiar old letters on which so much of the history of our lives is written.

No; it was just the strain to be at high-holi- day pitch which was too much for the carpet, and the table-cloth, and our precious Mother, and me.

For when at last Father gave a little shivering glance at the parlour grate, with its very fine decorations, which Betty would on no account sacrifice to such low considerations as warmth and comfort, and Trusty, with his paws on the sacred threshold which he dared not cross, whined an insinuating remonstrance against our ex- clusiveness, and our stateliness at last broke down, and Jack set a light to the fire in the great hall, and we five drew close to it, and the great festi- val was over, and we began to be really at home, —it could not have been only the glow from the blazing logs—Mother certainly *did* look less pale, and more like her old self, as Trusty and I sat together at her feet, she stroking my hair, and I stroking Trusty's ears.

Yet we did not remain long so; Father fell asleep, and waking suddenly, asked Jack if he

had seen to the horses. The one I had ridden had been lent us, and had a cough, and must have a warm mash.

Jack had not seen to anything. Father drily supposed not—how could any one expect it?

Jack yawned in a deprecatory way, and went out; and Father did not fall asleep again, but followed Jack in a few minutes, muttering that borrowed beasts at least must not be left to chance.

The troubled look came into Mother's face again. Trusty evidently felt she needed consolation, and after following Father to the door, paused a moment, then came back and put his paws on her knee, and attempted to lick her hand. And I felt just as dumb and perplexed as the dog, and could do little more than he in the way of comfort. I could only draw Mother's hand round my neck, and press a little closer to her, and cover it with silent kisses.

After all, we are all "dumb creatures" after a certain point. Only, dogs reach their dumb point a little sooner than we do.

And this has been going on all the time I have been away! While I have been living without care or anxiety; while Aunt Henderson has been pursuing her grave routine of household occupations, having the washing done on Monday, the ironing on Tuesday, the best parlour cleaned on Wednesday, the back parlour on Thursday, the hall and garden-room on Friday, and things in general on Saturday; while Aunt Beauchamp has been amusing herself with her complimentary old gentlemen in the mornings, and exciting herself over her cards every evening; care, care, care, keen pangs of fear, and slow gnawings of anxiety have been steadily, surely eating away at Mother's heart; and no one has seen it but Trusty! Poor faithful, perplexed old dog, he has seen it—he told me so with his wistful eyes this evening, and by his low whine when Jack went out, not closing the door, and Father followed him, decisively slamming it. And I have not been here. But nothing on earth shall ever move me from Mother's side again.

The Same Evening.

After writing these words my heart was too full for any more, and I closed the Diary, and prepared to go to sleep, lest Mother should see

my candle burning too late, and be anxious me. But it was too late already. The touch was on the latch of the door, and it could possibly extinguish the light and his tears in the darkness, Mother was beside me.

"My darling!" she said, a rare word. "You are overtired. You are not well should be in bed before this. We must back to our homely old country ways."

"Indeed I am not tired, mother," I said to speak steadily.

"Has anything troubled you, darling," while you were away?"

"Oh, no," I said; "every one has spoken with kindness."

"Spoiled you for the old home, Kitty murmured.

She had given me a right to cry, and I out, "Oh, mother, it is nothing but you; so pale, and things have been troubling you there has been no one to see it."

She was too truthful to comfort me with deception. She only smiled, and said, "I can see but you, Kitty? Well, supposing I have missed you day and night, and never what you were to me till you went away, I comfort you, Kitty? Shall we cry because all right again?"

"I will never leave you again, mother, as I live," I said passionately.

"As long as we both live, darling," she very quietly. "If it is God's will, and I am selfish in me, I do trust not."

I was calmed by her words.

It was only after she had seen me to bed, and closed the door, and come back to give me another kiss before she left me, that words came back on me with another meaning.

"As long as we both live."

And then they echoed through and thrummed in my heart, like a passing bell through a vault. I tossed to and fro, and could not sleep, remembered I had not said my prayers.

The first night of my coming home! that I had prayed for evening and morning, and in the day, ever since I left home, and I felt to rest without a word of thanks to God.

I was appalled at my own ingratitude, and knelt by the window in the moonlight.

quivered through the branches of the old elms, and shimmered on the leaves of the old thorn, and chequered the floor through the diamond lattice panes.

It was that I wanted—only that—prayer with thanksgiving. It did me good from the moment I began.

And what wonder? Prayer is no soliloquy. The Bible says, when we call on Him, God bends down his ear to listen, as a father bends down to listen to a little child. Yes, God listens! He heard me as I confessed my ingratitude and my distrustful fears. He heard me as I gave him thanks; he heard me as I committed Mother to his care.

Ungrateful! God had been watching Mother all the time, understanding her inmost cares, and caring for her.

And He will care for us, "*as long as we both live*." Yes, when I breathed even *those* words into His ear, the terrible death-chill seemed to pass from them. "*As long as we both live*" here on earth, and then, when we have no more cares to cast on Him, He will still care for us both for ever and for ever.

Marginal Note—I was unjust, too, to say no one had seen how dear Mother was looking; for Hugh Spencer told me she was looking ill when I saw him in Great Ormond Street.

I am feeling much better to-day than yesterday.

In the first place Mother is looking better.

In the second place, I have had my morning walk once more, and milked the cows, and taken the cup of new milk to Mother before breakfast. And the mere sight and sound of the sea made my heart buoyant again like its own waves; the great and wide sea, heaving its innumerable waves from its deep, still heart; the wind crisping them into foam, till they looked like a flight of snowy sea-birds; the old familiar thunder of the breakers against the rocks; the long roll of the ebbing wave, as it swept the pebbles back from the white beach far below. Then the turf was crisp with hoar-frost; and the wind on the cliff blew me about with a rough heartiness; and when I sat on the milking-stool in the shelter of the hollow, Daisy looked round at me with her large, motherly eyes, and in her calm, friendly way, recognised

my right to be there. So all the dumb creatures welcomed me home again.

And in the third place, I have had a battle with Betty, which is *her* welcome and recognition that I have once more taken my old standing.

I had just taken the new milk to Mother, and to my grief and surprise had not found her in her own little closet over the porch; she had not yet risen.

"I find it strengthens me more to take the milk before I rise, Kitty," she said, making light of it. "I did not think you would have been stirring so early after your journey. It is cold sometimes in the mornings now," she added, apologizing to my rueful looks; "but when the spring comes, we will have our old morning talks in the porch-room again."

I tried to make as light of the change as Mother did, to her; but when I left her, I could not resist the longing to pour out my trouble on some one. Father was in the fields, Jack was in bed. Betty was the only human creature in the house; and I had no resource but to invade the sanctuary of the dairy where she was making the butter.

The windows were open; the low sunbeams slanted through the thick leaves close outside, flickering on the clean, cool, grey slabs of slate; the fresh morning air came in, rippling the surface of the milk in the pans from which the thick cream had been skimmed, while the one that was left with its unbroken crust of thick yellow cream, recalled countless childish feastings. Altogether, it was a delicious atmosphere of coolness, and greenness, and cream, and memories of childhood; and I felt just as much a child beside Betty, as when Jack and I had stood there, humble petitioners to her bounty as the Queen of the Dairy, and Dispenser of all that was Delicious, scarcely tall enough to see over the brims of those wonderful pans of delight.

Betty was facing the window, lovingly patting her butter into shape, and humming to herself a low winding song, with as little beginning or end as the murmur of a brook. She did not hear me until I stood before her, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Betty, why did no one tell me? Has no one seen how ill Mother is?"

It was an indiscreet beginning. Betty looked on it as an assault. For a minute she said

nothing, then still continuing apparently absorbed in her butter, she replied drily,—

"Some folks think no one sees anything except they tell it to the town-crier. Some folks, specially young folks, think no one sees anything but themselves."

"Oh, you know what I mean, Betty!" I said. "How long has Mother not been able to get up to have her milk? And why did no one write me?"

"Why no one wrote I can't say, Mrs. Kitty," she replied. "Why I didn't write, is as plain as why the dog doesn't speak. Not that that is so very plain neither, leastways as regards Trusty, for he sees more than a sight of us that can."

And she continued dexterously and elaborately shaping her butter into the well-remembered dainty little rolls, as if the precise curve of the rolls were of supreme importance, and the question under discussion of none.

My disadvantages in the contest were great; a woman with her fingers occupied has always such a high vantage-ground in a debate, over one that is idle. The matter in debate can always be treated in a placid, parenthetical way, as quite subordinate to the matter in hand. Besides, Betty was in the very heart of her dominions, and I was an invader.

My only chance was to get her to perceive that I was no combatant at all, but only a suppliant, when, after guarding herself with an admonition, I knew her faithful womanly heart would open all its stores of affection and pity at once.

The tears which nearly choked my voice came to my aid, as I said,—

"Betty, I know you love her almost as I do, and you always see as quickly as any one. Is Mother ill? and can anything be done?"

Then Betty, having laid the last finished roll on its white dish, began to wipe her hands in the runner that hung behind the door, and said—

"I tell you what it is, Mrs. Kitty, I believe we make a heathen idol of Missis, and the Lord won't have it." And the runner was suspiciously drawn over Betty's face.

"Make Mother a heathen, Betty!" I said. What do you mean?"

"I mean this, Mrs. Kitty," she said: "I have

heard that parson that the other parson abide, and who turned my brother-in-law lamb; and he said we are all born idol better than the heathen, unless we be. And then he went on to say what were o. At first I thought he was going to let it easy. For he spoke of the rich man wor his riches, and I thought of the old miser mouth, who counts out his money ever and then he spoke of the great man wor his acres, and I thought there was a high squire, who wouldn't let Master have the field that runs into ours, and would have such a winter pasture for our Daisy; and spoke of the foolish young husseys making idol of their ribbons, and I looked round many such that were there, to see how it that. And then he told of husbands a making idols of each other, and mothers children, and then I thought of all of y Kitty, and wished that Master and you ar had been there to hear; and so I do, would have done you all a sight of good. Master makes an open idol of you, my dear Missis is just as bad, only she does it in a like; and you think no one fit to touch or look after her but yourself."

Having thus delivered her conscience sermon, Betty had made an outlet for her pathy; and sitting down on a bench, and her face with her apron, she resumed in husky tone—

"Not that I think you need worrit you much about Missis. In my belief, it is Mrs. Kitty, my dear, that she has been for; and now she's got you again, the come back again, like a fish thrown back water; leastways if you don't go making of her, and, with your tears and you looks watching every turn of her face, right away from us altogether into heaven at any time, in my belief, it would take do with Missis. For that she is fit for it body can deny. But as to her not getting early," she continued, "that's something thankful for, my dear. It was me that her over to that, and I hope no one will persuade her out of it. Some folks seem it improves a weak rope to stretch it."

will strain. In my belief, it's more like to sap it."

Betty's view of Mother's health comforted me much. It seemed to bring the matter from the region of vague, immeasurable, helpless fears, into that of actual but remediable cares, which a little cheerful, tender nursing might soon relieve. I felt anxious to know more of Betty's experience with the Methodists, and I said—

"Then the parson, after all, said nothing which particularly suited you, Betty?"

"Suited! no, Mrs. Kitty, he did not surely; as little as a rod suits a fool's back. And a fool I was to go, when Missis warned me not."

"You did not like what he said, then?"

"I should think not," she replied. "I should like to know who would like to be stuck up in the stocks before the whole parish, and pelted with dirt and stones, not in a promiscuous way like, but just exactly where it hurts most!"

"How was it, Betty?" I ventured to ask.

To my great amazement, Betty's voice suddenly failed, and she began to cry. Never before had I seen her show any sign of feeling, beyond a transient huskiness of voice, or a suspicious rushing of her hand over her eyes. She was wont to be as much ashamed of tears as a school-boy. But now her tears became sobs, and it was some little time before she could speak.

"Mrs. Kitty," she said, "it was just as I was thinking who he'd hit next, and smiling to myself to see the poor fools sobbing and fainting around me, when down came the word like an arrow right into the core of my heart; and there I had to stand writhing, like a fish on a hook, while the parson drove it in;—and he as quiet all the time as if he'd been fixing a nail in the right spot to a sixpence's breadth, in a piece of wood that mustn't be split. I could have knocked him down, Mrs. Kitty; but there I stood, fixed and helpless as a worm with a pin through it."

"But what did he say, Betty?"

"Mrs. Kitty," she said, "he made me feel I was no better than a natural-born heathen, and that the idols I had been worshipping, instead of God, were things an Indian savage would have been ashamed of."

"What were they then, Betty?"

"Why, just my dairy, and my kitchen, and

myself," she said; "the very pats of butter, which must be better than any in the country, and the stone floor I've been as angered to see a foot-mark on, as if it had been the king's foot-stool."

"The parson did not speak about pats of butter and kitchen floors?" I said.

"Not in so many words," she replied; but I knew well enough what he meant, and so did he; the passions I've been in with Master Jack and you about your tricks, and with old Roger about his dirty shoes, and all."

"But, Betty," I interposed, "Jack and I and Roger were provoking and wrong often; and the kitchen and the dairy were the work God had given you to do, and you *ought* to care about them."

"What's the use of struggling, Mrs. Kitty?" Betty replied, hopelessly shaking her head. "I am not going to defend Roger. If I were a saint, I'd not say Roger's not often as bad as a born fool, and that things don't often happen aggravating. Haven't I gone over things times without number, and made out everything as clear as if I'd been a lawyer at the assizes—that I'd a right to be in a rage, and a right to care for the work the Almighty gave me to do? But it's of no use; the wound is there and the word is there, working and rankling away in it like a rusty nail. I'm a poor sinful woman, Mrs. Kitty, and that's the end of it, and I see no way out of it."

"But, Betty," I said, "did you not go again, and try to get comfort?"

"I did indeed, although I had little hope of getting comfort," she said. "All the time he was speaking, he looked at me through and through like, but I never flinched: I looked at him back again; and I set my face, and said in my heart, 'You've caught me now, but I'll never let you try your hand on me again.' But when he had stopped and I got away, it seemed as if something were always drawing and drawing me back, like a moth to a candle. So at last I went again. A lot of folks from the mines and the fishings were met on the side of the moor, and a man preached to them from the top of a hedge. But this time it was not the parson, Mr. Wesley; it was a chap from Yorkshire—a stout, tall fellow, strong enough to throw any wrestler in Cornwall. At first I thought he was speaking a

foreign tongue; but when I made him out, I found he was worse than the other. The parson drove that one nail home into your heart, and kept it there in one spot, struggle as you might; but the Yorkshire man knocked and pounded you about until there was no sound place left in you from top to toe. He made me feel I had been doing, and speaking, and thinking, and feeling wrong every day of my life, and was to this day. And that was all the comfort I got for not minding Missis."

"But, Betty," I said, "there is comfort, there is balm for such wounds; that was not *all* these Methodists said."

"No," she replied mournfully, "folks say they spoke wonderful gracious words about our Saviour and his death and his pity. But all I know is, it all turned to gall for me. They say sugar turns to vinegar when folks' insides are wrong; and I suppose the sweetest words man or angel ever spoke would be sour to me, as long as my heart is all wrong. Why, the very thing that makes me worse than the Indian savages, is the Lord's pity and what he went through for me, for they never heard of it, and I have."

"But, Betty," I said, "there is prayer! You can pray."

"I always thought I could, Mrs. Kitty," she said, "until I came to try. I've always said the Lord's Prayer every night, and the Belief and the Commandments on Sundays. But when I came to want something and ask for it, it seemed as if I could not pray at all; pray, of course, I might, but it seems as if there were no one there to mind."

"Betty," I said, "I think you really do know our Lord's pity and grace as little as the Indians. You speak as if you were all alone in your troubles, when all your troubles are only the rod and staff of God bringing you home."

"Maybe, Mrs. Kitty," she said; "but I can't see it. I only feel the smart and the bruises, and they worrit me to that degree I can barely abide Roger, or Master Jack, or you, or Missis, or anybody. I even struck at old Trusty the other day with the mop—poor, harmless, dumb brute—as if it was *his* fault. But he knew I meant no harm, and came crouching to lick my hand the next moment."

"Oh, Betty," I said, "the poor beasts understand us better than we understand God! They trust us."

"And well they may, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty, "for they never did any sin. The cat 'll steal the milk if she gets a chance, poor fool, and the dog cannot be trusted with a bone at all times, I'll not say he can. But the Almighty made them so, and it's us that puts them out with our laws about mine and thine, which they don't understand. It's their nature. But the Almighty never made us to bury our souls in pats of butter and pans of milk, and forget Him, and fly into rages about a bit of dirt on a kitchen floor. And until that can be set right, I don't see that anything is right, or that I can think with any comfort of the Almighty."

"But our Saviour came to set all that right, Betty," I said. "He came to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself"

"Maybe, sure," said Betty, "but I know it's not at all set right for me."

She rose, and once more wiping the tears from her face, she went into the kitchen to set the rashers on the frying pan for breakfast.

But before she drowned her voice in the hiss of the bacon, she turned and said to me with unusual gentleness:—

"You mean it very kind, Mrs. Kitty; but don't know why I should pour out my trouble on you. It's not to be expected a young man like you should understand. But you meant it very kind, my dear; only don't say a word to worrit Missis, and don't you lose heart about Missis yourself, for she'll get round in time sure, now she's got you again; if you don't go and make a heathen idol of her, as the parson said. And after all, my dear," she concluded "I never found the work any the forwarder for worrying about it over night. You can't mend a thing before it's torn; and if you get a hundred pieces, the rent 'll always be sure just to go in the way that fits none of 'em. Things be per verse, most times, and there's no way that I know by, of being up with them beforehand."

Betty's prediction seems coming true, perhaps is making itself true, for her cheery words about Mother have lightened my heart, and the lightning

of my heart seems to lighten Mother's. The anxious look is wearing away a little, although not the paleness. But I cannot say all is right between Father and Jack.

This morning they had one of the word-battles Mother and I so greatly dread.

We three had all but finished breakfast, and Father had been making very sharp comments on Jack's absence, when he himself came strolling in in his easy unconcerned way, and seating himself at the table after a general greeting, began to play with the home-brewed ale and bread and cheese in rather a languid manner, every now and then half suppressing a yawn.

"Over-wrought with last evening's work, I conclude," said Father, beginning, as he usually does, with the politest sarcasm; "when young gentlemen toil till midnight, old men, of course, must expect to work in the morning while they rest."

"I believe I was rather late last night, sir," said Jack, with an easy attempt at apology.

"And in good company, sir!" said Father. "A pleasant serenade you and your companions gave us, as you parted. A little too much repetition, perhaps, in the strains, and a slight uncertainty in the close."

"I was not drunk, sir," said Jack.

"I did not say you were, sir. I spoke of your company, not of your entertainment. Any gentleman may be overtaken now and then, among his equals, of course, but no son of mine—no gentleman who bears the name of Trevlyan—shall have my leave to herd with degraded sots, who make brutes of themselves on small beer."

"There is a difference between claret and beer, certainly, sir," said Jack, daintily quaffing his home-brewed, while he glanced at the little bottle of French wine, always set for Father (he acquired the habit in the army in Flanders, Mother says, and cannot be expected to do without it now. If it is a little expensive, we can save in other ways).

"There is a difference between *you* and *me*, sir!" retorted Father, dropping his sarcasm and enforcing his words with some of those strong expressions, which Mother says he also acquired in the army in Flanders. "I give you notice that I pay no more bills at any low tavern where

you may choose to make boon-companions of any rascally fellow in the town and neighbourhood."

"I quite agree with you in preferring better company, sir," said Jack; "but I cannot afford it. I have neither horses for the hunt, nor fine clothes to wear, nor fine company to keep that I can see, unless I seek the society of the Squire, who is carried to bed every night from the effects of the best claret."

"Leave the table, sir," said Father, "if you cannot speak except to insult me."

Jack rose without a murmur, throwing the remainder of his bread and cheese to Trusty, but before he went out of the door he turned back and took a cherry-coloured ribbon knot out of his pocket, which he said he had bought for me at the fair.

"Is it paid for, sir?" said Father, in a tone of suppressed rage.

"I had no small change about me at the time," said Jack, "and I told them so. But Hugh Spencer happened to be near, and he lent me the money."

"No daughter of mine shall wear stolen goods!" said Father, and seizing the ribbon he threw it on the fire.

With that Jack grew warm and strode out of the house, and Father grew cool, and seeing the tears in my eyes, smoothed my hair tenderly, and told me not to fret, my own brown hair was better than all the cherry-coloured knots in the world.

"It is not for the ribbon, Father," I said.

"For what, then?" he said testily.

"For thee and Jack, Father," I said.

He was silent a moment, and then he said:—

"Perhaps I was rather hard on the poor fellow. Boys will be boys."

"It was not that I meant, Father," I said, for I felt as if I must speak, because Mother was crying; and dearly as Father loves her, he never will bear a word from her. "It was not that. It is that you are right and Jack is wrong, and yet you always let him make you seem wrong, because he is so cool and he puts you in a passion."

"Fine education you give your children, madam," said he, turning to Mother; "your son puts me in a rage, like an old fool as I am, and your chit of a daughter reads me a sermon."

But he was not angry either with Mother or me.

And at dinner, like a generous gentleman, as he is, he held out his hand to Jack and said:—

"Perhaps I was hard on you, my boy. It was well-meant, after all, buying your sister the ribbon."

But that was not at all what I meant. Jack had come off from the conflict a self-complacent victor, satisfied that he had kept his temper under great provocation, and had done a very generous action in buying me a ribbon with Hugh Spencer's money, which, of course, especially now that the ribbon was burned, he would never think of paying.

And Jack is so pleasant, that when I lecture him, it always ends in a joke; and when Betty and Father scold him, they always put themselves in the wrong, and end by virtually begging his pardon; and when Mother gently remonstrates, he ends in persuading her that he is on the eve of turning over quite a new leaf, and indeed had quite made up his mind to do so before she spoke.

But the new leaf is only a repetition of the old, and my heart aches to think how it can end. It seems to me people never drift by accident into the right haven.

July the Fifteenth.

I wonder if any one ever quite carried out all Bishop Taylor's rules every day. Perhaps he did not mean it to be done. It so often happens with me that one "action of piety" takes up the time of the whole seven. For instance, one morning, I seem able to do nothing but rejoice in the thought how good God and my Saviour are, and thank him for all his goodness to us. The next I am overwhelmed with the thought of my own weakness and sinfulness, and the wrong things I think, and say, and do. And this morning I seemed able to do nothing but pray for Jack. I am so anxious about him, and it is impossible to help loving him so dearly, if it were only for Mother's sake, who loves him as the apple of her eye.

I wonder if Mother is quite right. She seems to think women were only made to endure patiently whatever the men belonging to them inflict, consciously or unconsciously. But I think we should try to prevent them being selfish

and inconsiderate for us, because it does the harm as well as us.

But am I right in seeing so much of "the mote in my brother's eye?" Does our Love mean that we should be blind to the faults those we love, or that, *not being blind*, we should shut our eyes and say, "I *will* not see." I cannot mean this, for it would be false, and false things He abhors.

I think he must mean that we should love in spite of all we see. How can we help each other unless we see where each needs help? I must see, not to exhibit, but to veil, not judge but to help.

Love is not blind, I am sure, for true love lives and breathes, and has its being in truth.

It is the selfishness in our love which is blinding the passionate selfishness which says, "This mine, therefore, I *will* think it fair, and will give the lie to any who say it is not."

But God is Love, and he is the Truth, and he says to us, "You are *not* sinless, you are fair, but you are mine; I have pitied and deemed you, because you were wretched and polluted, and I will make you fair."

And in our poor narrow measure I think should try to be and do the same.

My last attempt to take the mote out of brother's eye has certainly not been at all successful, except that it has answered the purpose showing me more plainly the beam in my own

After writing about Jack as I did last night I felt this morning as if it were scarcely sisterly and honest not to tell him what I thought this afternoon.

Betty was "meating the pigs," Father was guiding the plough with Roger, the call to labouring oxen came pleasantly across the valley. Mother was sewing in the hall, and I and Jack were alone in the kitchen, I sorting herbs on the table at the open window, and he polishing a new gun I had brought him from London. The opportunity seemed favourable, and I ventured to say,—

"Jack, you won't mind my saying so; but I will pay Hugh Spencer for the cherry-coloured ribbon, won't you?"

"How can you worry about such tri-

Kitty!" he said. "Just a few pence, not worth mentioning between old friends, and gentlemen's sons."

"But they were lent," I said; "and a debt is a debt."

"Let Father pay it then," he said, laughing; "he has the property. Or you yourself, Kitty; since you are so particular."

"I would, indeed, Jack," I said; "but it is such a trifle, I don't like to speak to Hugh about it."

"Nor do I," he said drily.

"But it's *your* debt," I said.

"Kitty," he replied, "you are in the way to be one of the most aggravating women I know. It's a symptom of insanity when trifles take such possession of the brain. You should be careful."

"But how much was it, Jack?" I persisted once more. "I could give you the money, you know, and you could pay Hugh."

"You may give me what money you please," he replied, "I am not too proud to be thankful for trifles. But I shall not pay Hugh. It would be a degradation to allude to such nonsense. And besides," he continued, "Hugh Spencer is a screw, and it is only what he deserved. I asked him to lend me a few guineas a few days before, and he refused. I was disgusted with his meanness."

I felt myself getting hot, and I said,—

"I think the meanness is in borrowing, not in not lending."

"You are always ready enough to turn against me," said Jack; "but you may look in the Bible, and you'll find plenty about the duty of lending, and not even expecting to be paid again. It's like the publicans to lend, expecting to receive as much again. And to refuse to lend at all is worse; it's like the Pharisees and hypocrites. An open heart and an open hand, that's the kind of Christianity I like, and that's the kind of Christian I mean to be when I am rich. Do you think I would have shut my purse to Hugh if I had had money to lend?"

"Jack," I said, "Hugh is not a publican nor a Pharisee, and you know it. You know he has impoverished himself again and again to get you out of scrapes; and if he ever refused to help you, it was because he thought it right to refuse;

and he was right, I have no doubt. And with all your grand intentions, when did you ever deny yourself anything for any one?"

Jack had entangled me in his sophisms, and driven me to indignant assertions, as he does Father. He was cool as usual, and pushed his advantage.

"As to self-denial," he said, "if I had the means, it would be no self-denial to me at all to help my friends, but the greatest pleasure. And I never said Hugh was a publican or a Pharisee. I only said the publicans and Pharisees disliked lending money. I daresay they were right; and Hugh was right, at all events, as regarded the money."

"Oh, Jack!" I said, "how can you be so ungenerous to Hugh. Have you forgotten the times without number he paid for things you bought, when the people threatened to send the bills in to Father, because you said it would break Mother's heart? Have you forgotten how, again and again, some little comfort or delicacy Mother needed, has come in from him, 'just,' as he used to say, 'because he happened to meet with it?' Ask all the poor toiling men and women in the parish whether Hugh Spencer is generous or not. And you know he is not rich, and that his father never allows him much."

"No; I believe a certain carefulness about money is hereditary in the Spencer family," Jack replied.

I knew he felt in the wrong, because he was so provoking. If I could only have been quiet, and let the conviction work! But my heart was full, and my temper was up, and I said,—

"Jack, I don't know what you will come to, and what you will bring us all to. The Bible says, 'The *wicked* borroweth and payeth not again.' You seem to have no honesty nor gratitude, nor shame; and I do believe you will end in breaking Mother's heart."

"Whew!" said Jack, drawing a long breath, and for a moment stopping his polishing to look at me. "Whatever sins may be hereditary with the Spencers, a certain peculiarity of temper is certainly hereditary with the Trevelyans. My dear Kitty, Mother is coming into the kitchen, and as you are so apprehensive about her feelings, I recommend you to withdraw. You look

quite excited. No doubt," he added demurely, "as Mother used to say, you will be sorry for this to-morrow."

And I had to withdraw, for I could not stop my tears, and what is worse, I shall have to be sorry to-morrow, and to apologize to Jack; for the language I used was certainly unnecessarily strong. Unnecessarily strong as regarded the immediate occasion, but as regards that habit of his, what language can be too strong? And what an opportunity I have thrown away of helping him!

It was only yesterday I was thinking how feeble my convictions of sin were compared with Betty's; and I had resolved next Sunday seriously to read Bishop Taylor's "Instruments, by way of consideration, to Awaken a Careless Person and a Stupid Conscience," and his "Form of Confession of Sins and Repentance, to be used on Fasting Days." But now there is no need to go through a course of voluntary humiliation. I am humbled enough in Jack's eyes as well as in my own. So unworthy, so hasty, so passionate, how could I ever think of setting myself up as a censor of other people. Perhaps this pride and secret self-satisfaction is the beam in my own eye. Perhaps, now I feel how really blind and wrong I am, I may be able to speak to Jack to-morrow with more result. For he is wrong about the debts. Perhaps when I speak to him from his own level, as no better than he is, though in a different way, he will listen.

It is of no use. Jack received my apologies with the graciousness of an offended but merciful sovereign.

"Do not mention such a trifle again, my dear little Kitty. We all get a little excited at times; it is in the family, although, perhaps, I am not so much troubled in that way as the rest of you."

And when I made one more feeble attempt to make an impression on him about the debts, he stopped me with—

"Perhaps I was even a little hot myself yesterday about poor Hugh. Hugh is a good fellow at bottom. We all have our little peculiarities, especially about money. I only meant that when I have my commission, and have won a few battles, and taken one or two towns, and have my prize-money, that won't be exactly *my* way.

An open heart and an open hand, Kitty, that's my idea of a Christian, although it may make one's purse a little low at times."

And he kissed me benignantly, and went away whistling, "Begone dull care."

What can I do? It is plain the price of the cherry-coloured bow is far too great a trifle for Jack's "open hand" to contract to pick up and return.

And it's plain that he considers himself, although probably touched with a little of general infection of the sin of Adam, quite singularly free from the peculiar infirmities of the Spencers, and the Trevelyans, and every one else.

And it is plain that my hands are by no means steady enough (even if my eyes were clear enough) to take the mote out of my brother's eye.

Yet I cannot help feeling as if those habits of his were like the little low clouds gathering far out in the west, like the little uneasy interrupted gusts of wind which come when we are to have a storm,—like the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which the prophet's servant saw, when the heaven was so soon to be black with clouds.

I should make a bad historian. I have never said a word about our journey home from London.

Not that there is much to tell, because, after all, we came from Bristol by sea, Father, and Hugh Spencer and I, and I was so full of the thought of home, that I did not observe anything particularly. The chief thing I remember is a conversation I had with Hugh.

It was a calm evening. Father had rolled himself up in his old military cloak with a foraging cap half over his eyes, and Hugh and I were standing by the side of the ship watching the trail of strange light she seemed to make in the waves. There was no one else on deck but the man at the helm, and an old sailor mending some ropes by the last glimmerings of daylight, and humming in a low voice to himself what seemed like an attempt at a psalm tune.

"Do you know what he is singing?" Hugh asked.

"Not from the tune. I do not see how any one could; but the quaverings seem of a religious

character, like what the old people sing in church."

"It is a Methodist hymn," Hugh said. "He did it through to me this morning." Hugh always has a way of getting into the confidence of working men, especially of sea-faring people. The old man had been in the ship which took Mr. John Wesley and Mr. Charles Wesley to America. Several religious people were there also from Germany, going out as missionaries. They called themselves Moravians. At first he despised them all for a foolish psalm-singing set. But they encountered a great storm on the Atlantic, and the old sailor said he should never forget the fearless calm among those Christian people during the danger. "It was," he said, "as if they had fair weather of God's making round them, be the skies as foul as they might." He could never rest until he found out their secret. When he went ashore, he attended the Methodist meetings everywhere, "and now," he said, "thank the Lord and Parson Wesley, my feet are on the Rock aboard or ashore."

"These Methodists find their way everywhere, Hugh," I said. "It does seem as if God blessed their work more than any one's."

"And what wonder," he said; "who work as they do?"

"But so many people—even good people—appear to be afraid of them," I said. "Are they not sometimes too violent? Do they not sometimes make mistakes?"

"No doubt they do," he said. "All the men who have done great and good work in the world have made mistakes, as far as I can see. It is only the easy cautious people who sit still and do nothing, who make no mistakes, unless," he added, "their whole lives are one great mistake, which seems probable."

And then he told me something of what he had seen in the world and at Oxford; how utterly God seemed forgotten everywhere, how scarcely disguised infidelity spoke from the pulpits, and vices not disguised at all paraded in high places; how in the midst of this John and Charles Wesley had stood apart, and resolved to live to serve God and do good to men; how they had struggled long in the twilight of a dark but lofty mysticism, until they had learned to know

how God has loved us from everlasting, and loves us now, and how Christ forgives sins now; and then, full of the joyful tidings, had gladly abandoned all the hopes of earthly ambition for the glorious ambition of being ambassadors for Christ to win rebellious and wretched men back to him.

"Morning, noon, and evening," he said, "John Wesley goes about proclaiming the tidings of great joy in Ireland, America, throughout England, among colliers, miners, and slaves; in prisons, to condemned criminals; in hospitals, to the sick; in market-places, pelted with stones; in churches, threatened with imprisonment; reviled by clergymen, assaulted by mobs, and arraigned by magistrates. They go on loving the world that casts them out, and constantly drawing souls out of the world to God to be blessed."

"It seems like the apostles," I said. "It is wonderful."

"Kitty," he said fervently, "when I think, I can *not* wonder at it. The wonder seems to me that we should wonder at it so much. If we believe the Bible at all; if not now and then by some strange chance, but steadily, surely, incessantly, the whole world of living men and women are passing on to death, sinking into unutterable woe or rising into infinite inconceivable joy; and if we have it in our power to tell them the truths, which, if they believe it, really will make all the difference to them for ever, and if we find they really will listen, what is there to be compared with the joy of telling these truths? And the people do listen to Whitefield and Wesley. Think what it must be to see ten thousand people before you smitten with a deadly pestilence, and to tell them of the remedy,—the immediate remedy, which never failed. Think what it must be to stand before thousands of wretched slaves with the ransom money for all in your hand, and the title-deeds of an inheritance for each. Think what it must be to see a multitude of haggard starving men and women before you with the power such as our Lord had of supplying them all with bread here in the wilderness, and to see them one by one pressing to you and taking the bread and eating it, and to see the dull eye brightening, colour returning to the wan cheek, life to the failing limbs. Think what it would be to go to a crowd of destitute orphans and to

be able to say to each of them, 'It is a mistake, you are *not* fatherless. I have a message for every one of you from your own father, who is waiting to take you to his heart.' Oh! Kitty, if there is such a message as this to take to all the poor sorrowing, bewildered, famished, perishing men and women in the world, and if you can get them to listen and believe it, is it any wonder that any man with a heart in him should think it the happiest lot on earth to go and do it, night and day, north and south, in the crowded market-places, and in every neglected corner where there is a human being to listen."

"I think not, indeed," I said; "but the difficulty seems to me to get people to believe that they are orphans, and slaves, and famishing."

"That is what Whitefield and the Wesleys do," he said. "Or rather they made them understand that the faintness every one feels at times is hunger, and that there is bread; that the cramping constraint, the uneasy pressure we so often feel, are from the fetters of a real bondage, and that they can be struck off; that the bewildered homeless desolation so many are conscious of is the desolation of orphanhood, and that we have a Father who has reconciled us to himself through the blood of the Cross."

As Hugh spoke, a selfish anxiety crept over me, and I said,—

"Shall *you* go then, Hugh, and forsake everything to tell the good tidings far and wide?"

"If I am called," he said, "*must* I not go?"

"But how can you know you are called?" I said.

"To have the bread of life to give is one call," he said, "to be able to go is another, to be willing to go is a third. If I had these three calls, Kitty, I must listen; the vocation in the word of God to proclaim it, the vocation in my heart, the vocation of Providence."

"Have you these three, Hugh?" I said, feeling half afraid he had.

"I think I have, except the call of Providence," Kitty. "I cannot see that it would be right to go directly counter to my father's will; otherwise I think I am ready to go."

My heart was heavy. Would he then leave us all so easily?

There was a long silence, the waves plashed

around us and closed in after us as we cut through them, with a sound which in the morning light would have been crisp, and fresh, and exhilarating now, in the dimness and stillness of night, it seemed to me strange, and dull, and awful. And I thought not so much of the waves we were bounding over and parting before us like the future, like life; but of the waves which were closing in on us like the past, like death. It gave me a sad lonely feeling. I thought how Hugh and I were standing together, and had been together all our lives, and how soon all the sweet familiar past might slip away from us into the darkness like the mist behind us, leaving at first a little furrow and track of foam, but very soon no track at all,—as that Hugh seemed to care no more than the mist. It felt very cold and desolate. I had been picturing life to myself as a quiet river, always flowing on indeed, but flowing by familiar places, with its own fountains, its own hills, its own little meadow banks to water, and keep green, its own welcome at last to the sea. And was life instead to be the mere crossing of a great dreary sea with one wave like another, and one great round space like another, one horizon like another, except for more or less of heat and cold, or more or less of storm or calm?

Ought all places to religious people to be alike—mere spaces of this great featureless ocean we have to cross? Ought all human beings to be alike to us, just masses of undistinguishable "immortal souls?"

For the first time in my life my heart felt discord with Hugh's, I scarcely know why. A cold shadow seemed to have come between us, and if it was religion that cast it, it was wrong to wish it away.

But was it religion, I questioned myself? Was it right? Certainly all people had not the same space or the same place in St. Paul's heart. Only see the greetings at the end of the epistles. And our blessed Lord himself, if he loved all equally, surely loved each differently, each with his own *piece* of love, with a peculiar, recognizing watchful, personal affection, which was for *the one*, and no one else!

Perhaps Hugh was feeling in some way as I did, for after that silence he said softly,—

"Perhaps I was deceiving myself. Perhaps it is just because there is that barrier in my way that I have been fancying I should be willing to go if there were not."

Then he began to be afraid I felt the night air

chill, and brought me a little seat, and placed it at Father's side, and wrapped me up in all the warm wraps he could find. And we neither of us said anything more that night.

Hours with Living Preachers.

"OUR FRIEND LAZARUS."

[We have pleasure in transferring to our pages the following touching paragraphs from one of "Two Sermons on the Occasion of the Death of J. P. Plumptre, Esq., late M.P. Preached in Christ Church, Dover, by the Rev. Richard Glover." London: William Macintosh.]



DO not think, if I had searched the Scriptures through, I could have found a single passage that more truly and comprehensively embodies our father's character, than this in which our Lord has sketched that of Lazarus—"our friend Lazarus."

And the very fact, that our blessed Lord himself applies it to a man, to a poor sinner that believed in him and loved him, is our warrant for applying it to our departed father to-day. Had Jesus himself not applied this wondrous epithet to a sinner, we dare not have done so. But he himself here gives us the warrant. He himself here calls Lazarus by the name of "friend." And why did he do so? Was there anything peculiar in Lazarus, that made him alone worthy of such an exalted epithet? Not so; Christ called him his friend, because he was a sinner who through grace believed in him, and ardently loved him. So that in whomsoever we see the same faith in Jesus, and the same love to Jesus that we see in the character of Lazarus, we see those to whom Jesus would equally apply the distinguished title of "friend." Nay, he himself has given us the warrant to do this, more distinctly in another passage. In the 15th chapter of St. John, 14, 15, he says to all his believing and obedient people: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." So, you remember, we find this exalted epithet applied to Abraham; "Abraham was called the friend of God." But why was he so called? "Because he believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." And we are assured by St. Paul, that "all that be of faith, the same are the children of Abraham;" and that "through faith the blessing of Abraham comes on them." So that we need not hesitate to apply this distinguished appellation to any proved believer in Christ; to any man who has proved his faith by his works, that he is indeed Christ's friend. And surely, if we may claim through grace this title for any proved believer, we may

emphatically claim it for him of whom we are speaking to-day. For how beautifully was its fullest and widest meaning illustrated in his whole character and life!

(1). Take it in its first sense, *as expressive of Christ's love to him.*

It is always on Christ's side that the friendship first begins. We never perform the friend's part towards him, till he has first performed the friend's part towards us. "We love him because he first loved us." It was so with Lazarus; he did not first choose Christ, Christ first chose him. So it was with our dear father. If Christ had not elected him as his friend, he would never have elected Christ for his. And this he always confessed "to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he was made accepted in the beloved." He would have said—did say often:—

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
And to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood."

By nature he disliked the holy Jesus, as much as any other sinner, until Jesus came to him as he came to Matthew, and said with his divine voice, "Follow me." No; he had no friendship for Christ, until Christ made overtures of friendship to him, and showed him how much he loved him, and thus constrained his heart to love him in return.

Most touchingly did he acknowledge this on his death-bed. His pious daughter says:—"From the 17th December he was in the habit of such unreserved spiritual intercourse with us, that all the peace and joy of his soul was continually flowing forth from his lips. At first he was very tearful at times, but often checked himself, saying, 'I ought not to weep, I will be glad in the Lord. O what wonderful love and mercy, such a poor sinner loved and saved, how glorious and how free.' He often prayed aloud, 'Look not on me in myself, such a poor sinner, but complete and accepted in the beloved.'" One day he said to me, "People will say, he has been a good man—but oh, none but the Lord knows my sinfulness—nothing but free grace saved me. The Lord knows my sinfulness; all I know is, that but for his

free mercy in Christ, I should have been lost, but through that love and grace *I am saved!* Wonderful! Wonderful!" He was generally too much overcome with a sense of that love to continue speaking. Among his last words were, "Saved only by grace—only so—only so—Amen, Amen, Amen!"

This is enough then to show that the friendship first began on the part of Jesus, and to show what a friend he had ever found Jesus to be to him. He knew Christ loved him. He had tasted that the Lord was gracious. And so true, and so constant, and never-failing a friend had he been to him, that he testified that "that Saviour never left him one moment." He was his friend through life, his faithful friend in death. And so sweetly did he manifest himself to him as he does not unto the world, that his daughter says, "He really lay basking in the Sun of Righteousness throughout his last illness." Oh! happy are they that enjoy the friendship of this Friend that sticketh closer than a brother!

(2). But take, now, the other sense of the term, "our friend,"—namely, *that which expresses the friendship of Lazarus for Jesus.*

For, by this expression, Jesus signified that Lazarus was not only a man that he loved, but that Lazarus was a man that loved him. Yes, in life Jesus was regarded as his first and truest friend. Jesus was always more than welcome at his house in Bethany. Lazarus delighted in his society; he loved to hear his counsels; he rejoiced to obey his will; he was only too pleased to do anything for his comfort or interest; to shelter him or his disciples; and to advance his cause to the utmost of his power; so that Jesus might truly call him, "Lazarus, our friend." And was it not so with our dear father? I know no appellation that more truly and accurately describes his character than this—"the friend of Jesus." He was the *disciple* of Jesus, the *servant* of Jesus; but these appellations fall far below the love and the spirituality that characterized his religion. There was such a felt congeniality of mind, such an oneness of heart, such a closeness of intimacy between him and his Master, that he felt Jesus was more than his Lord; he was his *friend*. He showed it in the warm personal love that he felt towards him, and in that close communion and intercourse that he was ever holding with him, making his heart burn within him by the way, and leading him to talk with him, and to walk with him, as friend with friend. It was shown in the delight that he had in the ordinances of Christ's appointment. He had never to be coerced by a mere sense of duty as some of us have to go up to the place of which his Friend had said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," but he was glad when men said unto him, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord." No matter what the weather was, there was he, whenever he was able to go, and even often when others would have said he was *not* able, there was he enjoying the pleasure (for such he regarded it) of communing with his Saviour in his ordinances,

and of humbly listening to the preached word! Not many weeks ago you yourselves saw him in that pew for several Sundays, and some of them remarkably cold and wet, in such a state of weakness that he could hardly stand, but there he was, because to him the hill of Zion was so fair a place. From that pew we saw him in his extreme feebleness, advance with faltering steps to the table of his heavenly Friend; and at that table he was overcome with tears, that seemed to us (as we remarked at the time) to say:—"This is the last time that ever I shall kneel in this church I love, but may Christ and him crucified ever be set forth in it."

But even still more strikingly was his friendship for Jesus seen in his zeal for his cause, in his jealousy for his honour, and in his constant efforts to promote his glory. They were indeed quiet and unobtrusive, but they were at the same time earnest and unrelenting. The world knew something of this with regard to his conduct in Parliament, and with respect to the side he took on all the great public questions of the day that affected his Master's honour, and the interests of evangelical religion. It knew that party interests or influence would never weigh with him, but that in him was a man who would only be swayed by convictions of conscience and of duty to his God. But the world never knew, and never could know, and he never wished it to know, how much he did in a more quiet and humble way to promote his Saviour's glory, and the best interests of his fellow-men. But one thing we must mention to the praise of the glory of God's grace. It may not be known, even to you, that for very many years, and up till very lately, he was in the habit of holding a Cottage lecture in an east-house on his estate, on a week-day evening, for eight or nine months in the year, for the purpose of enjoying a little spiritual communion with the more pious of his dependants, and of expounding to them the word of God. And there he often besought them (as a friend informed me) "even weeping." Nay, even on his death-bed, his efforts for the salvation of souls were still continued, and he sent *particular* messages to all around—to high and low—the *chief* purport of which was, "Come to Christ. He is a mighty Saviour—mighty to save—and such a *lovely* Saviour."

He was indeed manifest unto all men, the Saviour's constant, devoted, and active friend.

(3). But take again the third aspect of our Lord's words, "our friend," namely—*that which has reference to the friendship of Lazarus for Christ's disciples.*

For, this Christ beautifully brings out in these words. He is not simply *my* friend, he is *yours* also—"Lazarus, our friend."

It is always so. If a man regards Jesus as a friend, he will also regard those as friends who belong to Jesus. Indeed, unless we have a friendship for them, we can have none for Jesus himself. And this is a *sign* by which we may know whether we love Jesus or not. Do we love his friends? Is there a congeniality of mind

tween his disciples and ourselves? And do we really feel that our hearts' affections are with them? It is a ritual sign—a divine touchstone of character. "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." Now taking up this as a sign, he could doubt that our dear father had passed from death unto life? Nay, by the change that came over his feelings with regard to the disciples of Christ, he could tell the exact time when he did pass from death to life. This was when he was twenty-four years of age. Up to that time his heart was in the world. With the men of the world were his friendships. In the pleasures of the world were his delights. But when at this time it pleased God, who separated him from his mother's womb to reveal his Son in him, immediately a great and visible change came over all his tastes and affections. His relish for the world and its vain pleasures was gone, never more to return. He no longer felt at home among his former worldly associates. But he now found his delight in the society of those whom he had formerly regarded with instinctive aversion and repugnance. And from that time he could say to any spiritually-minded Christian, "Thy people are my people, and thy God my God." Henceforth, for a man to profess himself a friend of Jesus, whoever he was, whether peer or peasant, was a passport to his heart at once. It was like the freemason's secret touch—it revealed a brother at once. The friends of Jesus were his friends. Always were they welcome at his house. There was a kindly smile and a brotherly grasp of the hand that said to the Christian stranger at once, "We are brethren." Naturally benevolent to all, he was equally affectionate with these. The courteous Kentish gentleman became the loving Christian brother. And

when any such Christian brother was "in any trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or other adversity," he knew that at Fredville there was always a friendly heart to sympathize and a friendly hand to aid.

Dear brethren, let me ask you, are you as decided friends, as open friends, as zealous friends in your spheres as he was in his? No one who knew him could have any doubt whatever as to his character. He was the open confessor of Jesus always. He never hid his light under a bushel. It was set on a candlestick, that all who came in might see the light. He let his light so shine before men, that men might see his good works, and so glorify—not him, but—his father which was in heaven. Oh, dear brethren, if you would enjoy your religion as he did his—if you would walk in the light of the Saviour's countenance as he did, you should learn a lesson from his example in this, to "follow the Lord fully." Had he not done this, would his influence have been what it was? Had his salt been less savoury—his light less bright—his consistent godliness less bold and decided, he would never, as he did, have leavened the society in which he lived, or have been the blessing that he was to the sphere in which he moved. And would we be such a blessing to the sphere in which we move? Oh, in this, we must follow him as he followed Christ. Let this bright and rare example, then, draw us on and lift us higher. And let us remember, that the same grace that was mighty in him is mighty also toward us. The grace of God made him what he was, and the grace of God can make us like him. Only let us depend upon it as wholly as he did, and seek it as earnestly as he did—"Let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing," and we also may apprehend that which he apprehended of Christ Jesus.

THOMAS WHARRIE.



N a pleasant village of the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, lived a few years ago an aged couple, who now sleep in the Lord. They had no child. The small cottage which they occupied was their own, and they lived quiet and secluded. The contrasts and adaptations of human character are exemplified in them; for while Mrs. Wharrie was shrewd, intelligent, strong-minded woman, Thomas seemed remarkable for timid simplicity.

During the day he was usually to be found sitting by a fireside, in a great arm-chair, and knitting a stocking. From under the small round cap, fitting closely to his head, the long silvery hair fell upon his shoulders, and hung down his thin pale cheeks. He had regular features, and blue eyes which beamed on you with a benevolent expression when you entered, and then sought his work or the floor. His figure was tall and straight. If you spoke to him, his lips would wreath

with a smile, he might indulge in a quiet gentle laugh, but his words were few, and usually slow and hesitating. He had passed through life, a singularly child-like man, exposed, through his simplicity, to the circumvention of evil doers; and had been not a little indebted to the management of the more vigorous minded helpmeet the Lord had provided for him.

All his days, he seemed more or less to have been surrounded with religious influence. The memory of the Covenanters was venerated in his native parish; and he was strongly imbued with the feeling. He became a member of a Reformed Presbyterian Church; and had been accustomed, Sabbath after Sabbath, to travel a considerable distance to its place of worship. Age and infirmity had put an end to this. He was now gliding on with hopefulness and serenity of spirit toward his great change. What work had been wrought within him, could only be guessed at; but his guileless life, his religious course, his reverential demeanour, his

lowly thankfulness, his pious and devoted wife's companionship, and the general esteem of the community around him, combined to indicate that he would die the death of the righteous, and that his end would be peace. So it proved; but he had to pass through a remarkable trial, equally significant and instructive.

Manifold are the aspects of religious life. Educational influences, and dispositions easily developed into uprightness, amiableness, and deference to authority, account for much in the character of common Christianity. In old Thomas there was much easiness, much untroubledness, much to indicate his having passed through life without severe inward exercise of any kind, so soft and pliant was his nature; but when the actual presence of the king of terrors began to overshadow him, a notable change took place. No sooner did he feel his customary health and strength failing him, and his body subjected to the premonitory symptoms of dissolution, than he wakened up to a concern altogether new. It was scarcely possible to doubt that the root of the matter was in him; but he himself began to doubt it. Sore apprehensions seized on him. In the anguish of his heart, his silence and reserve gave way; and he confessed to those about him, in his homely vernacular, that he was "fear't to dee."

Whitefield remarks that those who in the outset are easily brought to Christ, usually get their hearts ploughed up afterwards. A ploughing time had come to Thomas Wharrie. His wife had attached herself to the congregation of which I was pastor; and I was called to comfort him. Christ's finished work, with its freeness and fulness to the chief of sinners, was set before him; God's command to believe—to receive and rest on Christ crucified alone for salvation, together with the exceeding great and precious promises to believers, was expounded to him; but these topics, repeated from time to time with variety of illustration and accompanied with prayer, failed to quell the terror he was under. Impressions and seeming awakenings of faith and hope, continually broke down under his inward disquietude, which grew stronger and stronger. "When I consider, I am afraid of Him," said Job; and consideration under the shadow of death brought deeper and deeper alarm to his timid spirit. He said comparatively little; but his fearful glances, and agitated features, revealed his inward distress. He had sunk into great weakness, and was constantly confined to his bed. No one was able to comfort him. The glorious Saviour, who stretched forth his hand and caught the terror-stricken Peter when sinking in the waters, saying unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" was alone adequate to rescue this poor trembler.

One night at a late hour, I was asked to visit him. On entering, I found his apartment nearly filled with friends and sympathizing neighbours. His distress had risen to a terrible height. He was sitting upright in his bed, swaying his body backward and forward, wringing his

hands in a state of distraction, and crying, "I'll never get oot!—I'll never get oot!" His eyes gleamed with the phrenzy of despair; the long white hair of his uncovered head seemed almost instinct with life; and he presented a peculiarly wild-like appearance. All endeavours to pacify him had been in vain. What he meant by the cry, which he constantly kept up, "I'll never get oot!—I'll never get oot!" no one could tell. It was useless to ask him, for he was wholly absorbed with his own thoughts and emotions. I tried at last to arrest his attention, and to bring before him some consoling portion of God's word; but he abruptly repelled me, exclaiming, "It'll no dae!—it'll no dae!" After an interval, I renewed my attempt, but with the same result. I then proposed to those present, that we should engage in prayer for him. During prayer, he ceased his crying, and became somewhat composed; but no sooner was it over, than he began again to wring his hands, to sway backward and forward, to repeat his melancholy cry, "I'll never get oot!—I'll never get oot!" His power of endurance was surprising. He had been reduced apparently to utter weakness; but now an unnatural energy was animating him. Mind triumphed over body. It was pitiful to see the thin attenuated frame in such a state of unrest—so evidently needing repose, yet working and tempestuous. Mr. Wharrie and others had repeatedly besought him to lie down; but this he steadily refused to do.

Early on the succeeding day, I repaired to their dwelling. A marvellous change had taken place. The terrible burden was gone. God had shined into his heart, to give him the light of the knowledge of His glory in the face of Jesus Christ. The tossing distracted man now lay on his bed in a state of profoundest repose—his face beaming with heavenly joy. The Lord had done great things for him; and he was glad. I rejoined with him; and together we poured out our thanksgivings. A memorable period now commenced. His distress had continued for about six weeks; and during that time it had gradually increased in intensity. The neighbourhood had become more or less aware of it. For the succeeding six weeks, his joy may be described as unspeakable and full of glory. It could not be hid; and as the joy of the Lord is our strength, he became invigorated in a wonderful degree. He was enabled to proclaim the unsearchable riches of the grace of God with an eloquence and a fervour which contrasted singularly with his previous timidity and reserve—the Lord made him a burning and shining light, not only to the neighbourhood, but to many far and wide. His mind underwent a notable change. It acquired a capacity, elevation, and insight altogether new. His customary vernacular was at this period almost laid aside; strength and loftiness of spirit shone in his words and demeanour; and he became a most impressive monument of God's power unto salvation. He generally lay awake during the early hours of morning; and he would tell his visitors how the Lord all the while had

ling him with His dainties—with portions from the high sanctuary. He sometimes commended himself to his canary, which would not sing in the night, but began when the morning light broke and sang more and more cheerily amid the sun. He had attained unto a victory and the voice but he was not yet complete. He was still in corruption—to a body of sin and death, and a warfare to maintain. The reality of this and-by to manifest itself. His song of triumph intermingled with notes of conflict. Entering I heard him exclaiming with a loud voice, "I'm out, Lord!—Lord, shut him out!" Having heard him speak in this style before, I inquired what he meant. He explained that Satan had come with evil suggestions, tempting him to doubt of God's promises, and the reality of God's operations; and that he had been crying to the Lord to shut him out. He then went on to describe a wild beast with a chain about his neck; God at the end of the chain in His hand; and Satan, in a rage as he might, could not get one link nearer than God permitted.

On the days of Abraham downwards, the great darkness stands associated very much with a radiant entrance into the marvellous light of the presence of God. Thomas Wharrie shrunk from giving a full account of his spiritual distress; but on occasion, when asked what he meant by his cry, "I'm out!" answered that he thought himself shut out to hell to be lost for ever. This terrible idea of God absorbing him explains his distress; and the immediate and all-powerful efficacy of that which emancipated him. The issue redounded to the glory of God. He came out most luminously as a MANSHIP created in Christ Jesus unto good. His distress and deliverance were outstanding and it was impossible to imagine for a moment that he could be feigned in a character of such life-strivensiveness and simplicity. His words were a many. Perhaps his richest utterances were

in the night season, when sleep departed from his eyes. Sometimes, in a kind of spiritual rapture, he would descant on the love of God; the glory of the New Jerusalem; the fellowship of the redeemed; the beauty, grace, and tenderness of Emmanuel, leading his people unto living fountains of water, and wiping away all tears from their eyes. He would describe with glowing words the glory to be revealed, and pour forth desires and vehement longings for its personal realization, and say, "When shall I see the City which hath foundations? When shall I enter in through its gates of pearl, and walk on its streets of gold? When shall I mingle among the spirits of the just made perfect, and see the Lamb in the midst of the throne, and join in the eternal halleluiahs? When shall I eat of the tree of life, and drink of the river of life, and sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb?" It was amazing how he could bear the strain to which his much speaking subjected him. This peculiar elevation and fervour of spirit characterized him for about six weeks. Jordan, overflowing all his banks and rolling on with a powerful current, pictured his spiritual condition for this period. After it, he was like Jordan subsiding, and retiring within his ordinary channel. He became more quiet. He lingered on for a considerable period; but to the end maintained the demeanour of one who had been "made more than a conqueror."

When thunder clouds are threatening
A parched and weary land,
Fire flashes through their gloomy heart,
And breaks its mystic band.

Then pearly raindrops downward rush,
Earth drinks the flood so given,
Puts on her robe of green and gold,
And sings in open heaven.

Thus comes the heavenly word of fire,
Which clears the inner sky;
And opens up a wondrous glimpse,
Of glory-realms on high.

Then casting off its bondage dress,
The soul begins to shine;
And ravished sings, replenished
With love and life Divine.

J. L.

"THEY FOUGHT FROM HEAVEN."

THIS singular and most suggestive expression occurs in the song sung by Barak and Deborah after the battle of Megiddo. In that battle the two contending parties were, in the eye of sense at least, very unequally matched. On the one side were ten thousand ill armed Israelites, who had not felt the inspiring breath of a generation, and at whose head were, first, and secondly a man, who, though he might wield his sword in border raids, could have had no chance whatever with the conduct of an army.

On the other side was a powerful and well disciplined host, having as one of its arms a terrible phalanx of nearly a thousand iron chariots, and led by a professional warrior—one of the most renowned generals, it is probable, of that age and region. And to add to the inequality, Barak and his band came down from Mount Tabor, on the slope of which they might have had at least the advantage of position, and met the Amorites upon just such ground as best suited them—that is, upon the open plain. With everything apparently against them, however, the Israelites gained a signal victory. Not only did they break the ranks of their

enemies and cause them to fly, but they pursued them in their flight, and that so hotly and persistently that by the succeeding day not a trace of them was to be found. And how was it that, in the face of odds so great, so glorious a triumph was achieved? How are we to account for the circumstance, that an army so much smaller and worse armed, and worse led, gained a crowning victory over so formidable a rival? The answer is supplied in the words we have quoted,—Barak and his followers "*fought from heaven.*"

The meaning of the expression in its original connection was obviously this,—that God directly interposed on behalf of his people and enabled them to triumph, not through their own skill, or bravery, or numbers, but by means of a system of agencies which, if not supernatural in themselves, were supernaturally applied. Josephus tells us that a national tradition existed to this effect,—that when the two armies met on the great plain of Esdraelon, a blinding tempest of rain and hail descended suddenly from the sky; that this storm came from the east; and that while the Israelites, on whose backs it fell, were not greatly incommoded, the Canaanites, into whose faces it drove, were thrown into confusion. There is no express mention of this tempest in the Scripture narrative, but a fact is stated which seems plainly to imply it. It is this,—that in the subsequent flight the river Kishon, which required to be crossed in the journey northward, was found to be in flood. Ordinarily that is a stream which opposes no serious obstacle to the progress of the traveller, whether he journeys on foot or on horseback; but when Sisera and his host reached its brink in their retreat, they found that its current had become deep and formidable. There was no time given them, however, for procuring safe means of transit. One after another plunged recklessly into the torrent, and the destruction of human life here was, perhaps, greater than on the field of battle. "The river Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon." At this spot, too, that arm of the Amorite host which the Israelites most feared—the chariots—seem to have suffered most severely. If their drivers had had room and leisure to make for the fords, they might even yet have been able to cross with comparative ease; but with panic-stricken crowds around them, and Barak and his pursuers thundering behind, they had no choice but to plunge in at the points which lay nearest to them. And the result appears to have been, that while many were, of course, swept away with the current where it was deep enough,—at those places where the stream was yet so shallow as to admit of their touching the bottom, the horses' legs were broken by the rocks and boulders which formed the river's bed. "Then were the horse hoofs broken by means of the prancings (or plungings), the prancings of their mighty ones." Those who had thus the elements warring on their sides, may truly be said to have fought from heaven.

But there is another feature in this extraordinary battle yet to be mentioned,—“The stars in their courses

fought against Sisera." It may be said of most victories, that what makes them "crowning" is not so much the getting the best of it on the battle-field, as the effectiveness of the after pursuit; for when an enemy is allowed to rally again, the work of achieving their defeat has just to be gone over afresh. On this ground, it was just as important for Israel that Barak should be helped when following the flying Amorites into their fastnesses, as when he met their disciplined and unbroken bands upon the plain. And, accordingly, some of our most learned expositors suppose that the stars fought against Sisera in the same way that the sun fought in the days of Joshua—namely, by giving light to Israel, that they might be fully avenged of their enemies. "As this that God wrought now," says President Edwards, "was parallel with that in Joshua's time, in that God fought against the enemies of Israel in a storm of thunder and lightning; so if we suppose the stars shone at night with miraculous brightness to help Israel against their enemies, it will in a good degree be parallel in another instance; for then the day was lengthened for them by the sun's standing still, and now the day is, as it were, lengthened by causing the stars to shine in a miraculous manner to supply in a great measure the want of daylight." The supernatural aid, therefore, which was given to Barak in the battle was continued to him in the pursuit; and it was because he thus "fought from heaven" that the victory of Megiddo became so complete; and so memorable also that it is pointed to in the New Testament (Rev. xvi.) as a type of the greater triumph which is to usher in the glorious times of the gospel Church.

It is impossible, however, for any devout reader of the Bible to be satisfied with putting these merely historical interpretations upon the expression. When he repeats it to himself he will think not of Deborah, and Barak, and Megiddo only, but of the church and people of God of all times. For what has ever been the explanation of feeble man being able to subdue kingdoms, work righteousness, obtain promises, stop the mouths of lions, quench the violence of fire, turn to flight the armies of the alien? It has been this, that they "fought from heaven."

Their "*base*" (to use a now too familiar military term) was heaven. THERE, was stored up the provision by which they were supported, and the artillery with which they battled; the grace, without supplies of which they were as weak as water, and the spiritual weapons by which alone they overcame their enemies. Heaven, too, was the head-quarters of their general, and the order of their march was ever directed from thence. And, not to enlarge, their *inspiration* came from the same quarter; for what animates the true soldier of Christ is not constitutional courage or the love of personal glory, but the very Spirit of the living God, and regard for the honour and glory of his divine Master. He who fights in this sense, "from heaven," may have all earthly odds against him. His enemies may be

any, and formidable, and confident; while he may be weak, and in himself fearful and dispirited. But the tide is turned, and more by the advantage of this "position," for a Dannewerke or a Duppel are as nothing in relation to the weakest army that might attack them,

compared with the vantage ground which he enjoys, who, though with all hell and earth against him, is enabled and empowered to draw upon the high and inexhaustible resources which are laid up in Christ in heaven.

N. L. W.

MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. XIII.—MADAGASCAR—concluded.



HOPE," said George, "that we are to hear of more martyrdoms this evening."

"That sounds a strange and cruel wish, my dear."

"I do not mean that I would have really wished more of the poor Malagasy Christians to be put to death, but if there were more, I should like you to tell us of them. I do not know if it is quite right, but I always like to hear of such things. They seem to make me feel such a reality in religion."

"That feeling," said Mr. Campbell, "may help to make you understand how in every age 'the blood of martyrs has been the seed of the church,' and the truth for which they willingly laid down their lives, has often prevailed the more through the very efforts of its enemies to suppress it."

"But," said Anne, "it is so different for us, in our comfortable homes, to read or hear of these sufferings, compared with what it would be to see them, and to feel that the same might soon come to ourselves. Oh, papa, I am afraid I never could be a martyr. I should have been tempted to deny the Lord. I really feel unhappy sometimes in thinking about this."

"Do not think about it, at least not so as to make yourself unhappy. If you give your heart in earnest to the Saviour now, and seek by his grace to bear in a right spirit whatever lesser trials he may send, and to fulfil every duty, whatever self-denial it may cost, you may safely trust that should more severe trials of faith and patience come, he will give you more strength along with them. Peculiar grace and help is needed in days of persecution, and has never been denied to those who sought it from above."

"Even before the persecution," said Mrs. Campbell, "the happy deaths of some of the first converts in Madagascar made a deep impression on their heathen brethren. These poor people had a terrible dread of death and the grave, and could not bear to mention the subject. One of the missionaries gives an interesting account of the peaceful departure of a poor slave, after a few days' illness, saying with his last breath, 'Jesus is calling me, I do not fear.' And he adds, 'These simple words presented as strong a contrast as human language can admit to the common feeling of the people. Those who have seen the strongest men in

Madagascar die, know how, when stretched on a death-bed, they will exclaim in the anguish of despair, while the big tears trickle down their cheeks, 'I die! I die! O father, O mother, I die!' And hence, universally, the natives shun all reference to death, as a subject the most repugnant to their feelings. How inestimable, then, is that gospel which could enable a poor Malagasy to look death in the face, and to repeat, again and again, 'I do not fear; Jesus is taking me; I do not fear!'

"But now, George, I will tell you of more martyrdoms. We hear of five martyrs in 1842, and of two of them the writer simply says, 'They were cut into small pieces, and afterwards burnt.' Meanwhile the missionaries at a distance were trying every means to give them assistance, or find a refuge for the converts, but all in vain. However, in 1846 much hope was excited by the unexpected good news that the queen's only son had become a Christian."

"You did not tell us that she had a son."

"He was born after her usurpation of the kingdom. Of course he was quite young at the time I now speak of, but it was a wonderful encouragement to the Christians when he openly joined with them, and used all his influence with his mother in their favour. She was greatly attached to him, and even in this matter willing to indulge him. Her prime minister remonstrated: 'Madam, your son is a Christian; he prays with the Christians, and encourages them in their new doctrines.' The reply was: 'He is my son, my only son; he must do as he pleases.' The lives of twenty-one who were taken prisoners about this time were spared at the young prince's intercession, though they were subjected to severe punishments. Here is part of an interesting letter, from a female convert, in 1847:—

"How wonderful is the power of God, as seen in the spirit of anxious inquiry produced in the minds of the people. They come to seek the Lord, in the prison with the prisoners, in the hiding places of the persecuted, in the mountains and in the caves of the rocks, wherever and whenever they can meet with any calling on the name of the Lord, thither they resort. What is still more marvellous, even some of the queen's family are thus minded. . . . Tell all the churches in your country that we are famishing and hungering for the bread of life. Contrive in some way to send us Bibles, for we are as an hundred hungry ones to one plate of food.

The books we formerly had have for the most part been burnt. The persecution has not prevented the spreading of God's word, but rather has caused it to spread far and wide. The bonds of the prisoners, and the blood of the martyrs, have aided the growth of God's word in the hearts of men.'

"Another letter says: 'The prince comes with us into the woods on Sunday, to pray, and sing, and read the Bible; and he often takes home some of us with him to explain to him the word of truth.'"

"And did the young prince at last reconcile his mother to Christianity?"

"Whatever his own influence might have been, it was counteracted by that of her wicked, cruel ministers. So in 1849 a new severe persecution commenced. Two private houses, where the Christians were known to assemble for worship, were ordered to be destroyed, a number of persons were arrested, and a terrible message publicly proclaimed: 'If any new religion or mode of worship, especially this religion of yours, be introduced and practised in my country, I forbid it; it shall never be done. . . . If any one shall wait until he is accused, he shall be punished without mercy.'

"On the 28th February, a great assembly was held, and eighteen prisoners were brought forward and sentenced to death."

"Eighteen, at once!"

"Yes, and instead of being speared, which I suppose their enemies thought too merciful a death, four of them were burnt alive, and fourteen hurled down a precipice, and afterwards burnt. I must read the account to you, as given afterwards by the eye witnesses to Mr. Ellis. Here is what is said of their examination:—

"The officer said, Do you pray to the sun, or the moon, or the earth?"

"I do not pray to these, for the hand of God made them."

"Do you pray to the twelve mountains that are sacred?"

"I do not pray to them, for they are mountains."

"Do you pray to the idols that make sacred the kings?"

"I do not pray to them, for the hand of man made them."

"Do you pray to the ancestors of the sovereigns?"

"Kings and rulers are given by God, that we should serve and obey them, nevertheless, they are men like ourselves; when we pray, we pray to God alone."

"You set apart and observe the Sabbath day?"

"That is the day of the great God, for in six days the Lord made all his works, but God rested on the seventh and made it holy, hence we rest, and keep sacred that day."

"So answered all the Christians. And when one who stood by, saw that even a woman confessed God, and remembered that to deny God is a sin, he went and joined himself to them. And when the brethren and sisters were burned, the husband of one of them, who

had heard their confession, came and encouraged and said, Be not afraid, for it is well, if for die. He was a soldier, and not one of the. Then they took him, and bound him also.'

"The account of the martyrs' death is very. On the 22d March, all the prisoners were and their sentences read, some condemned to some to prison and chains, some to flogging fines and confiscation of property, and the ei death.

"These eighteen, as they sat on the ground surrounded by the soldiers, sang the 137th hymn (Malagese hymn book).

'When I shall die and leave my friends,
When they shall weep for me,
When departed has my life,
Then I shall be happy.'

"And after this they sung the 154th.

'When I shall behold Him
Rejoicing in the heavens.'

"When the sentences were all pronounced who were to be burned, requested that they put to death first, and then burned, but they was not granted. So when the officers had they took those eighteen brethren away. The they tied by the hands and feet to long poles were borne on men's shoulders. And these prayed, and spoke to the people, as they went along. And some who beheld them, said their faces were like the faces of angels. And when came to the top of the rock they threw them (after being first each hung over by a cord as life if they would deny Christ) and their bodies afterwards dragged to be burned in the fire those who were to be burned alive.

"And as they took the four who were to be alive to the place of execution, these Christians the 90th hymn, beginning, 'When our hearts troubled,' each verse ending with—'Then remember'

"And when they came to Favavohitra they burned them, fixed between split bars. And a rainbow in the heavens at the time, close to of burning. And while burning they sang the

'There is a blessed land,
Making most happy;
Never shall the rest depart,
Nor cause of trouble come.'

"That was the hymn they sang while they were in the fire. And they prayed saying, 'Lord, receive our spirits! Thy love to us has ordained this for us, lay not this sin to their charge.'

"Thus they prayed as long as they had breath. Then they died, but softly, gently. Indeed, at the going forth of their life, and astonished were the people."

The young people listened to this account with interest.

"It is like what we have read about the early Christians in the Roman persecutions," said Anna.

"Yes, perhaps more like that than anything in modern times. And you must recollect that these cruel deaths represent but a small proportion of what was endured by the Madagascar converts. Many were as truly martyrs, who were not publicly executed. Some were sold to perpetual slavery, spending long years in hard, incessant labour, far from all relatives or friends, others were confined in cruel imprisonment, others, escaping with life, became homeless outcasts, who 'wandered in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves of the earth.' I must read to you the simple, affecting narrative which one of them wrote, when better days came, to the widow of Mr. Johns. It is one instance out of many.

"Beloved mother—When I lay hold on this paper, and pen and ink, to write to you, my heart and all within me is moved. I have much to say to you, I wish to tell you of the sorrows that have befallen us. Very great was the persecution that drove us into the wilderness. They sought to put me to death. . . . They took all the people they found in my house, and my wife Robodo also, my children, servants, and everything I had in my house they took away as a forfeit to the queen. They bound my wife Robodo, and flogged her from morning until night, to make her tell who were her companions. She fainted, and they left her to revive a little, and then flogged her again. But she refused to give up the names of any, so that they were astonished, and said, *She is a Christian, indeed.*

"Failing to get her to tell who were her associates, they put a heavy iron ring round her neck and round each ankle. They also fastened these rings together by heavy iron chains from the neck to the ankles, and then bound her to four more Christians. Five others were also bound together, and there was a third party of sixteen bound together. Every Sabbath day, for seven months, they placed these three parties before the people, that they might see how they were punished for keeping holy the Lord's day. At the end of the seven months they separated them. . . . My wife was among those they sent to the west. She was left in bonds, and died in March 1859. Yes, she died in her chains; her works follow her. They pursued me for four years and three months, seeking to put me to death. . . . But the Lord watches over the afflicted, and will not give the enemy to rejoice over them. My children they have sold into slavery, and my property they have taken, so that I have now no house to dwell in or land to live upon. What has befallen me is too hard for nature; but precious are the riches in Christ, and in him light are the sorrows of earth!"

"It is most amazing," said Mr. Campbell, "how under such a 'great fight of afflictions' the infant Church survived. How cheering this proof of what the Word and the Spirit of God can accomplish, independent of human agency."

"Yes, and the number of whole Bibles was compara-

tively few; in general, one person could only possess a few portions, which were concealed with the utmost care, and lent from one family to another. We hear of a man who, hidden in a cave, spent his time in copying out parts of Scripture for distribution, and nearly lost his sight from writing so much with so little light. Oh, my dear children, surely we do not value enough our precious Bibles, and our liberty to read them when and where we please, 'none making us afraid.'"

"But, mamma, did not the cruel queen die at last?"

"Not till 1861, so that for twenty-seven long years the native Christians had been left without their English teachers, to bear all the assaults of the enemy. Latterly, no doubt, the influence of Prince Radama helped to lighten their burdens; for, as has been remarked in a recent work, the queen was afraid to enforce very severe measures, lest her own son might have been implicated in the sentence. Mr. Ellis visited the island several times for a short period, and was well treated in his private capacity, but saw it was hopeless to attempt any renewal of the mission, or to plead openly the cause of the converts, although he contrived to have much private communication with them, and they were comforted by his presence and sympathy. His last visit was in 1856, after which time a sad dark cloud seemed to rest over the unhappy island, till in autumn of 1861 the good news came that Ranovolana was dead."

"Then did the good prince succeed to the throne?"

"There was strong opposition by the heathen party, and much excitement, but it was happily checked. In the words of a letter addressed by several Christians to Mr. Ellis, 'God brought their foolish plans to nothing. . . . God sought to do good to Madagascar, and gave strength to these people to cause Radama II. to reign.' The same letter goes on to say—

"And on Thursday, August 29, we that were in concealment appeared. Then all the people were astonished when they saw us, that we were alive, and not yet buried or eaten up by the dogs; and there were a great many of the people desiring to see us, for they considered us as dead; and this is what astonished them. On September 9, those that were in fetters came to Antananarivo; but they could not walk, on account of the weight of their heavy fetters and their weak and feeble bodies.

"And this we tell you, beloved friend, that whosoever of our brethren and sisters that wish to come up to Antananarivo, there is no obstacle in the way: all is free; for Radama II. said to us, 'Write to our friends in London, and say that Radama II. reigns, and say that whosoever wishes to come up can come.' And bring all the Bibles and tracts with you, for we long to see your face, if it be the will of God. We are much in need of medicine, for many are sick and feeble among the Christians, and we long for you to come. All the brethren and sisters salute you."

"(Signed, seven names.)"

"Oh, mamma, what good news! I hope the people in our country gave plenty money, and sent missionaries at once."

"The directors of the London Society had a good deal of money on hand, which had been subscribed long before for Madagascar, so they were able immediately to take steps for sending out a party of missionaries; and Mr. Ellis himself proceeded to the island as soon as possible, without waiting for the others. But the French Roman Catholics were even more prompt, sending at once a band of priests and Sisters of Charity. We cannot blame them for their zeal; but we are glad to hear that their success was not great, as the Malagasy Christians were so much attached to their beloved Bibles and their English teachers."

Mrs. Campbell then read some passages from Mr. Ellis's journal and letters, giving an account of his arrival, the cordial welcome he received, and the delightful change in the whole aspect of affairs since his previous visit, all that he saw of the Christians and the native pastors whom they had appointed over themselves being of a most pleasing and hopeful kind—though, of course, the sudden change from prosperity to adversity was trying, and brought its own dangers.

"And the king," said George, "what did he do?"

"He received Mr. Ellis with joy, and seemed at first to look to him as a friend and adviser in both spiritual and temporal things. His coronation took place on September 23, 1862. England and France both sent ambassadors to be present. It was a splendid affair, according to Malagasy notions; and the king, in his concluding address, assured the people of his earnest desire for the promotion of peace and liberty, happiness and prosperity, among all classes, rich and poor."

"Then, there is a Christian king over Madagascar now, and all will be going on well."

"Alas, my dear, I cannot end the story so brightly. Radama II. is already dead!"

"Mother, do you say so? Was that wicked old queen allowed to reign so long, and the good prince only two years?"

"Such has been the will of Him whose ways and thoughts are not as ours. But the saddest thing I must tell you is that poor Radama, during the latter part of his brief reign, greatly disappointed his own subjects, and especially his Christian friends. He was indeed made in Providence an instrument of much good to the people of God, which we must not forget; but he never really cast in his lot with them, at least not in his prosperous days. Like his father, he was only 'almost persuaded to be a Christian.'"

"Oh, mamma," said Anne, "when he was so kind to the converts in their distresses, I never doubted that as soon as he came to the throne he would have been baptized, and made Christianity the religion of the kingdom."

"So we would have expected; but his case is one of many which show that we have more real cause to dread

the dangers of prosperity than those of adversity. He appeared to be naturally amiable and generous to take the side of the oppressed, but not strong. He chose, when he came to the throne, unsuitable advisers; he was surrounded by followers and flatterers of every kind; he yielded to intoxication and sensual pleasures; the heathen party employed every means to bring him under the influence of old superstitions, and at length, from his infatuated conduct, believed that his reason gave way. I shall not dwell on the sad tale, we have not time this evening to do so; it would only be painful. In August last, after having received no news for several months, owing to an unhealthy season, came the startling intelligence that a complete revolution in Madagascar had taken place, and that the king had been assassinated by his own nobles."

"How dreadful! And who succeeded him?"

"The queen, his wife, Rasoaherena."

"And our missionaries, what became of them?"

"Great anxiety was felt on their account, but it seemed no doubt that there had been a plot against Mr. Ellis and some others; but God preserved them during the time of popular excitement, and they are now going on quietly and hopefully again."

"Is the queen a friend to Christianity?"

"I fear we cannot say so, for she is a heartily bigoted worshipper of idols. She has married a heathen minister, also a heathen, but still in the last month of Mr. Ellis's life, dated Oct. 1863, he assures us that there was no opposition whatever at present to religion, and that the cause of Christ is making steady progress. He and the other missionaries agree that their labours must be in the capital, from which they seek to influence the surrounding courts, schools and printing press are doing well, and forming for the efficient training of native preachers. But, doubtless, the missionaries after all the past history of the mission, how is the period of tranquillity, and how great a work while it is day." Besides the elements within the island, there are political causes connected with France and its government."

"One great lesson of the Madagascar story, Mrs. Campbell, 'we may find in the words of the Lord: Put not your trust in princes, nor in the strength of men, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth, and he returneth to his earth; in that very day he shall perish. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God' (Ps. 146). I think on looking back we see that there was too much confidence and rejoicing among the converts at home, and perhaps even on the part of the missionaries themselves, in the favour shown by the first king, and then by his son on his accession to the throne. It was natural in the circumstances, but we need to learn lessons to look above and beyond 'the arm of the Lord and Master himself, when we are

his kingdom and glory. And there is one thing, we cannot doubt that complete prospective patronage, would have been less favourable to the spiritual progress of the Malagasy Church in its present state of uncertainty. Thus our allusions good out of seeming evil."

most true, and your view is confirmed by a letter from the Rev. Mr. Cousins, one of the missionaries, written shortly before the revolution. He describes how greatly he was delighted at the arrival by the apparent condition of the Christians, and then rather disappointed afterwards. He goes on to say, 'I believe my present view is more the truth than those I formed upon.'

Yet the change is not altogether discouraging. We have a wide field to work in. No one could supply our place. We have not exclusively of matured Christians to deal with. We are whose piety is a thing of strength and but *fully developed piety* cannot be expected. Those who have rushed into the Church upon the new and welcome light which Radama's

accession caused to shine upon this land,—the light of liberty, the light of Christianity. This is the history of many; some had a little knowledge and anxiety about the future life, even during the days of darkness. But to the question, "How long have you thought seriously of Christ and salvation?" the most common answer is, "Since the land became light." If this is not kept constantly in view, our churches may be regarded in a false light. For want of considering this, I was led to expect too much.'

"Now our Madagascar story must end, not without feelings of anxiety in regard to the future, but still with much cause for thankfulness and hope."

"How very interesting it has been, mamma."

"Yes; after hearing the tale of such missions as those in Patagonia and Madagascar, surely we must feel that there are true stories as interesting as those of fiction, and far more satisfactory and useful. Let us now pray for both the Christians and the heathens of Madagascar; and for ourselves, that we may receive grace to profit by the lessons which their past history is so well suited to teach us."

H. L. L.

NEAREST AND DEAREST.

was the Sabbath's blessed evening hour,

And the dusk stillness of the fire-lit room
Fell on the spirit with a soothing power,

A spell of holy calm unmixed with gloom.
The fire-light flickered upon steadfast eyes,

Brows where the Prince of Peace his seal
had set,

And tremulous lips where echoes of the skies,
Most eloquent in silence, lingered yet.

He musing of one heart found way;

"Bliss," she said, "to join the throng

At His temple on His holy day,

Full harmony of sacred song!

Soul draws nearest to Him there,

With holiest awe before His throne;

Highest bliss of faith and prayer

Within those sacred courts alone!"

Another, "not alone! Our Lord

Is in temples made with hands. He fills

Our hearts of the everlasting hills,

And with all who tremble at His word!

He felt His blessed presence more,

And with lowlier awe its hallowing sway

On hill-side or the wave-washed shore,

Is in His house of prayer to-day."

Then spake a third—"Oh, friends, full well I know

The joys ye speak of; but one dearer far

Comes to me often in the ceaseless flow

Of week-day cares, amid earth's din and jar,

When for a moment's breathing-time I pause,

Saying, 'O Master, bless,' and lo, the while,

He stands beside me, and my spirit draws

A heaven of rest, and gladness from His smile."

She ceased, and then one answered yet again—

"Yea, it is *always* bliss to feel Him near

In crowd, or solitude, or sacred fane,

But never is His presence half so dear

As when the storms of sorrow o'er us meet,

And we with bleeding heart and baffled will,

'Faint yet pursuing' struggle to His feet,

And lay our souls before Him, and are still."

Then all were silent, and my heart said, "Yea,

Thou hast well spoken, thou dost well to prize,

Higher than any bliss beneath the skies,

The faith that clings and trusts him 'though he
be alone.'

This is the one note in the song of praise,

Rolling from all creation round the throne,

That only human hearts sore tried can raise,

And even they in this brief life alone."

▲



THREE GREAT DUTIES.

BY THE REV. WM. J. PATTON.



ONE evening, some years ago, I went to a prayer-meeting. The preacher who presided made a remark which was fixed on my memory then, and has remained there since. He said, "Sinner, do you want to be saved? Then you must do three things:—*First*, Give up your sins. *Second*, Give your heart to God. And *Third*, Rest only on the Lord Jesus to save you." Coming home, I said to a young friend, who was then ill, and has since fallen asleep in Jesus, "What do you think of this?" telling him the three things mentioned. "I think the three things are very good," said he, "and very necessary; but he put them in the wrong order. The last should have been first, and the first last. He should have said:—*First*, You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and rest on him. *Second*, You will then give your heart to Him. And *Third*, He will enable you to give up your sins." Was not my young friend right? He was, decidedly.

I think I hear some reader say, "Oh, the order is of small importance when the three things are just the same." No, dear reader, the order is not of small importance. Popery has brought in salvation by works by simply changing the right order of two things. She found in the Bible *salvation* and *works*. She put the second in the first place, and the first in the second place; and the mischief was done. The Bible puts salvation by Jesus Christ first, and then good works as the fruit: she just changed the order, and put good works first, and then salvation as the reward of them. It is of vast importance not only to have right things, but to have them in their right order.

I happen to be aware that at the prayer-meeting that evening there was a young man present who, for more than two years, had been anxious to be saved, but was trying to give up his sins, and feel love to God, in order that he might be more worthy of receiving salvation from Christ. When he heard the preacher's remark, he thought it was very plain and admirable. "God helping me," said he, "I will go home, and give up my sins, and give my heart to God, and then I will rest on the Lord Jesus to save me." Home he went to continue for some time longer the trial, to give up sin by his own resolutions and efforts, and to work himself up to feel love to God, in order that Christ might be willing to save him. I need not say it was all a failure—a complete failure. It helped to teach him, however, by God's blessing, that he never could do anything of the kind in his own strength. At last he came to see that Christ was willing to save him just as he was—a sinner—ungodly—without waiting to make himself

a bit better; that Christ had come into the world to save *sinners*, even the chief; that the obedience of the Lord Jesus were enough for the redemption of his soul; and that God, in thorough earnestness, sought him to take Christ as his surety, and to work as the ground of *his* salvation. After trying to save himself, he was enabled just to rest on Jesus as having won a perfect righteousness in his room; and his peace. And now, he found he had got in vain. He now saw that Christ had saved him, and therefore he loved Christ,—very far more than ever he had done before. He saw also that he never could keep himself from that Christ had promised to do it,—"*A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my law within you, and cause you to walk in my law.*" (Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26). He was enabled to do so, also, and to put himself into the hands of God to make him holy; and though he knows he is far short, yet he says his thoughts, words, and actions are wholly different from what they were. I would adopt the language of old John Newton,—"*I am not what I ought to be, nor what I hope to be, nor what I can truly be; yet I can truly say, that I am not what I once was,—a slave to sin and Satan. I can heartily join with the apostle and acknowledge the grace of God, I am what I am.*" Read and say the same?

GIVE UP YOUR SINS. It is a great duty, a diat duty. But was ever a man enabled to live a holy life till he first took the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and looked to him for *strength* for *righteousness*? (Isa. xlv. 24.) As well as an Ethiopian ever change his skin, or the leopard his spots, can a dead man do living works! Impossible. I have not tried it, reader, many a time and failed. You did for a time abstain from outward sin, but what about your heart? Did you hate sin and love holiness? A young man said to me once,—"*Sir, many a time I tried to give up sin in my own strength, but it was just like throwing a sod at a wall. It stopped the rush of water for a moment, began to come round the sides, and before long it was coming over the top, and by-and-by, a flood swept it clean away.*" Is it not true, reader, while striving against your sins, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as *able* to make you holy, and as *willing* to make you holy, and *present with you* to make

ent in you to make you holy, and rest on him for
ness as well as for righteousness, and then will you
his promises fulfilled, "Then will I sprinkle clean
er upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your
iness and from all your idols *will I cleanse you*"
ek. xxxvi. 25). "Thou shalt call his name Jesus,
he shall save his people *from their sins*" (Matt. i.
1). "Sin shall not have dominion over you" (Rom.
14). "Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us
... sanctification" (1 Cor. i. 30). "The very God
peace sanctify you wholly. . . . Faithful is he that
leth you, who also will do it" (1 Thess. v. 24). This
the way of holiness, to battle against the world, the
sh, and the devil, trusting only in Him "who is able
do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or
ink, *according to the power that worketh in us*"
ph. iii. 20).

GIVE YOUR HEART TO GOD. This, as distinguished
om resting on the Lord Jesus to save you, must mean,
ve your affections to God—*love him*. This is another
eat and immediate duty. But did any man ever yet
ve Christ until he first believed that Christ loved him?
ever. As well could he fly to the moon, or walk on
e water, or do some other impossible thing, as to love
rist without believing in Christ's love to him. It is
ve that begets love. Tell me to love any one without
lling me why I should love him; and how can I do
? And so it is with Christ. I cannot love Christ
ll I first believe in his love to me. But when I do
lieve in him, as *my Saviour*; and when I come to
e that for me he became a babe, and for me he lived
man of sorrows, and for me he sweat the great drops
'blood in Gethsemane, and for me he bore the wrath
nd curse of God on Calvary, I cannot help loving him.
nd the more I see of his love, the more I love him.
We love him because he first loved us" (1 John iv. 19).

"Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I burn,
Chosen of thee, ere time began,
I choose thee in return."

REST ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST TO SAVE YOU. Yes,
sinner, this is your first and great duty. Till this is
done, nothing is done. This is the very alphabet of
religion. Till you believe on him, you can never do a
work that is really pleasing in the eye of God. Uncon-
verted reader! you never did an act in your life that
pleased God. Never. "They that are in the flesh
cannot please God" (Rom. viii. 8). When the Jews
asked Christ, "What shall we do, that we might work
the works of God?" Jesus answered, and said unto
them, "*This is the work of God, that ye believe on him
whom he hath sent*" (John vi. 28, 29). The beloved
apostle says, "This is his commandment, that we should
believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ" (1 John
iii. 23). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou
shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). Take him then as *your*
Saviour—bring home to yourself his finished work, rest
on him, and everything else will follow—love to Christ,
sorrow for sin, good works—everything you need. But
you must look to Jesus first, and for all. And why
should you not? Is not his death of sufficient value,
even to atone for your sins? Does God not offer him
to you freely, without money and without price? Have
you not the same ground for accepting him as those who
have already believed on him and been saved? Why
will you "make God a liar, and not believe the record
which God has given of his Son?" Why will you fling
him back in the face of his Father? Why will you
crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to open
shame? Why will you trample him under your foot,
and do despite to the Spirit of grace? Why will you
leap over the dead body of the Saviour and rush madly
on to hell? Why will you die, when Christ has died?
Yes, sinners, we ask you, "*Why will ye die?*" Why?
"Say unto them—say unto them, As I live, saith the
Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked;
but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn
ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O
house of Israel" (Ezek. xxxiii. 11).

DROMARA, March 1864.

SERMONS—HOW TO PREPARE AND HOW TO DELIVER THEM.

A PAGE FROM A VERY OLD NOTE-BOOK.



DISCOVER no more of your method
than needs must.

2. Pass not anything till you have
bolted it to the brain.

3. Use the mother speech and
tone, without affectation or imitation
any man, that you may not seem to act a comedy
stead of preaching a sermon.

4. Clog not your memory too much, it will
ceedingly hinder invention and mar delivery.

5. Be sure you eye God, his glory, the good of
souls; having the day before mastered self and
man-pleasing.

6. Let your words be soft, few, and slow,
and see they come no faster than the weak-
est hearer can digest each morsel. Pause a
little, and look in the child's eye till he swallow
his bit.

7. Look to your affections most carefully that
they be not (1.) feigned, nor (2.) forcedly let loose

to have their full scope; for then they will either overrun your judgment, or be a temptation to vain glory.

8. Preach speaking or talking to the people; look on the people, not on the roof or walls, and look on the most mortified faces in the assembly; let them know your preaching is a real talking with them, whereby they may be provoked, as it were, to answer you again.

9. Take heed of overwording anything.

10. Be sure you have made the people understand thoroughly what is the good you exhort them to, and the evil you deport them from, before you bring your motives and means.

11. Touch no scriptures lightly; trouble not many, but open the metaphors, and let one scripture point out the other, the one a key to the other.

12. Let the scripture teach you, and not you it.

13. Be sure you feed yourself, on every pause with the people, before you pass it; else that will do them little good, and you none at all. Oh, taste every bit.

14. Take these four candles to find out what to say to the people. (1.) The scriptures unbiassed; (2.) the thoughts and experience of good men; (3.) your own experiences; (4.) the condition of the people.

15. Break off anywhere, rather than run upon any of these two conveniences, (1.) either to huddle or tumble together spiritual things, (2.) or tire the weakest of the flock.

16. Never pass over one point while you have anything material to say of it, provided it be on a spiritual point.

17. Let your doctrine, and the constant strain of your preaching be about the chiefest spiritual things, and let small controversies and external duties come in by the by.

18. Beware of forms, neither be tied to any one method.

19. Be always upon that subject which is next your heart, and be not too thrifty or careful what to say next, for God will provide. It will stink like kept manna if reserved through distrust till next day.

20. Be sure to extricate carefully any godly point you speak of out of the notions and terms of divinity, else it will freeze inevitably in your mouth and in their ears.

21. Let there not be disfiguring of face, nor snuffing of the nose, or teasing of the throat, or any antic gesture, pretended devotion, made gravity, which will make you seem a loathsome Pharisee, or a distracted man broke loose out of Bedlam.

22. Do not care so much whether the people receive your doctrine, as whether you and it are acceptable to the Lord.

23. Do not conceive that your zeal or earnestness will prevail with the people; but the force of spiritual reason, the evidence of scripture, and the power of the Holy Ghost.

24. Do not think that the hearers can receive as you conceive, and so make your own conception the rule of dealing the bread of life; so shall you only please yourself and be admired, but not understood by others.

25. Let there be something in every sermon to draw poor sinners to Jesus Christ.

26. Take heed that your comparisons be not ridiculous, and yet be not shy of homely ones.

27. Study every scripture you are to speak of beforehand, lest you overburden invention, or presume too much on your own parts.

28. Take heed of bolting truth of extravagances, *quidlibet ex quodlibet*, needless digressions, heads, and enumerations.

29. Shun apologies, for they always stink.



LIGHT-HOLDERS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



EVERY voyager through the British Channel will remember the famous lighthouse that stands near the gates of the Atlantic. It rises from a rock in the midst of the waves; its beacon-blaze streams far out over the midnight sea. The angry waves, for many a long year, have rolled in—thundering against the tower's base. The winds of heaven have warred fiercely around its pinnacle; the rains have dashed against its gleaming lantern. But there it stands. It moves not, it trembles not; it is founded on a rock. Year after year, the storm-tossed mariner looks out for its star-like light as he sweeps in through the British Channel. It is one of the first objects that meets his eye as he returns on his homeward voyage; it is one of the last which he beholds after his native shores have sunk beneath the evening wave. On the base of its tower is this inscription: "*To give light and to save life.*"

The tower of Eddystone is a LIGHT-HOLDER to all who come within its range. It does not create light, it only sheds it, and "giveth light" to every passer-by on his watery way. This image of a lighthouse may have been in the apostle's mind when he wrote to the Philippians of the surrounding heathen and idolaters, and said to them, "Among whom ye shine as lights in the world." Some translate the word *torch-bearers*. Others hold that it refers to stars in a dark night. All the interpretations look to the same idea, namely, that *Christians are Christ's light-holders to their fellow-men.*

The lantern of a lighthouse is not self-luminous. It has to be kindled by a hand from without itself. Neither natural heart nor stone-tower are self-luminous. A hand from without must bring them light.

Conversion by the Holy Spirit is a spiritual illumination of the soul. God's grace lights up the dark heart. Sometimes suddenly, as in the case of Paul. Sometimes, as in the case of John Newton, there is at first a feeble germ of light, like the little blue point of flame on a candle-wick, and this germ of light grows into a clear, full blaze. The beginning of true religion is in the first act of true faith—the first breathings of earnest prayer—the first hungerings after God—the first honest attempt to do right and to serve the Lord. God's grace, remember, is the only original source of the light that makes any man a luminary in society. And when a man has once been kindled at the cross of Christ, he is bound to *shine*.

And, in order to do this, he need not be conspicuous in society for talents, wealth, or intellectual culture. The modest candle by which a house-wife threads her

needle shines as truly as does the great lantern that burns in the tower of a City Hall.

A humble saint who begins his day with household devotions, and serves his God all day in his shop, or at his work-bench, is as truly a light-holder as if he flamed from a popular preacher's pulpit, or illuminated a theological class from a professor's chair. To "shine" means something more than the mere possession of piety, or the enjoyment of piety; it is the *reflection* of gospel-religion that makes the *burner*.

Martin Luther was an Eddystone-tower to bewildered Europe. On the other hand, the humblest tract-visitor or mission-school teacher is a lantern-bearer to guide some lost wanderers toward heaven. Harlan Page, the pious carpenter, never talked with a person for ten minutes without saying something to benefit his soul. He was a steady burner. Thomas Dakin, a poor pensioner of Greenwich Hospital, distributed over one hundred thousand tracts every year, and when at last death smote him down suddenly, his pockets were found filled with tracts entitled, "Are you prepared to die?" Dr. Nettleton carried his gospel-lamp from town to town—held it forth every evening to gathered companies of anxious souls—and during his lifetime guided many thousands to a knowledge of the Saviour. Oh, what a heaven Nettleton will have!

If every Christian who trims his lamp and keeps the oil of grace up to its full supply is such a blessed benefactor to others, what a terrible thing it is for a Christian to let his light go out! A traveller who once visited a lighthouse in the British Channel said to the keeper, "But what if one of your lights should go out at night?" "Never," said the keeper, "never—impossible! Sir, yonder are ships sailing to all parts of the world. If to-night my burner were out, in a few days I might hear, from France or Spain, or from Scotland or America, that on such a night the lighthouse in the Channel gave no warning, and some vessel had been wrecked. Ah, sir, I sometimes feel, when I look at my lights, as if the eyes of the whole world were fixed on me. Go out!—burn dim!—never, sir, never!"

How closely this incident comes home to us all. Perhaps in eternity I may hear that some precious soul was wrecked, because my pulpit was not a faithful light-holder to my congregation. Some gospel-burners were neglected and grew dim. One man, perhaps, stumbled into a drunkard's grave, because I did not warn him soon enough against the peril of the first glass. Another broke God's Sabbath for want of keeping the fourth commandment trimmed and burning.

Before another was not held up the exceeding sinfulness of sin ; and Jesus, the Light of the world, may not have been set forth aright to wandering sinners. "Go out—burn dim!" God help me to say, "*Never—NEVER!*"

I know of certain households in which I fear the lamp is out. That lad would not be seen so often on his way to the theatre, or the drinking-saloon, if father and mother held up the torch of loving warning! That giddy daughter, who was once thoughtful about her soul, might now be a Christian, if there had been a light-holder near at hand, to guide her to Jesus. There was a lamp of profession in the house. It *did not shine*. The oil was out. Love of the world had extinguished it. That dark lantern left the house in midnight.

Thank God! some lights never go out. Death quenches them. They shine for ever. Luther's lantern, "*the just shall live by faith*," still gleams from Wartburg Castle. John Bunyan's lamp twinkled through the gratings of Bedford Jail. Old John is still lighting ten thousand fugitive footsteps to liberty. Pastors, parents, teachers may be called to heaven; but, like the good mother of the story, "set a light in the window," to guide souls to mansions of glory.

"Then gird your loins, my brethren dear,
That distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning!"

Miscellanies.

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE,

BORN JULY 9, 1586.—DIED ABOUT JANUARY 1588.

(See Engraving of "*The Two Doves*.")

"This page, if thou be a pater (parent-father) that reads it, thou wilt aspardone me; if nocht, suspend thy censure till thou be a fa as said the grave Lacedæmonian Agestilaus."—*Autobiography of James Melville.*



NE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild;
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd,
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child!

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned—a weary man of strife!

With unformed laughter musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss;
With outstretched arms, its care-wrought father greet,
Oh! in the desert, what a spring was this!

A few short months, it blossomed near my heart,
A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad;
But that home solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad!

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying—
(The prophet's gourd it withered in a night!)
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight!

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished—
But gradual faded from our love away;
As if, still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day!

My gracious Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly He sued me for His own;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done!

And daily to my board at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on death, without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid,
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made,
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed

—There were two milk-white doves my will
nourished,
And I too loved erewhile, at times to stand,
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand!

So tame they grew that to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast!

'Twas a fair sight—the snow pale infant sleeping
So fondly guarded by those creatures mild;
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keep
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child

kened seemed the doves too dwin-
 ing, and loathed their pretty play;
 ay he died, with sad note pining,
 bird would not be frayed away!

ound it when she rose, sad-hearted,
 own, with sense of nearing ill;
 last, the little spirit parted,
 lied too—as if of its heart chill!

w to meet my sad home-riding,
 human sorrow in its coo;
 child, and its dead mate then guiding,
 illy plained—and parted too!

st “hansel”* and “propine”† to heaven!
 aid my darling ’neath the sod,
 comforts—once an infant given,
 d with two turtle-doves to God!

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.

SENTIMENTAL PHILANTHROPY.

One day, that a little deformed boy was
 like a visit in the house where I was stay-
 ing “always been more or less an invalid,”
 affectionate, and loved dearly to read. At
 tached to myself this child—he was eleven
 years; fragile, fair-haired, and pale-faced, with
 and a soft, quiet voice. I began to lay
 out plans. I would read and play to him.
 I gave pleasant talks which should tend to
 When he was able, we would explore the
 world. And so, altogether, I waited his ar-
 rest with a little interest.

One day in my room one day after a walk, I heard a
 voice from the hall below to a lively tune. I looked
 over the door, and could not mistake the boy. Well,
 the house was not a promising beginning,
 to grant. I met him in the doorway very
 He appeared stout and hardy—I knew
 he was only in the seeming—was short, with
 black hair, and dark complexion. He wore
 and a patronizing air withal.

“Ralph, I suppose,” said I; “we must be
 you are to make a good long visit.”
 “I’m uncertain how long we stay,” was his only
 answer, somewhat ungracious, thought I.
 “I’ll read to you,” said Aunt Laura says.”
 “I’ll read to you,” said Aunt Laura says.”
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many things); “I’m going to the woods with the
 boys!”

The indifference with which my overtures of patron-
 age were met was humiliating. He was fond of music,
 and sometimes when I turned suddenly in the midst of
 my piece, I saw him stretched full length on the floor,
 one hand supporting his head, a rapt listener. If I
 spoke, he made some dry remark, and soon disappeared,
 and I heard him whistling out in the garden. I found
 him often in this *prone* position, reading, his head
 thrown back far enough to preserve a comfortable dis-
 tance between his eyes and the book. He had a
 capital appetite and a strong will; and strange to say,
 appeared quite as often with dirty hands and tumbled
 hair as any other child.

My fancies died out. I gave up my plans. The boy
 was an actual piece of humanity, and for that my senti-
 mentality was wholly unprepared.

Yet his mother knew better than we how often he
 came in wearily from his play; how, now and then, a
 sudden consciousness of the *difference* filled him with
 pain. She knew better than we the depth of his feel-
 ings; the manliness that kept from notice the fact that
 often it required an effort to be cheerful and brave.
 Spite of the whistling and the boots, there was even
 more in the boy than I had fancied, though it was ex-
 pressed in a different way. There was much that might
 have been done toward smoothing his pathway, though
 it would have required a different spirit.

So fancifully we mark out our missionary work—the
 helpful labours of every-day life. Without caution, we
 run into a style of expectation and purpose not exactly
 suited to this very human, work-a-day world. There may
 be a poor village near, and we form very pretty notions of
 the delight to be found in assisting some family, or giving
 pleasure to the children. But when it comes to finding
 that the hood or stockings we could scarcely spare were
 exchanged for whisky; when frock and coat, instead of
 working the transformation into neat, bright-eyed
 children, that we fondly expected, are characteristically
 converted at once, the one by a grinding application to
 mother earth, the other by catching the sleeve on a nail;
 when we find the girl we thought had been trained in
 our household to an abhorrence of dirt *per se*, living in
 its midst through the love of it, why then, we begin to
 think that missionary labours are on the whole disagree-
 able and thankless. We find real life different from the
 expectations formed, and we are disgusted at once.
 The poetry is knocked out of our plans, and we have
 not courage to carry through the prose.

The romance of life bears a very small ratio to the
 common matter-of-fact events that make up the bulk
 of men’s actual experiences. The rich bear a small
 proportion to the poor; the learned to the unlearned.
 There is nothing which better fits one to become an
 efficient worker in the world than a hearty willingness
 to take people as we find them, remembering that a *soul*
 is priceless, under whatever wrappers hidden.

Present.

† Earnest, pledge

When we take hold of work with whole hands and not with dainty fingers we shall begin to be indeed "helpers." Going to men as they are, ourselves thoroughly in earnest in the desire to elevate and cheer, we shall labour with a heartiness and *whole-souledness* that shall not fail of accomplishing much.

WORKING FAITH.

In the village of B—, lives a poor woman who supports herself by washing for families in the neighbourhood. She has one only daughter, a little child of six years, who may be seen summer and winter, whether playing about her mother's house, on her way to church, or at the infant school, dressed in pure white. Nearest neighbours testify that garments of other colour are never seen upon the child, and that the little frocks and aprons are always clean and fresh.

This Roman Catholic mother has, through some Popish legend, received the idea that if her child is clothed in white until she attains a given age, she will be an angel when she dies. Her confidence is unwavering, and no care or toil is too great in keeping the condition. It were no small thing for a mother in the ordinary walks of life to preserve such unceasing watchfulness; yet this woman, after a hard day's work over the wash-tub, but counts it all joy to labour on in keeping clean and white the garments that are to make her child an angel!

Oh, loving, earnest mother! Will not a pitying Christ open thy poor, blind eyes, and reveal to the soul that seeks heaven so vainly, the new and living way? Who shall not hope that, led by a hand now unseen, taught by lips yet unheard, this mother shall at length see her child among those who "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?" The heartfelt desire, the earnest seeking, however blindly, after heaven, will it be unnoticed by Him who, in the yearning of his infinite heart, said, "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring?"

We stand rebuked before the earnestness that reckons no toil or care too great, if it may but number the loved one among angels. Where do we find among Christian parents such a vital, realizing belief in an eternal world? Where do we see such longing desire that our children may inherit the kingdom of heaven? A better way has been revealed to us, even the righteousness which is by faith of Jesus Christ. Are we as ready to watch and pray as this poor woman to toil?

Do we exhibit a spirit, docile, ready to receive and act upon the truth, that will call down an answer to our prayers?

"Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

AN EVERY-DAY CHRISTIAN.

"Your minister is very popular; if his church were large enough, I suppose it would swallow up the other congregations in the town."

The sarcastic tone and manner of utterance indicated the ill-feeling of the speaker as he addressed these words to a servant-girl of the minister's family with the design of drawing from her a spirited, perhaps angry reply. But she modestly made answer, "If people will come to hear our minister, is it *his* fault that he is popular? I do not presume to judge of his sermons; but this I can testify, he is an humble *every-day* Christian!"

"How interesting our young brother C— is, in our prayer-meetings! How clearly we can perceive his growth in grace!" remarked a lady to a Christian sister as they met one day. Her reply was; "I have for a long time been unable to attend evening meetings, but C— boarded in my family some months, and I observed his Christian principle in *little things*. I know him to be an every-day Christian!"

This pastor, this brother, were members of the same church, and I wondered if like blessed testimony could be borne concerning all the members of that flock.

An *every-day* Christian! To me the expression seemed full of significance. Then I thought of some homes I knew, where, though both parents are professedly followers of Jesus, there is no family altar, no recognition of God in the gifts of his providence, no speaking of Christ and the things of his kingdom.

I thought of other homes where forms of family devotion are strictly observed, yet all the life, fervour, and cheerfulness of true piety are lacking; and one would almost fail to discern likeness to Jesus in the character of either father or mother, bearing that precious title, *Christian*.

Oh, when we shall each learn fervently to pray that we may "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing," then shall we receive grace to become in truth *every-day* Christians!





The Children's Treasury.

FALSEHOOD AND ITS FRUITS.



MRS. ALLAN sat by the fire, after tea, grave and silent.

"Have you a headache to-night, papa?" asked a girl of twelve years old.

"No."

"But are you quite well?"

"Yes, Mary; why should you think I am not?"

"Papa, I know your face so well, and I am sure you are either ill, or else something is vexing you."

"Mary," said her mother, "if your father wishes to be quiet, you ought not to annoy him by questions."

"Mary has done no harm," said her father kindly. "I am well, my dear, but something has vexed me to-day very much indeed."

A boy, who had been reading, now laid down his book and came forward. "Papa, have we been doing anything to vex you?"

"No, thank God, not you." After a short pause he continued, looking to Mrs. Allan, "I believe it may be well to tell them, it may be a useful lesson. You are not grieved me, my children, but I have been much distressed and disappointed by a discovery regarding a young friend, in whom I have long taken an affectionate interest."

"Who was it, papa?"

"I shall not mention names, that is not necessary. He is a young man whom I have known for years, and whose truthfulness and integrity I had perfect confidence in. I find that he has lately told me a deliberate falsehood."

"What was it about?"

"Something not wrong in itself, but which he had reason to think I would not approve of; and so, in order to save himself a lecture, he gave me a false account of the transaction. And this he was led to repeat several times, much beyond I am sure what he at first intended; I cannot say how much I have been pained."

"Is he very sorry now?"

"Truly so, I believe; and I trust not only for having displeased and distressed me, but that he is humbled before God for his sin, and seeking pardon for the Saviour's sake. I hope in the end this sad fault and its bitter consequences may by the mercy of God prove a lesson never to be forgotten of his own weakness, the power of the Tempter, and the need of constant watchfulness and prayer. I did not mean to have spoken of it to any one except your mother, but the subject may be useful to you. Who told the first lie on earth, Mary?"

"Satan by the serpent, to Eve in paradise: 'Ye shall not surely die.'"

"Right; and ever since that fatal day there is no sin to which he is more frequently tempting fallen man than that of falsehood. Among heathen nations truth is almost unknown, they do not seem to understand how it can be a virtue or a duty. But it is more deplorable to find the want of it among those who are nominally Christians. You, who have been brought up at home in the fear of God, have hardly known the temptation yet, but you may meet with it in some future path of life, and without the grace of God you may fall, like my poor young friend. Therefore I am not sorry of this opportunity to speak seriously on the subject. Turn to John viii. 44. Let us hear what our Lord says of Satan as a liar."

They read: "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do; he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar, and the father of it."

"How dreadful the view here given of the great deceiver, and those whom he teaches to deceive! But even if these words and others like them were not in the Bible, even on the strange supposition that falsehood was not a sin in God's sight, which unrepented of must ruin the soul for ever—still for this world alone it would be our highest wisdom to avoid it. Let a young person get a thorough character for truthfulness."

and integrity, and, generally speaking, he is sure to prosper. I do not say to get *rich*, but to be respected, and, by degrees, promoted, in whatever sphere Providence may appoint his lot. On the contrary, let a young man or woman be known to disregard truth, and soon, as a necessary consequence, they are no longer respected or trusted; they lose self-respect; they fall from one sin into another, down, down the steep road which leads to that abode of woe where we are told by 'the God of truth' that 'all liars' shall have their portion for ever. Satan knows this well, and therefore employs all his arts to gain this single advantage over the young and unwary.

We have various striking examples in the word of God of the sin and punishment of falsehood. Can you tell me some of them?"

They mentioned one after another the case of Jacob, Gehazi, Peter, Ananias and Sapphira.

"Let me point out," said Mr. Allan, "one remarkable truth which all these cases illustrate—that it is in general impossible to tell a single lie, the first almost always leads on to others.

"Jacob, most probably, when he yielded to his mother's persuasions, only expected to *act* an untruth; to personate his brother, but not with his own lips to reiterate the falsehood; and yet, when we read over the story, we find he had to do this three times (Gen. xxvii. 19, 20, 24). Unless his conscience was fearfully hardened, how it must have smote him after uttering that awful assertion in regard to the supposed venison: 'The Lord thy God brought it to me.'

"Gehazi, no doubt, never expected to be questioned by his master as to his absence; and to deceive the heathen nobleman, though equally a sin in the sight of God, might seem to himself light compared with having to tell a direct falsehood to the holy prophet—and yet he dared not stop short of this (2 Kings v. 25).

"Alas for poor Peter! who from the first timid denial, 'I know not what thou sayest,' was led on to declare with oaths and curses, 'I know not the man.'

"Whatever was the case with Ananias, his wife, I suppose, never thought of being questioned by Peter, when she went into the assembly to share in the credit expected from her husband's lie. Yet she had not moral courage to hesitate, and so her own words sealed her condemnation.

"How heavy the just punishment which followed in all these instances! Jacob's long toilsome years of exile; Gehazi's life-long loathsome disease; Peter's bitter anguish of heart and soul; the awful deaths of Ananias and his partner! 'These things are written for our warning' by Him who delights to call himself the 'God of truth.' Seek by His grace and help, my dear children, to watch against the very 'appearance of evil' in this form, and regard *every* temptation towards it as coming from the great Enemy, the Father of lies."

J. L. B.

FOUR SERVANTS OF SATAN.

SATAN has a great many servants, and they are very busy running round, doing all the harm they can. They ride in the trains; they follow the soldiers; they do business in the city; they go into the country; they enter houses and break open shops; they visit our schools. Some of their favourite spots are colleges and academies, where our boys are. Boys, do you hear that?

Indeed, they are very fond of young people everywhere. Some of Satan's servants are so "like roaring lions, going about seeking whom they may devour," that you are not much in danger from them, because you can keep out of their way. Some are so vile-looking, you would naturally turn from them in disgust; others are such fellows that you would not be seen in their company; and there are still others you would rather keep clear of, without exactly knowing why. You know they are *not* good, and that is enough. But all of Satan's followers are not so quick to show their colours. Some are cunning, and pretend to be a great deal better than they are, in order to deceive people; and they *do* deceive people horribly. It makes my blood run cold to think of it. I know four of them, and some of the mischief which they have done. I found out their names, and I want to put you on your guard against them, for they are very sly. They will make believe to be your friends. They appear sociable, easy, good-natured, and not too much in a hurry. They seem to wait your own time, and entice you when you least expect it.

"Oh, we want you to enjoy yourselves," they say. "and not be *so particular*." and the arguments they use are very taking; at least, I must think so, since so many of the young listen to them and are led away by them.

And all, I believe, because they did not know in the first place *who* was speaking to them. They were deceived. They did not see it was Satan's uniform they had on. Do you ask for their names? Here they are:—

"*There's no danger.*" That is one.

"*Only this once.*" That is another.

"*Everybody does so,*" is the third; and

"*By-and-by*" is the fourth.

If you are tempted to leave God's house, and break the Sabbath-day to go upon a sail or a ride, or to do a little *work* in the shop or counting-room, and "*Only this once,*" or "*Everybody does so,*" whispers at your elbow, know it is false. The great evil of *one sin* is, that you bring your heart and conscience into such a state that you will be likely to go on sinning; for there is not half so much to stop you as there was to prevent you from setting out at first. Hold no parley with "*Only this once*" or "*Everybody does so.*" Listen to their dangerous counsels, no, not for a moment.

Are you thinking seriously about the welfare of your

as the Holy Spirit fastened upon your conscience solemn warnings of a faithful teacher, and to mind a tender mother's prayers for you? Does the tear start in your eye, and are you not persuaded to choose Christ and that better which cannot be taken from you? That is a time when "*By and by*" hovers near to snatch credence and persuade you to put away serious thought. It succeeded with poor Felix when Paul came to him, and the Roman ruler was almost persuaded to become a Christian. "*By and by*" whispered to him. He put off his soul's salvation to a more convenient season, and it *never came*. "*By and by*" is a cheat as well as a liar. By putting off means to cheat your soul of heaven. God says: "Now is the accepted time, and the day of salvation." He never asks you to postpone it. He makes no promises and no provisions for "*By and by*." Children, be on your guard against these four of Satan, in little things as well as in great things; their only aim is to harm and ruin you.

H. G. KNIGHT.

THE LITTLE POND IN THE ROCK.

Drops of a summer shower fell copiously on a rocky island in the Pacific Ocean. There were no fields on it to water, no pastures to keep green, no fruits to nourish, no roots to feed for man, and yet the shower fell as abundantly, and drops pattered as joyfully, as if it had the great needs of a nation to fit for the harvest, and the blessing to follow it.

When the rain fell, it trickled down to a low place between the rocks, and made a rude pond there, clear, beautiful, and sparkling. No little dog lapped it, no man came to drink there, no wild beast slaked its thirst; perhaps a stray sea-bird dipped in its bill, and took wing, leaving the little pond all by itself, and could we have seen it we might have said, "Little pond, why are you here?" and think-nought longer, have added, "Well, you will soon be dry. No matter; nobody sees you; nothing is the matter with you." But when we think and say so, we are mistaken. God saw the little pond. He formed it, delighted in it; he had a purpose in it. It was a part of his great plan in making the universe, and I am sure.

Wendell, a brave ship, is ploughing its watery way through California. It is loaded with coal. Her long voyage is almost over. They are within a few weeks of San Francisco.

"Not stinging hot on shipboard?" said the second mate in the morning.

"Weather, sir," answered a sailor.

"The decks have an unnatural heat," thought the captain. He ran to the ventilators, which let in a fresh hold of the ship, and a stream of hot air

nearly suffocated him. Hurrying to the captain, "Sir," said he, "the ship's on fire!"

An examination was instantly made. The coal had ignited, and sure enough the ship was on fire from stem to stern.

The horrors of such a situation on mid-ocean who can describe? Two boats, manned and provisioned, put to sea with the crew, escaping for their lives. The ship was soon one mass of flame, and at last nothing was seen but her smoking hulk hissing in the water.

The sea was rough, and on the second day one of the boats capsized. The poor sailors were picked up by the other boat, in which twenty-four men now found shelter, and close quarters it was.

For fourteen days and ten hours they were tossed on the wild ocean; water gone, provisions gone, all but a little salt junk.

"Water, water, water," was the agonizing cry.

On the fifteenth day a small island hove in sight. They made for it, and drifting into a cove, climbed out upon the rocks; but so cramped, so wet, so weak were they, they could scarcely drag themselves up its craggy sides. When at last they did, what sight rewarded their exertions? Water, water, pure water, fresh water, sparkling water. It was the little pond in a hollow of the rocks. They ran to it; they rolled themselves to it, and falling down, plunged in their parched lips and drank. Health, strength, hope were in every draught. They blessed it, they wept over it, they thanked God for it, and more, they had a meal by it. Some of the sailors picked the green leaves of a tropical plant which grew in the crevices of the rocks, others, ranging the shore for drift-wood to make a fire with, found on the beach an old boat bottom up. Turning it over, what should they see but two skeletons of some poor shipwrecked sailors like themselves cast on its desolate shores. Filling a kettle, they boiled the salt junk and greens together, and made a soup for supper. Oh, how good it tasted.

Then did they lie down to sleep?

"No," said Captain Wooderson, "not till we all fill our kegs and kettles with the water."

Why not put it off till to-morrow? But it was impressed upon the captain's mind to do it *then*, and everything that could hold water was filled. The tired men then threw themselves on the rocks and went to sleep, nor did they wake till the sun was high up in the sky the next morning. Waking up, they found the water in the hollow of the rock *gone*. The little pond had vanished.

It was the Sabbath. Some of the crew wanted to take the boat and start off again.

"No," said the captain, "God is here. The God who gave us water out of the rock is God of the Sabbath. We will rest on this island to-day, and honour him."

So they did, and the next day, on the strength of what God had done for them, they pushed off from that

rocky island to pursue their lonely voyage, where they hardly knew.

Before two days another island hove in sight. It proved to be Juan Fernandez, where Robinson Crusoe was once cast away. But they found things in a better condition for them than in Crusoe's day. The British government now keeps a depôt of supplies there for ship-wrecked mariners, and the poor sailors, on landing, found a hearty welcome—food, clothing, shelter, and a doctor, which some of them by this time were in sore need of.

"Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he brought them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet; so he brought them into a desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men" (Ps. cvii.) H. C. K.

DISCONTENTED JENNIE.

JENNIE MORRIS sat by the window looking very fretful and discontented. Dolly's new dress, neatly cut by mamma's careful hands, lay untouched in her lap, whilst her restless fingers toyed idly with the contents of a snug little work-basket by her side.

"Mamma, why can't we live like other folks! Our house is so small, and the furniture looks so old and dingy."

Jennie had spent the previous day and night with a cousin, whose father had a splendid establishment, and everything that money could purchase to make life happy. Mr. Morris was a hard-working mechanic, but by patient labour and economy was enabled to support his family comfortably, and even to afford them many luxuries. Jennie's real wants were all supplied, but she had many imaginary ones, as alas, too many little folks have. She had not yet learned to be contented.

Mrs. Morris looked up reproachfully, but answered her daughter's query very briefly.

"Your father lives as well as he can afford, my dear. More than this we must not ask nor expect."

No reproof was added. Mrs. Morris was a quiet woman, preferring deeds always to words. Jennie said no more, but her face still wore frowns instead of smiles, and poor Dolly's frock progressed slowly. Supper was over, and twilight shades were falling when Mrs. Morris invited her little girl to go with her to visit a sick friend in a neighbouring street. Jennie, ever ready for a walk, hastily put on her straw hat, and they were soon on their way. The peaceful summer twilight exerted a happy influence over our young friend, so that she seemed to forget for a time her previous discontent. Arrived at her friend's, Mrs. Morris was shocked to learn that the poor woman had died that morning, and that thus her only child, a delicate little girl, was left an

orphan, without money or friends. Poor, poor little desolate one! Jennie shed tears of sympathy as she witnessed the frantic grief of the bereaved child.

"Mamma, oh take her home with us, please do," and her pleadings prevailed.

They took the little orphan home with them for a few days, and as the family of whom the child's mother had rented her one small room were in humble circumstances, they were very glad that the desolate dependant upon their kindness was so well provided for.

After the expenses of the sickness and funeral of the poor mother were paid, not one farthing remained to the little orphan, and thus left penniless and homeless, was not little Mary's lot a hard one? And yet God provided for her. A tender mother, bereft of her only child, soon after took the orphan to her heart and home, and Mrs. Morris was relieved of a care which she felt unable to sustain.

But what a lesson had discontented Jennie received. A day or two after Mary's settlement in her new home, she looked up to her mother, after sitting quietly for a long time, and with tear-filled eyes, exclaimed, "Mother, I hope I shall never be unthankful again. I did not think enough of my comfortable, pleasant home, until God showed me little Mary, destitute of parents and home. Mother, I think this is a beautiful house, and the furniture does not seem dingy at all. Everything looks real cozy and sociable. How could I have been so blinded?"

"Ah, Jennie, then you saw through a discoloured glass; now the mist has cleared away, and you are awakened to a true sense of the benefits you enjoy. Never harbour discontent, my love; it is one of your worst enemies, and would make you miserable for life, if encouraged."
—*Child at Home.*

MARY.

MARY's mother was dead. The grass was green on her grave. She fell asleep when Mary was a very little girl, but she was not forgotten.

Long years had come and gone since the precious dust was hidden, but Mary remembered so well her mother's smile, and sometimes started as she heard in memory the sweet tones of her mother's voice. Then too upon the wall in Mary's room hung her mother's picture. How often she looked at it; and often as she gazed upon it with tearful eyes, it would seem to speak to her and gently soothe her, as her mother was wont to do when living.

Now little Mary had one great thought in her heart. What do you think it was? It was to become like her mother. Her father, as he stroked her auburn hair and looked into her clear blue eyes, used to say, "How much you are looking like your dear mother." Mary was very glad of this, but she wished very much to be like her mother, to *think* like her, *do* like her. One of the first things she thought of in the morning was,

How can I to-day be more like dear mamma than I was yesterday?"

It was touching to see how anxious this motherless girl was to realize her mother's character. This was her master-passion of her life. I am happy to say that Mary *did* grow into her mother's likeness, so that the other day when I saw her about the house, preparing with her own hands some nice things for a sick old lady, it seemed to me that it was Mary's mother back again.

I thought too, if that mother only knew how her own kind and good traits were perpetuated in her daughter, how glad she would be, and how she would go and thank the dear Lord Jesus for watching over her darling child, and leading her in such good paths.

Little girls, I have written you this about Mary, to show you in part what it is to be a Christian. As Mary thought so much of becoming like her mother, and tried so hard to be like her, so God's people think very much of being like the Lord Jesus Christ. There is nothing they long so much for as to have his blessed spirit—to do as he did. So they study his life as given in the Bible, and every day try to do as they think he would were he in their places. Do you think in this way? Are you trying every day to trust in and be like the Son of God? To do this, is to live a Christian life; and there is nothing so beautiful in all the world as such a life, nothing more precious. How the Lord Jesus must love all those who so live. How glad he will be to welcome them to his home in heaven.

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Boys, did you ever see a fire on the mountains? You have heard the great bell boom out, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" echo through the air, whilst the engines patter through the streets, and men and boys run and yell and shout, until the steady stream of water rises and falls upon the flames. But did you ever see a fire which no engines could reach, running up the limbs of great trees,—away up on giant mountains, leaping from ranch to ranch till the hills for miles are blazing in one great conflagration, and the people gather by hundreds to fight the fire, before it shall reach their corn-fields, and barns, and houses?

Such a great fire raged, not far from here, for weeks; and one night, when we looked out of our windows, we saw great trees on the mountain all in a flame, and the heavy branches tossing against the sky. These fires spread sometimes so rapidly that it is impossible to stop them before a rain comes on. Men cut down the trees, and thrash the burning grass with rods, and kindle back-fires; but if it has made much headway before it is discovered, it does great damage before it yields.

A few years ago, in a time of great drought, hundreds of acres of timber-land, with fences, barns, dwellings, and even large foundries, were consumed on the shores

of an American lake, and for many days the boats were navigated by the compass; "Neither sun nor stars in many days appeared," and the smoke and cinders were carried for miles on the wind, blackening and defacing the fair face of nature.

Now, boys, how does this fire get into the woods, where no one lives, no shops, no houses, no places where it would seem there was danger of fire? "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Hunters carelessly empty their pipes, or throw down a cigar on some dry leaves, or, after camping out, will leave a few cinders where they have cooked their game; a breath of air fans them to life, and they creep silently through the grass and moss till the fire reaches some dry tree and then spreads on, gathering strength and force as it leaps up into the currents of air, the giant flames sweeping forward till the whole forest is in ruins.

The flames on our mountain were kindled by boys. You see that boys can begin this great destruction as well as men; they treed a racoon, and set fire to the tree to bring him down, and then with the thoughtlessness of boys, when once they had secured their prize, they went off with it, and thought no more of the matter.

Now, what I want to say to you is this: Beware of the first beginnings of evil. A half-lit cigar has burned over a mountain; how many half-cigars have burnt over a boy's life. It is a bad habit for boys, and leads on to worse; by and by the flame will catch on other trees.

Don't finish that tumbler of liquor! I know that is only a little, and a good deal of sugar in the bottom; by and by you will like it without the sugar. It is a little fire, but it has burned out many a man's soul. Don't tamper with sin; ask for strength from above, that you may be able to crush out with a strong heel the sparks of temptation. If the sparks are dead, the flame will never spread; by and by it will be too late; the giant flames will be wrapped around you and there will be no escape.—*Child at Home.*

GOD'S LIFE BOOK.

WILLIE was a bright, lively boy, six years of age. His mother was reading to him one Sabbath afternoon about the Lamb's Book of Life which St. John tells us about in the Bible. Mamma told him that the Lamb is Jesus Christ, and that he keeps the names of all who give their hearts to him, so that on the judgment-day, when the books are opened, not one of those who love Jesus will find his name forgotten.

"Mamma," said Willie, "how do people get their names put in the Life-book?"

"By asking Jesus to write them there," was the reply. Then mamma said, "Willie, is your name in the Lamb's Book of Life?" Willie's eyes grew very earnest as he said,—

"No, mamma, but 'twill be to-night."

Willie was sometimes a thoughtless little boy, and

we feared he would soon forget his Sabbath lesson; but at night, when he knelt with his little brothers by the bed-side, the first words of Willie's prayer were, "O God, won't you please to put my name into your Life-book?"

Do you not think Jesus loved to hear his prayer? and "when the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books are opened," shall we not be sure to find Willie's name? I hope he tries every day to live as a child should whose name Jesus is keeping with such tender love.

Dear children, if your names are not written in the Book of Life, remember that the Bible says, that "Whoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire.

Go now, like Willie, and ask the Saviour to make you his children. We know he is gathering child-names for the precious book, for he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Child at Home.*

THE LITTLE PHARISEE.

KITTIE RAY sat at the head of her Sunday-school class one bright summer morning. The sun shone through the open window near, and a bird sang sweetly on the old elm-tree just in sight. Kittie felt very good-natured and happy, for various reasons. She was nicely dressed, had committed her lesson perfectly, and looked down the line of faces in the pew below her with a self-satisfied air.

Far away from the little church, with its solemn associations, the child's thoughts wandered while the opening prayer was offered, and the petition made that all might feel the Saviour present in the midst. The voice of the teacher recalled her to the business of the hour, as she asked, "Can you repeat the lesson, Kittie Ray?"

The passage to be recited was the parable of the two men who went up into the temple to pray; one was a Pharisee, the other a publican. After repeating it correctly, Kittie sat down and the next scholar rose. Jennie Cook was a poor little girl, and very plain, her face having been scarred by an accident which she met with long before. After going through one verse of the psalm which was given her to learn, she hesitated, and finally said, timidly, that she had not committed it. Jennie coloured and looked troubled when she resumed her seat, but Miss Prentiss passed on to the next without remarking her failure. When each had been listened to in turn, the teacher was accustomed to ask questions upon the different passages, ascertaining, by this means, how well the girls had listened to one another, and if their own was understood.

"Kittie," asked the lady who might almost have read the thoughts which were dancing in her brain, "which of the two men would you prefer to be, if you might choose, the Pharisee or the publican?"

"Oh, the publican, of course!" replied Kittie; "but there are no Pharisees now; I am glad of it."

"You are quite sure as to that? Do you remember what class of persons Jesus had reference to when he spoke?"

The little girl opened her red Testament, and, after searching a moment, found the paragraph which says, "He spoke this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others." Kittie's face flushed as she read it aloud.

"You see," remarked Miss Prentiss, "that there may be Pharisees even to-day, in this church!"

"I wonder if she knows what I was thinking of!" questioned the child of herself; and her face grew sober as she remembered the past half hour. With slight alteration the prayer of the haughty Pharisee might have assorted well with the feelings of Kittie Ray, and would run somewhat like this:—

"God, I thank thee that I am so much better than others. I have my lesson better than all the rest. Jennie Cook broke down in hers. I am dressed better than the others; how homely they look with their old bonnets! I know Miss Prentiss wishes the girls would do as well as I have, with their verses; I never told a lie in my life; Maria Mitchell has been punished for telling them."

"The heart is deceitful above all things," and, while Kittie Ray was judging others by a very mistaken idea of her own goodness, Jennie, with her common dress and sallow face, was thinking softly in her heart, "I wonder if the Lord Jesus can love me if I try very much to be like him? I always want to learn my lesson, but this time mother so needed my help."

Which would you rather be, the Pharisee or the publican?

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT.

Two lads were talking together. "Would that be wrong, John?" said one. "I don't know," was the answer. "What do you think? Do you think it would be wrong?" "I don't know," was the answer again. "Well, I don't believe it would be, and I mean to do it." "What is it, boys?" I inquired. Both were silent.

"I do not care to know what you do not wish to tell; but whatever it is, boys, if there is doubt about its being right, don't dare to do it. Run no risk in such a matter. If you are not certain that you are on right ground, you may be certain that you ought to leave it. Keep yourself safe from wrong, whatever else you do. It is only the weak and foolish who will venture on uncertain ground."

"Learn a lesson from this story, which I heard long years ago. A gentleman who wished to test the character of some men who had applied to him for employment as coachmen, took them to a narrow road which bordered on a high precipice, and inquired how near

the verge they could drive without danger. One named few inches, another named still fewer. The gentleman took his head. They tempted danger, instead of seeking safety. He could not risk his life with them.

"At last one was shown the precipice, who, in answer to the question, 'How near this verge can you drive with safety?' drew back, and answered, 'I should drive as far from it as possible; it is dangerous. I should avoid it altogether, if I could.' He was employed. He could be trusted, for he valued safety, and was too wise to encounter needless peril.

"Have you learned the lesson to keep as far away from wrong as you can—to shun the precipice of wrong? Do nothing which *may* be wrong—nothing which you are not sure is right. Would you taste the fairest fruit, if it were warned that there *might* be poison in its sweets? Would you play with the beautiful serpent when there *might* be death in its coils? Avoid sin more than you would a serpent. Sin is worse than sickness, and despair more dreadful than death."

WHAT IS TEMPER?

It is a word used to express the kind of feelings we indulge in. There is of course a great variety; and as the feelings which children are most in the habit of giving way to have much to do with forming their character for life, let us look at some of these varieties.

First, there are *selfish* tempers. Children who have these think of themselves first, and help themselves to the best of everything. Some little girls once took tea with us. When the plate of cake was handed round, one of them looked it over, and then stretching out her hand to the side furthest from her, took the biggest slice. That little girl looked out for "Number One" and nobody else. It certainly was not very polite, for true politeness consists in forgetting ourselves and caring for those around us. "Looking out for Number One" is a phrase used to express the pains which selfish people take to get the best and most of a thing without regard to others.

Then there are *generous* tempers. A child with a generous temper is never so happy as when he shares with others what he has. He does not sneak away with his pocket full of peaches in order to eat them all by himself; but they taste all the better if his brothers and sisters have a bite also.

There are *fretful* tempers. These are always fault-finding, complaining, worrying. It is either too hot or too cold, too rainy or too dusty; for they are pretty apt to prate upon the weather, which none can alter to suit their humours.

Did you ever hear fretters fret about their clothes? A little boy trying on a new jacket the other day, declared "it was a mile too big." Fretters, you notice, rarely tell the truth. Their shoes are too loose, and their sleeves too tight. Then their food does not suit.

The potatoes are cold, the meat is tough, the pie is not sweet enough. It is fret, fret, fret. Do you think it is safe to build a character on fretfulness?

Opposite to this is a *cheerful, contented* temper. A poor old shepherd, who tended his sheep all weathers, was once asked what kind of weather he liked best. "The weather that suits God, suits me," said the good old man. That is it. A person with this disposition is happy with whatever God gives him, because he feels that God knows best. He does not fret about his clothes, knowing there are hundreds worse off than himself. He eats his brown loaf with a merry heart, and he feels there is no place like home, if it is ever so homely. Such a temper makes sunshine in the house, and it does one good to come within reach of it.

Then there are cross tempers and kind ones, yielding and obstinate tempers, proud tempers and humble ones; and we must remember that all our words and actions naturally grow out of our different tempers, as different flowers and fruits grow from different stalks. The thistle bears thistles, the rose-bush roses, the apple-tree apple-blossoms and apples. People know us by them, and God judges us by those tempers which we are most in the habit of indulging.

What is your temper, my child?—*The Child's Paper*.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

Among all the hunters on or near the Wengam Alps, there was no one more fearless, or daring, or successful, than Pierre Bernard. He not only knew where the wild chamois had his home, but the very peaks of rocks on which he would be likely to perch, as he lay down snuffing every breeze that came over him. There were no cliffs which Pierre could not climb, no abyss over which he would not find access. Hence he seldom returned home without a chamois thrown over one shoulder, while his great-bored rifle rested on the other. Sometimes he would be miles away and far up the awful mountains, when day-light first gilded their peaks. Sometimes he would at night-fall be far up among the peaks and horns watching to see this mountain goat go to rest. When once he saw his game, his eye was so true and his nerves so strong, that he was about sure of him. Late and early, he was never at a loss.

Once, near the Alpine winter, just at night, he found himself far up among the highest peaks, many miles from home. For hours he had been following a flock of chamois as they leaped from rock to rock, and ran up and down steep slopes which it would seem that no hoof could tread. Just as the sun had set, he got his first chance, and his shot gave him a noble chamois. But darkness was now coming on, and night was beginning to spread her solemn mantle over those awful solitudes. It grew intensely cold, and the winds were rising, and sweeping, and moaning among the rocks. He threw the heavy game over his shoulder and set out for home.

He well knew that if he should stop he would freeze to death. Over the jagged rocks he went as fast as his heavy load would allow him. But darkness came on fast. He knew that for many a mile he must find his way, pathless and unmarked, not by eyeing the peaks as in the day time, but by his best judgment. He knew, too, that he had one awful chasm between two mountains to pass over. It was hundreds and hundreds of feet deep, and about twenty feet across its top. He knew that at a particular spot one single log had been thrown, as a bridge. He knew that over that log he must cross with his load on his back. He knew, too, that through this chasm the winds rushed very strong. He knew that he must find the log and get over it, or he would perish with cold. Would he be able to find it? Could he get over it?

Fearing he might be belated, he had brought a small lamp in his pocket. So when it became dark, he crouched down under "a great rock in a weary land," and with a match lighted his little lamp. What was his horror to find that he had but one single match! A single gust of wind might put out his lamp, and then—! So he hung it to a string, and let it down near the ground, to be "a lamp to his feet." Step by step he went, holding his little lamp most carefully—for if that failed, he must perish. At last he came to the chasm, and after a long search, found the log. It was a small, smooth, spruce log. And how loudly and fearfully the winds moaned and groaned through the chasm! A single strong gust would put out the lamp, and then—! Pierre offered one short, earnest prayer, and laid himself on the log, to creep over. He tied his load to his back, and with one hand grasped the log, and with the other held the string, by which the little lamp hung over the dark, deep abyss. Slowly, almost breathlessly, he crept along on the log—the winds blew, the little flame flickered and wavered, as life and death hung on it. But he kept moving slowly, carefully, and got over! How joyfully! how thankfully he rose up, and felt that he was safe! When—whew! a horrible gust of wind came and his lamp was out! And now he must die! perish in the cold! No! he raised his eyes and saw the dawn of day peering over the mountains! He leaped for joy, for, in a few moments, the day opened, and the "day-star," or the sun, was up! He was saved. He had had "the lamp to his feet till the day dawn, and the day-star arose" upon him!

Reader, you have such a lamp to your feet, such a guide to your life—the Word, the precious Word of

God! Does it enlighten your steps? Will it be the guide of your life, as you walk in the darkness of time, and creep over the dangerous places, till the day of eternity dawn, and Christ, the bright and morning Star, arise in your heart for ever? Precious lamp! It will not go out. It will show you every footstep till you safely reach your home in the heavens!

REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

THE LITTLE TEACHERS.

THE other day I was sitting at my window looking on the winter landscape. There before me were the same hills which a few weeks ago had been covered with the richest tints of crimson, purple, and gold, and now were pale blue in the distance. All around was changed; the noble elms in front of the house were bare, and their graceful limbs balanced to and fro in the cold wind; the lambs, though warmly clad, looked shivering in the frosty meadow; and the bushes near by showed no more leaves, only some bright berries.

As I was looking on, two small winter birds came fluttering down the tree, alighting on the bushes. They picked here and there a berry with a happy little chirp. It was their share; for them God had prepared and kept it, and they were satisfied. But they did not stay long. On a sudden away they flew towards the hill. I waited, for there had been nothing to frighten them, and I wanted to see whether they would return. Pretty soon from the leafless woods came a whole flock of the same birds. No doubt the little pioneers who had discovered the treasure had gone back to fetch their companions, so that they might all enjoy it.

Whenever, dear children, you feel tempted to be selfish, remember the two little birds at their feast of the berries.—*The Child's Paper.*

RIGHT SORT OF PLUCK.

A MAN looking up from sawing his wood, saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard.

"See here; what are you about, George?" asked the man. "I'm turning two swearers out of the yard, father," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I won't."

That is the right time and place to say, "I won't." I wish every boy would take the stand, *No play with swearers.* "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."





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THE STRANGER IN THE VALLEYS.

IV.—THE MISSIONARY TOUR.

ACTIVE, earnest, energetic, full of high hope and fervent zeal, young Henri de la Vaur quitted the happy home of his adopted father, and crossed the mountains which separate the valleys of Dauphiny from those of Piedmont. Acting upon the instructions of Arnaud, he sought out a glen called the Pra-di-Torre, situated amongst hills of Angrogna; and there he enrolled himself as a student in the "School of the Barbes," where he was to exercise the pastoral office either at home or abroad, where he was carefully trained. What the results were to which the most promising of the young in the thirteenth century applied themselves is now to be ascertained. A very ancient work, "Discipline," which is still preserved in manuscript, informs us on the authority of the Barbes that they were directed to learn "the whole of St. Matthew and all the canonical epistles, a good part of the prophecies of Solomon, of David and the prophets. As regards, if a good testimony is borne to their words, they are admitted by the imposition of hands to the office of preaching." It appears from this that the staple of education amongst these people, but if we judge by results it may well be doubted whether our modern "universality" and "indefiniteness" have discovered a better training than that which they adopted. Would that the devoted and self-sacrificing as those who went to that obscure school, to instruct the ignorant in the gospel to perishing sinners, may be in these our days of boasted enlightenment, the same Book, with the message it contains, the ground-work of all teaching, will this end, for no words except those which are "spirit" can become principles of life in the soul of

brought with him to the Pra-di-Torre an acquaintance with Scripture remarkable for his age amongst a people of whom it was said by an "It is an unusual thing if a woman cannot as well as a man, the whole of the text in the tongue." Yet he had still much to learn.

Besides attendance on the lessons of the Barbes and solitary reading and prayer, he diligently applied himself to the study of medicine. In addition to the Bible and the "Nobla Leyçon," he found at the Pra-di-Torre the Vaudois Catechism and Confession of Faith, a treatise on Antichrist, another on Purgatory, and a few religious poems. These writings are still in existence, and breathe a spirit of evangelical piety and an intense reverence for the Holy Scriptures. Henri perused them with interest and satisfaction, and gladly employed a portion of his leisure hours in transcribing them for others.

All this time he silently cherished the hope of revisiting his beloved Languedoc. But when the period of his ordination drew near, the Barbes in charge of the school intimated their desire that he should devote himself to the missionary work in Italy. Henri knew that their constitution required implicit obedience, and that such obedience was justly due to their age, experience, and position in the Church. Yet a passionate longing drew him to the abode of his childhood, and with this longing came a persuasion equally strong, that God had some special work for him to do there, *there* as in no other place. Like the apostle when he heard in dreams the pathetic appeal of the "man of Macedonia," there rang in his ears by day and night the groans and the prayers of the miserable remnant of the persecuted Albigenses, the "few sheep" left in the wilderness, and like Paul he "assuredly gathered" thence that God had called him to a ministry among them. Perhaps it should be added that the very danger of the mission gave it an additional charm in his eyes. Henri was the descendant of warriors, in him the faith of a Vaudois missionary was grafted upon the spirit of a knight errant. The religion of Christ, whilst it always retains its own divine qualities, takes its colouring from the soul it pervades. At any time, but above all now, in his hot eager youth, Henri would have thrown himself into the midst of Crusaders and Inquisitors with much the same ardour that a champion of the Cross would couch his lance against an army of infidels on the plains of Palestine. Yet with how many motives and principles of action which the Crusader never knew. It was in the inspiring power of these principles, not in natural or inherited courage, that his real strength lay, and it may be he proved it so in the time of trial.

While however he kept his favourite project steadily before him, and worked for its accomplishment in every

* The Inquisitor Rainier.

lawful way that presented itself, even to the drudgery of making himself acquainted with the petty details of a travelling merchant's calling, he at the same time "did the duty that lay nearest to him," he prepared himself to submit cheerfully to the decision of the Barbes, and to labour with all his might in whatever sphere they should select for him.

In due time he was examined before the Synod of the Vaudois Church, and "ordained by the imposition of hands to the office of the holy ministry." His work was then assigned him, and great was his astonishment to hear that it was the good pleasure of the Barbes that he should travel in Provence and Languedoc. Ferrevently, though silently, did he thank Him who had thus given him "the desire of his heart," and he felt more than ever confirmed in the belief that he was indeed providentially directed to this particular portion of the missionary field. He never knew precisely to what he should ascribe the change in the intention of the Barbes, but he naturally attributed it to the influence of Arnaud, who was present at the Synod. It may have been also owing in part to a conversation he had held on the subject with one of his teachers, in which he was led to express his desires with much earnestness.

It may be supposed he lost no time in entering upon his career. Once more he crossed the mountains with Arnaud, for a brief farewell visit to his home in the Valley of the Guil. The days he spent there, though few, were days much to be remembered in after life. Never before did he think the Valley so fair, the villagers so kind and friendly, the little cottage such a happy place, and Aimée—how changed was the "little sister," as he still called her! No longer the gay child with whom he played so often, but a demure, thoughtful maiden in the beauty of dawning womanhood, with deep blue eyes that seemed to look very far into his soul, and yet somehow shrank from meeting his gaze. Henri found himself more than once dreaming strangely of a time long ago, when he rode behind his master, the Viscount of Beziers, to a tourney where the beautiful Lady Beatrice de Toulouse presided. But what likeness could he trace between the modest violet of the Valleys and the gay rose of the land of the Troubadours? He reproached himself for these wayward fancies, which indeed were only excusable because they floated unbidden across his mind, like the perfume of flowers in summer, or like strains of remembered music. As the best antidote to idle dreams, he employed himself in receiving and laying up in his memory the counsels which Arnaud's long experience suggested. In his case these were particularly required. It was the usual practice of the Vaudois to send forth their missionaries two and two, "one who was more familiar with the places, roads, persons, and affairs, and the other belonging to the newly chosen, in order that he might acquire practical knowledge." For obvious reasons this wise

custom could not be adhered to in Henri's case. He must go alone; and it will be readily believed that it was not without deep feeling and many sad forebodings that Arnaud saw this beloved son, (for as such in truth he held him,) depart on a mission so hazardous. He had much reason to fear that they should see his face no more.

"God be with thee, my son, and bring thee back to us," were the words that accompanied his parting embrace.

"If it be His will," Henri gently added.

"Amen!" returned the Barbe. "His holy will be done in thee and me."

Briefer even than this had been Henri's farewell to the little sister; the rough though kindly Margot talked more than all the rest together, and it was well, for it not sometimes a relief to have the tearful silence which reveals too much covered with a veil of commonplace speech which reveals nothing?

The Barbes had furnished Henri with a sufficient sum of money from the fund appropriated for such purposes out of the voluntary contributions of the Vaudois and their friends. The young merchant missionary's first journey, therefore, was to Marseilles, where he purchased such articles as he thought suitable: lace, kerchiefs, rings, and perfumes, which he well knew would not only please the refined ladies of his native province, but would not be considered beneath the notice of their luxurious and sometimes effeminate lords. The Vaudois of that day had confederates and secret disciples in nearly all the great cities of Southern Europe, and especially in the south of France; and Henri had been carefully directed to those in Marseilles who shared his sentiments, and would assist him in his work. In return for their good offices, he brought them welcome tidings from the Valleys, and strengthened their faith under the persecutions and difficulties to which they were exposed since the disastrous crusade. He found at Marseilles an aged Barbe from the Dauphinese Alps, named Victoire, who in other days had made more than one missionary journey with his adopted father. The old man listened with tears to Henri's account of his friend, which was given with all the warmth of enthusiastic affection. "Would," said he, "that I could see him once again before I die." And then came another longing, "Would that I could die amongst mine own people and there be buried."

"And why not, father?" suggested Henri.

"Why not?" echoed the old man, "limbs more infirm than these have made longer journeys."

"It were no loss to me," said Henri, "to retrace some part of my way; for I would gladly pass through Northern Dauphiny; and if my escort and my arm can aid thee, father, thou wouldst honour me by accepting them." So the matter was settled, and Henri's willing service to his aged companion did not cease until he left him within a short and easy journey of Abria, where he was sure of a welcome amongst brethren in the faith.

Henri had availed himself of such opportunities as circumstances of their journey afforded to speak a word in season to peasant fellow travellers, or servants of the humble inns where they rested, but it was not till he found himself alone that his wandering ministry could be properly said to have begun. Of such a ministry a precious relic remains to us, fossilized and embedded in the rocky soil of an Inquisitor's lucubrations. "The Vaudois missionaries," says Rainier, their enemy, "gain access to the higher classes by acting about as pedlars. They offer for sale to people of quality ornamental articles such as rings and veils. After a purchase has been made, if the pedlar is asked, 'Have you anything more to sell?' he answers, 'I have relics more precious than these; I would make you a present of them if you would promise not to betray me to the clergy.' Having been assured on this point, he then, 'I have a pearl so brilliant that a man by means of it may learn to know God; I have another, so splendid that it kindles the love of God in the heart of him who possesses it,' and so forth. He speaks of pearls metaphorically; then he repeats some portion of Scripture in which he is familiar,—such as that of St. Luke, 'The angel Gabriel was sent,' or the words of Jesus Christ in John xiii, 'Before the feast,' &c. When he succeeded in gaining the attention of his hearer, he went on to that passage in Matthew xxiii. and Mark x, 'Woe unto you that devour widows' houses,' &c. He asked to whom those denunciations are to be applied, and says, 'To the clergy and the religious orders.' Then the heretic compares the state of the Romish Church to his own. 'Your doctors,' he says, 'are ostentatious in their dress and manners; they love the highest seats at table, and to be called masters (rabbi), but we do not seek such masters! . . . And because we possess the true Christian faith, and all teach a pure doctrine, I recommend a holy life, the Scribes and Pharisees accuse us to death, even as they treated Christ himself! . . . After this, or some such address, the heretic says to his hearer, 'Examine and consider which is the most perfect religion and the purest faith, whether it be that of the Romish Church, and choose it, whichever it may be.'"

To this sketch, illustrative of Henri's proceedings as well as those of many of his brethren, it is necessary to add one qualifying remark. Henri knew that light alone can expel darkness; that the positive and not merely negative must be given to the soul to rest on, else were it to little purpose ruthlessly to sweep away its refuges of lies. Therefore the central point of his discourse was always the love of Christ, and not the sins of "the clergy and the religious orders." He did not shun to tell his hearers that fasting, mortifications, and priestly pardons could never sweep away guilt, but he told them first of Him whose blood availed to cleanse their consciences from dead works. He knew that weary hearts were to be found beneath the knight's steel corslet, the court lady's embroidered sacque, and the peasant's rough jerkin, and to

lead some of these to the great Burden-bearer was his highest and noblest ambition.

V.—THE CASTLE.

One sultry summer day Henri, burdened with his pack, made his way slowly, and with much fatigue, along a dusty road, the sky above him looking grey and misty with intense heat, and the parched and whitened olives, the only trees within sight, seeming as if the sun had dried up the very sources of their life. Having crossed the Rhone the day before, he had now actually entered Languedoc, his native province.

"My destination cannot be more than two leagues distant," said our young merchant as he toiled on with weary limbs, but a brave heart. "From the next turn I should almost see the castle of Montmartre,—I mind me the sight breaks upon the traveller at once and unexpectedly. Now God give me the opportunity to return tenfold into the bosom of the Seigneur the kindness he showed me when I came to his gate a poor weary sorrowful child nine years ago; and God open his heart, and that of others beneath his roof, to attend to His words spoken by my unworthy lips."

A few hours later he was knocking at the barred gate of the stately and strongly fortified castle of the Baron de Montmartre, where he had been so hospitably received on his journey to the Valleys. After some delay an uncouth and surly porter made his appearance, and met Henri's request for admittance with a rude denial.

"There be no fair ladies here," he said, "to care for thy gauds and baubles, and my lord loves not trampers."

Not greatly disconcerted by this repulse, he was beginning to try the effect of persuasion, when a horseman, richly dressed, and followed by a couple of hounds, rode up to the gate, which the porter, with a low obeisance, immediately threw open. Henri looked up, expecting to see the well-remembered countenance of the young lord who had shown him kindness. He was disappointed; a glance was sufficient to convince him that the horseman's light hair and beard, fair freckled face, and narrow forehead, belonged not to Gaspard de Montmartre.

Meanwhile the rider dismounted, threw his rein to the porter, and sounded a blast upon a silver bugle which hung by his side. As he did so his eye fell on Henri, whom he regarded with much haughtiness and some curiosity.

"Who is that varlet?" he asked.

Henri advanced, and bowing to the young knight, answered for himself.

"My lord, I am a merchant, and I have journeyed hither with my wares from the great city of Marseilles. An' it please you, I have many things which"—

"Hast thou hoods and jesses in thy pack fit for a jer-falcon?" interrupted the young gentleman.

Fortunately Henri had provided himself with these articles, and he said so.

"Then I will inspect them at leisure. Etienne!" he turned to a heavy-looking lad, who came in answer to his bugle.

"Lead that fellow to the lesser red chamber, and let him wait there till I come. Now, hark," he added, "none of thy blunders, or the steward shall settle accounts with thee, and thou knowest he is no jester."

The page turned from him in silence, and led the way through the long and gloomy passages of the castle.

As soon as he deemed himself safe beyond hearing, he muttered with a sullen air, "Scant obedience shouldst thou have from me were it not that I do not wish to feel the scourge on my shoulders."

"That young gentleman is not then the son of your lord the baron?" asked Henri.

"In good sooth, no. That is my lord's kinsman, Bertrand d'Aymonet."

"And his son?"

"Ah, sir, he is ill. A year ago, in the chase, he fractured his right arm; he hath never been the same since, and the leeches say he never will. The saints have pity on him! He was open in heart and hand, not like"—

Henry was far from anxious to receive dangerous confidences, so he interrupted him to inquire for the baron.

"He is not just what he used to be. He hath taken to religion of late, at least since the new father confessor hath come, and hard penances he gives us, for a black Cistercian that he is."

The boy's face, as he said this, assumed a half ludicrous expression of disgust and dislike.

"Here we are at last!" he exclaimed, as he ushered Henri into a large and handsomely furnished apartment, hung with tapestry, in which red was the prevailing colour.

"I dare not stay here, but I shall see thee again."

And his guide bounded down the narrow stairs to announce in the servants' hall the welcome news that a travelling merchant was in the castle, and that they might soon have an opportunity of satisfying their curiosity with his wares and his stories of foreign climes.

Henri, when left alone, unstrapped his pack from his shoulders, and threw himself upon a seat exhausted with fatigue. He usually received a much more hospitable welcome at the places where he stopped; for those who pursued the calling he had assumed were in those days gladly entertained in the halls of the noble, as well as at the firesides of the humbler classes. But he had learned to take all things as they came, and to keep the end he had in view so constantly before him, as to care but little comparatively for the comforts or discomforts of the ways that led to it. Might he but be the bearer of peace to one heart within those walls! It would seem from the page's words that peace was sorely needed. But his thoughts soon grew confused, and he fell asleep on the settle where he had thrown

himself, leaning against his pack, and not curtain which divided the apartment where another into which it opened.

How long he slept he knew not, but he was by loud voices in the adjoining room. He avoided hearing what was said, however, as he might be to act the part of eaves-dropper.

was demanding, rather than requesting, the sum of money, which was refused with an expression of scorn and loathing in words like "Had I the gold, I would pour it molten throat rather than lend it thee for thy pleasure."

The tones of the reply, while scarcely less were far more angry, and Henry thought he the voice of Bertrand d'Aymonet.

"I tell thee, Gaspard, I will have thy go with it the name and the honours thou hast."

"If my right arm is crippled," was the answer, "left is still strong enough to maintain the justice against such a coward as thou art."

"Justice!" growled Bertrand in fierce accents—for the lands of Montmartre to pass from and kin to"—

"To his son,—that son whose right to bear and wear his escutcheon hath been publicly by his noble suzerain and ally, the Count of

"Ay, truly," sneered D'Aymonet, "by count, whose domains the decree of holy Church so justly given to another; and that other de Montfort, has pledged his knightly word

Henri's start and groan when these words to his ear might almost have been audible in room. In his secluded home in the Vall never even heard that the ruin of the Count had followed that of his braver and more nephew. And his dominions also had been seized! To so little purpose had he been helpless and faithful vassals,—had he sacrificed conscience, mercy, and sold himself the slave. How bitter must it have been after all that "martyr by the pang without the palm,"—and ignoble fate! At that moment Henri thanked God for the bright brief career of young master, with its sad but stainless end. There are times when the best thing a man can do on earth, is to die; and in more senses than one words are true, that he who will save himself loses it.

His mind filled with these thoughts, he heard the angry discussion between the nobles. But some words at last arrested him by the tone of passionate earnestness in which they were uttered. The speaker was he whose face he had not yet seen. In answer to some taunt about the lands of Montmartre,—

"Broad though they be and rich," he cried, "are things better worth striving for. Were the quarrel between us, some weapon less

it be found to end it. But hear me, Bermonet, I will not have my father's confidence made to deny the principles of his life, his lands, his wealth employed to further his soul abhors,—the cause of the Langue d'oc,* of Anjou and his myrmidon the free lords of Provence, of priestcraft famous crusade against men who fight for us and their lives. In this quarrel I will venture, I will maintain, God helping me, with aid of a true knight against the right of a traitor."

But, if answer there were, was too low to his ear; but he heard the sound of retreating through the room and down the staircase. There was a long silence, only broken by a heavy sigh. At last some one appeared to cross the curtain slowly and rather unsteadily, in another room the curtain was withdrawn, and he did not see he stood in the presence of the heir of Montmartre instead of the handsome, light-hearted knight who had cheered him with words and deeds of valor. He saw before him a young knight, tall indeed, but wan and wasted as if from the effects of the wound, his arm bound with a scarf, and although rich, careless and disordered. Seeing Henri he started, and his pale cheek with surprise, perhaps also with vexation at what this stranger might have overheard. "Blunder art thou here?" he asked in a tone

"I do not wish to compromise the page, who, as I had led him to the larger instead of the chamber, so he only answered, "I was desirous of the leisure of a young gentleman whom I gate."

Now long, prithee, hast thou waited his lei-

sure, my lord, I know not. Being wearied with I fell asleep."

They should have brought thee first to the kitchen; a manchet of beef and a cup of red wine prepared thee for sweeter slumbers."

He replied, "If my lord will," he said, "I would have the opportunity of showing him my wares."

"Worth thy trouble, merchant; pity there is here to admire thy gauzes and kerchiefs."

He smiled, a smile that carried Henri back into the past and gave him that dim mysterious feeling with which we are all acquainted, of the same look seen or known before, we know not when or where.

With much earnestness,—"Nevertheless, I am persuaded I have somewhat of good stands in need."

Out of mere good-nature, Gaspard de Montmartre inquired if he had amongst his stock any of the

long and curiously braided silken cords which the cavaliers of that period frequently wore suspended from their helmets.

In this too Henri was fortunate, he produced the articles, and the young knight, having thrown himself on the settle from which the merchant had arisen on his entrance, turned them over with his thin wasted fingers. Henri regarded him as he did so with mournful interest. Did he then not know what others must have known too well, that in all human likelihood he would never wear helm or hauberk again? Montmartre in the meantime had satisfied his taste, and now offered the payment.

"I need not ask thy country," he said, as Henri gave back a silver coin in exchange for his gold one. "Thou hast the Langue d'oc as few save natives ever speak it. I could guess thee some troubadour or at the least a jongleur,* who, deprived by this unhappy crusade of patrons and of bread, deemed selling lace a more profitable employment than chanting sirventes; were it not indeed," he added with a laugh, "that no votary of the gay science would ever have produced so much as a nail out of his pouch."

"I am neither troubadour nor jongleur, my lord," replied Henri, "yet am I in truth a native of Languedoc, and I have lost in these wars far more, alas! than patrons or bread. But I have other wares than these to show my lord," he continued, for he had already decided on his plan of attack. It was a bold one, but he felt that to a certain degree he knew his ground.

"Nothing more than I need," returned the seigneur.

"I have, my lord," said Henri, fixing his eyes upon him with an earnest expression, "I bring that which of all things in the world thou dost need most."

Gaspard de Montmartre changed colour. Could this be some plot of D'Aymonet, or of his worthy confederate Vidal, the black Cistercian, the old baron's confessor and now almost his tyrant? Or could this merchant, —an able daring youth if his face belied him not,—having overheard his conversation with his enemy, design to offer him some underhand aid in carrying out a scheme of vengeance? Who could tell whether amongst those curious flasks of perfume there might not lurk some poison phial? No, thank heaven, he was not come to that, he meant only to use honourable weapons.

Henri spoke again, "I have potent medicines," he said.

"And so have I," Gaspard returned lightly, for he was determined not in any way to betray himself. "At least the leeches call them so."

"The medicines I possess," continued the merchant missionary, "heal not the perishing body, but the immortal soul. I have one, the entrance of which gives peace."

"And thou—thou art—" said Gaspard in broken words, but his agitation did not allow him to proceed.

* words, of the north against the south of France.

* An inferior sort of minstrel; the jongleurs recited the verses composed by the troubadours.

"I am nothing, save one commissioned to speak in the ears of all that will hear me the words of God."

"Thou art an Albigenian heretic."

Henri was a little surprised at this rapid conclusion. "Dost thou think then," he said, "that heretics alone possess the secret of peace?"

"No," returned the young man, recovering his composure, "for I have yet to learn the existence of such a thing as peace. I deem it merely a sound, a name, part of the 'Pax vobiscum' of a canting monk." He spoke in bitter jest, or perhaps in more bitter earnest. "However, I may have slandered thee by that word heretic." "At least," said Henri, "I am slandered in good company," and he repeated the opening lines of the "Noble Leyçon":—

"Si n'a aucun bon, que ame et tema Yeshu Xrist," &c.

"If there be any one who loves and fears Jesus Christ,
Who will not curse, nor swear, nor lie,
Nor take vengeance on his enemies."—

To his great surprise Gaspard de Montmartre supplied the conclusion,—

"They say that he is a Vandola, and worthy of punishment."

"Dost thou not fear, Vandois," he added, "to talk thy heresy to me? The Montmartres have ever been true to the Catholic faith. I have given thee no pledge, no promise of safety, and I have but to touch yonder bell to summon those to my side with whom thy life would not be worth an hour's purchase. There is in this castle a monk whom the pope has nominated inquisitor for heresy; he is cruel, pitiless, strong in deed and purpose. One word to him and thou art lost."

"But that word will never fall from the lips of the seigneur Gaspard de Montmartre."

"How knowest thou?"

"By thy face and thy heart, that heart whose true voice I hear through the light and scornful words thy lips endeavour to utter, and its voice is nought else than a moan of unsatisfied longing for something which neither the earth thou knowest, nor the heaven thy priests describe, can give thee. Hast thou ever heard the tale of God's love and mercy to sinful man?"

"I have heard that God loves the good."

"He loves *sinner*s, those that are wandering far from him, those that have despised and forsaken him. Behold a picture of his mind toward thee." And Henri began to repeat that most touching and beautiful of all the parables, the story of the prodigal son. Gaspard's dark eyes never wandered from his, nor lost their look of eager strained and almost painful attention, until he came to the words, "I will arise and go unto my Father," then he suddenly turned his face aside and concealed it with his hands. When Henri concluded there was silence, but Gaspard's whole frame trembled visibly, and at last a slight suppressed sound as of weeping met his ear.

Suddenly Montmartre uncovered his face, now nearly free from all traces of emotion.

"Hark!" he said in a hurried whisper, "I hear foot-

steps. We may not be discovered thus, but see thee: I must and will. I have perchance as much to tell to hear. It is the hour of the evening meal, go amongst the rest, eat, drink, be as gay and unclose as thou canst; and mark me, do not compromise self (for the monk Vidal is a very serpent), the schal will see thee well lodged, and in the morn *here*,—an hour after daybreak."

No more could be said, for at that moment a robed and sandalled monk entered the room; he appeared to be a sleek, jovial, good-humoured specimen of the class, and Henri marvelled if he indeed deserved character Gaspard de Montmartre had just given

VI.—THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS.

Whilst the inmates of the Castle of Mont enjoy their tranquil slumbers, with the exception of one whose eyes have been held waking by bodily and mental anguish and perplexity, a brief explanation may be given of the peculiar circumstances which it at this period the scene of a rancorous and feud. The baron was a man advanced in years, honest as far as the dictates of his dimly-lighted science led him, and occasionally exhibiting remnants of generous feeling. But at the same time was haughty, obstinate, and self-opinated to a extreme degree. Although superstitious and ignorant, he possessed a good deal of natural shrewdness, and frequently saw his way to very just conclusions. His intellectual vision was of that kind which more discerns distant objects than those immediately before the eye. On the politics of his day his views sounded more sounder than those of most of his contemporaries, but owing to the passion and prejudice which he to disregard in his conduct the dictates of common sense, his domestic life had been a series of misfortune. It was to the credit of his political sagacity that he looked upon the crusade against the Albigenians with unmitigated abhorrence. Not, however, that he had any sympathy with that persecuted people. He considered them a set of low fanatics, with whom rather disreputable to have anything to do; and he was very foolish to sacrifice their lives for speculative opinions, which he declared he could never even understand, the simple fact being that he had not in given them an hour's serious and connected thought. One thing he comprehended, that the sectaries were the enemies of the established order of things, principally of the Romish clergy. Now men of that stamp are nearly always conservative; and he could rail bitterly enough against the corrupt

* "The excessive corruption of the clergy had, as we have seen, furnished a subject for the satirical powers of the Troubadours. The cupidity, the dissimulation, and the baseness of that order rendered them odious both to the nobles and the people. The priests and monks incessantly employed themselves in the sick, the widowed, the fatherless, and indeed all the weaknesses, or misfortune placed within their grasp; and

of the religious classes when the red wine of Languedoc heated his veins, or when some flagrant instance of priestly avarice or immorality was brought before him, these gusts of passion did not drive his bark towards the port of any settled conclusion that might become a principle of action, and he was content to drift along, a tolerably consistent member of the Catholic Church, and "a good Christian," at least in the estimation of the kindly, easy-going, meek-tempered priest, who for many years filled the post of his father-confessor with satisfaction to both parties. In short, the baron was a worldly man; the concerns, the interests, the things which "are seen," were all in all to him, whilst of those upon which the evidence of the senses cannot be brought to bear his notions were vague and unreal. His hatred of the crusade, as far as it went, was however founded on reason; he saw that the result of that movement would be, what in time it actually was, the destruction not alone of the Albigenses but of the fair region in which they dwelt; that the prosperity, the independence, the nationality of the people who spoke the *Langue d'Oc* were at stake; and he already beheld in the distance the desolation of southern France, the fall, never to rise again, of the language and literature of the Troubadours, and the bloody usurpation of some northern potentate. One cause in particular there was which made him keen-sighted in this matter. His house had received in past years many signal benefits from the Counts of Toulouse, and these he repaid by a loyal adherence—something between alliance and vassalage—to the reigning count. The noble house of Toulouse was at this time the most powerful of southern France, and its counts were kings in all but name. But their greatness and sovereignty were placed by the war in the most imminent peril, and Montmartre knew that if they succumbed, the swarm of lesser potentates, viscounts, barons, or seigneurs, who in their own castles imitated royal state and exercised absolute jurisdiction, would fall easy victims to the invaders, and the whole order of things be changed, greatly for the worse, as far as he, Bertrand de Montmartre, was personally concerned. Therefore the badge of the white cross, and all who assumed it, were alike hateful in his eyes. His indignation may be imagined when the news reached him, that under the influence of religious fanaticism, his near kinsman, the Seigneur d'Aymonet, son of a deceased sister, was playing into the hands of the promoters of the crusade, and even showed himself willing, at the bidding of a crazy monk (as the baron in his anger dared to call the redoubtable St. Dominic), to undermine the best interests of his house, and those of his ancient friends and allies.

expended in debauchery and drunkenness the money which they inherited by the most shameful artifices. . . . The gentry had imbibed such a contempt for the corrupted clergy, that they were unwilling to educate their children to the priesthood; and they granted the monies in their gift to their servants and bailiffs. 'I had rather see been a priest than have done so disgraceful a thing,' became a proverbial expression."—*Simonds's Literature of Europe*.

Now it so happened that between this obnoxious Seigneur d'Aymonet and the heirship of the Baron de Montmartre there only stood the life of a deformed and sickly infant. Montmartre had married at a rather advanced age, and his wife died within a few years, leaving to his guardianship a babe who seemed very unlikely to survive long enough to inherit his lands and honours, or if he did so, to be able to retain them amidst the struggles of those rough times. The baron was therefore much relieved when a company of preaching monks, who in their wanderings through the country had been hospitably entertained at the castle, begged permission to take the child to their monastery, where, as they averred, many cures had already been wrought, through the intercession of their patron St. Nicholas the special protector of children, and the virtues of certain celebrated relics in their possession. The baron was superstitious enough to believe these stories; he allowed the child to accompany the monks, sending with him proper attendants, and also a liberal present, which he intimated was only an earnest of what he would gladly give if the cure were effected. Time passed on; the monks sent flattering accounts of the little Gaspard's improvement, but requested his longer stay in the pure air of the Dauphinese Alps, where their convent was situated, and amidst the spiritual advantages it was supposed to enjoy. The baron consented willingly enough, for what could he do with a sickly motherless child at his castle? He sent more gold to the monastery, and announced his intention of visiting his son, an intention the execution of which he was easily persuaded to defer. The monks did not at first contemplate a deliberate fraud, but they were led on step by step. It was a great temptation to send false accounts, to put better for worse and strong for feeble, when the little words written so easily on parchment were answered in weighty and substantial gold bezants. They knew that from the distance and the infrequency of communication they were likely to pass undiscovered, particularly since they had taken the precaution to remove the child's attendants, and to supply their places with creatures of their own; and they also contrived that the messengers who occasionally passed to and fro between the castle and the convent should be persons belonging to the latter. The baron's promised visit they held to be uncertain in the highest degree.

Occupied with other matters, and profoundly unsuspecting, the knight actually allowed so long a period as seven years to elapse before he demanded his son, in terms which would admit of no further prevarication or delay, and at the same time he announced his intention of coming in person to fetch him. This letter fell like a thunderbolt in the midst of the frightened monks. For a considerable period they had themselves really hoped that the child's constitution might be ultimately strengthened and his deformity at least partially outgrown. But the failure they lacked courage and

honesty to confess had been for some time apparent to themselves, and in spite of all their care, when the baron's messenger arrived Gaspard de Montmartre's little grave had already been dug in the convent burying place. They might now expect, instead of rich rewards, the fierce anger of the powerful noble. Just then chance, (is it chance that so often brings to the very hands of bad men the instruments of only half intended crimes ?) threw in their way a handsome healthy boy, with some resemblance in feature real or imagined to Gaspard, and of nearly the same age. If the baron's superstitions were duly worked upon, it would not surely be difficult to make him believe that the prayers of St. Nicholas had availed to produce a transformation in every way so agreeable, particularly as his child was only two years old when parted from him. The greatest difficulty encountered was that of bending their chosen instrument to their will; for the boy had been trained in a better moral school than that of the monks, and he well knew the difference between right and wrong. But lavish promises of all that childhood most desires at length overcame his scruples, and the matter was satisfactorily arranged. The child proved extremely intelligent, and seized the instructions given him with a quickness of apprehension which left them little doubt that he would act his part to perfection. When therefore the baron, attended by a numerous retinue, paid his promised visit to the monastery of St. Nicholas, they presented to the happy father a noble boy, stout and well grown for his years, fair in countenance and perfect in every limb. What heretic after this could refuse his faith in the potent intercessions and the wonder-working power of St. Nicholas ?

The baron's joy and gratitude knew no bounds, and were evinced in the way the monks best liked. Never was father more proud of a son; and especially as this was just the period of his quarrel with the Seigneur d'Aymonet on the subject of the Crusade. He thanked all the saints, there was little chance *now* of the recreant Crusader inheriting the broad lands of Montmartre, and wearing the "three martins sable" upon a field or on his escutcheon. He went at once with his recovered treasure to the court of his friend Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, where the boy was admired and caressed to his great satisfaction, and then brought him home to receive the congratulations of his own vassals. In a short time the false Gaspard won his way into the affections of all, from the father confessor to the lowest serf who tilled the soil. There was not much danger of his betraying himself, as he had nothing to remember and very little to forget, and in process of time the fact that he was acting a part almost dropped away from his own consciousness, and the good things by which he was surrounded seemed his rightful inheritance. He was a gallant high-spirited boy, delighting in daring feats and manly exercises, fond of fun and play, and possessing in a remarkable degree those qualities which combine to form the character we rather vaguely call "fascinating."

It is true that the confessor and others remarked an extreme laxity in matters of religion strange in one who had received his early education in a monastery, but the natural heedlessness of youth was accepted as an excuse for every short-coming, and the baron could never see the shadow of a fault in his son and heir.

Thus twelve or thirteen years passed happily and harmoniously away. Then changes came thick and fast; the old confessor died, and his place was supplied by the Cistercian monk Vidal, who worked himself assiduously and perseveringly into the baron's good graces. With much difficulty the wily churchman persuaded his patron that it was his duty to reconcile himself to his relatives "for his soul's health." Probably the baron would have resisted to the last, had not D'Aymonet about this time met his death in De Montfort's bloody and inglorious war. His son was not answerable for his errors, and moreover, at the time of his birth there had been peace between the kinsmen, and he was, naturally, named for the head of his house. Bertrand d'Aymonet was accordingly received into favour and invited to the castle. But the youth was ambitious, he aimed at much more; the Cistercian monk and he were secret confederates, and the grand design of both was to dispossess the hated Gaspard and to alter the succession. Bertrand had wealth and lands to win for himself, whilst Vidal sought to render subservient to the interests of his own order, and to those of the Papacy, the whole power of Montmartre. For some reason or other they suspected the fraud practised by the monks of St. Nicholas, and it is scarcely too much to say they would have bartered their souls for the means of proving it. Already they had ventured cautiously to hint their surmises to some of the retainers, and were induced to leave the cheated baron in his happy ignorance, only by a well-grounded apprehension that he would have the first man who dared to speak to him on the subject cut in pieces instantly before his eyes, or flung into the hideous oubliette in the castle yard. For he idolized Gaspard while he barely tolerated Bertrand. But he was old and infirm, and intellectually no match for the astute and scheming Vidal. A further advantage, and a great one, accrued to this side from Gaspard's serious accident. More than a year before Henri's visit to the castle, while engaged one day in hunting he was thrown from his horse and his right arm fractured. The science of leech-craft was then in its infancy, and it may be doubted whether the physicians whom the baron spared neither expense nor trouble in procuring, did not rather increase the evil they were expected to cure. However this may be, Gaspard, after a year of pain, was still quite unable to use the injured limb, and what was yet worse, his strength was undermined by constant attacks of a wasting fever. Bertrand, who, except in the baron's presence, made no secret of his enmity and his suspicions, tauntingly bade his rival go to St. Nicholas again for a cure, and Gaspard, suffering in body and mind, practically deprived, by means of the

ple and flatteries of Vidal, of much of the baron, and debarred from the use of arms, was or seemed unable to avenge these

position of affairs in the castle at the time of his arrival. Ignorant as he was of the drama that was being played out, his sympathies were excited for the young seigneur, and his prayers, ere he lay down to rest, and the evening of the day, that this weary heavy heart be led to seek and find the true rest. At his appointment, he was in the red chamber when he passed through its stained windows, painting the floor with gorgeous squares of blue, red, and white.

Towards the young heir of Montmartre made him look worn and fevered as one to whom sleep brought no sleep. Having replied to his friendly greeting, he passed through the curiously furnished apartment, the door of which he unlocked, and then returned and took up Henri to do the same. Both parties were less at ease had they known that Gaspar's words against listeners came too late. From the alcove behind the tapestry in the next room a figure crept noiselessly, and so close to the eaves-dropper take his stand that he almost move it. Well had Gaspar called Vidal a serpent. But he was playing his game, and he would gladly have done and done this for the chance of discovering a weakness in him as would have been the fabled one.

"My face, Vaudois," said Montmartre, "hast thou ever seen me before?"

"A good lord," replied Henri with simplicity, "I travelled this way some nine years ago, and in desolation of my own happy home in the baron your father received me graciously. He spoke kindly to me and gave me a

last night passed his hand across his brow, as if one who tried to remember. At last he said to me, 'Thou art of noble race, and thy name—Henri—'

"La Vaur was my name, but Henri simply now."

"And thou spent the intervening years?"

"I rethrew in the faith who received me for me and supplied all my wants."

"Thou fool's errand brings thee back again to the land which indeed is no land of promise? Dost thou recover thy lost patrimony?" he spoke sneeringly.

"I recover something of more value, seigneur Henri. 'I have come in search of lost things, and may through God's good help lead them back to him who bought them with his blood.'

"The doctrines of the sectaries are not new to me," said Montmartre evasively.

There was a pause and then he asked,—

"Of whom didst thou speak last night? Who didst thou say the father is that welcomes back the lost son?"

"Our Father who dwells in heaven," returned Henri reverently and earnestly. It was usually one of his first endeavours to combat the hard thoughts of God which the Romish system seldom fails to engender. He was about to add a remark upon this subject when Gaspar spoke again.

"I did not think," he said with an effort to resume his indifferent half-sneering manner, "I did not think, of course, that the tale was aught but an allegory. I suppose it is not thus that earthly fathers deal with their prodigal sons." Something in his tone made Henri look at him with very peculiar, almost with startled feeling; for beneath the sound of those careless words he seemed to hear the cry of a breaking heart.

"Methought, perchance," continued Gaspar, "it was our Saviour who was meant. Some say He is merciful." Never perhaps in all his life had such mournful indignation filled the soul of Henri as at that moment. *Some say he is merciful!* Had the cross itself taught those for whom it was endured no other lesson than this? Could that love, with its heights and depths of else unimaginable sublimity, be thus foully misinterpreted? No wonder human souls wandered up and down in the waste howling wilderness, when from the one heart that would have welcomed them home, the one Being who loved them, they were thus guided away! There swept in that moment before his imagination the whole train of popes and priests and monks, with their lying legends of virgin and saints blasphemously depicted as more compassionate than the King of saints, and erected into a screen wherewith to shut out His glory, and from the very depths of his heart he could have cried out, "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."

How could he better vindicate the honour of his Saviour's name than by recounting his Saviour's deeds? He began with that verse, precious, if we may dare to say it, almost above all others, that epitome of the whole gospel which so broadly proclaims the truth our nature most yearns to know, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Thou seest there," he said, "the heart of the Father and His mind toward thee and me and all the sinful men around us. Thou seest also the heart of the Son, who is the 'very image' of the Father. The Father gave—the Son was given for thy sins. Listen, and I will tell thee how." And so he preached unto him Jesus. He preached Him as the apostles so frequently did, less by arguments drawn from His life and death and resurrec-

tion, than by the recital of those facts themselves in all their simple grandeur. He dwelt most of all upon that death, before the pathos of which all other tales that ever stirred our hearts grow pale and faint, and to which we stand in such an awful and mysterious relation, as something done *for us* and as such to be accepted *by us*, or we perish. "Behold," he concluded, "this hath the loving Saviour endured for thee, to bring thee back, a returning prodigal, to the loving Father. Wilt thou come?"

His listener seemed as one who hears in a dream some voice that in his waking hours he knows too well is silenced for ever, and who fears by a movement or a word to break the charm. He said at last in a tone of deep emotion, "Thou wouldst not ask me—*me*—if thou knewest all."

"Yes," returned Henri. "I do ask thee. Whatever thy griefs, there is comfort; whatever thy sins, there is pardon with him."

"Vaudois, I am not what I seem, I am ——" he interrupted himself hastily, and murmured in a low hoarse whisper, "What was that?"

Henri saw nothing; Gaspard, his senses quickened by a long warfare with finesse and intrigue, saw or thought he saw a slight quiver of the curtain which divided the two rooms. He sprang up, pushed the drapery aside, and in a moment more stood face to face with Vidal. "Serpent!" There was a dagger in his belt, his left hand sought its hilt, but something, we may hope the story to which he had been listening, made him check the impulse. On all accounts it was well. The portly monk might have been more than a match for the crippled and invalid young knight.

Vidal recoiled a little, then advanced again with an air of polite assurance. "I ask pardon of the noble Gaspard de Montmartre," he said, "for the stratagem to which my zeal in the cause of holy church induced me to have recourse. Last night yonder merchant gave me reason to suspect that he was no other than one of those foul Vaudois sectaries, who go from place to place for the purpose of corrupting unwary and unstable minds with their specious conversation. In truth it seemed scarce likely that so bold an enterprise as that of shaking the faith of the most honourable and most Catholic heir of Montmartre would occur to any heretic." (These words were spoken with a slight, scarcely perceptible tone of irony). "Still it was possible, and as a good shepherd, I was bound to watch. The noble seigneur will himself rejoice, I have no doubt, in the discovery and exposure of a wolf in sheep's clothing, and will pardon me the liberty of arresting the heretic in his

presence." And putting a small silver horn he sounded a long low blast twice.

"Arrest him if you dare," shouted Gaspard flashing fire. "False monk, I am master here."

"Is it so, indeed, my good lord?" inquired with more meaning than met the ear. "Shall I refer the whole matter to your noble father?—yourself, sir knight," he added, "I am inquisitor in faith, and I am therefore empowered to deal with heretic, by an authority which even the pious de Montmartre may not set aside."

The attendants who answered Vidal's summons began to enter the room.

"Choose thy part," said the monk once half whisper to Gaspard.

"Let me have my will with this heretic, for an instant disclosure of all to the baron indeed will not save him,—thou knowest how to injure *thee*."

"Trouble not thyself for me, lord of Montmartre," said Henri advancing boldly, "I am ready to answer for my faith."

"I will save thee yet," cried Gaspard, irresolute, the rapid changes of his pale face showing the conflict within.

"Lodge that fellow in the keep," said Vidal to his attendants. They hesitated, and looked to the lord for orders, which he would not give. "Do ye not hear? I command as servant of the church by the authority I have received from our father, the Pope."

The introduction of this august name was very calmly, "There needs not violence. I will follow you quietly." As he did so, he cast on Gaspard one look of mournful inquiry, utter helpless misery depicted in the countenance of the young knight, at once subdued to pity every fibre of his soul.

And yet Vidal's triumph was but partial, been on the very eve of hearing that which he longed to know, but he had *not* heard it. At this decisive moment, when Gaspard seemed about to make the avowal that would have ended the struggle, his excitement had betrayed him into the involuntary movement which attracted the ever watchful attention; and the only clue remained to him, was to cover his treachery with zeal for holy church, and to arrest the heretic whom possibly some additional information might be extracted.



THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

I.

HE king was faint with battle; and
he stood
With weary face and garments rolled
in blood.

An exile from the city of his God.
The heat and burden of the day
were sore,

must see, with hope deferred once more,
sine fade from every hill and dale,
ght fold his land of Israel.
ins stood around him; but the king
e clangour and the glittering
and spear, and all the pomp of war,
the sunset stood the low, gray hill
hlehem afar.

vision of the old sweet days,
as the custom is in Israel,
er went along the shady ways
nlight to the well;
he desert hot and desolate
gain the touch of that sweet breeze,
the murmur of the olive-trees
ave beside the gate.

n this, for warrior of might
d weary from the headlong fight,
him fiery heavens, and beneath
: waters of the Sea of Death;
! that one would bring to me," he said,
r it be too late,
ter from the Well of Bethlehem,
is beside the gate!"

ghty men, full armed for the fight,
ough the foemen with resistless might,
ought unto the king
t time the night fell late,
water from the Well of Bethlehem,
h is beside the gate.

once more beside his captains stood,
e mighty men he bent his head:
riors do great things for me," he said;
cup I do hold for these men's blood—
t drink, I pour it out to God."

II.

The Earth was faint with battle, and she lay
With weary face and garments rolled in blood,
An exile from the presence of her God,
Through all the heat and burden of the day.

The noise confused of her great captains, shouting
Hoarsely against each other in the fight,
And the deep voice of all creation groaning,

Gave her no rest by either day or night;
And all her pleasant seas were turned now
To seas of death, and could not cool her brow.
And as she lay, and fevered with the pain
Of her long anguish, in a dream she turned again
To that sweet home which God had laid upon her
breast

In the far spring-time for her children's rest;
And His own presence in the garden, and His
Word,

Which, mingled with the breeze, her soft trees
stirred,

Had given her a fountain ever sweet,
And ever springing round His blessed feet,
Where Earth might drink, and smile, and praise
her Lord.

And in her dream she lifted up her voice,
And, "Oh! that one would bring to me," she
said,

"While I in anguish wait,
Of the water from the Well of Paradise,
Which is beside the gate!"

A mighty Man, full armed for the fight,
Burst through the foemen with resistless might—
Not heeding that the angel of the gate
Did pierce Him sorely with his sword of light—
And brought unto the Earth,

What time the night fell late,
Of the water from the Well of Paradise,
Which is beside the gate.

Meekly, with covered face and bended head,
"He hath done matchless things for me," she said;
"This water I do hold for this Man's blood,—
I take the cup, and drink, and live to God."

B. M.

The Fourfold Life and the Four Biographers.

BY REV. W. G. BLAIR, A.M.

No. 2.—MARK THE EVANGELIST.



THE name of "Mark" occurs nowhere in the body of the second Gospel, but from the earliest times its authorship has universally been ascribed to him. Some have questioned whether he be the same as the John Mark, sometimes called John, that we meet with in the Acts of the Apostles; but by far the greatest number of authorities hold that the writer of the Gospel and the companion of the apostles were one and the same. From the Acts we gather that the mother of our evangelist was called Mary—that she was a godly woman—and that it was in her house that the Christians were met for prayer on that night when Peter was miraculously rescued from prison. Mark is believed to have been converted to Christ through the instrumentality of Peter, who speaks of him in his First Epistle as "Marcus, my son." He was a nephew, or at least a near relation of Barnabas; but it does not seem that at first he reached the memorable attainments in grace of that noble-minded man.

Mark accompanied Paul and Barnabas during the first part of their first missionary tour, but in the middle of it, when they were about to strike into the perilous region of Pamphylia, he separated from them, possibly through a feeling of weariness or a feeling of fear, and returned to Jerusalem. Afterwards, when Paul and Barnabas were arranging a second missionary tour, Barnabas proposed that Mark should accompany them, but Paul, remembering how he had acted before, stoutly resisted the proposal; and it was on this occasion that the contention between them was so keen that they were obliged to separate, and go on different routes.

We find, however, from allusions in the Epistles, that Mark afterwards regained the confidence of St. Paul, and that he was one of his companions during part of his later years. But it is as the companion of St. Peter that he is universally spoken of by ancient writers in connection with his Gospel. He is said to have been the secretary or interpreter of Peter, and to have heard from him the story of Christ's life, recording selections from what he heard in the book that bears his name. The Gospel of Mark has always been looked on as bearing, so to speak, the stamp of St. Peter; and it has been remarked that, in accordance with that beautiful law of humility, which led the apostles not to shrink from proclaiming their own faults, or letting them be proclaimed, the errors of Peter are more fully set forth by

Mark, writing under Peter's inspection, than by the other writers of the Gospels.

But though Mark wrote under Peter's inspection, in its style and manner, bears the characteristic features of Mark. From the very few facts of Mark's history that have come down to us, it is clear that he was of a quick, impulsive, somewhat hasty temperament. He had not patience to complete a missionary tour of Paul and Barnabas; and his impulsiveness that made him leave them at Antioch led him to offer himself as their companion at Jerusalem. We shall by-and-by see that there is a remarkable rapidity in the style of his Gospel; marked by the patient diligence and laboriousness of Matthew; it is a series of rapid sketches rather than an elaborate picture; it is the work of a man who never lingers over any part of his subject, but rather in haste to bring before us some fresh and some new picture, some other wonderful word of his Master.

Every reader must be struck with the general resemblance, as regards their substance or contents, of the Gospel by Matthew and that by Mark. Notwithstanding this general resemblance, it is quite a mistake to speak of Mark as in any sense an abridgment or a copy of Matthew. The differences between them are very considerable. The Gospel of Matthew, as we have explained, was written for Jewish Christians, while that of Mark was written for Gentiles. Consequently while Matthew is full of quoting passages from the Old Testament, and their fulfilment in Jesus of Nazareth, Mark says nothing of the kind. In his first chapter, instead of the testimony of the Baptist very briefly given, he is eager to be in the midst of the public life of Christ, as formerly pointed out how characteristic are the words of Matthew's Gospel. The same is true. Matthew begins,—"*The book of the genealogy of Jesus Christ, the son of David.*" Mark opens with,—"*The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus the Son of God.*" Matthew's first object is to show Jesus Christ was the son of David, and by this intermediate step to prove that he was the Son of God. Mark shows him to be the Son of God in a more direct and summary process,—he simply shows him performing those mighty and glorious works in themselves testify his heavenly origin. He leans greatly on the *external* evidence, espe-

each of it which consists in the fulfilment of types and prophecies. Mark depends more on the self-lending power of the life of Christ, the glorious *internal* evidence which it supplies that he was indeed Son of God and the Saviour of the world. Matthew writes with conscientious care the leading discourses of Christ. Mark commonly passes the discourses with brief notices, and dwells chiefly upon his mighty works. In addition to these points of difference there are a few things recorded by Mark which Matthew has not noticed at all;* and besides, there are numberless graphic touches in the narrative of Mark which show its independent origin, and prove also that the information which it contains was derived from one that had heard Christ's sayings, and witnessed his mighty deeds.

We go on to dwell a little more fully on some of the characteristic features of St. Mark's Gospel.

1. First we notice as, perhaps, its most characteristic feature, that it consists mainly of a *succession of scenes*, presenting to us,—in what he did, rather than in what he said,—the life on earth of the Son of God. We have referred to its opening words. "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." This is precisely the text of the whole book. In this book we read Jesus Christ the Son of God coming into the world, bringing with him a glorious gospel, a glorious economy of healing and salvation, of light and life to men. The book spreads out to us the manner of his life. Here is what this Son of God did at Capernaum—here is what he did by the sea-side—here is the wonder he performed in the country of the Gadarenes—here is the miracle that astonished Tyre and Sidon. Wherever Jesus is going, a trail of light and glory follows him—in his marvellous works, the dazzle of a divine presence is left behind. Now he heals the sick, now he cleanses the leper, now he forgives the sinner, now he expels the demon, now he feeds the multitude, now he walks upon the sea, now he gives sight to the blind, now he raises the dead. At the touch of his footstep, the wilderness blossoms as the rose, the powers of darkness retreat, the lame man leaps as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb doth sing. This is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This is what he came from heaven to do. His enemies thwarted him, blasphemed him, condemned him, crucified him—but all in vain. He burst the bands of death, he flung its fetters from him, he came forth from the grave with a richer power to bless than ever, he was shown to be the Son of God with power by his resurrection from the dead.

When we view these mighty works of Christ in their *evangelical* character, we have another beautiful aspect of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. When

we turn our thoughts to the condition of men's souls, and regard what Christ did for their bodies as emblematic of his work for the soul,—the great business of his life and of his death spreads itself out beautifully and impressively before us. When he heals the sick and cleanses the leper, we see him giving health and purity to the sin-defiled spirit of man. When he drives out the demon, we see him dethroning the ruling passion, the tyrant lust that gave over the life (rotten and disgusting offering!) to the service of the devil. When he says, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," we remember the price by which he purchased the right to confer this glorious privilege,—*"my blood of the New Testament which is shed from many."* When he raises the dead, we see him calling forth the dull worldly heart to the life and radiance of a heavenly existence. When he feeds the multitude, he appears fulfilling that craving for true happiness to which all that is merely worldly is but husks and garbage. And when he rises from the dead, we see him showing the path of life and immortality to every child of Adam that will trust his guidance. Viewed in this light, as a series of brief, vivid pictures of the life and death of the Son of God, the Gospel of Mark is exceedingly precious and deeply interesting. Though it wants the longer discourses, though it never dwells long upon any event, though it almost hurries us from scene to scene, yet each of these scenes is bathed in heavenly glory; at every step of Christ's history, earth is seen radiant with celestial brightness; in the briefest compass we are presented with the wonderful life of the Son of God.

2. Another characteristic feature of Mark is, the prominence he gives to the *testimonies* that were borne to Christ during his public ministry, by persons alive, and on the spot. Matthew is fond of adducing the testimonies of the dead—but Mark the testimonies of the living. He was writing, as we have said, for Gentiles, who lived commonly at a great distance from the scene of Christ's earthly life. He is most anxious to impress these Gentiles with the marvellous effect which was produced by Christ's mighty works, wherever they were done. Testimonies were borne to him from heaven, and earth, and hell. At his baptism, God's voice proclaimed him his beloved Son. In the wilderness, angels came and ministered to him. In the synagogue, the devils proclaimed him the holy one of God. When he called the Apostles, they forsook all and followed him. When he healed Peter's wife's mother, she arose and ministered to him. When he cleansed the leper, though he charged him to be silent, he could not be silent, it was too wonderful a thing to be silent about, he could not but blaze abroad and publish everywhere the marvel that had occurred. All these instances occur in Mark's first chapter, and if we read the Gospel attentively, we shall find the same feature pervading the whole. No other evangelist tells us so much of the wonder that Jesus occasioned. No other evangelist so often records how the multitude were astonished, and amazed, and feared.

* Five narratives not in Matthew are found in Mark,—viz., 1. The cure of the possessed person in the synagogue at Capernaum (l. 23-26). 2. That of the deaf person in Decapolis (vii. 31-37). 3. That of the blind man at Bethsaida (viii. 22-26). 4. Casting out devils (ix. 38-41). 5. The widow's mite (xii. 41-44). One parable is given by Mark alone,—that of the mode in which the seed springeth up (iv. 26).

exceedingly, and said one to another, "What manner of man is this!" No other evangelist alludes so often (at least in proportion to the length of his narrative) to the efforts made by Jesus to check the tendency of the people to speak of him, but made to a large extent in vain. His works were far too wonderful to be kept quiet. The fame of him went before him and around him in every direction, and wherever he went, he became the centre of an eager and astonished crowd. It is easy to see what effect the evangelist designed all this to have upon his Gentile readers at a distance. It is well known that one of the most likely ways, under God's blessing, of impressing the mass of men with the importance of any matter is to narrate to them in an animated way, the impression it has produced upon others. In the late revival movement it was found that nothing under God stirred the people of a fresh district more than to hear of America, to hear of Ireland, to hear of any hamlet or village where the people had been powerfully moved by the Spirit of God. The evangelist sought to rouse the slumbering minds of the Gentile world, in reference to Christ, by publishing the thrilling effect which his words and works had had on all who heard the one and who saw the other.

We need not say that there was one memorable exception to the impression made by Christ. There was one influential source from which not only no testimony came in his favour, but opposition, contradiction, blasphemy, condemnation. As the narrative proceeds, this dark form of contradiction becomes more and more prominent, this shadow deepens and throws its gloom on all the scene. But it is explained. We are prepared for it by parables and remarks that show that "offences must come, but woe to the man through whom the offence cometh!" We soon discover the secret cause of the bitter opposition which was offered to Christ, because it came from men who had an interest in maintaining what he was bent on overturning, and who felt that every step of ground gained by him was ground taken from them. The bitterness of their opposition is awful, but hardly surprising. It is not felt to weaken in any measure that wonderful body of testimony in favour of Jesus which this Gospel throughout has been placing before us. Not a single reader thinks the less of his claims for the treatment he met with at the hands of his enemies. The very crucifixion itself infinitely deepens the regard and attachment of every candid reader, and gives ten-fold emphasis to the centurion's testimony—"Truly this was the Son of God!"

3. A third characteristic of St. Mark's Gospel is the *rapidity of tone or manner* that distinguishes it. We have casually adverted to this before. Careful readers will notice the perpetual recurrence of an expression in this Gospel that illustrates what we now say. The expression is the same, or all but the same, in the original (*εὐθὺς* or *εὐθέως*), but in our translation it is variously rendered—"immediately," "forthwith,"

"straightway," "anon." In all, this expression occurs about forty times. In the early part of the Gospel it is extremely frequent. In the first chapter it occurs ten times. It is quite in keeping with what we have said of the character of Mark. His temperament was rather hasty than patient. It led him, therefore, to view the events of Christ's public life as a rapid succession of striking views; and as they presented themselves to his mind, so he presented them to others. Evidently he was greatly struck himself with the quick and rapid way in which Christ's mighty works were done. There was such fulness of divine power about Jesus that he never needed to linger over anything—a touch, a word was enough, and all was over. The style of the Gospel of Mark has been thought by some to resemble that of Cæsar's commentaries. For our own part, we are often reminded when reading it of Cæsar's memorable despatch to the Senate, "I came, I saw, I conquered." In the Gospel of Mark there is a corresponding rapidity of conquest. In some chapters, each half dozen verses announce a fresh victory. Jesus goes forth, like the Apocalyptic horseman, conquering and to conquer. Nothing withstands the power of his rod. His arrows stick fast in the hearts of the king's enemies, whereby the people fall under him. We hear the echo of the grand proclamation—"Sit thou on my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool!"

4. The last characteristic of Mark we mention, is the *graphic manner* in which his narratives are always presented. Short though his narratives commonly are, and rapid though his style is, he is singularly graphic. There is hardly anything he narrates in common with Matthew or Luke, which he does not set forth with some graphic touch peculiar to himself. For example, in the account of the young man possessed with a devil brought to Jesus on his descent from the Mount of Transfiguration, Mark tells us how the foul spirit "tore" the possessed person, so that he foamed and gnashed with his teeth, and pined away; anon he beat him violently, so that he fell to the ground and was lowed foaming; and when the expulsion took place the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him.

These minute descriptions occur in a narrative which, contrary to Mark's usual custom, is longer than that of Matthew or of Luke. But commonly, Mark's graphic touches are thrown in without adding much to the length of the narrative. Thus, in the account of Christ's temptation in the wilderness, Mark tells that "he was with the wild beasts." When telling of the call of the apostles, he says, that they left their father in the ship "with the hired servants." When describing the active labours of the Lord and his apostles, he tells us "they had no leisure so much as to eat." When telling how our Lord came to the disciples walking on the sea, he describes his seeing them "toiling in rowing." When recording the question of the women going to the sepulchre, "Who shall roll us away the

ne!" he adds artlessly but graphically, "for it was great." Occasionally he makes our Lord's sayings so vivid, by the insertion of perhaps a single word—in the parable of the vineyard, where Mark's word is well-beloved" makes the statement so emphatic in telling: "Having yet therefore one son, *his well-loved*, he sent him also last unto them."

But we cannot multiply instances. One thing we must, however, particularly notice. We have spoken of the quickness and rapidity of the style of Mark. No one jumps to the conclusion that because it was quick and rapid, it was not accurate. The very opposite is true. It is singularly accurate. The writer had gently a wonderful power of seizing, at a glance, the living features of a transaction, and telling them in a terse and graphic words. The genius of an artist is seen in the singular accuracy of his most rapid sketches, more than in his elaborate pictures. Quick though Mark was, he was anything but careless. He seems to have had a profound sense of the solemn responsibility of his work, as commissioned to present to Gentile communities the life of the Son of God. Under that conviction, he has left us a biography on its very surface bears all the evidences of being so accurate, faithful, and true. Had it been otherwise, how could he have been employed by the Holy Spirit as one of the inspired writers of the life of the Lord?

These observations are suggestive of important practical

questions. We have seen that the Gospel by Mark is a brief but comprehensive and very graphic picture of the life on earth of the Son of God. It is the record of a heavenly life, the life of a Divine Being who came to earth to bless, to purify, to elevate, to save. Does the reader so regard it? What think ye of Christ, as you study the portrait painted on the canvas of St. Mark? Does it thrill your heart? does it overcome you with its heavenly glory? does it draw the exclamation, "Fairer than the sons of men?" Or is it, to speak candidly, a somewhat dull and prosy record? If so, what scales must be on the eyes! What blindness in the heart! What need is there for the cry of the blind men: "Son of David, have mercy on us." "Lord, that we may receive our sight!"


Again, this Gospel in the main is a record of triumphs. It shows us how the call of Jesus was obeyed, and the power of Jesus owned. It shows how the presence of Jesus, moving about in his career of mercy, broke up the dull listlessness of men, and drew crowds of wondering and trustful followers. Has a similar effect been produced on the reader? Have you answered the call of Christ, and joyfully placed yourself in his arms? And is it now the great cry of your heart that he would keep you from falling, and so watch over you and bless you that at last you may be presented to his Father, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but holy and without blemish, and radiant with his blessed image?

DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVILYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

PART V.

 HAVE had a great pleasure to-day. A letter from Cousin Evelyn, the first letter I ever received, except two from Mother in London; and the very first I ever received at home from any one. It has already, I believe, greatly increased my consequence in Betty's eyes. I was shell-peas in the kitchen window when a gentleman on a black rode up and asked Betty, who was scrubbing the window-sill, if Miss Trevilyan lived there. "What new-fangled title is that?" muttered Betty. Miss Trevilyan, indeed! if it is our Mrs. Kitty you mean, she is there, and you can speak to herself." (Betty's temper has not improved lately; and she has slipped into impenetrable silence about herself.) Taking off his hat with a bow, the horseman handed me, through the open window, the letter which Evelyn had addressed in the new style. It would have reached me before, he said, only it had not with many misadventures.

The king's mail had been robbed on Hounslow Heath; and although the "gentlemen of the road" had most politely restored the letters after rifling the bags of their pecuniary contents, the postman had been wounded in the fray, and this had caused a delay of some days. Then there had been a flood over some part of the road which had swept away the bridges; and finally, when the letter reached Falmouth, the farmer's lad to whose care it had been committed, after carrying it about some days in his pocket, forgot for whom it was meant, and not being able to read, judiciously carried it back to the post-office nearest him; and there it might have been lying for no one knows how much longer, had not the gentleman who gave it me politely volunteered to take it to its destination on his way to his home further west.

The unusual clatter of horse's hoofs had brought Father into the court, and nothing would satisfy him but that the stranger should have his horse put up and remain to dinner with us. And then he had much to

tell that interested Father and Jack. Thus it was two or three hours longer before I could open the precious packet.

Jack listened eagerly to all the stranger's news, and sighed for the commission which was to open the world to him.

Father heard his narrative with very mingled emotions. He was cheered to think that the Duke of Cumberland had put down "those canting Scotch;" but his satisfaction was diminished by the military successes of those "rascally French." "We taught them another lesson, sir," he said, "in Marlborough's days." He broke into many strong military expressions at the thought of the troops of "beggary Germans" who had come over in the train of the Hanoverian king.

He sympathized with the London mob who, when the Hanoverian court-lady deprecated their wrath by exclaiming in apologetic tones from her carriage-window, "My dear people, we come for all your goods," retorted, "Yes, confound you, and for our chattels too." He was disgusted with the Pretender parading as a hero at the Paris opera-house, on the strength of the brave deeds of the Highland chiefs who were being hanged for his sake at Tyburn. But he consoled himself by thinking it was just like those "confounded Papists," and drinking to the Protestant Succession. But, again, his loyalty was sorely tried by the tales of the quarrels between the King and the Prince of Wales, and other court scandals I do not care to write. "Terrible times, sir," he said; "the country in the hands of scoundrelly foreigners, and the county jails full of villainous poachers, who will poach again, sir, the instant their punishment is over. Sir, we are going to destruction as fast as Jacobites and Whigs can carry us." He was in some measure restored to hope by hearing of certain printers who had been compelled to apologize on their knees on the floor of the House of Lords for venturing to print reports of the debates in the Lords and Commons. "Low fellows like them," he said, "daring to report the words of gentlemen!"

But his spirits were again depressed by hearing of the Methodist lay preachers, who drew crowds around them in every county, from Northumberland to the Land's End. "Sir," he said, "in my time we should have made quick work with idle fellows who left the plough, or the mason's trowel, or the tailor's goose, to preach whatever canting trash they pleased. We should have dispersed the congregation, sir, at the point of the bayonet, and set the preacher in the stocks to meditate on his next sermon. Sir, the Papists manage to keep down such seditious fanatics; and shall we be outdone by the Papists?"

"No doubt, sir," replied the stranger; "but would you believe it, on my way here I met a fellow who is reported to be one of the worst among them, John Nelson, the Yorkshireman, who told me he had met Squire Trevelyman, and that he was a most hospitable gentleman; for he had given him the pasty he was carrying

for his own dinner, and had invited him to bread-and-cheese and beer at his house which came that way."

Father looked perplexed for a moment at the difference between his fierce denunciations against the mob in general, and his tolerance of the only Mob he had encountered in particular, but he soon recovered himself.

"Sir," he said, "that fellow is a true-born man, as true to the Church and King as you fellow, too, with such a chest and such muscle be worth the King a troop of those beggary you spoke of. And he had been knocked trampled on by a mob of cowardly ruffians, as I saw him. Sir, they knocked him down, and kicked him till the breath was well-nigh out and his head bleeding; and then they dragged the stones by the hair of his head, and we thrown him into a draw-well, but for a big woman who stood by the well and pushed the cowardly bullies down. I would take off that woman as soon as to the King. And then up and very soon mounted his horse again, forty miles that very day as if nothing had happened. Sir, it is not in any Englishman, least of all soldier of the Duke's, not to honour that br. Besides, he was hungry; and would you have gentleman turn a hungry traveller from his door if he were the Pope himself, or the Pretender my fault if he preaches what the parsons do the strength of my pasty? That fellow is crite, sir; I give my word of honour for it. With such a stout heart, and chest, and the lion! Besides," continued Father softly, in reserve, "I assure you what he said to me was excellent; none of your canting phrases sense about believing in our Saviour and duty. Upon my honour," continued Father increasing earnestness, "I felt the better for what he said very plain things to me, such as a man not often hear; things, sir, that we shall all remember one day; and I feel grateful to him for his honest, faithful words, and I trust I shall thank him. An old soldier has not a few things be glad to unlearn, and would like to be remembered against him."

The simple humility and earnestness of manner put a stop to all further jesting; and long the stranger, respectfully saluting him with Jack to saddle his horse, and I was in my chamber and open

COUSIN EVELYN'S LETTER.

"My Dearly-beloved Cousin Kitty,—I have no more idea how we missed your dear soft, quiet, quaint, wise, comfortable, little fire has how cold the room is when it goes out moaned for you more than she did for the pasty was drowned in the soup-tureen; she fancied

ornish moors honey-combed, as she under-
are, with fearful abysses, your life endan-
my miners, your complexion by the sea-air;
dared in the first place how you grew up at
the second, how you could possibly grow to
are amidst the perils of that vast howling
or, indeed, to be anything beyond the level
lian.

Anderson, whom I have seen twice, regrets
be again involved in the darkness of a
has heard to be little better than heathen;
that the sound teaching you received at
ay be of some use to her 'poor Sister
who has had so few privileges.'

wears if Mother will find him a girl like
I marry her to-morrow; but how much he
forward as a golden back-ground to throw
ing colours on which he paints the 'simper-
f gauze and brocade,' recommended to his
will not undertake to say.

ams about as unsettled as when anything
in London during the sporting season.
are a girl of the old style, such as he re-
men he was young; not too clever to make
an's home happy, 'although he may not be
like a Frenchman about the fashions, or
an adventurer about operas and pictures, or
p about religion.'

is again, Kitty, must not make you too
your excellencies serve to barb a dart at
ence to a neighbouring potentate, whose
ch with those of the Beauchamps, but whose
not 'march' with your correspondent's

ie silent homage rendered to your memory
s maid, and by Aunt Jeanie, the tongue of
herself can, however, detract nothing.
maid has recourse to genuine Devonshire,
ne pocket-handkerchief to prevent genuine
poiling the powder of mamma's hair as she
he praises of 'the nicest and most affable
she ever set eyes on.' And Aunt Jeanie
to Scotch and the Bible, as she tells how
a lassie, the tender lammie, came day after
n to an old wife like herself; and how you
el as if the air of the Highlands was breath-
her face once more, and the voices of old
n her ears.

ty darling, I would give all I have in the
ry with me the fresh air you bring every-
re is something about you, you little witch,
eter and more exhilarating than all the
tion, and cleverness of our London world,
ry air on a spring morning is sweeter than
mes of a London drawing-room. What is
cept that you are just your own sweet
! Yes, there is no perfume like freshness!
no moral or mental perfume like truth!

"And that is just the explanation of some of my
difficulties, Cousin Kitty; for I *have* my difficulties,
Kitty. Life—I mean the inner religious life—is not so
smooth to me as you may think, as I thought it must
be always henceforth when I heard that wonderful ser-
mon of Mr. Whitefield's. Or rather, it is not so plain.
For I did expect roughnesses, more perhaps than I have
met with; but I did not expect perplexities such as I
feel.

"My difficulties are not interesting, elevating diffi-
culties, Kitty, such as would draw forth sweet tears of
sympathy and smiles of tender encouragement at some
of the religious tea parties. No one has taken the trouble
to make me a martyr. I should rather have enjoyed a
little more of that, which is, perhaps, the reason I have
not had it. Mamma was a little uneasy at first; but
when she found I did not wish to dress like a Quaker
or to preach publicly from a tub, she was relieved, and
seems rather to think me improved. Harry says all
girls are sure to run into some folly or another, if they
don't marry, and probably even if they do; and some
new whim is sure soon to drive out this. Papa says
women must have their amusements; and if I like
going to see the old women at the manor, and taking
them broth and reading them the Bible, better than riding
a thousand miles for a wager, as a young lady did the
other day, he thinks it is the more sensible diversion of
the two. His mother gave the people broth and bit-
ters, and probably they like the Bible better than the
bitters. I am a good child on the whole, he says; and
if I ride to the meet with him in the country, and give
myself no sanctimonious airs, he cannot object to my
amusing myself as I like in town. Indeed, he said
one day he thought Lady Huntingdon's preachings
were far better things for a young woman to hear, than
the scandalous nonsense those Italian fellows squalled
at the opera. But, Kitty, although he talks so lightly,
do you know, the other evening, as he had taken his
candle and was kissing me good-night, he said—

"By the way, Eve, if you don't fancy going with
me all the way to-morrow, I'll drop you at the game-
keeper's lodge beyond the wood. His old woman is
very ill, and she says you told her something that
cheered her heart up; so you might as well go again.
She is an honest old soul, and she says you reminded
her of your aunt Maud who died, and she was a good
woman, if ever there was one.'

"So you see, Cousin Kitty, I have little chance of
martyrdom.

"My difficulties are from the religious people them-
selves. There seems to me so much fashion, so much
phraseology, so much cutting and shaping, as if the
fruits of the Spirit were to be artificial wax fruits,
instead of real, living, natural fruits.

"With you, Kitty, it is so different. You like what
you like, and love those you love, and not merely try to
like what you ought to like, and to work yourself up
to something like love for those you ought to love.

"I find it difficult to explain myself. What I feel is, that religious people, no doubt from really high motives, are apt to become unnatural—to lose spontaneity."

"I do not see this in Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon, or in Aunt Jeanie, nor, my sweet cousin, in you. Lady Huntingdon is a queen, no doubt; but we must have kings and queens. But it is the *followers* of Mr. Whitefield, the ladies who form Lady Huntingdon's court, that trouble me in this way."

"There is a cutting down, a rounding off, a clipping into shape, like the cypresses in the Dutch gardens, and a suspicious uneasiness about any self-willed shoot which asserts its right to sprout beyond the prescribed curves, which provokes me beyond measure."

"I feel sometimes in those circles as if I were being put in a mortar and pestled into a sweetmeat; as if all the natural colour in me were being insensibly toned down to the uniform gray; as if all the natural tones of my voice were being in spite of me pitched to a chant, like the intoning of the Roman Catholic priests. It is very strange this tendency all religious schools seem to have towards monotone and uniform, from the Papists to the Quakers. And in the Bible it seems to me, there is as little of it as in nature."

"I was becoming very rebellious when at Bath, before we escaped into the free, natural country life; and now that we are in London once more, it is coming over me again like a terrible spell. But I am determined I will not be pestled into a sweetmeat! The great fear is, that I shall ferment myself into an acid."

But if I could only keep close to God himself, to my glorious Saviour, to his free Spirit, there could be no danger of either. The following of Christ is freedom, expansion, and growth. The following of his followers is copying, imitation, contraction. And it is to the following of Christ, close, *always*, with nothing and no person between, that we are called, all of us, the youngest, the weakest, the meanest. You and I, Kitty! as well as Lady Huntingdon, and Mr. Whitefield, and Mr. Wesley, and St. Paul.

"And Christ our Lord, if we yield ourselves honestly, wholly to him, will develop our hearts and souls from within, outward and upward from the root, which is *growing*; instead of our having to trim and clip them from outside inward, which is *stunting*. He will give to each seed 'his own body.' Is it not true, Kitty? I want very much to have a talk with you, for I cannot find other people's thoughts and ways fit me, any more than their clothes; and I want to know how much of this is wrong, and how much is right."

"For instance, the other evening Lady Emily—

* * * * *

"I had written so far, when an opportunity occurred of going to hear Mr. John Wesley preach at the Foundry. The sermon seemed made for me. It was on evil-speaking; and very pungent and useful I found it, I assure you."

"Such an angelic face, Kitty!—the calm and lofty, the features so refined and delicate, just the face that makes mother was a beautiful woman (one of his painted by Sir Peter Lely as one of the best). Yet there is nothing feminine about as far as an angel's face may or must be. Eyes not appealing but commanding; mouth firm as a Roman general's; self-control of all other control, stamped on every line. If anything is wanting in the face and seemed to me just that nothing was wanted, where he would need to lean instead of port. He seemed to speak almost too heaven; not, indeed, as one that had not experiences of earth (there was the keenest and the deepest sympathy in his words), who had surmounted them all. The glow of tenance was the steady sunlight of benevolence than the tearful, trembling, intermittent affection, with its hopes and fears. The lines of his brow were the lines of effective thoughtful anxious solicitude. If I were on a sick-bed of an hospital, I should bask in the holy beam as in the smile of an angel; but I do not I would (perhaps could) be tenderer if I were home."

"I should like to hear Mr. Wesley preach day; he would send me home detected in infirmities, unmasked to myself, humble conviction of sin, and inspired with the victory."

"And yet if on Monday I came to ask a difficulty, I am not quite sure he would me. I am not sure that he would not con heart in the pulpit than in the house; it makes me feel singled out and found out, his only hearer in the crowd, if I were real him I should not feel that he regarded me unit in 'the great multitude no man can name as myself, and no one else.'"

"But I am running away from his sermon, winced from it, as I did."

"He began with the words—"

"'Speak evil of no man,' says the great command as 'Thou shalt do But who, even among Christians, regards this? Yea how few are there that so much as ask What is evil-speaking? It is not the same as slandering. All a man says may be as Bible, and yet the saying of it be evil-speaking is neither more nor less than the evil of an absent person; relating something was really done or said by one that is not present it is related. In our language this is a very proper name, termed 'back-biting' there any material difference between the

ly style "tale-bearing." If the tale be delivered in a soft and quiet manner (perhaps with some words of good-will to the person, and a hope that it will not be quite so bad), then we call it "whispering."

But in whatever manner it be done, the thing is wrong, if we relate to another the fault of a third person when he is not there to answer for himself.

How extremely common is this sin, among all degrees of men. How do high and low, poor, wise and foolish, learned and unlearned, do it continually! What conversation do you not find of considerable length whereof evil-speaking is an ingredient?

The very commonness of this sin makes it so hard to be avoided. If we are not deeply sensible of its wrongness, and continually guarding against it, we are sure to be carried away by the torrent. In this almost the whole of mankind are, as it were, under the power of it. Besides, it is recommended in as well as from without. There is scarcely a principle in the mind of man that may not occasionally be gratified by it—our pride, anger, resent-

ment, and evil-speaking is the more difficult to be avoided, as it frequently attacks us in disguise. We speak of a noble, generous (it is well if we do not say) nation, against those vile creatures. We condemn the mere hatred of sin! We serve the devil with a zeal for God!

Having laid bare the disease. Mr. Wesley's remedy.

"If thy brother sin against thee, go and tell him the fault between thee and him alone." This, requires the greatest gentleness, meekness,

If he opposes the truth, yet he cannot be without the knowledge of it but by gentleness. Speak in a spirit of tender love, which "many waters quench." If *love is not conquered, it conquers all things*. Who can tell the force of love?

Our Lord commands us to take *first*, and then we went on to say, "No alternative is allowed. Do not think to excuse yourself for taking an alternative step by saying, 'I did not speak to any one, I was so burdened I could not refrain.' And if you have you found to unburden yourself! God will not be a sin of omission, for not telling your brother's fault; and you comfort yourself by a sin of commission, by telling your brother's fault to another person. Ease bought by sin is a dear purchase!" Words he exhorted us to 'hear evil of no man. Evil is as bad as the thief. If there were no evil in the world there would be no speakers of evil.' The close of the sermon was something in these

words: "All of you who bear the reproach of Christ, in derision called Methodists, would set an example at least in this! If you must be distinguished, let the distinguishing mark of a Methodist—

"He censures no man behind his back: by this fruit you may know him." What a blessed effect of this self-denial we should quickly feel in our hearts! How would "our peace flow as a river," when we thus followed peace with all men! How would the love of God abound in our souls, while we thus confirmed our love to the brethren! And what an effect would it have on all that were united together in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ! How would brotherly love continually increase. If one member suffered, all would suffer with it; if one was honoured, all would rejoice with it. Nor is this all. What an effect this might have even on the wild, unthinking world. Once more, with Julian the Apostate, they would be constrained to cry, "See how these Christians love one another!" Our Lord's last solemn prayer would be fulfilled—his kingdom would come. The Lord hasten the time, and enable us to love one another, not only in word and tongue, but in deed and in truth!"

"There, sweet cousin, thus did I sit rebuked and instructed, and after that you will of course never expect to hear what Lady Emily said on other evening. But as to the duty of taking her apart and telling her, I am not clear. This kind of assault is not pleasant, especially to very pugnacious natures, so that this method of speaking evil to instead of, of people, has further the great advantage of making one try to find out apologies for the faults one would have to condemn in this straightforward manner. And very often, I do believe, we should find the apology truer than the accusation.

"These wonderful Wesleys, Kitty! I do think they are like the apostles more than any people that ever lived; at least on the side on which they were apostles. I cannot yet get over the feeling that St. Paul or St. John, and certainly St. Peter, would have been easier to ask advice from about little home-difficulties.

"I have been hearing about them from your friend, Mr. Hugh Spencer. Papa likes him, and he has been to see us several times, and when Papa goes out, we have had long conversations concerning the Methodists, and also concerning another subject (or object) in which we are both greatly interested.

"I should like to have spent a week at that Epworth parsonage where the Wesleys were cradled—that home which was free, and happy, and full of healthful play as any home in the holidays, and orderly, and full of healthful work as any school; where the 'odious noise' of the crying of children was not suffered, but there was no restraint in their gleeful laughter; to have listened to the singing with which the childish voices opened and closed their lessons; to have seen, at five o'clock, the oldest take apart the youngest that could speak, the second the next, and so on, and read together the Psalm for the day and a chapter from the New Testament; to have gone through the quiet bedrooms three hours afterwards, and seen the rosy, sleeping faces, even the baby of a year old lying quiet although

awake, or only venturing to 'cry softly;' or more than all to have watched invisibly the mother conversing alone, as she did, with one of her little ones every evening, listening to their childish confessions, and giving counsel in their childish perplexities.

"So deep was the hold that mother had on the hearts of her sons, that years afterwards, in his early manhood, she had tenderly to rebuke John for that 'fond wish' of his of dying before she died.

"There were nineteen children born in that home; thirteen of them were living at one time. The pressure of all the endless small cares of poverty was added to the labour of teaching and training those healthy, eager, clever children, all of them no doubt endued with a considerable portion of the will and character of their parents. And their circumstances were not improved by the father's uncompromising politics; many of the parishioners paid the tithes in the most inconvenient way they could, and the authorities, on the plea of a small debt, once threw Mr. Wesley into prison. Whilst there, his noble wife sold her rings to support him; other female superfluities no doubt had disappeared before, and his books were his superfluities in his eyes or hers; and in prison he read the *Prisoners' Friend*, and preached to the wretched inmates, and found the *Journal* (as he wrote to the Archbishop of York) a larger and more important parish than his own.

"Yet burdened as she was, no one can picture Mrs. Wesley as, creeping with stooping shoulders through life, a weary, heavy-laden woman. All her work was done with a hearty cheerfulness. At fifty, she said, in a letter to the Archbishop of York (tried as she had been with poverty) that she believed it was easier to be content without riches than with them.

"There was a secret spring which fed her inmost heart. Every morning and every evening she spent an hour alone with God. That morning hour of prayer (your friend Hugh Spencer said), made the day's yoke easy and its burdens light; that evening hour kept her heart and conscience at rest.

"And so fresh did those week-day sabbath-hours keep her strength, that on Sundays, during her husband's absence, she found it no toil to gather his poor parishioners in her kitchen and read a sermon, pray, and converse in a simple solemn way with them. Two hundred were sometimes assembled in this way. An unfavourable report of this 'conventicle' was sent to her husband, and on his remonstrating she wrote that she was preparing hearers for his church-services. But if he continued to object, she simply requested, 'Do not advise, but command me to desist.' His command was God's authority for her, and she would submit unhesitatingly. His advice was man's advice, and she could not alter her convictions at his will or her own.

"The old home at Epworth Rectory is in other hands now; the last time Mr. John Wesley went there, being refused his father's pulpit, he preached to the people from his father's grave-stone.

"Both father and mother are gone now. The family have the recollection of two saintly death-beds to crown the memory of those two noble lives. When dying, old Mr. Wesley laid his hand on the head of his son Charles, and said, 'Be steady; the Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you will see it, though I shall not.'

"'The inward witness!' he said, at another time, 'the inward witness! that is the proof, the strongest proof of Christianity.'

"His last words were, 'God chastens me with strong pain, but I praise Him for it, I thank Him for it, I love Him for it.' His last act was receiving the Holy Communion with his family.

"The mother died only a few years since in her seventy-third year; calm, serene, painless, looking up to heaven, she passed away (as she had wished) while her children were singing around her bed a 'Psalm of praise to God.' As the praises of earth fell dim and distant on the ear of the dying, other songs of ever lasting joy were beginning to burst upon her.

"I hear Mr. John Wesley preach, and read those deep heart-stirring hymns of his brother Charles with far greater interest now that I know what their father's house was like; what a pure sweet stream of holy memories flows round their lofty devotion to God. And this devotion seems quite unreserved. When Mr. John Wesley's income was thirty pounds a year, he spent twenty-eight and gave away two. Now that it is one hundred and twenty, he still spends twenty-eight, and gives away ninety-two. The return he made of his plate lately to the tax collectors was, 'Two silver spoons, one in London and one at Bristol.'

"What wonders one man may do, without vanity and covetousness; and with a sufficient motive! Yet his dress is at any time, they say, neat enough for any society, except when some of the mobs, who have frequently attacked him, but never injured him, may have considerably ruffled his attire. His temper they could never ruffle; and in the end, his unaffected benevolence his Christian serenity and gentlemanly composure are sure to overcome. The ringleaders more than once have turned round on their followers and dared them to touch the parson. His calm, commanding voice has been heard. Silence has succeeded to hootings and sobs to silence, and Hugh Spencer says, there is scarcely a place where the Methodists have been assailed by mobs where, from the very dregs of these very mobs men and women have not been rescued, and found, not long after, 'sitting clothed and in their right mind,' at the feet of the Saviour.

"Mr. Whitefield is very different. Any one can understand why the Wesleys should do great things; especially Mr. John. He is a man of such will and power, such strong practical sense and determination so nobly trained in such a home. But Mr. Whitefield's strength seems to be obviously not in him but in the truth he speaks. His early home an inn at Bristol

his early life spent in low occupations among low companions, his one great gift, suited one would have thought more to a theatre than a pulpit. But his whole heart is on fire with the love of Christ and the love of perishing immortal men and women. And he has the great gift of making people listen to the message of God's infinite grace. The message does the rest. And *what* it does, Kitty, I can hardly write of without tears.

"He tells people all over the world—morning, noon, and night, every day of his life—duchesses, wise men, colliers, and outcasts (as he told me), that we have a great burden on our hearts; and we know it. He tells us that burden is *sin*; and whether we knew it or not before, we know, when he says so, it is true. He weeps and tells us that unless that great burden is lifted off *now*, it will never be lifted off, but will crush us down and down for ever; and half his audience weep with him. He tells us it *can* be lifted off *now*, *here*, *this instant*; we may go away from that spot, unburdened, forgiven, rejoicing, reconciled to God, without a thing in time or eternity to dread any more; the burden of terror exchanged for an infinite wealth of joy, the debt of guilt into a debt of everlasting gratitude. And then, just as the poor stricken hearts before him, each hanging on his eloquent words as if he were pleading with each alone, begin to thrill with a new hope; he shows us *how* all this can be. He shows us (or God reveals to us), Christ, the Lamb of God, the Son of God fainting under the burden of our sin, yet bearing it all away. And we forget Mr. Whitefield, the congregation, time, earth, ourselves, everything but the Cross to which he has led us, but that suffering, smitten, dying Saviour at whose feet we stand. And from that moment we seem no longer to be listening, but only looking. We are looking on God. And that look is not death but life, life everlasting, for God is in Christ reconciling us to Himself. We are looking on God and loving Him; God is looking on us and loving us. And then, as we gaze, slowly the truth dawns on us; that God is not *now beginning* to look on us with that look of infinite compassion and tenderness, He has been caring for us all our lives; He has loved us with an everlasting love. He has been drawing us, blind, wilful, unwilling, to Himself. It is *our first look*, but oh, it is not *His*! Then the barriers of time and death seem gone, for sin was their substance, and that is taken away; and we are *in eternity*; eternal life has begun, for Christ is our life, and we are for ever with Him.

"Kitty, I believe Mr. Whitefield has brought this unutterable joy to thousands and thousands, and that he lives for nothing else but to bring it to thousands more. And this whole generation must pass away before his sermons can be coolly criticized, or his name uttered in any large assembly of Christian people without bringing tears to many eyes.

"Dear Kitty, I have heard Mr. Wesley again, and

his sermon was on our being stewards of God. I cannot tell you what that sermon did for me. That first sermon of Mr. Whitefield's seemed to lay me prostrate, beggared, utterly destitute, at the feet of my Saviour, thenceforth to be nothing and have nothing in myself, yet to possess all things in Him.

"Mr. Wesley's noble words, on the other hand, seemed to be like God's gracious hands once more investing me with all my forfeited possessions, no more as earthly dross, but as priceless, heavenly treasures. Anything God has given me—health, youth, any power of pleasing or influencing others, every faculty of the body, 'that exquisitely wrought machine,' as he termed it; every power of the mind; our money, which he calls our poorest and meanest possession; every relationship of life, every moment of time, seem given back to me, new coined, stamped with the seal of God, and made current through eternity. If before, in the first glimpse of eternity, all the things I had most prized seemed dust and dross, now, themselves linked to eternity, they seem to me sacred and priceless. 'How precious, above all utterance, above all conception,' as he said, 'is every portion of our life. Not, indeed, that there are any works of supererogation; that we can ever do more than our duty, seeing *all* we have is not our own but God's; all we can do is due to Him. We have not received this or that thing, but everything from Him; therefore everything is His due.'

"After that sermon I went back to the good people who gather around Lady Huntingdon, of whom I wrote to you in the beginning of this letter, or rather this book of chronicles; and in the light of that truth all seemed to me transformed. We are fellow-servants—fellow-workers; and I came to them humbly to ask them to put me in the way of doing some humble work, such as a beginner might attempt. Then, Kitty, I found that many of these good women, whose manners I had been criticizing at my leisure, had meantime been engaged in countless labours of love; and as I went with them to the schools, the hospitals, and the dwellings of the poor, the voices which brought gladness among little destitute children, and a rare sunshine into the dwellings of the London poor,—which were longed for on lonely sick-beds, and welcomed with grateful smiles by wan faces drawn with pain,—have passed for me into a region far beyond the icy touch of criticism; they are dear to me, Kitty. We are bound together as fellow-servants as well as brethren. It seems to me nothing unites us like a common object to work for; partly, I suppose, because working shows us our own deficiencies, and humility and forbearance spring up from one root. I think it would be a good rule if every critic were compelled by law to write a book himself. He would see then what the difficulties of those he criticizes are; and the world would see what his powers are, which, in many cases, would, I have no doubt, tend to produce in the critic a wholesome humility.

"I have come to the conclusion, Kitty, that we obtain

a grander and truer view of lofty things from below than from above; looking up to them from our own level instead of looking down on them, fore-shortened by their own elevation, from the height to which but for them we never could have climbed.

"And now, Cousin Kitty, I must seal up my budget, and send it this very day, or it will grow so long, you will forget the beginning before you reach the end. I had thought of sending it by the hand of your friend Mr. Hugh Spencer, when he passes through London from the University, but it is of no use to wait for him; and as there is nothing Jacobite or fanatically Whig in my lucubrations, I must trust them to the ordinary chances of the mail, and not wait till next week, when we leave London again, and they would have to be committed to the extraordinary perils of the cross posts from Beauchamp Manor. I suppose the mails, like Miss Pawsey's fashions, do reach you at least 'once in every two or three years.'

"Before finishing, however, I must tell you of a conversation which took place to-day.

"This morning two gentlemen who were calling on papa were lamenting the degeneracy of the times.

"One was an old general, and he said—

"We have no heroes now—not a great soldier left. Since Marlborough died not an Englishman has appeared who is fit to be more than a general of division. There is neither the brain to conceive great plans, nor the will to execute them, nor the dash which so often changes reverses into victories.'

"My great-uncle, a Fellow of Brazennose, took up the wail. 'No, indeed,' he said; 'the ages of gold and iron and brass are over; the golden days of Elizabeth and Shakspeare, and the scattered Armada, the iron of the Revolution (for rough as they were, these men were iron); the brass of the Restoration; and now we have nothing to do but to beat out the dust and shavings into tinsel and wire.'

"We have plenty of wood at least for gallows,' interposed my brother Harry. 'Cart-loads of men are taken every week to Tyburn. I saw one myself yesterday.'

"For what crimes?' asked the general.

"One for stealing a few yards of ribbon; another for forging a draught for £50,' said Harry.

"Ah,' sighed the general, 'we have not even energy left to commit great crimes!'

"Then,' resumed my great-uncle, 'what authors or artists have we worth the name? Pope, Swift, and Addison, Wren and Kneller,—all are gone. We have not amongst us a man who can make an epic march, or a satire bite, or a cathedral stand, or a picture or a statue live. Imitators of imitations, we live at the fag-end of time, without great thinkers, or great thoughts, or great deeds to inspire either.'

"There is a little bookseller called Richardson, who, the ladies say, writes like an angel,' observed my brother Harry; 'and Fielding at all events is a gentleman, and knows something of men and manners.'

"And pretty men and manners they are, from what I hear,' was my great-uncle's dolorous response. 'But what are these at best? Not worth the name of literature; frippery for a lady's drawing-room,—no more to be called literature than these mandarins or monstrosities are to be called sculpture.'

"Mr. Handel's music has some life in it,' replied Harry, roused to opposition (although Harry does not know 'God save the Queen' from 'Rule Britannia!').

"Yes, that is all we are fit for,' was the cynical reply,—'to put the great songs of our fathers to jingling tunes. We sit stitching tinsel fringes for the grand draperies of the past, and do not see that all the time we are no better than tailors working at our own palms.'

"Besides,' resumed the old general, 'Handel is no Englishman. The old British stock is dying out, sir. We have not even wit to put our forefathers' songs to music, nor sense to sing them when that is done. We have nothing left but money to pay Germans to fight for us, and Italians to scream for us.'

"And that is going as fast as it can,' interposed papa. 'What public man have we, Whig or Tory, who would not sell his country for a pension, or his soul for a place?'

"Soul, nephew!' said my great-uncle. 'You are using words grown quite obsolete. Who believes in such a thing as the salvation or perdition of the soul in these enlightened times?'

"The Methodists do, at any rate, sir,' replied Harry, maliciously; 'and Lady Huntingdon, and my sister Evelyn, and my cousin Kitty.'

"Harry had drawn all the forces of the enemy on him at once by this assault.

"Sir,' said papa, 'I beg henceforth you never couple your sister's or your cousin's name with those low fanatics. If Evelyn occasionally likes longer sermons than I can stand, she is a dutiful child, and costs me not a moment's anxiety, which is more than can be said for every one; and if she visits the old women at the Manor, so did her grandmother, who lived before a Methodist had been heard of.'

"Methodists!" exclaimed the general, indignantly; 'it was only the other day I was told of one of them, John Nelson, who was enlisted by force, and who would have made as fine a soldier as the king has but for his confounded Methodism. They actually had to let him off, lest he should bite the other fellows, and make them all as mad as himself. Why, sir, he actually reproved the officers for swearing, and in such a respectful way, the cunning fellow, they could do nothing to him; and when an ensign had him put in prison, and threatened to have him whipped, he seemed as happy there as St. Paul himself. The people came to him night and day, to hear him speak and preach. The infection of his fanatical religion spread in every town through which they took him. They could find nothing by which they might keep hold of him; for he was no dissenter: he professed to delight to go to church more than anything,

to receive the sacrament. And the end of it was, major had to set him free; and actually was foolish enough to say, if he preached again without making a hit, if he was able he would go and hear him himself; he wished all the men were like him. A most generous rascal,—a fellow with the strength of a lion, the courage of a veteran; and yet he would rather shun than fight. I would make short work with such ones, if I had Tyburn for a few days in my own hands, and a troop of Marlborough's old soldiers.'

'It would be of no use, sir,' replied Harry; 'they would beat you even at Tyburn. I saw a man hung yesterday as peacefully as if he had been ascending the block for his country or his king. He said Mr. Wesley had visited him in the prison, and taught him how to repent of his sins and seek his God, and let him content to die. The people were quite moved,

'No doubt! the people are always ready enough to be moved,' said the general, 'especially by any rogue who is on the point of being hanged. These things should be met silently, sharply, decisively.'

'The Pope has tried that before now, sir,' I ventured to suggest, 'and not found it altogether answer, at least not in England.'

'True, Evelyn,' said my great-uncle, meditatively. 'These outbursts of fanaticism are like epidemics; they have their time, and then die out. In the Middle Ages, whole troops of men and women used to march through the country, wailing and scourging themselves, in the wildest state of excitement; but it was let alone, and it passed off; and so it will be with Methodism, no doubt.'

'But, uncle,' I said, 'those Methodists do not urge themselves, nor any one else. They only preach to the people about sin, and the judgment-day, and our sin.'

'And the people sob, and scream, and faint, and fall into convulsions,' said Harry, turning on me.

'Of course,' said my great-uncle, 'we are not idiots. Fanaticism will take another form in Protestant countries; and as to ignorant men preaching about the judgment-day, what have they to do with it?'

I preached them a sermon on that subject myself last Lent, in St. Mary's, and no one sobbed, or fainted, or was at all excited.'

'But, uncle,' I said, 'the people who are to be taught at Tyburn, and the Yorkshire colliers, cannot come to hear you at St. Mary's.'

'However little it might excite them!' interposed my.

'Is it not a good thing, uncle,' I continued, 'that at least one, however imperfectly, should preach to the people who can't come to hear you at St. Mary's, or who don't?'

'Preach in the fields to those who won't come to church to be taught!' said my great-uncle; 'the next day will be to take food to the people at home who

won't come to the fields to work, and beg them to be so kind as to eat it!'

'But, dear uncle,' I said, 'the worst of it is, the people who are dying for want of this kind of food don't know it is hunger they are fainting from. You must take them the food before they know it is that they want.'

'Nonsense, Evelyn,' he said; 'if they don't know, they ought. I have no notion of pampering and coaxing criminals and beggars in that way. Everything in its place. The pulpit for sermons, and Tyburn for those who won't listen. But how should young women understand these things? There is poor John Wesley, as orderly and practical a man as ever was seen before he was seized with this insanity or imbecility. The times are very evil; the world is turned upside down; and this fanatical outburst of Methodism is one of the worst symptoms of the times. It is the growth on the stagnant pond,—the deadly growth of corrupt and decaying age.'

'But, oh! Cousin Kitty, when the world was turned upside down seventeen hundred years ago, in that corrupt and decaying age of ancient times, people found at last it was only as a plough turns up the ground for a new harvest.'

'And sometimes when I hear what Mr. Hugh Spencer tells me of the multitudes thronging to listen to Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesley, and the other preachers in America and Wales, and among the Cornish miners, and the colliers of the north, and the slaves in the West Indies, and of hearts being awakened to repentance and faith and joy even in condemned cells it seems to me as if instead of death a new tide of life was rising and rising through the world everywhere, bursting out at every cranny and crevice; as in spring the power of the green earth bursts up even through the crevices of the London paving-stones, through the black branches of the trees in deserted old squares, through the flower in the broken pot in the sick child's window, making every wretched corner of the city glad with some poor tree or blossom, or plot of grass of its own. But the dead tree, alas! crackles in the wind,—the life-bringing spring wind,—and wonders what all this stir and twittering is about, and moans drily that it is the longest winter the world ever saw, and that it will never be spring again.'

As I did once, and for so long!—

'But we have come, have we not, to the Fountain of Life, and this tide of life is not around us only, it is within us, and sometimes the joy is so great it seems quite too great to bear alone!'

'And then especially I long for you, Kitty, and my thoughts buzz about you like bees around flowers in the sunshine. If you feel a pleasant little stir about your heart at any time, that is what it is!'

'And where will you read this? In your sunny chamber alone, with the rooks cawing in your old elms, and the light flickering through their branches

on your floor? Or in Aunt Trevelyman's closet, sitting at her feet, while "Bishop Taylor" lies open on the little table beside her? Or by the hall fire, while Uncle Trevelyman is reading for the hundredth time that book on fortifications, soothed to occasional dozes by the drone of your mother's spinning-wheel, and Jack is mending his fishing-tackle, and Trusty now and then heaves a long sigh in his sleep, and stretches himself into a posture of more absolute repose?

"I should like to see it all one day, Kitty, and I must, if only to tell Aunt Trevelyman all you have been to your loving cousin
EVELYN BEAUCHAMP.

"*P.S.*—Mamma and I are so much together now, Kitty. I read to her hours together, sometimes French romances and sometimes the 'Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.' They are a little dull, but they have one great merit, they imprison my thoughts as little as embroidery. But every morning, before she gets up, I read the Bible to her; and the other day, when I was a little later than usual, she pointed to her watch, and said in a disappointed tone,—

"'You are late, Evelyn, we shall scarcely have any time;' and this very morning she said,—

"'I shall be glad when Lent comes. I am tired of seeing so many people, and you and I, child, shall have more time for each other then.'

"And then she looked just as she did on that night in the old nursery at Beauchamp Manor, when she was watching by Harry's sick-bed and mine.

"*Second P.S.*—Cousin Tom is as savage as he can be to me. But he always contrives to ask for you, although he snatches at any news of you like a chained bear at a biscuit, and then shuffles off growling."

Cousin Evelyn and Hugh Spencer seem to be very intimate. That is quite natural. They must like each other. They are so suited. Nothing petty about either of them. Evelyn is just the kind of woman I used to think would understand him, so frank, and fearless, and truthful, and generous, and full of thoughts of her own; so self-possessed and ready-witted; so different from me. And she is sure to like Hugh. Every one must who knows him. And she said the first time she saw him, she felt he was just a man she could trust.

But they do seem to have become such great friends very quickly!

Already they appear to have secrets she does not tell me.

I wonder what the "subject" (or "object") was which she does not mention, in which they are both so equally interested.

When I read Evelyn's letter to mother, she said,—

"She seems much delighted with the Methodists,

Kitty. It seems to me a little dangerous for so young a woman to have such strong opinions. And I do not quite like her comparing her great-uncle to a dead tree in a London square. It does not seem respectful or kind. I am afraid she has learned that from the Methodists. I do not like young people to judge their elders in that way. But, poor child, she seems to have had her own way too much, and she is affectionate, and so fond of you, Kitty. I am glad you love each other. Kitty, I am afraid you must have tried her patience surely with your long stories of your home. She seems to know all about us. But I am very much afraid of them Methodists. I cannot think what we want of a new religion. St. Paul says, though an angel from heaven were to preach another gospel to us, we must not listen to him. What has Mr. Wesley to say that the Bible and the Prayer Book do not say,—and Thomas à Kempis and Bishop Taylor? Betty went to hear the Methodists, and since then, for the first time in her life, she has twice spoilt the Sunday's dinner in cooking it. Evelyn perhaps has learned some good things from these people, but my Kitty will not want any other religion than that she has learned from her childhood,—in her Bible, and from the Church, and in this little closet from her mother's lips. Only more of it, Kitty!—more faith, and hope, and charity, more than I have ever had, or perhaps can hope to have,—more, but not something else."

I could only assure Mother what I feel so deeply, that I could never wish for anything but to grow year by year more like what she is.

Yet when I think of it here alone, it does seem to me as if things needed to be said over again in a new way to each new generation, just as every spring has new songs and new blossoms. And even more than that, because birds do sing the same songs, and yet they are always fresh. But men's works and words seem to grow old-fashioned unless they are varied; until, as Evelyn says, they grow again into a kind of fresh youth when they pass from being antiquated to being antique. The Bible is indeed always fresh, always new, as the songs of the birds, as the spring flowers, as the breaking of the waves, as the hearts of children, as the young man in a shining garment at the sepulchre, who must have "sung for joy" thousands of years before, at the birthday of the world.

But it does seem as if God meant His Gospel to be borne on from age to age by voices, not by books, and in faint echoes from the tombs, but in fresh, living words from heart to heart.

Certainly Betty understands Mr. Wesley and John Wilson, as she never could understand Thomas à Kempis and Bishop Taylor. I must ask Mother next Sunday about this. Mother will be sure to know better than I can.

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, AUTHOR OF "MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK TO PALESTINE."

THE JORDAN.

God, . . . I will remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar."—Pa. xlii. 6.

HERE is no river in the world like the Jordan;—none so wonderful in its historic memories, none so hallowed in its sacred associations, and none so remarkable in its physical geography. It is emphatically **THE RIVER** of the Holy Land. It has been more or less intimately connected with all the great cripture history from the patriarchs to the [its banks have been the scene of the most miracles of judgment, power, and love, ever witnessed. When the fire of heaven had lodom's guilty cities and polluted plain, the Jordan rolled over them and buried them in the face of man. Thrice was the swollen hat river stayed; and its channel divided to people and prophets pass over "dry shod." e bidding of the man of God, the iron axe it from its deep channel, and floated on its nce its waters gave forth healing virtue, as to the proud Syrian chief the fallacy of his clamation,—“Are not Abana and Pharpar umascus better than all the waters of Israel?” ll were those miracles of our Lord which the have grouped thickly on and around the e of the Jordan. There did the storm-tossed r and obey the voice of their Creator; there arnate God walk upon the face of the deep; ient to his will, the fishes filled the disciples' g those shores the lame walked, the deaf blind saw, the sick were healed, lepers were he dead were raised to life again. But the ous event the Jordan ever witnessed was ptism; for when he was baptized, “the re opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit cending like a dove, and lighting upon him;” he Divine Son was perfectly equipped for his of redeeming love—when just about to set glorious mission—the voice of the Divine rces the vault of heaven, and proclaims to hed and joyful disciples on Jordan's banks approval of both work and worker,—“This ed Son, in whom I am well pleased.” Surely, ay say that every spot along this stream is ind,” and that the name JORDAN is not only d on the page of history, but is enshrined in ian's heart.

It almost seem as if nature or nature's God

had from the first prepared this river to be the scene of wondrous events, by giving to its physical geography some wondrous characteristics. Its principal fountain, bursting from the base of Hermon, is, like the mouths of other rivers, *on the level of the ocean*.* It descends rapidly through its whole course, and at length empties into the Dead Sea, whose surface has a *depression* of no less than 1312 feet. The whole valley of the Jordan is thus a huge rent or fissure in the earth's crust. Though it is not much over a hundred miles in length, at its southern end, along the shores of that mysterious lake, we have the climate and products of the tropics, while at its northern end we have a region of perpetual snow.

THE FOUNTAINS.

It was on a bright and cloudless summer day I first visited the fountains of the Jordan. On the preceding night I slept on a snow wreath, on the very peak of Hermon. Beside me, in a hollowed rock, the fire of Baal had often burnt in bygone ages, and around me were the great stones of Baal's altar, and the shattered ruins of a later temple. There I was enabled to prove for the first time how accurate was the name given to this mount by the sacred writers, *Baal-Hermon* (Judg. iii. 3; 1 Chron. v. 23). A noble spot that was for the worship of the great fire-god. His priests could see the sun rising from the eastern desert long before his beams lighted up the plains below, and they could see him sinking slowly in the western sea long after he had set to the shores of Phœnicia; and then at night, on that commanding peak, they could kindle a flame whose light would flash far and wide over Syria and Palestine. Wishing to realize something of the grandeur of those old Baal-fires, we gathered a great quantity of the dry prickly shrubs that cover the mountain sides, piled them up on the rock where the fire used to burn, and applied a match. The air was perfectly still, and the flame seemed to shoot up into the very heavens, while Hermon's icy crown gleamed and glittered in the ruddy light.

The descent from the top of Hermon to the fountains of the Jordan was as if one had travelled in a single day from Greenland to the equator. The heat was most oppressive when, emerging from a wild mountain glen,

* Some geographers give the fountain of Dan an elevation of 600, others 500, others 300 feet, but these seem to be erroneous, as I have shown in the article JORDAN, in “*Kitto's Cyclopaedia*,” last edition.

we entered the marshy plain of Merom. Away in front our guide pointed out a little isolated *tell*, apparently in the centre of the great plain,—“That,” said he, “is Tell-el-kady.” We were soon beside it, and tying up my horse beneath the shade of a noble oak—a straggler from the forests of Bashan—I set out to explore.

DAN.

The tell is cup-shaped, like an extinct crater, which it perhaps may be, for the stones on the surrounding plain are volcanic. From its western base bursts forth one of the largest fountains in Syria, its waters forming a miniature lake, and then rushing off across the plain southward a deep rapid river. Within the tell, beneath the branches of the great oak, is a smaller fountain, whose stream breaks through the circling ruin, and foaming down the side, joins its sister. *This is the principal source of the Jordan.*

But the tell, has it no name in history, no story or legend to attract the notice of the passing pilgrim or the Bible student? It had once a historic name, which is not yet quite gone; and its story is a long and a sad one. I wandered over it wherever it was possible to go. I found a few heaps of rubbish and old building stones, a few remains of massive foundations, a few fragments of columns almost buried in the soil, vast thickets of thorns, briars, and gigantic thistles, some impenetrable jungles of cane and thorn bushes, but nothing else; and yet this is the site of the great border city of Dan. Upon this hill Jeroboam built a temple, and set up in its shrine one of his golden calves, thus polluting that “Holy Land” which the Lord gave in covenant promise to the seed of Abraham. Therefore has the curse come upon Dan. Though one of the noblest sites in Palestine, though encompassed by a plain of unrivalled fertility, it and its plain are now alike desolate. The prophetic curse is fulfilled to the letter,—“*In all your dwelling-places the cities shall be laid waste, and the high places shall be desolate; that your altars may be laid waste and made desolate, and your idols may be broken and cease, and your works may be abolished*” (Ezek. vi. 6).

It is interesting to note how the old name clings to the spot still, though in an Arabic translation. *Tell-el-kady* signifies “the hill of the judge,” and the Hebrew word *Dan* means “judge” (Gen. xlix. 16).

CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

Half an hour across the plain, through pleasant forest glades, bordered with myrtle, acacia, and oleander, and another half hour up a rugged mountain side, beneath the shade of Bashan's stately oaks, brought me to the site of the old Greek city of Panium, which Herod the Great rebuilt, and re-named Cæsarea-Philippi. This is one of the very few really beautiful spots in Palestine. Behind rises Hermon, steep, rugged, and grand, one of

its lower peaks crowned by the frowning battlements of a Phœnician castle. In front stretches out the broad plain of Merom, like a vast meadow, and away beyond it is the mountain range of Lebanon. The city stood upon a natural terrace, which is interspersed with groves of oaks and olives and shrubberies of hawthorn, myrtle, and acacia, and is all alive with streams of water and miniature cascades, fretting here and there against prostrate column and ruined wall. It is, in fact, as Dean Stanley has happily termed it, a Syrian Tivoli.

Behind the ruins rises a cliff of ruddy limestone. At its base is a dark cave, now nearly filled with the ruins of a temple. From the cave, from the ruins, from every chink and cranny in the soil and rocks around, waters gush forth, which soon collect into a torrent, dash in sheets of foam down a rocky bed, and at length plunge over a precipice into a deep dark ravine. *This is the other great fountain of the Jordan.*

It is “holy ground,” for Jesus was here. Beside the fountain he uttered those memorable words, “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church” (Matt. xvi. 13–20; xvii. 1–13). May not the sight of the great cliff overhead have suggested the peculiar form of the expression? And we read that six days afterwards Christ took three of his disciples, and led them “*up into an high mountain, and was transfigured before them.*” Standing there amid the ruins of Cæsarea, one does not need to ask where the Mount of Transfiguration is. Hermon, the grandest and the most beautiful of all the mountains of Palestine, has established its claim to the title of “holy mount.”

THE WATERS OF MEROM.

The streams from Dan and Cæsarea unite with several others and flow into a little lake, which is called in Scripture the “waters of Merom.” On the north and east it is shut in by impenetrable marshes, but on the south-west is a considerable expanse of higher plain and rolling downs, above which, on the mountain side, are the ruins of the great city of Hazor. Here Jabin, the head of the northern Canaanitish tribes, assembled all his forces and numerous allies, and drew up his war chariots and cavalry, for a final attempt to drive back the Israelites. But God fought for Israel. The attack was sudden, and the rout complete. When I stood on the mountain-brow, near the ruins of that royal city, and looked down on the battle-field hemmed in by the river, the lake, the marshes, and the mountains, I saw how the panic-stricken Canaanites, with their horses and chariots, would be hurled together in confused and helpless masses on the marshy plain and in the narrow ravines, and would become an easy prey to the victorious Israelites, who “smote them until they left them none remaining, . . . and houghed their horses, and burned their chariots with fires” (Josh. xi.) This victory virtually completed the conquest of Palestine.

below the lake the Jordan is spanned by the "Daughters of Jacob,"—a name for which it is not easy to account. So far the Jordan flows through a grassy vale, between reedy banks where the buffalo and the wild swine find a home; but, at the bridge the vale becomes a narrow and the sluggish stream a foaming torrent. As I rode, guided by an Arab chief, now through the windings of the channel, now crossing a grassy bluff. The mad river never rests until, at its rocky barriers, it enters the rich plain—that Bethsaida near which Jesus fed the multitude with five loaves (Luke ix. 10). After a short ride to the desolate site, I continued my journey, my tent pitched at the mouth of the

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

very spot. I sat there in my tent-door, looking on and eagerly over one of the most interesting scenes in the world. There was nothing—no din of human life, no jarring sound of war or struggle. The silence was profound. It seemed to have fallen asleep. The river passed silently past, and the sea spread out before me like a polished mirror, reflecting from its glassy surface the tints of the evening sky, and both were fringed with a bright border of oleanders.

East of the lake, the side of Bashan's mountains rose as a mountain chain, and at its base my eye rested on the very scene of that tragedy, where thousands were fed, and at its summit on that of the miracle of judgment, where a herd of swine ran violently down a steep precipice and perished in the waters." Away on the west ramparts of Tiberias seemed to rise out of the lake, and behind them a dark mountain. The caverned cliffs repose the ashes of many a battle, while over all appeared the graceful dome of Tabor. Farther to the right, on the shore I saw the huts of Magdala, with the coast extending from it northward to Capernaum, the city of Jesus. Far on into the night I sat on the shore of Galilee, gazing, now on the dark land and mountain, now on the crescent moon, now on her splendour, and now on the bright stars hung trembling in the deep dark vault of

the sky. The winds were calm, and fair, and passive. Earth seemed as if lulled upon an angel's lap, breathing a dewy sleep; so still, so calm, could only say of things, they be- lieved now, no longer vexed with gusts, and upon her breast the pictured moon, and round with stars."

JESUS, BETHSAIDA, AND CAPERNAUM.

The morning sun o'ertopped the hills of Bashan. A ride of three miles westward

along the shore brought me to the ruins of a large town. It was encompassed by such a dense jungle of thorns, thistles, and rank weeds, that I had to employ some shepherds to open a passage for me into the ruins. Clambering to the top of a shattered wall I was able to overlook the whole site. What a view of desolation was that! Not a house, not a wall, not a solitary pillar remains standing. Broken columns, hewn stones, sculptured slabs of marble, and great shapeless heaps of rubbish, half concealed by thorns and briars, alone serve to mark the site of a great and rich city. The Arabian does not pitch his tent there, the shepherd does not feed his flock there,—not a sound fell upon my ear as I stood amid those ruins save the gentle murmur of each wave as it broke upon the pebbly beach, and the mournful sighing of the summer breeze through sun-scorched brambles; yet that is the place where CHORAZIN once stood! Chorazin heard but rejected the words of mercy from the lips of its Lord, and he pronounced its doom,—"*Woe unto thee, Chorazin.*"

After riding some three miles farther along the lake I reached a little retired bay, with a pebbly strand,—just such a place as fishermen would delight to draw up their boats and spread out their nets upon. Here were numerous gushing fountains, several old tanks and aqueducts, great heaps of rubbish, and fields of ruin. Two Arab tents were pitched a little way up on the hill side, but I saw no other trace there of human habitation or human life; and yet that is the site of *Bethsaida*,—the city of Andrew and Peter, James and John (John i. 44; Matt. iv. 18; Luke v. 10). Upon this strand Jesus called his first disciples. Like Chorazin, this city heard and rejected his words, and like Chorazin, it has been left desolate. "*Woe unto thee, Bethsaida.*"

A few minutes more and I reached the brow of a bluff promontory, which dips into the bosom of the lake. Before me now opened up the fertile plain of Genesareth. At my feet, beneath the western brow of the cliff, a little fountain burst from its rocky basin. A fig-tree spreads its branches over it, and gives it a name,—*Ain-et-Tin*, "the fountain of the fig." Beside it are some massive foundations, scarcely distinguishable amid the rank weeds, and away, beyond it, almost covered with thickets of thorns, briars, and gigantic thistles, I saw large heaps of ruins and rubbish. These are all that now mark the site of Capernaum. Christ's words are fulfilled to the letter,—"*And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell.*"

On that day I climbed a mountain peak which commands the lake and the Jordan valley, up to the waters of Merom. The principal scene of Christ's public labours lay around me—a region some thirty miles long by ten wide. When he had his home at Capernaum, the whole country was teeming with life, and bustle, and industry. No less than ten large cities, with numerous villages, studded the shores of the lake, and the plains and hills

sides around. The water was all speckled with the dark boats and white sails of Galilee's fishermen. Eager multitudes followed the footsteps of Jesus, through the city streets, over the flower-strewn fields, along the pebbly beach. What a woeful change has passed over the land since that time! The Angel of destruction has been there. From that commanding height, through the clear Syrian atmosphere, I was able to distinguish, by the aid of my glass, every spot in that wide region, celebrated in sacred history, or hallowed by sacred association. My eye swept the lake, from north to south, from east to west; not a single sail, not a solitary boat was there. My eye swept the great valley, the little plains, the glens, the mountains sides from base to summit—not a city, not a village, not a house, not a sign of settled habitation was there, except the few huts of Magdala, and the shattered houses of Tiberias. A mournful and solitary silence reigned triumphant. Desolation keeps unbroken Sabbath in Galilee now. Nature has lavished on the country some of her choicest gifts; a rich soil, a genial climate; but the curse of heaven has come upon it because of the sin of man. I saw how wondrously time has changed a prophetic sentence into a graphic description. "*I will make your cities waste, saith the Lord; I will bring the land into desolation. I will scatter you among the heathen. Upon the land shall come up thorns and briars; yea, upon all the houses of joy in the joyous city. So that the generation to come of your children that shall rise up after you, and the stranger that shall come from a far land, shall say, when they see the plagues of that land—Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?*" (Lev. xxvi.; Deut. xxix.; Isa. xxxii.)

THE LOWER JORDAN.

Between the Lake of Galilee and the Dead Sea lies a long deep valley, varying from five to ten miles in breadth, and shut in by the parallel mountain ranges of Samaria and Gilead. Down the centre of this valley, in the bed of a deep ravine, winds the river Jordan. It has two distinct lines of banks. The first, or lower banks confine the stream, are comparatively low, generally alluvial, and thickly fringed with foliage. The second, or upper banks are at some distance from the channel—occasionally nearly half a mile apart, and in places they rise to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. The appearance of the river itself is exceedingly varied. Now it sweeps gracefully round a green meadow, softly kissing with its rippling waves the blushing flowers of the oleander as they bend over it;—now it clasps a wooded islet in its shining arms;—now fretted by projecting cliffs, and opposed by rocky ledges, it dashes madly forward in sheets of foam.

One bridge alone spans the river, on the road which joins the ancient cities of Bethshan and Gadara. But the ruins of many others are visible, and the fords are

numerous. Of the latter, one of the most remarkable is *Sukkoth*, where Jacob crossed with his flocks and herds (Gen. xxxiii. 17), and where the fleeing hosts of Zebah and Zalmunna suffered so terribly from the Israelites (Judges vii. 24, sq.; viii. 4-10). The plain around Sukkoth is abundantly watered by fountains and streamlets from the mountains. The soil is exceedingly rich. Dr. Robinson says of it, "The grass intermingled with tall daisies and wild oats, reached to our horses backs, while the thistles sometimes overtopped the riders' heads." Jacob showed his usual worldly wisdom, when he encamped at this favoured spot, and "made booths (*Sukkoth*) for his cattle."

But the most interesting spot on the Jordan is unquestionably that now called the "pilgrims' bathing-place," opposite Jericho. Here the channel is deep, the current rapid, and yet, on three different occasions, the river was stayed by a miracle, and the channel left dry, to let God's people pass over. And an interest still higher and holier clings to it. It is the scene of Christ's baptism. Sitting here one day on the river's bank, beneath the shade of a great willow tree, I read in succession the Bible narratives of the passage of the Israelites under Joshua, of the translation of Elijah, and of the baptism of Jesus; and then looking up at those gray bluffs that bound the narrow ravine, I involuntarily exclaimed, "O, that my eyes had seen those glorious events of which you were the witnesses! O, that the eye of sense had witnessed what the eye of faith now contemplates!—The marshalled hosts of Israel; the ark on which rested the Shekinah glory; then the fiery Chariot bearing God's prophet to heaven; and last of all "the dove," the heavenly dove, coming down and abiding upon the Saviour."

It was in the month of April I visited this "bathing-place" on the Jordan. It was already the time of harvest, for the people of Jericho were reaping their little fields up on the plain. And we are told that "Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest" (Joshua iii. 15; 1 Chron. xii. 15). The fact is still true, though Palestine is changed. The heavy rains of early spring falling on the northern mountains, and the winter snow melting on the sides of Hermon, send a thousand tributaries to the sacred river. It rises to the top of the lower banks, and when I was there, the ruddy, swollen waters had flowed over and covered portions of the verdant meadows on each side.

Mounting my horse, I followed the tortuous river to its mouth, and saw it empty its waters into that sea of death. One would almost think they flow in reluctantly, for the current becomes slower and slower, and the channel wider and wider, till at length water touches water, and the Jordan is lost. Such is this sacred river, without a parallel, historical or physical, in the whole world. A complete river beneath the level of the ocean, disappearing in a lake which has no outlet, and which could have none. In whatever way we regard it the Jordan stands alone.

THE DEAD SEA.

Dead Sea fills up the southern end of the Jordan ; is about fifty miles in length from north to south in breadth. The mountain chains which bound the valley become here steeper, wilder, and more rugged. In some places they rise in lofty precipices of basalt from the bosom of the waters ; in others they form wild nooks and yawning ravines, and are a home for the wild goats which still inhabit the scenery of the lake is bare and desolate.

The water is clear and sparkling, deep and azure when the sky is cloudless, but reflecting every changing hue of the firmament. In summer when the heat is intense, a thin, whitish vapour hangs over the surface of the water, and a strange dreamy indistinctness to the mountain at the northern and southern ends, the flat parched, and barren, in part covered with sand and in part with a white nitrous coating like gypsum. Brackish and sulphur springs occur all round the whole borders of the lake. Some are warm, and send up clouds of steam. At various places along the western shore, and also at the northern end of the lake are almy pools and whose exhalations of sulphuretted-hydrogen form an atmosphere for miles. Strewn along the shore, especially near the mouth of the Jordan, are quantities of drift wood, brought down by the river, and it is everywhere encrusted with salt. The great depression, the fierce rays of an unclouded sun, the white mountain chains on each side, the white soil below reflecting the sun's rays, give to the basin of the Dead Sea a temperature like a furnace. Never did I suffer so much from suffocating heat as during the days I spent on the shores of the lake. Yet still it cannot be called a "death," in that sense in which travellers in the desert were wont to represent it. It has been said that no vegetation could exist along its shores, no bird could fly over it ; that, in fact, its exhalations are fatal alike to animal and human life. This is altogether untrue. At every point along the shores, the vegetation has a luxuriance. I have seen the oleander dipping its flowers into the lake ; and I have seen the date, the tamarisk, and numerous other shrubs ; where their stems were at certain seasons submerged in the waters. The cane-brakes on the shore support wild fowl ; and occasionally flocks of ducks are seen swimming far out on the sea. The water, however, is intolerably salt and bitter, and no fish could

live in it. Yet it is not altogether destitute of living creatures, a few inferior organizations having been found in it by recent naturalists. Its specific gravity is so great that the human body will not sink in it. I have tried it myself, and can, therefore, testify to the truth of the fact. This is easily accounted for. The weight of water increases in proportion to the quantity of salt it contains in solution. Ordinary sea water has only about four *per cent* of salt, whilst that of the Dead Sea contains more than *twenty-six per cent*.

The Dead Sea is thus a physical wonder, and, strange to say, it is also a historical wonder. It would appear that, in ancient times, it was much smaller than it is at present, leaving room for a large and fertile plain on which the cities of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim once stood (compare Gen. xiii. 10-12). These cities were burned by fire from heaven, and the whole plain, or as it was called, "the vale of Siddim" (xiv. 8), was covered with water (xiv. 3). Recent explorations of the sea and of the surrounding region tend, I believe, to throw some light on one of the most remarkable events of physical geography and of Biblical history. The northern section of the lake, from the mouth of the Jordan to the promontory of Lisân, is immensely deep, varying from forty to two hundred and eighteen fathoms. But the whole southern section is shallow,—only a few feet of water covering an extensive flat, in which bitumen pits, and bituminous limestone abound. The latter appears to have been the plain of Sodom, for we learn from Gen. xix. 27, 28, that the plain was visible from a hill-top near Hebron, which would not be true of any part of the Jordan valley north of En-gedi. The Bible further informs us that "the vale of Siddim was full of slime pits," that is, pits or wells of bitumen (xiv. 10). Now we know that bitumen burns like oil, and bituminous limestone is also inflammable. May not the houses of Sodom and the other cities have been built of the latter, and like the tower of Babel, cemented with the former ? And if so, when once ignited by fire from heaven, they would burn rapidly and fiercely,—nay, the whole plain filled with its bitumen pits, and strewn with inflammable stones, would burn like a coal-field. How strikingly does this seem to illustrate the words of Scripture,—"*And Abraham gat up early in the morning (from his tent at Mamre) to the place where he stood before the Lord*" (compare xviii. 16, 22), "*And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and behold, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.*"—(Gen. xix. 27, 28).

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST.

April 1864.



WHY AM I EVER WEAK?



ALAS! I often am. My prayers seem to lack power with God; my words lack power with man. Afflictions drag me down; temptations cast me down; and when I would seek to lift up others heavenwards with me, my feeble spirit is forced downwards by the stronger earthly tendency of theirs. Oh, why is it that I am so weak?

Now, I have no *need* to be weak. True, in myself I am utterly "without strength," and "can do nothing." Apart from Christ, I am helpless beyond the power of words to describe. But then I am not apart from Christ. I am a member of His body; and often, often do I sweetly experience his gracious presence in my soul. His strength is my strength (Isa. xlv. 24); nay, He himself is my strength, who is "Christ the power of God" (1 Cor. i. 24). In my proper place, and for doing the work to which He calls me, all His infinite resources are as available for me as if they had been stored up in my own bosom. In truth, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. iv. 13). How foolish then for me to be so weak!

But more, I have no *right* to be weak. God means me to be strong. He charges me to be strong. He has made provision for my constant strength. He has given me work to do that needs a strong man; for, when suffering, I am called to suffer "according to the power of God" (2 Tim. i. 8); or, when fighting, to fight even with the "power of his might" (Eph. vi. 10). What a sin it is to be weak! It hinders his work; it is a wrong to the Church; it is, oh, what a wrong to the world! Its stupendous results reaching forward into eternity defy angelic calculation.

"Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong.
Or others, that we are not always strong?
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee!"

For, after all, the true question is, not one about my weakness, but about His strength. I am not

sent a warfare on mine own charges, "called to the fellowship of the Son" (1 Cor. i. 9), to be merely an earthen vessel and worthless (2 Cor. iv. 7), which He filled out of his fulness, in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Like a tree, I am set in Him, to draw all my life out of His life juices, and to turn this into spiritual fruit for the glory of His Father.

But, ah! I constantly fail in this position. I am weak in everything, because I am weak. I try to live on my own beggarly resources, and am starved, when by faith I might be supplied with the king's affluence upon His. I measure my strength against my spiritual enemies, when I should be offering myself to God, that with them he might triumph. I reason instead of acting, and purpose when I should at once do. Oh, let me have done with this. Let me die to myself, but realize, too, that I have life and strength in Jesus. He is looking for strong ones, but for weak—yea, for the weakest. He still chooses the weak to confound the world and the foolish to confound the wise. Why, then, may He not use me, the weakest of all? I will lay me at His feet, and leave Him to work in me and through me. He would take my eyes, and through them show again His tears of tender mercy over sinners. He would run after me, and cry to them with my voice, and speak to them with my heart (Phil. i. 8). I will see Him and see; and with M'Cheyne's words, "Though I am but a child, Lord, use me as a child can do."

Ah! I fear I have been making a wrong use of my sense of weakness. I have let Satan mislead me about it, instead of opening my eyes to the Holy Spirit's teachings. Let me watch myself lest I be tempted through it to sloth or despair. No man, no angel, no creature, can be stronger than he who has the power of Christ within him; and this is what I am called to.

have only the one talent, let me be all the more careful to trade diligently with it, and, like the poor widow with her one farthing, to cast it unbroken into the treasury of God.

Yes, let me seek greater simplicity of faith, and also greater faithfulness as to what the Lord has already entrusted to me. I need no more talents just now. I have plenty—far more than I shall be able to give good account of when the Master comes to reckon with his servants. But oh for faithfulness!

And I must seek to live a life of prayer. Here, if anywhere, lies the victory. Joshua-like service in the valley is a failure, only because Moses-like

wrestlings on the mount are relaxed. Strength of grace will manifest itself first of all in strength of prayer. And thus, waiting on the Lord, I shall renew my strength; and though in myself as weak as ever, my lowly life-work shall be in a measure done; while I shall feel all along, in the doing of it, that it is not I, but the grace of God, which is with me (1 Cor. xv. 10).

My reader, set no limits to your expectations from God's grace in Christ Jesus. Alas! that we so limit the Holy One of Israel. "Expect great things from God," and this will give you heart to "attempt great things for God." "Grace reigneth."

April 1864.

D.

THE SINS OF THE TONGUE.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



THE gift of speech is a marvellous gift. For five whole days of creation's first week the Almighty was clothing the new-born earth with light and verdure, and covering it with the myriads of animal life. But it was a voiceless world. At length God made man in his own image, with not only a soul to appreciate his Creator, but a tongue to give expression to his homage, and "as the new-formed being gazed around him, the silence was broken, and creation thrilled with the melody of speech."

Philosophers tell us that every uttered word produces a vibration in the atmosphere; an ingenious theory has therefore been broached that these vibrations never entirely cease! If this were true, we should still be moving among the inaudible words of all our progenitors. This seems fanciful in natural philosophy; but there is a sense in which every uttered word *lives for ever*. It lives in its influence on the speaker—in its influence on others. Paul's voice echoes still; millions of God's faithful messengers, being dead, yet speak!

When Latimer was on trial for heresy, he heard the scratch of a pen behind the tapestry. In a moment he bethought himself that every word he spoke was *taken down*, and he says that he was very careful what words he uttered. Behind the veil that hides eternity is a record-book, in which our every syllable is taken down. Even the most trivial are not forgotten, for the Lord Jesus tells us that "every *idle word* that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the *Day of Judgment*!" If our words have an eternity of existence—if good words have so potent an influence to save—if idle, or profane, or poisonous speech work such perennial mischief, how needful is the perpetual utter-

ance of the prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

I. Among the many sins of the tongue are *idle words*. "Avoid foolish talking," says the wise apostle, "and let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." There is a peculiar sin in idle talking when we remember that the same expenditure of breath might be productive of so much blessing. When we contemplate a Whitefield in the full rush of his resistless oratory—now startling a guilty sinner from his slumber on the verge of hell—now leading a bewildered wanderer to Christ—now kindling a saint into rapture, and now melting a rebel into penitence—we grow indignant at the thought that this prerogative of speech should so often be spent in silly jests and contemptible frivolities. Are time and eternity so lacking in themes of importance that we shall spend our precious breath in *fuming emptiness*? Surely, if we would but reflect *how soon* our tongues will lie silent in the tomb, and *how speedily* the dust will gather upon our lips, we should be *awed* into more sobriety, and purity, and carefulness of speech.

Shall we never jest? Does not a pleasant joke sometimes do good like a medicine? Very true. There is more marrow in a wise man's jokes than in a fool's solemn inanities. But a wise man "sets a watch on his lips" even when he utters a pleasantry. Especially, he never jests at the wrong time, or about sacred things. He never utters puns and parodies on the Bible; for what men have once laughed at, they seldom reverence. Heartily do I wish that I had never uttered a ludicrous application of a Scripture-line, and had never heard one; for the profane or indecent burlesque will often shoot into my mind in the midst of a sermon or a prayer. Wit and humour are allowable when controlled by good

sense and by reverence for God ; but when we venture into the sublime domains of Revelation, we should put our shoes from off our feet, for the ground whereon we stand is holy. From my soul I abominate *merriment in the pulpit*. Should he court a grin who should be winning souls to God ? When an ambassador of Christ descends to make sport in the sacred desk, the devil laughs.

II. Malicious words are cousins in sin to idle and profane words. Paul says, "Let all bitterness and *evil speaking* be put away from you with all malice." Kind words are the oil that lubricates every-day intercourse. They cost little. A phrase of common comfort, "that by daily use hath almost lost its sense, will fall upon the saddened heart like choicest music." We love to meet certain people. They always have a kind, cheerful, inspiring word for us. They make us hopeful, and heal our heart-aches. Others we instinctively shun ; they always have a sly thrust at somebody ; they hatch mean suspicions in our minds ; they are ever letting out a drop of *acid* on some character or cause that is dear to us, and the acid leaves an ugly stain. There was an ancient malediction that the tongue of the slanderer should be cut out ; if that summary process were now enforced, we fear that some of our acquaintances might soon lose the "unruly member." A slanderer is a public enemy. One reckless tongue is enough sometimes to embroil a whole village and to set a church in a flame. "There are six things which God hates ; yea, seven are an abomination unto him." The seventh of the category is "the false witness who speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren."

III. In treating of the sins of the tongue, we must not omit a word in regard to that feculent ichor that exudes from some lips in the form of obscenity. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh ; and a filthy imagination—like a fever—comes out on the tongue. In companies of youth, in shops and counting-houses, in rooms of colleges and boarding-schools, in ships' cabins and soldiers' tents, a venter of obscenities is a walking pestilence. Long years do not obliterate the filthy memories ; not even the converting grace of God can wholly purify the unclean chambers of imagery.

And then there is *profane swearing*. This is the most gratuitous and inexcusable of sins. The man who swears turns speech into a curse, and before his time rehearses the dialect of hell. He waits for no bait ; but "bites at the devil's bare hook." The shrewd Quaker's advice to the profane youth, "Swear away, my young friend, till thee gets all that bad stuff out of thee," points to the real source of the vice ; for it is out of an evil heart that proceed evil thoughts, false witness, and blasphemies.

We fear that the purest tongue will need much purifying before it is fit to join in the celestial praises of God's upper temple. For that worship let us attune our voices by ceaseless prayers, by words of love, by earnest vindications of the right, by habitual "speech seasoned with salt" of divine grace. The melody of heaven will spring from a *harmony of hearts* ; each voice there will bear a part in the song of Moses and the Lamb.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP.

JOHN x. 1-5.



THE beauty and force of some of our Lord's illustrations of divine truth can scarcely be fully understood in this country. We live in the west, and their imagery is that of the east. Here they seem strange, and almost unnatural ; there they are life pictures daily exhibited to the eyes of every man. The people of Palestine live far more in the open air than we do ; they are consequently more familiar with the acts and ways of the husbandman, the shepherd, the vine-dresser, and the merchant, than we are. Their eyes are ever upon Nature—Nature illumined by an unclouded sun, and seen through a crystal atmosphere. Birds and beasts, trees and flowers, mountains and plains, streams of water and parched deserts, are

all before them, subjects of constant observation. Their modes of thought and expression are also different from ours. Ours are logical and matter of fact ; theirs figurative. To them a vivid illustration, or a parable, or a proverb, is at once more intelligible and more acceptable than logical argument or brilliant declamation. In fact, as I know from experience, the ordinary style of our English theological treatises would be lost upon easterns, while such an illustration as that given by our Lord in John x. 1-5 makes the truth flash upon their minds as if written by a sunbeam.

The characteristics of the good "shepherd"—the faithful minister of the Church—and the relation between him and the "sheep"—true believers—are depicted in this passage with remarkable clearness. The faith of the minister is

and ; he enters the Church through Christ the only door (verses 2 and 7). His right of entrance acknowledged by the Holy Spirit, the great door-keeper, and by those acting under his commission, and in his name (verse 3). "He calleth his own sheep by name"—he knows them all familiarly, their wants, their weaknesses, their trials. He speaks to them in a voice of authority, and yet of love, and tenderness, and persuasive power. Every word he utters is fraught with the wisdom of heaven, and is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." The Word of God is his word. *He goeth before them.* Not only does he tell them what they are to do, he sets them an example how they are to do it. He is their leader as well as their teacher. Like Paul he says, as he marches onward and upward in his noble Christian course, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ" (1 Cor. xi. 1).

"The sheep hear his voice ;" "they know" it to be the voice of a friend ; they attend to it as to the voice of a faithful instructor ; they obey it as to the voice of a sure and safe leader. "They follow him," for they know he will lead them to green pastures and to fountains of living water. In a word, the shepherd goes direct to Jesus, and leads his flock to him. "A stranger will they not follow." His voice is strange to them ; it lacks that pathos which divine love alone can give it. His words are strange to them ; they are "the words which man's wisdom teacheth," and not those "which the Holy Ghost teacheth." His words are imbued with a latent scepticism, or with a daring infidel philosophy, and the sheep flee from him," as from one who would lead them to destruction.

The appropriateness and graphic power of this illustration were deeply impressed upon my mind on one occasion when travelling over Antisabanon. It was a bright summer day, and near noon. Weary and wayworn, I rode down from a bare mountain ridge into the wild and beautiful valley of Helbon, and dismounted beside a little stream, under the "shadow of a great rock." A group of some fifteen or twenty shepherds were there too, resting during the heat of the day ; and their flocks, amounting to several thousand sheep and goats, filled nearly the whole bottom of the

valley. At first I was greatly annoyed by the too near approach of both men and animals ; but when the time came to lead the flocks away to pasture again, I watched their motions with intense interest. The shepherds rose, went into the middle of the dense mass of animals, and then separating, walked away slowly in different directions. As they went, each kept uttering a peculiar cry or call. The sheep heard, and they too began to separate from each other. I observed that the whole mass was agitated, as if the sheep and goats had been driven hither and thither by some unseen power. Gradually they formed a series of dense moving columns, following closely in the footsteps of the shepherds, and drawn after them by their voices. I also observed that while each shepherd wound his way through the united flocks, some of the animals fled at his approach, frightened by his voice, others hastened towards him, "for they knew his voice." In a short time they were all led off, and the fountain was completely deserted—not a solitary sheep or goat ventured to lag behind. Then the calls of the shepherds were heard echoing from rock and cliff, now loud and clear, now dying away in the distance ; while the flocks were seen, obedient to the calls, following in long, distinct streams the guides whom alone they knew and trusted.

As I sat there, gazing with mingled wonder and pleasure on that strange and instructive scene, another beautiful Scripture illustration was realized before my eyes. One shepherd led his flock, by a zigzag path, up the almost perpendicular bank of the glen. Behind it two young lambs trotted gaily along at the feet of their mother. At first they frisked about, and jumped lightly from stone to stone ; but soon they began to fall behind. The poor little things cried piteously when the path became steeper and the rocks higher, and the flock more and more distant. The mother cried too, running back and forth—now lingering behind, now hasting on before, as if to wile them upwards. It was in vain. The ascent was too much for their feeble limbs. They stopped trembling on the shelving cliff, and cried ; the mother stopped and cried by their side. I thought they would certainly be lost ; and I saw the great eagles that soared in circles round the cliffs far overhead, sweeping lower and lower, as

if about to pounce upon their prey. But no ! The plaintive cries of distress had already reached the ear of the good shepherd. Mounting a rock, he looked down and saw the helpless little ones. A minute more, and he was standing by them. Then taking them up in his arms, he put them—one on each side—in his bosom, in the ample folds of his coat, which was bound round the waist by a girdle. The lambs made no attempt to run away from him. They seemed to know what he was going to do when he lifted them in

his arms ; and the little creatures lay there with their heads out, as contentedly as an infant in its mother's breast, while the shepherd scaled the dizzy height again, and took his place at the head of his flock. It may be easily imagined with what deep interest I have ever since read the beautiful words of Isaiah : "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, *he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom*" (xl. 11).

April 1864.

ARISE! DEPART!

(SUGGESTED BY A SERMON OF JOHN FOSTER.)

"Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest."—MICAH II. 10.



SADLY we hear it now,
That summons, to the thoughtful soul
addressed ;
The voice of blighted hope and broken
vow,—
"Arise ye, and depart, for this is not
your rest!"

The voice of passing bell,
Of many a last embrace and parting tear,
And fond, vain memories,—we know it well,
"Arise ye, and depart ; your rest ye find not here."

In lonely, pensive hours,
The echo comes again, with plaintive sigh,
The voice of setting suns and fading flowers,
And all things bright and fair, which have but bloomed
to die.

Yes, *now* the call is sad,
But yet far otherwise these notes have rung,
When Faith has heard the chorus, soft and glad,
Around a dying saint by guardian angels sung.

"Exile, depart! no more
In the cold land of strangers thou shalt roam.
Arise! thy time of banishment is o'er ;
Come to the Father's house, the love and rest of home

Prisoner, arise! away
Cast thy loose fetters and thy broken chain!
Come from the dungeon shade to heaven's own day,
For ever there in bliss and freedom to remain.

Sufferer, arise! depart!
The days of pain and weariness are past.
Long hast thou borne with brave and patient heart,
Now for the full release, the endless rest at last.

Brother, depart! 'tis He,
Thine own Redeemer, calls thee from above ;
Fear not to follow, where thou still canst see
The path Himself hath trod, in days of earthly love.

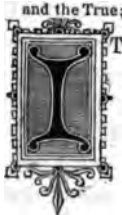
Now in the peaceful tomb
Leave for a while the weary frame of clay,
And far above the vale of tears and gloom
Let the freed spirit soar, on angel wings, away!"

March 1864.

H. L. L.

RENAN'S "LIFE OF JESUS."

[We are indebted for the first of the following passages to Mr. Marcus Dods' preface to his edition of *Lange's Life of Jesus*. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. The second is from Dr. Cairns' sermon preached on behalf of the National Bible Society of Scotland—"False Claims and the True; or, The Gospel History Maintained in Answer to Strauss and Renan." Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.]



T reveals a lamentable ignorance on the part of the French public, that a book, which in Germany would have been out of date twenty years ago, should now create so much excited interest. But, as we have ourselves been recently taught in this country, it is sometimes the case that a man makes use of a popular style to introduce as

novelties statements that have been alain and buried among scholars, or to start afresh doubts that belong to a past generation. This appeal to the people, which has been so much practised of late, and which can be made with every appearance of earnestness and honesty, is not always quite above suspicion. When one brings before the public questions which have exercised the ability of professional theologians, might it not be ex-

ted that the public should be made aware that these questions are not now for the first time broached, that any critics of learning and skill have spent much labour on their solution, and that the answer now pronounced or insinuated is not the only answer that can be given? This, however, is by no means ways attended to. An old difficulty is produced as if for the first time discovered, and set forward as at which must quite alter the old ways of thinking, and shake us out of our established beliefs; whereas it has been considered all along, and either satisfactorily answered among scientific theologians, or else reserved as a possible solution when the branch of inquiry which might throw light upon it has been more fully pursued. And in no work more than in that of M. Renan is the labour of earnest and skilful critics ignored. Theories which have been abandoned are here used as established, and statements hazarded which no one can be asked to accept who understands what has been proved about the Gospels. If this ignorance be real, then it is culpable in one who undertakes, with a very unseemly confidence, to instruct an erring Christendom; if assumed, then it is nothing short of the most unworthy insolence towards those who have laboured in the same field as himself.

The Christ whom M. Renan depicts is not the perfect man of Hase, still less the perfect revelation of God that Ewald delights to invest with whatsoever things are pure and lovely, but a good-hearted Galilean peasant, who gradually degenerates into an impostor and a bloody revolutionist. The "Rabbi délicieux" becomes, by some unaccountable transformation of character, a morbid, disappointed fanatic, when M. Renan but waves over him his magic wand. The miracles performed by him have been enormously exaggerated, and cures which a physician of our advanced age could very simply and easily accomplish were then looked upon as divine works. At first, Jesus was unwilling to appear as a Samaritan; but he found that there was but the alternative, either to satisfy the foolish expectations of the people, or to renounce his mission. He therefore rudely and honourably (M. Renan thinks) yielded to his friends, and entered on a course of mild and beneficent deception. It apparently forms no part of the author's plan to show how this picture is reconcilable with the statements of the Gospels.

The work of M. Renan is open to three fatal objections. It has, first of all, no historical basis. He refuses to accept the only documents from which a Life of Jesus can be derived, or he has so used them as manifestly to annul their value as historical witnesses. If in one sentence he admits their truthfulness, in the next he contradicts them. The person whom he exhibits to his readers is not the Jesus of the Gospels. He has formed his idea of a character, and then has selected from the original sources whatever might seem to corroborate this idea, leaving altogether out of account, and without any reason assigned for the omission, what-

ever contradicts his idea. Now, to say nothing of the folly of so unscientific a treatment of any historical documents, or of the utter worthlessness of whatever may be produced by such a method, every one sees that the arbitrary criticism of the author has laid him open to criticism of a like kind. If it is but a matter of private judgment what we are to receive from the Gospels, and what to reject, then why is M. Renan to become my teacher? He says that in the relation of such an event or discourse Luke is to be preferred; Ewald and Hase both come forward with denial, and assure us that, beyond all contradiction, John is to be preferred. To this no reply is possible on the part of M. Renan. He has started without principle, and has no principle to fall back upon. He has arbitrarily judged the Evangelists, and arbitrarily must himself be judged.

Then, secondly, not only is the character which he depicts baseless so far as historical evidence goes, but it is inconsistent with itself, and therefore impossible. The author's method is bad; his result is worse. He has invented a historical character, and his invention does not even meet the requirements of poetry. He has been much praised as an artist; but he lacks the highest quality of an artist—truthfulness of conception. With unusual power of representation, with a cultivated faculty for reproducing past events and transporting his readers to scenes far distant, he fails in comprehension. His work is fragmentary, not a whole. Several of its parts lack nothing in artistic beauty and power; but when we endeavour to put them together, we find that they have no affinity. All that this writer lacked in order to produce a work of incalculable influence and profit to the world was the fellowship with his subject which would have given him the meaning and place of each event in the life, by enabling him to conceive the purpose and spirit of the whole. But starting with his own low conception, he has been forced to interpret certain acts of our Lord by causes wholly insufficient, and to exhibit a growth of character and progress of incident which a second-rate novelist would be ashamed of. He has represented the most pious of men as a deceiver, the most simple as ambitious, the most narrow and prejudice-fettered as the enlightener of all nations. No real character combines such contradictions; no dramatist who values his reputation represents his characters as passing through any such unnatural transitions. M. Renan's book is one more proof that we must either raise Jesus much above the level of a mere pious, pure man, or sink him much below it.

Then, thirdly, this person depicted by M. Renan is unfit to serve the required purpose. This "*Vie de Jésus*" is the first book of a proposed "*Histoire des Origines du Christianisme*;" and it must occur to most readers that this figure is quite an inadequate origin of Christianity. Granting that the portrait here given us were historically correct, that the conception were consistent and truthful, yet the person represented

is not that person who stands at the birth of Christianity. This is not He to whom all the ages have been looking back, and whose image all Christians have borne in their hearts. This is not the Morning Star. Does M. Renan answer that it is a mistake to which we have been looking back? Still it is this mistake which has made us Christians, and not the Christ of M. Renan. We descend with him to his own level, and altogether deny that the person exhibited in his volume is he who has caused and maintained our religion. What claim has this Galilean peasant on us? What has he done for us that, for his sake, we should endure all hardness, taking up our cross daily and following him? He has lived well, he has spoken well; but with how many besides must he share our respect? Is it because this man has lived, that through all these centuries men have humbled themselves? Is it this man they have been clothing in clothing the naked?—this man whom they have seen represented in all that needs consolation, sympathy, and help? Is it the remembrance of this man that has made life a ministry and death a triumph? This man makes no claim on us, does not know us; and we will not own him. This person is not he who has called forth the trust of a world; this work is not that on which sinners, in the hour of their clearest vision of God, have rejoiced to rest; this character is not that which has moulded all that has been best on our earth, and all that has shone bright in its darkest places. If this be the founder of Christianity, then we must look for Christians among the sceptical and the Deists, among the careless and profane; and we must call that better religion which men (at their own instance, forsooth) have developed, and which has been the real belief and hope of Christendom, by some other name. If this be the founder of Christianity, and if Christianity be the right belief, then all religion must cease from the earth; for not only is this character unfit to sustain Christianity, but it is unfit to sustain any religion. It wants the bond.

I come now to urge briefly the *third* charge against Renan's "Life of Jesus," that it is false to *every just conception of God*. While a Christian is saddened at seeing the bright and transcendent image of Christ darkened in the way described, he is led to trace this disastrous shade up to a radical injustice on the part of Renan to the character of God. In this system of mystical and sentimental unbelief, as among the orthodox, the Father and the Son are found to be one. The foundation of all Renan's errors as to Jesus, is a doctrine of God which can hardly be credited but for undoubted evidence, and the appearance of which in a work of European importance, excites irresistible compassion for the present state of European literature. It has often been argued by Christian advocates, that since Christianity has done infinitely more than any other religion to spread the just knowledge of God and of his attributes and moral laws, to ascribe its origin to error or imposture

is to represent God as indebted for the best and full manifestation of himself to the sin and weakness of his creatures. To the amazement of every theist of the older school, as well as of every Christian, Renan accepts this *reductio ad absurdum* as a profound principle of the divine policy in the government of the world. Treating of accommodation to popular illusions and errors, this novel style of moral theology is adopted. "All great things are done by the people, and the people are not led save by adopting their ideas. The philosopher who, knowing this, isolates and secludes himself in his nobility, is highly to be praised. But he who takes humanity with its illusions, and seeks to act—and by it, is not to be blamed. Cæsar knew very well that he was not the son of Venus; France would not be what she is, if men had not believed for a thousand years in the holy vial of Rheims. It is easy for weak creatures that we are, to call this lying, as proud of our timid honesty, to treat with disdain the heroes who have accepted the struggle of life under other conditions. When we have done as much with our scruples as they with their lies, we shall have acquired the right to treat them with severity." This doctrine so startling needs to be confirmed by another citation. "Every idea, in order to succeed, has need to make sacrifices; we never come forth immaculate from the struggle of life. To conceive the good, short, is not sufficient; we must make it succeed among men. For this, ways less pure are necessary. Certain were the gospel limited to a few chapters of Matthew and of Luke, it would be more perfect, and would now give a handle to so many objections; but without miracles would it have converted the world? If Jesus had died at the point we have just reached in His career, there would not have been in His life one another page which wounds our moral sense (*qui non blasse*), but, while greater in the eyes of God, He would have remained unknown to men; He would have been lost in the crowd of great souls unrecognised, the best of all; the truth would not have been promulgated and the world would not have profited by the immense moral superiority bestowed on Him by His Father. This strikes fatally, not only at the character of Jesus but at the character of God. It is true that Renan, at this point, as on so many others, contradicts himself, maintaining elsewhere "that it has never been given to aberration of mind to have any serious effect on the march of humanity." But he is not less responsible for the deliberate opinion that the divine plan of the world demands pious fraud, as well as illusion, for the success of great enterprises, and that the success solves the hero from blame. There is no protection of the divine character in the saving clause, that those who abstain from such arts are greater in the eyes of God than those who employ them; for God still prefers to work out the highest destinies of the world by fraud and imposture; and exalts to a divine motto the human confession, "*Videō meliora probāque; deteriora sequor*"

The degradation of the Divinity involved in such a theory of the moral universe is completed by the fact that Renan allows no redress in a future life of these moral inequalities; for there is for him no judgment to come, and no realization of the pure ideal of truth and right; and though in one mystical passage he speaks of "a final reparation which, in some unknown form, shall satisfy the wants of the human heart," and even speculates on the possibility of a dream of millions of years no longer than one hour, in which the absolute conscience of the universe shall recall in phantom-like array the actors of the moral scene, and "give to virtuous and moral humanity its revenge," this dream-like vision cannot retrieve the divine character; for all is divorced from personal immortality, and the ideal figure of Jesus which is then brought in to judge the world is itself an impure reality which needs to be judged. Evil, unredressed and unpunished, is thus the necessary vehicle of good, and a false Messiah is proclaimed by history the elect of God in whom His soul delighteth. The casting out of Satan by Satan becomes the divine programme of the universe. Where is now the defence of the innocent against the Jesuit in the

cloister or the Jesuit on the throne; for the highest Throne of all is in fellowship with iniquity! Alas for the peoples of Europe amongst whom such a theology can arise, or who can welcome it as their deepest homage to the divine! This is all that is left for Renan as the exponent of the last phase of naturalism. This is the God on whose breast Jesus reposes; and when he leaps the gulf impassable to ordinary men between the human and the divine, this confused conscience of the universe, not yet become absolute and undistinguishable from atheism, is all that he holds in his embrace. The moral Deity of Kant, seated firmly amidst the ruins of schools and temples, on the stern summit of the law of duty, is out of date. The God, even of Voltaire, who, if he existed not, would need to be invented, is no longer a desideratum. A God who must work no real miracles, but who cannot dispense with sham ones, is the latest product of religious philosophy. It has designed a temple, but only achieved a cenotaph; and the whitened sepulchre, garnished with paint and strewn with *immortelles*, which, amidst the applause of millions, it has erected, is the common tomb of natural religion and of Christianity!

CHASTENED BUT NOT KILLED.

BY THE REV. W. WELDON CHAMPNEYS, M.A.*



HERE is as great a difference between those who love God and those who do not love him as between darkness and light. Men are very apt to think the love of the world a very harmless and excusable foible, if it is so at all. But God has plainly said, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." He gives the reason why this is so; because "the world" means those persons who are actuated and influenced by "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," and these (lusts) "are not of the Father." God indeed loves the world with the love of pity. He "so loved that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." But he loves those with the love of a Father, who, by his own Spirit, through his own word, have been brought "out of the world" to love and fear him. These are his children as truly and as really as those who are born to us are our children. His nature is in them; they have been "born, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, even by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." They have the dispositions and affections of children, and not merely the name and place. The very youngest and weakest "babe" in *this* family is as truly an "heir of

God and a joint-heir with Christ" as the strongest and the oldest; and *this* aristocracy confers not only the title and the succession, but the qualities and endowments. I have "seen beggars upon horses, and princes walking as beggars on the earth." Who has not seen the same as Solomon? Who has not seen men essentially mean, low, common in mind, tastes, and employments in high places; and men of a princely spirit, heaven's own aristocrats, God's own nobility, filling, in meek obedience, cheerful diligence, thankful contentedness, their humble place on earth?

How different, too, are God's dealings with these two distinct classes,—those who love him and those who do not!

One instance I remember, which left a deep impression on my own mind. I do not name this as a proof of any stereotyped rule of God's dealings, but simply as an example of the way in which he often deals with his own children and the world.

During the Crimean war an interest for our soldiers and those whom they left behind was excited in England, such as probably was never called out before. The amazingly increased rapidity of communication, the unexampled means of accurate information, the presence of bold, calm, and observant men on the spot, and their graphic narratives, seemed to place England in the Crimea, and enabled us almost to see what was passing there.

Many of the clergy were asked to look after the wives

* From "FACTS AND FRAGMENTS, a Sequel to 'The Spirit in the Word'" (London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday)—a delightful volume of miscellanies.

and families of soldiers residing in their respective parishes; and I was asked to give such oversight and advice as I could to two women, the wives of a non-commissioned officer and private in the same regiment. The women were requested to call on me. I happened to go to the door of our waiting-room, through which there was immediate access to my library without passing into the other part of the house, and as I opened it to let out some one with whom I had been speaking, a young woman, very cleanly but humbly dressed, came up and asked if I was the clergyman. I was struck with her expression of face. She was very pale, and there was a look of quiet, uncomplaining sadness which at once interested me. Her voice was gentle and sweet, and her Scotch accent at once told me whence she came. She carried a little child in her arms, whose dress was, like her own, very poor, but very clean. I asked her to follow me into the library, and gave her a chair. She put the child,—a fine active little thing,—down upon the ground, and held him by the hand while she talked with me. She told me that she was the wife of private B—of the —nd Regiment of Foot, and that she was feeling very anxious, as it was expected that a battle would soon take place, the army having already landed in the Crimea. On further conversation I found that she was one who truly trusted in God her Saviour, and believed that he would order all things well; though, loving her husband as she did with singular love, she could not restrain the natural anxiety of her true woman's heart on his account. All she said was so genuine, expressed in such a simple, artless way, that I felt deeply for her. I said, "You believe that God can shield your husband; that he who 'covered' David's 'head in the day of battle' can cover his. You believe that God is near to him now, as he is to us; and that, though he knows all you feel and wish, yet he tells us to speak to him about our anxieties, and ask him for what we wish. Let us then kneel down, and ask him now to keep your husband safe if it be his 'good pleasure.'" We knelt down. Her little active child meanwhile, the moment she released his hand, crawled away to the paper-basket, and began turning it over, and seating himself on the ground, played with its contents. She thought that this was a liberty, and was getting up to stop him. I felt it was the very best thing he could do, as he could do no harm, and it would keep him quiet and amused. So she knelt on, and we, in a few simple words, commended her husband to that God in whom they both trusted.

When I next saw her the battle of the Alma had been fought. Thousands of our brave men had fallen. I received a letter from the colonel's wife informing me that the poor woman's husband was dead. Before I had an opportunity of breaking the sad news to her, I received another communication, informing me that he had passed through the battle unhurt, but had been seized with cholera immediately afterwards, and had been sent to the hospital. God had graciously heard

that prayer, and had guarded him in that fearful fight. It pleased him also to restore him from the cholera, so that, after a while, he returned to his regiment and his duty.

From time to time she brought me his letters to read. Let no one tell us that refinement and delicacy of feeling and expression are the monopoly of the highly educated and nobly born. True affection is itself an elevating and refining thing, and the humblest that possesses it possesses that which cannot fail to raise him. Pure, true, and unselfish love is from him who is Love. Marriage is not degraded, though man naturally is. He who in Paradise laid the great corner-stone of the family in marriage, laid in it the foundation of society, which is built on marriage; and when he, the same Word, came on earth incarnate and "made flesh," he showed that marriage is not fallen nor lowered by working his first work of divine power and considerate bounty at a marriage-feast. No Christian gentleman could ever have penned anything more full of tender affection and manly thoughtfulness than the letters were which that private wrote. He knew, as so many thousands did, what it was to keep watch in the trenches trodden into mud and mire by the feet of those who marched to and from them; he knew what the thick, searching, clinging night-mists of that ungenial climate were, with its driving snow, its drifting sleet, and keen biting winds, which no watch-coat could keep out. As a true British soldier, his eyes were searching that mist whole nights to discern the first dim outline of the grey mass that moved so stealthily forward to surprise the besiegers; while his ear was set to catch the faintest sound that came over the rough ground from the gates and towers of Sebastopol. Yet his young and much-loved wife and his only little one were always on the heart and before the eyes of that soldier,—not to unnerve him and make him unfit for duty, but to brace him for it. In doing his humble part towards the capture of the Russian stronghold, he felt that he was hastening on the time when he should return to them; when he should once more see the faces he loved best on earth. He was a Christian; and he told his young wife that it was his comfort, as he lay on the damp ground at night, expecting that at any moment he might have to spring up to the deadly charge, to commend her and their child to the God in whom they both believed, and that the very act brought peace and calmness into his soul.

So he went on, doing his duty with thousands more, through the short gloomy days and long dark dreary nights of that dreadful winter. His spirit, however, was stronger than his body; the one was unbroken, the other began to break. His feet became so seriously frost-bitten that he was ordered into hospital, and after a while sent home.

Now she was rejoicing. Though he was to leave because he was ill, the voyage of itself would do him good. He would reach England nearly restored, and when he reached it, she would nurse him. She would see him

see again, and he would see her and his child, and that would be as good as medicine, and better, and would be sure to do him good.

Meanwhile the transport was making her way, and he was nearing the shore of his own dear native land. He was no better, but had grown weaker and weaker, so that now he could not leave his bed. His gentleness and patience had made many love him even in that short time. His little well-read and well-worn Bible was his constant companion: his Father's promises, his Saviour's history, were there; and, by the Holy Spirit, it was a living book to him. It came with power to his soul. He believed it all to be simply and divinely true. By a faith that laid hold of it, it was made his own, as if it had been written to him and for him alone. It told him of his "Father's house of many mansions," and of one prepared for him; it told him of his sins absolutely paid for, eternally pardoned; it told him of his acceptance in the Beloved. "The Spirit witnessed with his spirit that he was a child of God." "Peace which passeth all understanding kept his heart and mind" like a garrisoned town, which was not, like that stronghold he had just left, capable of being taken.

They came down to tell him that land was in sight—that the cliffs of old England were rising fast—that they should be in port in a few hours. He knew that he should be in port before that, safely moored, after a stormy passage, in that haven where he would be. He told them that he should never see the shore—that he was dying. He took his little Bible from his pillow, gave it to one of the kind friends who had felt for him and shown him many a little act of thoughtful tenderness. He asked them to see that his wife had it, and to tell her that he sent her his fond and tenderest love, with kisses to his child, and felt sure that he should meet them both in heaven. Just before the ship ran into port, his happy, gentle spirit slipped her cable and departed to be with Christ.

I never saw the man, but I love his memory as I write this. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." I did see his poor young widow once more. She had received his Bible—a treasure she would never part with. She had received his dying message, assuring her of his perfect peace, of his loving Saviour's constant presence, of his hope of the glory of God, of his deep and unchanged love to her. She was about to return to her native land, to her mother, a widow like herself and poor; but she doubted not that she should find employment to enable her to support herself and her child. She spoke of her husband, and I loved to hear her speak of him. She said, "All I ever knew of God and my Saviour I learnt from him. On our wedding-day he began to pray with me and teach me to pray. He taught me to read my Bible. He explained the meaning of it to me. His example led me. His love encouraged me. I owe my soul, under God, to him." And so, with a heart bowed, but not broken; in deep poverty, yet in strong trust; her thoughts upward, her heart

heavenward, she went away to work diligently, to wait patiently, and to hope to the end, till she also had finished her course, and till he who had received her husband should "come again and receive her to himself, that where he is there she might be also."

"Great are the troubles of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of all." "Our *light* affliction, which is but for a *moment*, worketh for us a far more exceeding and *eternal weight* of glory;" but *only* "when we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

It is in their Father's house that God's children will thoroughly understand their Father's doings.

The other woman who was commended to my notice was the wife of a non-commissioned officer in the same regiment. I saw the two women once together. It was plain at a glance that the one felt that she was the wife of an officer. She was a well-looking young woman, well dressed, and a little self-confident in manner. When I spoke to her, as I had done to the other, there was no response whatever. I saw that she scarcely understood what I said. I spoke in a vacuum, and there was no return. She listened without disrespect, but without any interest. The supports and consolations of religion were evidently unknown to her.

This woman's husband, like the other, passed unhurt through the battle of the Alma, but was wounded after it by some Russians. He also was sent into hospital, and was ordered home. He recovered. He was a brave man, and it was in doing his duty that he met his wound. His services and his sufferings were considered to deserve reward, and a comfortable post was found for him, where his wife in health and strength joined him. From all that I could see or hear, there was not the fear of God in her heart; she seemed to be living simply for the world. Without any absolute want of affection, there was none of the refined, delicate, tender, unselfish love that I saw in the other, for God's grace was not there; her heart had not been changed, nor her soul taken possession of by God the Holy Spirit, who, while he creates no new faculty of the soul, takes possession of all that he finds in us—of memory, judgment, will, conscience, affection—and purifies, elevates, refines, and sanctifies them all.

Who can look at the course of these two, the one a true servant and loving child of God, the other a woman of the world, without feeling sure that, if this were the only life, we could not understand the different dealings of God with these two so widely different persons? But if this world be the school in which the children of God are placed "under tutors and governors until the time appointed by the Father;" if all the arrangements of this school,—its instruction, its discipline, its correction,—are simply framed for the cultivation of such tempers, the formation of such habits, the drawing out of such powers, the communication of such know-

ledge, as shall fit them for the Father's house when the schooltime is over,—then even we can understand how those who loved him should have had their faith so tried, their patience so exercised, their will so broken in by trouble, while those who seemed at least not to think of him should be left uncorrected and

in possession of those transitory good things which are as nothing in comparison with the unspeakable joy which God hath prepared for those who love him. All his true children will find that "it is better to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

SOMETHING ELSE THAN A SINNER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM J. PATTON.



Read in the life of John Campbell of Kingsland, that before his conversion he always wanted to come to God, not as a sinner, but as a good man. "In fact," says his biographer, "the gospel was nothing to him except when he felt himself to be *something else than a sinner*." Perhaps, anxious inquirer, this is the reason why you can get no peace—you want to come to God as "*something else than a sinner*." You think that God would not receive you as a sinner, and that you must make yourself a Christian first. Therefore you are trying to work better, and pray better, and weep better, and feel better, in order to make God willing to save you. Many a time you have tried to make out to your satisfaction that you are a Christian, but somehow you have never succeeded. And you never will till God opens your eyes to see that you are no Christian at all, and nothing else than a sinner; and that he is willing to save you just as a sinner, and that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Whenever you see this, and are willing to come to Jesus as a sinner, and to take salvation as a *gift* from him, without any merit of your own, then you are saved. There are a few ideas on this subject which we would wish to lay before you.

1. *God is willing to receive you this moment just as you are—nothing else than a sinner.* You fancy that you are willing to be saved, but that God is not willing to save you. Most wicked thought! The opposite is just the fact—that you are not willing to be saved on God's terms—the only terms on which a *holy* God can save you—as a poor sinner, indebted entirely to Christ's righteousness; and that God is most willing to

save you this moment on these terms. What is God's record about himself? "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him" (Rev. iii. 20). It is he that is knocking at your door, and asking you to open, and not you at his. And read the 15th chapter of Luke. Is not Jesus the Good Shepherd, who had compassion on his wandering sheep, and followed it far away to find it? Is he not the father of the prodigal, who, when his son was "yet a great way off, saw him, and had compassion, and ran"—yes, ran—"and fell on his neck, and kissed him?" Is there a sweeter verse in all the Bible? Is he not the same Jesus still who said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not?" (Luke xiii. 34.) "*I would,*" "*but ye would not.*" So God says.

2. *Jesus will never save you as anything else than a sinner.* "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Mark ii. 17). If you could make out that you are a Christian, as you have been trying so long to do, you would have no need of salvation at all. Salvation is for the *lost*. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10). It was not for those who were good in themselves, but for the *ungodly* that Christ died: "When we were yet *without strength*, in due time Christ died for the *ungodly*" (Rom. v. 6). Christ will either save you as a sinner, or not at all. It is nowhere said in the Bible that *he helps sinners to save themselves*. He *saves* altogether. "If by grace, then is it no more of works: otherwise grace is

more grace. But if it be of works, then is it more grace : otherwise work is no more work" (om. xi. 6).

3. *You can never make yourself anything else in a sinner, by your greatest efforts to do so.* Will all your resolutions, or tears, or prayers, or good works, blot out your past sins? Why, if we were to do all these things as well as man ever did them, till the day of judgment, they would not blot out your smallest sin. You cannot do more than your duty ; and doing a present duty can never blot out a past sin. You are truly "without strength," God says, though you don't think so. But, you say, though they cannot blot out sin, will they not help to make God willing to receive me? You have no need to ask God willing to receive you. He is willing to receive you, just as you are, if you come through Christ. You seem to think him an unforgiving man, and that you must send forward these things before you to pacify him, as Jacob sent his presents before to pacify his unrelenting brother. What wicked thoughts the natural mind has of God! No wonder the Bible says, "The carnal mind is enmity against God" (Rom. viii. 7). It is because you hate God that you have these thoughts of him. If you are willing to come to me by Christ, you will find him pacified already. The Lord is well-pleased for his righteousness' sake. "Christ has magnified the law and made it honourable" (Isa. xlii. 21). "He has finished the

transgression, and made an end of sins, and made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness" (Dan. ix. 24). God has shown he is satisfied, by raising Christ from the dead, and setting him at his own right hand in the heavenly places. And now, he asks, are you satisfied with Christ as your surety, and willing to take him as the only ground of your salvation? He offers him freely to you as such. He presses on you, he entreats you, he commands you to accept him as your Saviour, and tells you if you do so you will be saved. If you will not, don't insult the Almighty by the thought that you are willing to be saved, but that he is not.

4. *What keeps you from being saved is pride, heart-pride, wanting to come to God as something else than a sinner.* You are not willing to come as other sinners. The pride of your heart must find a little merit to help to purchase your pardon and pay for your acceptance. This is it, though you may not think so. You still imagine that you can do something, though God tells you that you "can do nothing;" and you are trying to do what you can, and you think Christ will do the rest.

"Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can;
If doings prove rather too light
(A little they own they may fail),
They purpose to make up full weight
By casting his name in the scale."

DROMA, April 1864.

MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. XIV.—SOUTH AFRICA—MORAVIAN MISSION.



NEXT Sabbath evening the young people anxiously inquired what new mission field they were to enter upon.

"Are we to take a very long journey to-night, mamma?" said Tommy.

"No, my dear ; as Madagascar is so near Africa, I think we shall only take a ship and cross over to the continent."

"Among the Hottentots," said George ; "that will be a good variety."

"The people of South Africa are not all Hottentots ; there are Bechuanaas, Caffres, and other tribes, of whom we shall hear presently. But this evening we may go to the real Hottentots. Mr. Moffat, our celebrated Scottish missionary, considers that the Coranna and Namaqua tribes are of the same nation ; and also the

Bosjesmans, or Bushmen, a wild savage race ; but we may speak of all these under the one general name."

"They are a dirty, stupid people," said George, "not interesting like the Red Indians."

"At least, no novelist has yet written romances about them."

"A Hottentot romance ! that would be droll indeed."

"Human nature is in itself much the same everywhere ; and, probably, a skillful hand might find the elements of a good romance among the despised Hottentots as well as among your favourites the Red men. However, we have to deal with reality at present, not fiction. Can you tell me the name of our colony at the southern point of the great African continent?"

"Cape of Good Hope. Is not it a fine country and climate?"

"Yes, in many respects, so that invalids from India often go there to recruit their health, rather than return to England; though now-a-days the overland route makes coming 'home' so easily and quickly accomplished, that those who have friends and relatives here must prefer it."

"I recollect," said Anne, "when we visited the green-houses at the castle last summer, the gardener told us that those very beautiful bulbs were from 'the Cape.' Do they grow there in the open air?"

"Yes, they are the wild plants of the country, along with a great variety of other beautiful flowers."

"How charming that must be! Are there fine fruits too?"

"Fruits of almost all kinds, except some of strictly tropical climates, either grow naturally or can be easily cultivated. A fine sweet wine called Constantia is made from the vines which were introduced by French emigrants. I have read that strawberries may be found ripe all the year round."

"Strawberries *always* ripe!" exclaimed Tommy; "how delightful!"

"Well, my dear, perhaps we might tire even of eating strawberries if they were always to be had. I believe we enjoy them, and other good things, much more by having them only sometimes, in the right seasons, as God has ordered for us."

"Does corn grow well?" asked George.

"Yes; but as yet the general agriculture of the district is imperfect. The farmers, principally Dutch, are indolent, and do not make improvements as they might."

"How do Dutchmen come to be there?"

"The country was first colonized by the Dutch, about two hundred years ago, and most of the old farms are still held by their descendants. I need not go over the history; but for about fifty years the colony has been under British government. The Dutch farmers are called Boors."

"Not a promising name," said Mr. Campbell, laughing.

"No; and I have read accounts of their manners and mode of life, which make them appear really a *boorish* race. However, there must be exceptions, and the name I believe only means a farmer. One thing is too true, that they have in general treated the poor natives with much harshness and cruelty. It is shocking to read of how in former years they were oppressed and tortured, as the slaves of their foreign masters, or else hunted and shot like wild beasts. An English traveller in the end of last century says, that before leaving Cape Town for the interior he heard a boor asked if the savages were numerous or troublesome on the road; and the man replied, that he had only shot four on his journey, "speaking as composedly as if they had been so many partridges." The same traveller tells that he heard another person boast of having with his own hands destroyed nearly three hundred of these unfortunate beings."

"Oh, mamma, that is dreadful to think of! Are they then a fierce, dangerous set of savages?"

"No, they are described as a timid, harmless race; indolent by nature, but not stupid; at least, quite capable of instruction and civilization. The wild Hottentots, as Mr. Moffat calls the Bushmen, are indeed a set of marauders, living chiefly by plunder; but even they seem to have been driven to this wild lawless life by cruelty and oppression, rather than from natural fierceness of disposition."

"Do they worship idols?"

"No, they have no idols; but their notions of a deity and of spiritual things seem extremely vague. Their morality they are better than many other savages."

"Now tell us about the missionaries, mamma. Who went first to the Hottentots?"

"Our old friends the Moravians."

"Oh," said George, "I am glad we are to meet with them again."

"Yes, it is always pleasant to hear of the self-denying devoted labourers belonging to that truly missionary Church. South Africa was one of their early mission fields. Some of the first missionaries to Greenland and other countries sailed from Amsterdam; and their conversation and example deeply impressed some Christians in that city, who, being connected I suppose with the Cape Colony, were led to feel a concern for the souls of the natives there, and in 1734 wrote to the brethren at Herrnhut, petitioning that a missionary might be sent to the Hottentots. The person who offered for this duty was a remarkable man."

"What was his name?"

"George Schmidt, a young, ardent Christian, yet one whose faith had been already severely tested. He was born in Moravia, and being at an early age led by the Holy Spirit to earnestness in religion, was exposed to much persecution from the Roman Catholics. He sought refuge, along with other persecuted Christians, at Herrnhut. At the age of nineteen he accompanied another brother on a journey back to their own country, in order to give spiritual help and encouragement to the afflicted believers there. The two were arrested, and Schmidt passed the next six years, loaded with heavy chains, in a Bohemian prison."

"And his companion?"

"He had not strength to endure their sufferings, and sank under them; but his dying testimony was, 'I have hold of my Saviour. He does not forsake me, nor I him.' Here is what Schmidt writes, years after, alluding to this early friend:—

"You ask me whether I have forgotten your brother, the companion of my captivity. No, most assuredly. I never can forget him. As long as my pulse beats, my love to him will endure—till we meet together before the throne of the Lamb, and see face to face Him whom we served on earth."

"How did Schmidt escape?"

"I do not know the circumstances; but he was liber-

end of six years, in 1734, and returned to as willing as ever to labour and suffer in the hrist. He never quite recovered from the ts of what he had endured in prison, but his ourage were unabated. He gladly accepted Africa; and in answer to the representations nsterdam of all the trials and difficulties be- e replied, 'All things are possible with God; assured that he has sent me to this people, I t he will help me, both in small things and

ow did he get on?"

were various delays, and the voyage proved s; so that we do not hear, of his reaching till July 1737. After making some simple s, he settled in the wilderness, along with a vilized natives, at a place called Bavian's ie Glen of Baboons, above a hundred miles Town."

re baboons?" said Tommy.

, ugly kind of apes or monkeys found in that ica. I suppose they were common in this n. Well, Schmidt built a cottage for him- anted a garden, and the Hottentots made fter their own fashion."

y live in houses, mamma?"

uses like ours, but round huts, with high, ointed roofs, which look like great bee-hives. f these are generally made together, so as circle, and this kind of village is called a

o they build in a circle?" asked George. is a strange custom."

the advantage of forming a sort of court ere the sheep and oxen can be kept safe nimals during the night."

re many wild animals?" asked Anne.

We shall hear more about them afterwards."

re," said George, "there are the lions. rcer in Africa than in any other country."

ad forgotten. So poor Schmidt had to live as well as wild men! Tell us more about na. What kind of language had he to

ttentot language is considered difficult for and a very singular one—most words being with a kind of *clicking* sound, such as is icking the tongue against the teeth or roof of

, not difficult." And the boys commenced earnest.

ill do, George. It is easy to click alone, but and speak at once. At all events, Schmidt he case. I suppose he had not talents for nguages, and so he rather tried to teach the Dutch, which many knew a good deal of d he spoke to the others by an interpreter. kindness soon gained the affection and con-

fidence of this simple people. The children came readily to his school, and the parents began to cultivate the ground under his directions; so that a little kraal soon formed around him."

"And was he quite alone among them?" said Anne. "That was more like Brainerd than any other missionary you have told us of."

"Yes; but Schmidt was a different character from Brainerd, and better able, both mentally and physically, to bear a solitary life. He had also less of outward hardships, and a more gentle race of heathens to deal with. Here is part of a letter which he wrote in 1742:—

"As to my circumstances here, you may represent one who has five years already been keeping solitary watch for his Lord without being relieved, and who has vowed fidelity to him to the last drop of his blood. He is faithful, and what he has promised he also will perform. I will therefore remain under his banner, keeping patient watch. He knows that I desire nought but him, and that I count not my life dear unto myself. I want no rest for the flesh as long as my feet will carry me, but gladly leave my resting-time to the end of my warfare. To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I believe that he has marked out my work, and my times are in his hands."

"Had he any success in teaching the Hottentots religion?"

"Yes, they seemed to listen willingly to the 'glad tidings;' and in 1742 he had the happiness of admitting seven into the Church of Christ by baptism, whom he believed to be truly converted in heart as well as turned from heathenism."

"That was very cheering, and would make him go on comfortably."

"Alas! his hopes were disappointed. As soon as it became known that he was beginning actually to baptize the natives, an outcry was raised against him by the godless farmers and others, who dreaded the loss to their own interests which they thought would follow if the poor creatures whom they were used to treat so ill were to be really enlightened and civilized. Schmidt was summoned to Cape Town, and forbidden to baptize or administer the Communion, on pretence of some illegality in his ordination as a minister. He thought the best resource was to visit Germany, and get these obstacles removed. So, with a sad, anxious heart, he bade farewell to his little flock of forty-seven Hottentots, and a few other Christian friends, leaving all his property in charge of one of his converts, and humbly begging the governor not to molest them during his absence."

"And was he long away?"

"It was not the will of God that he should ever return. All the petitions of the brethren to the Dutch Government were of no avail, and the mission was for the time abandoned."

"Oh, mamma, how sad! how much Schmidt would feel it!"

"We may be sure it was not easy for him to feel resigned on this point to the will of his heavenly Father. But to his dying hour he loved and prayed for his dear Hottentots, and cherished the hope, now, we trust, long realized, of meeting them at last in heaven."

"Did he die soon?"

"No; he married, and lived to old age, quietly and usefully engaged at home. In his latter years he suffered from many bodily infirmities, but was always an example of holy peace and cheerfulness. At that period the Moravian Church had adopted a remarkable practice of appointing from among the most approved Christians of their number a "Company of Intercessors," who divided among themselves the twenty-four hours of day and night, so as to offer unceasing prayers for the cause of Christ and the advancement of his kingdom on earth. Schmidt was one of these, and at such seasons we may imagine how earnestly he would plead for his far-distant converts. One day he was heard to express strongly his own desire "to depart and to be with Christ." Next morning he was busy as usual in his garden, but left it at the appointed hour of prayer, and retired to his chamber. He did not appear again; and when some one went to seek him, only his lifeless body was found; his spirit had been called away, probably in the very act of prayer for his beloved Africans."

"What a peaceful departure!" said Mr. Campbell, "what a suitable close to a life of such holy labour and devotedness! Nor must we think that even in regard to Africa he lived in vain, for besides what he actually accomplished in leading a few of the poor natives to the knowledge of a Saviour, his example must since then have animated many a succeeding missionary."

"Yes, here is what our own Moffat says of him:— 'It is impossible to traverse the glen, as I have done, or sit under the great pear tree which that devoted missionary planted with his own hands, without feeling something like a holy envy of so distinguished a person in the missionary band. When we remember that actions receive their weight from the circumstances under which they have been called forth, how exalted a glory must such an one as George Schmidt possess in the heavenly world, compared with a great majority in the present day, who have doors opened to them, and a host of examples before them, with the zeal and prayers of the whole Christian Church to animate and support them!'"

"Then, mamma, were the Moravians ever able to renew their mission in South Africa?"

"About fifty years after Schmidt had been forced to quit his post, Providence opened the way again. The Dutch Government granted leave to send missionaries to the Hottentots, and three of the brethren gladly prepared to take advantage of the long-desired opportunity. This was in 1792. When they reached Cape Town, the Governor there recommended as the best situation for a missionary settlement the very spot which Schmidt had formerly occupied. So they set out on their journey to

the glen of Baboons. Travelling in South Africa very different from what we are used to; no stage-coaches, hardly what can be called and the conveyances clumsy waggons drawn by or more oxen."

"Oxen instead of horses, how extraordinary!"

"And twelve oxen," said George, "that is! Esquimaux sledges with their lots of dogs. We drivers both the Esquimaux and the Hottentot need to be!"

"In spite of the many oxen, the rate of progress was very slow, as the roads, if there are any, are frightfully bad and hilly. However, the good missionaries reached their destination safely, and the ruins of Schmidt's house still visible, while a large tree, which he had planted as a tender shoot, where the garden had been. We can easily understand how they were deeply affected by these memories of their departed brother. The place seemed a new ground, and for several years, till a church was built, all their meetings for worship were held under the shade of the pear-tree. But yet more precious relics were soon discovered. As the natives gathered around their new teachers, one after another appeared, who had in early youth been themselves instructed by Schmidt, or who were the children of converts, and told how for years his little flock had kept together, hoping and praying for him. At length an aged woman, almost blind, came forward that she was Magdalena, the last survivor of whom he had baptized."

"Then she was a Christian," said Anne. "Mamma, how very interesting!"

"Yes, without taking more liberties with truth than most novelists do, I think a very good romance might be made up out of poor Magdalena's story. I only tell plain facts, I must confess that she had gotten much of all she had been taught, from the Dutch New Testament which Schmidt had given her. She had kept wrapped in sheep-skins as a treasure. She joyfully welcomed the missionaries, and placed herself under their care. Her recollection of divine truth soon returned, and her conduct was that of a sincere believer. She died in peace on July 1800, at nearly the age of one hundred years."

"Poor old Magdalena! we shall not forget her history. Then did the missionaries get on well?"

"They had difficulties and troubles at first, of various kinds, from the unsettled state of the country. I have not time to relate, but their work among the Hottentots was encouraging. The settlements increased, so much so that in 1800, when most of the troubles had been got over, a church was built, and the number of natives at Genade, the place was now called, was about one thousand, now is nearly treble that number. Of course this represents the visible Church, and many were found among the wheat there, as in our own

land. More missionaries came out from Europe, and other stations and settlements were formed in the course of years. By the last Moravian statistics I find eleven stations marked in South Africa, and the number of native converts at present to be between eight thousand and nine thousand. Genadenthal (which means in German the vale of grace), has always been considered the capital. And I think I cannot close our evening better than by reading a description of it given in a letter last summer from a Christian visitor, a clergyman, who took an excursion to the spot from Cape Town:—

“I have lately made a visit to the missionary settlement of the Moravian Brethren at Genadenthal, of which I will now communicate to you some reminiscences. I had long cherished the wish to visit this, the oldest and most populous missionary settlement of the land of my choice, . . . a place so interesting to me, and to every friend of missions who knows anything of its history. . . .

“The traveller approaching from the eastward (as we did), obtains his first view of the settlement from the summit of a range of hills, which bound a wide valley. It is in hollows of this kind that villages and settlements must be looked for in South Africa. They are not built on eminences, where the nature of the ground would aid to protect them from hostile attacks, as was the case with European cities in the middle ages. The requisite among us when fixing on a site for a human dwelling is water; hence our villages are all built on low ground, and not on hills. The scene we beheld on first gaining sight of Genadenthal was charming. Lofty mountains formed the back-ground, and the view was bounded on either side by considerable eminences. The peaceful valley which spread itself before us was thickly grown over by numerous clumps of oaks and poplars, together with some gigantic Australian trees, one of which, the blue gum tree, here reached the height of one hundred feet. The church, the schools, and the mission premises were at first hardly visible, all being, as it were, buried in foliage. The dwellings which are first seen are those of the Hottentots and other natives, who compose the population. These stand mostly on the hill sides, where the ground cannot be so well cultivated and watered. The most fertile of the lower-lying land is employed for the gardens and plantations of the inhabitants. A road winding among the houses, gardens, and trees, conducts the visitor to the centre of the settlement, consisting of the church and other mission buildings, arranged round an open space. On one side is the church, a very simple but neat and commodious structure, which, on the ground floor and in the galleries, accommodates about one thousand persons. The dwellings and work-shops of the missionaries occupy the opposite side of the square. Near the church stand the school buildings, of which the newest is the most important; it is a training institution for native teachers, containing about sixteen pupils. Under the same roof are a printing office, and the apartments of one or two missionary brethren. . . .

I need hardly say that all that was to be seen was shown us by the worthy brethren with their usual kindness. We soon inquired about certain relics which have a peculiar interest for the friend of missions. Even in childhood I had read about the pear-tree called by the name of George Schmidt, the first Christian missionary in South Africa. . . . This tree has long since disappeared; but a vigorous shoot from it, which grows in the burying-ground between the houses, still indicates the spot where this early messenger of the gospel laboured with his own hands. But his successors were permitted to discover yet more important traces of his exertions. An aged Hottentot woman named Lena, the only survivor of those whom Schmidt had baptized, was found in the vicinity, and she brought, wrapped in sheep-skin, a New Testament which she had learned to read in her youth. This Testament, inclosed in a box made of the wood of Schmidt's pear-tree, we were permitted to see,—a striking memorial of the difficulties with which the early promulgation of the gospel in this region had to contend.

“My companions were obliged to leave the same day, but I embraced the opportunity to become better acquainted with the missionaries, and to be present at their religious services. About eight of them reside here with their families, and have in several respects a combined house-keeping. Besides daily services in their church, they assemble three times a-day at a common table in a large but plain dining-room, on the walls of which hung portraits of Zinzendorf, Schmidt, and other members of the Brethren's Church. Each Brother has his allotted share of preaching the gospel, the care of souls, and school teaching. Besides this, each takes his part in the secular labour by which the expenses of the mission are met. There is a corn mill, a smithy, a carpenter's shop, a drug store, a printing office, &c. From the last mentioned establishment come, among the rest, two monthly periodicals, which circulate among both the coloured and white inhabitants of the colony. These are “De Bode” (The Messenger), a magazine, the contents of which are of a miscellaneous character, suited in style to the limited comprehensions of its readers among the coloured people; and “De Kindervriend” (Children's Friend), a useful publication, which also meets with readers in some Dutch Reformed Sunday schools.

“The Lord's day, which I was able to spend at Genadenthal, was refreshing to me. . . . I found the religious services very edifying. In the forenoon, after the instruction for the candidates for baptism, the Moravian Litany was prayed, in the course of which certain passages were sung, the organ being played by a pupil of the Training School. The congregation then dispersed for a short time, and afterwards re-assembled for a sermon, which I had been requested to deliver. I spoke to a large assembly on receiving in vain the grace of God so abundantly bestowed. In the afternoon two adults were baptized. One of the missionaries delivered

a suitable address, after which the Litany appointed for such occasions was read and sung. The two candidates, who were dressed in white, having received the ordinance kneeling, fell prostrate and remained so during the concluding prayer. At the evening service I again addressed the congregation.'

"The letter goes on to speak of the general state of

religion in the settlement, how the missionaries are often tried by the sins and infirmities of their poor people, and how greatly they desire a time of revival from the Holy Spirit among them. Let us remember this, when we pray for them, and for the other servants of Jesus in that country, of whom I hope to tell you more next Sabbath evening."

EMIGRANTS IN OLDEN TIMES.



N the days when the Judges ruled there was, we are told in the Book of Ruth, a severe famine in the land of Israel. At what precise date it occurred is not said; but as there is only one period of scarcity expressly mentioned in the history—that time when hordes of Midianites were in the habit of spreading themselves over the country, and, like so many locusts, consuming every green thing—some think it not unlikely that the famine referred to happened then. It is not, however, necessary that we should admit that this was certainly the date, because, unhappily, droughts, and blights, and hostile inroads were not so uncommon in those days; and many famines may have happened whose causes and effects it was not considered needful to report.

But whatever may have been the date, the famine pressed very heavily on the most fertile districts of the country; and even in Bethlehem, the "House of Bread," the necessities of life became so scarce, that in at least one of the families connected with that town a resort to the extreme remedy of emigration came to be seriously entertained. The *names* of Scripture are often so full of significance that (especially as the fancy is confirmed by what afterwards happened) we may allow ourselves to imagine by what process of reasoning this Israelitish household allowed itself to be persuaded that it might, without sin or danger, move into a neighbouring country. The proposal to do so could not have been one to which they had no difficulty in assenting. The land of Israel was Jehovah's land—the land of religious life and light—the land of ordinances; while Moab, the country into which they thought of emigrating, lay under the shadow of a vile idolatry. Besides, though there was scarcity in Judea, there could not have been absolute destitution in it, else there must have happened one or other of two things: either a wholesale emigration of the people, which we do not hear of, or an entire depopulation of the district, which we do not hear of either. The step contemplated, therefore, implied a separation from the house of God, and the means of grace, and the fellowship of the chosen people; and that a separation which the circumstances of the case did not seem to make indisputably necessary. What may we suppose, then, to have prevailed over the piety and patriotism and brotherly

spirit of this Israelitish family to induce it, in the face of such considerations, to carry out the plan of settling in a foreign land? The *names* of the household may, as we have said, help us to answer the question. There were two sons of the house. The name of the one was Mahlon, the name of the other was Chilion; and these words, when translated into our mother-tongue, signify—the one *Weakness*, the other *Consumption*. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that the two young men had come into the world with weakly constitutions, and that, as they grew up toward manhood, their feebleness remained. When the famine came, such as they were would, of course, be the first to feel it. The strong, and healthy, and robust might bear up under the scarcity of bread, or would be able to subsist on food such as, in times of plenty, might be given to the cattle; but invalids needed not only a sufficiency of food, but what was excellent of its kind. And perhaps it was only after the father and mother saw their children dying away before their eyes, that they allowed themselves to look at the remedy of transferring their home into a more favoured land. Even then, however, the course of duty would not be at all clear to them. Naomi, who was very evidently the "salt" of this family, would certainly plant that, by leaving Israel, they might but run into new and greater perils. In Moab they would be no longer under "the wings of Jehovah;" the lives of their sons might not be spared in the one country any more than in the other; and even although they should succeed in prolonging their days, who could tell but that this might be done only at the expense of higher interests of vital and lasting injury to their souls. But these objections were overruled. The husband's name was "Elimelech"—that is, "God, my King;" and it is not improbable that he founded an argument for removal on this very title. "God is king," he perhaps said, "both of Moab and of Israel. We shall not go from under the wings of Jehovah when we cross the Jordan. He will take care of us in the one land just as well as in the other. Only let us put our confidence in him, and all will be well." This half-truth about Providence has been often pleaded with success since. Men have forgotten that while God rules everywhere, he has nowhere promised that he will favour those who "tempt" him by inconsiderately pursuing evil courses. Still the

argument sounds plausible and pious. It had, no doubt, in this case, the effect of silencing if not of satisfying Naomi; and she—"pleasant" woman as she was!—willingly sacrificed herself for the comfort and happiness of her husband and children.

The decision being taken, the family inheritance was mortgaged, and with the proceeds Elimelech transferred his household into the fertile plains of Moab. But the new settlement had not been long formed, when Naomi's doubts about the wisdom of the step were more than confirmed. First, her husband died, even in the midst of the plenty by which they were surrounded; and then her two sons, freed from paternal restraint, "took to themselves" (the expression is used in Scripture generally in a bad sense, implying a wilful act done in disregard of law and remonstrance)—took to themselves wives of the daughters of Moab. The first husband would, we may be sure, grieve her far less than the second. The death was a blow direct from the hand of God, and she would be able by and by to reconcile herself to the event as one which was inevitable at some time or another, and the time of which was ordered by a higher and wiser law than that of her own wishes. But the alliance with the alien race of Moab, the probability that her children would learn the ways of the country, its idolatry, and its immoralities, and the conviction that such results could not but have been anticipated; these were things which would make up much of that bitterness which she afterwards complained had been wrung into her cup. Already she must have felt that the emigration scheme had been worse than a failure. The lives of her sons may have been prolonged, but to what good end? Better had it been a thousand times that they had perished of hunger at Bethlehem than that they had been preserved alive, only to deny their faith and despise the privileges of sons of Abraham. Her cup was not yet full. Perhaps even after these marriages she was not without hope that all might yet be well. Her daughters-in-law were Moabites; but they were amiable and impressible, and manifested no disposition to leave their own gods for the worship of Jehovah. Who could tell then but that they might be induced to emigrate in their turn, and that she might yet be permitted to see her whole home circle settled again among the hills of Judah. These expectations, however, were destined to be disappointed. The constitutional weakness of her sons had never been got over. After a residence of ten years in Moab, both of them died, leaving childless widows.

A Bible story like this is well worthy of being considered by those who contemplate emigration from such a country as our own to other lands. Such a step must be often proper and necessary. There is, in the first place, an un repealed general law requiring the human family to replenish the earth and subdue it; and it is certainly somebody's business directly to attend to this law. And apart from that, there is neither reason nor religion in compelling a man to starve at home, if he

can honestly, and with a due regard to higher interests, find bread abroad. But while all that is plain enough, it is much to be feared that many take the decided step of removing to the colonies and elsewhere, without having put themselves to the trouble of ascertaining whether they shall find in their new home those means of grace which are indispensable to the maintenance of their spiritual life, or whether they shall be free there from the pressure of such social influences as may tend to degrade and demoralize their children. No doubt, this is a subject which it deeply concerns the home churches to consider. They ought to do their utmost to provide ordinances for those of their children whom the pressure of circumstances has compelled to emigrate; because in Canada and Australia we see not merely the overflowings of the population of the Old World, but the embryos of future nations, whose character for generations to come may be determined by their attitude and condition now. But the field is great, and the resources of the home churches are limited, and in view of this, it is of vital importance that Christian families, who are forced by famine or other causes to leave their "land of Israel," should avoid following, if possible, the example of Elimelech in moving into a country or district which is *known* to be "without God." It is sometimes the misfortune of Christians to be forced to dwell among idolaters. They would be going in the face of Providence if they were to move elsewhere. But that is a very different case from a British father of a family deliberately selecting as his future abode, not as he might do a place where church and school are comparatively accessible, but a place where from one year's end to the other the sound of the gospel shall never fall upon his ear. To have abundance of the bread which perisheth is much; but—as witness the experience of Naomi and her household—it may be sometimes purchased at too dear a cost. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things will be added to you."

We have said that Naomi was evidently the "salt" of this family. The piety of Elimelech and his two sons may conceivably be questioned; but there can be no doubt about the reality of hers. Her language, the influence of her example upon her two daughters-in-law, and her return to Judea the moment her way was opened up, all seem to testify that she was an Israelite indeed. And considering her as such, it is to us deeply interesting to notice that God did not allow her to go through all the trials connected with this emigration to Moab, without affording her, as one of his own, some relief, some compensation. It sometimes happens that an army sets out upon an expedition in which it signally fails; but while, as a whole, it earns no trophies, one branch of it—the cavalry, perhaps, or the artillery—distinguishes itself so highly as so far to redeem its character. And so was it in a manner here. For Elimelech and his two sons, the journey to Moab was simply disastrous, and in their misfortunes the wife and

mother could not but share. But while, in a sadly real sense "she went out full, and came home empty," there was another ground on which she could not regret altogether her sojourn across the Jordan. Because, after all, she did not come home literally empty. She brought with her, on the contrary, a trophy from the land of Moab. By her life and teaching RUTH had been converted to the faith of Jehovah; and when Naomi settled once more in Bethlehem, she was able to point

to one who had been redeemed through her instrumentality from idolatry and pollution, and who was afterwards presented to the Church at large in a threefold aspect—first, as in the highest degree attractive on account of the beauty of her personal character; second, as an ancestress of Jesus Christ; and third, as one of the first fruits unto God of the great harvest of the Gentile world.

N. L. W.

Miscellanies.

COMING AND GOING.



UNSHINE and shadow come and go alternately, or with mingled influence chequer the scenes of life. The first coming of a child into the household is more than the advent of an angel. A divine messenger might more surprise us, might play upon our wonder and fear, or give food for reflection by his message.

But a child comes from as mysterious and strange a land as the unknown sky. Every day the little thing fills us with questions and wonders of thought. One child is a whole population. What is it? what will it become? how shall we rear it? what is it doing to us, and within us? These thoughts come and go, in light and shadow, in hope and fear, in gladness or sorrow, with footfalls as numerous as if a whole host, and not one little babe, were the subject of them. But of the coming of these little ones, poets and parents have written abundantly.

What about their going? When they go out to return no more, we believe that the door of the Father's house has opened, and that they are safely at home. We weep. But it is not that they are gone—but that we are left. We weep—not because they are inside of the gate—but because we are on the outside, and the door is shut.

But there are other goings besides these upward and heavenly ones. Children grow up. Nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now! His foot is in the field, his hand upon the sword. There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made it is like a raveling stocking, stitch by stitch gives way, till all are gone. The house has not a child in it. There is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell-mell—it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls, or strings, left scattered about. Things are neat enough now.

There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bed-clothes. There are no

disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no ribs to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged! There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! Oh, for some children's noise!

What used to ail us, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors? We wish our neighbours would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A house without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook with no water gurgling and rushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear child-life at work with all its varieties.

During the secular days, this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts our homes to proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hand on their heads. They seem to recognise the greater and the lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But Sunday comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care.

Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?

All summer long the great full-breasted tree has covered his branches by numberless leaves, and whirled them in the wind for music, and covered the little birds from sight that sung and builded within. It was green, and strong, and musical. At length a single leaf hangs in the tree with a brilliant colour. You look at it and sigh, "It is the first that I have seen this summer; there will now be more such." To-morrow it falls. Others ripen and follow. Ere long the tree grows thin. Every wind lifts many of them, and hands them down to the ground.

every day there is less sound in the tree ; every day
 ore of rustling leaves along the fences. At length,
 her a rain, and a windy buffeting, the tree holds out
 barren arms, and there are nowhere leaves upon them !
 ait, O tree ! There are buds and leaves yet. Only
 tween thee and them is sleep—burial—resurrection.
 inter is come, but so also is spring coming !

H. W. BEECHER.

THE TWO SUNSETS.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
 The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
 No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
 We felt the falling of the dew ;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
 The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side,
 We saw the hill-tops glorified :

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
 A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom :
 With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While dark through willowy vistas seen,
 The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness, where we trod,
 We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun ;
 We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
 Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
 The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from night ;
 The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed ;
 A long, slant splendour downward flowed.

Down glade, and glen, and bank it rolled :
 It bridged the shaded stream with gold,

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
 The shadowy with the sunlit side !

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"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
 The river, dark with mortal fear,

And the night cometh, chill with dew,
 O Father ! let thy light break through !

So let the hills of doubt divide,
 So bridge with faith the sunless tide !

So let the eyes that fail on earth
 On thy eternal hills look forth ;

And, in thy beckoning angels, know
 The dear ones whom we loved below !"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE WIDOW'S REVENGE.

In a small house in the outskirts of the village of C—, lived a poor widow. She supported herself by her labours as a washer-woman. There was a small garden attached to her house. In it she cultivated a few vegetables and flowers. It also contained a peach-tree, which bore excellent fruit.

One year this tree was laden with fruit, when all other trees in the vicinity were barren. As the peaches approached maturity, they were watched by covetous eyes. Some of the more vicious boys determined to rob the poor woman. They formed their plan, and in the dead of the night they entered the garden, and surrounded the tree. They were disappointed. They found nought thereon but leaves. Whether the owner of the peaches suspected their design is not known ; but just before sunset, on the very day or rather night appointed for the robbery, she gathered her fruit and thus saved it.

Angry in consequence of their failure, they drove some swine into her garden and went home.

In the morning she discovered the mischief that was done. While driving out the swine, she found near the peach-tree a knife with the name Henry F—engraved on the handle.

Summer was succeeded by autumn, and autumn by winter. The lone widow was without the winter vegetables which had been destroyed through the wantonness of those whom she had never injured.

A revival took place during the latter part of the winter. It took some professing Christians by surprise as it found them busy in giving and in going to parties of pleasure. It did not take the poor widow by surprise. She had been praying, waiting and watching for it.

Among the first hopefully converted were those who had been carefully instructed in divine truth. By degrees those who seldom visited the house of prayer became interested. Some of the hardened and hopeless ones were, in the judgment of charity, born again.

Among these was Henry F—. While under con-

viction he had felt inclined to go to the poor widow and confess his faults, and ask for her prayers; but something prevented his visiting her until he was rejoicing in hope. He then went and made his confession to her.

"I knew it was you," said she. "I knew it the next morning."

"How did you know it?" said he.

"This informed me," handing him his knife.

"Why did you not send for me and make me pay the damages?"

"There was a more excellent way. I took that."

"What was it?"

"To pray for you, in accordance with the Master's directions."

WORSHIP AND WORK.

WE cannot too strongly impress ourselves with the idea that the true spirit of devotion is a spirit of active obedience. It not only seeks the presence and blessing of God, but it engages to do the will of God. It is not satisfied with venting itself in words merely, becoming earnest in petition and tuneful in praise, but displays itself pre-eminently in holy action. It not only composes itself to devout meditation, but it nerves itself for spiritual duties. The soul may long for sweet visions of Christ; it may wish to sit down by his side in some quiet hour, and hear the soft whispers of his love, and feel the hush of holy thoughts stealing upon it; but true devotion requires that we shall also be with Him in the toilsome march and stern battle of active service. When we are permitted to ascend some mountain apart with our Lord, and see his heavenly beauty, and listen to his heavenly converse, we may desire to build there our tabernacles and abide for ever. But the spirit of earnest devotion calls us from this serene eminence of joy to the trials and duties, the privations and burdens, of a painful and toilsome lot. There is little devotion of spirit where there is not perfect devotedness of life. Work and worship must go together.

There is, indeed, a measure of devotion in meditating holy thoughts; but there is a higher devotion in coining such thoughts into beneficent deeds. There is devotion in praying; but this devotion perfects itself only when it leads to earnest doing. There is devotion in holy song; but no song is so grand as a life made vocal and harmonious in the severe measures of duty. There is a sense in which that saying uttered as a sarcasm on spiritual fervours is true; and "Labour is worship." That sanctified activity which respects the will of God, and seeks to honour God, is really the highest ex-

pression of spirituality of mind. For this, let it be observed, is the ultimate service for which the more silent and personal exercises of the devout soul are only a mode of preparation. All our praying and musing are only preparatory to the more active and public duties of religion. The Christian must, indeed, commune with God in prayer; but the chief advantage of this secret intercourse consists in the active power which is to be displayed openly. The piety which sings, and prays, and reads, and meditates, but never goes forth in a sanctified activity, is monkish, and not Christian. The reality of religion is not in the moods engendered in our hours of sacred meditation and longing, but rather in those strenuous exertions by which it makes known and propagates its blessings. Your piety must be measured as much by what it does for the world, as by what it secures for you. It must be a leaven working in society, as well as a power in your own soul; the salt which is to save men, as well as the balm which is to soothe your own spirit.

IN GETHSEMANE.

(See Engraving.)

Oh, let me not forget! 'Twas here,
Earth of the Saviour's grief and toil!
He knelt;—and oft the falling tear
Mingled His sorrows with thy soil,
When, in the garden's fearful hour,
He felt the great temptation's power.

Here was the proffered bitter cup;
"THY WILL BE DONE," the Saviour said;
His faith received and drank it up;—
Amazed, the baffled Tempter fled,
Repulsed, with all his hate and skill
Before an acquiescent will.

Oh, man! in memory of that hour,
Let rising murmurs be repressed,
And learn the secret of thy power
Within a calm and patient breast.
"THY WILL BE DONE,"—'tis that which rolls
Their agony from suffering souls.

Such is the lesson that I find
Here in the Saviour's place of tears,—
The lesson that the trusting mind
Has strength to conquer griefs and fears,
And doomed upon the cross to die,
Finds death itself a victory.

T. G. UTHALL





The Children's Treasury.

BLOSSOMS AND FRUIT.

IT is very pleasant in the spring of the year, after the snow and the ice and the cold of dreary winter have gone, to watch the green grass as it grows higher every day, or the trees and shrubs as they put out their leaves, dressing themselves in bright, new, clean clothes.

Then, when the sun throws more heat on the earth, how delightful it is to see the buds on the fruit trees, until they spread themselves and become flowers as beautiful and fragrant as any in the garden.

Hattie Jones loved very much to walk in her father's garden, and look at all that was growing there. She had a flower-bed for herself, though I am sorry to say she did not attend to it as faithfully as she might. I will tell you more about that, before I get through with this story.

How Hattie Jones was, or where she lived, is not a matter of much consequence as far as my object in writing this story is concerned. Perhaps, before I finish, some of my readers may find out that they know some very much like her.

One day, when Hattie and her father were walking in the garden, admiring the spring flowers and fruit blossoms, they came to a plum tree that was all white with its opening buds.

"Oh, Father," said the little girl, "see there! How pretty that tree looks!"

"It is indeed beautiful, my child," said her father. "Do you know what kind of a tree it is?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Hattie, "it is a plum tree. Don't we have *lots* of plums this year?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the tree is full of blossoms," was the little girl's answer.

"And do you really think," said her father, "that the tree will have as many plums on it by-and-by, as it has blossoms now?"

"To be sure I do," was Hattie's answer. "Don't you think so?"

"No, my child, I do not think it will. I never yet heard of a tree that had as many plums as blossoms. Blossoms do not always bring fruit."

"Why not?" said the little girl, looking up astonished in her father's face.

Just as she asked this question, and before her father had time to answer it, there came a sudden gust of wind which shook the tree under which they were standing, and sent a shower of white blossoms to the ground, where they lay, looking like snow flakes.

"See there, Hattie," said her father, "do you think any of those blossoms on the ground will turn into plums?"

"I should think not," said Hattie. "But we shall have *lots* of plums yet, for the tree is still full of blossoms."

"But suppose there comes more wind, as there very likely will, before these blossoms turn into fruit?"

"But I don't think they will all blow off," said Hattie.

"Nor do I," said her father. "But some of them certainly will. Then there are other things besides the wind which will hinder the plums from coming."

"What are they?" the little girl asked.

"Wait, and you will see," was all the answer her father gave her at that time.

In a few days the blossoms had all disappeared. But when Hattie looked closely into the tree, she saw a great many little green stems, each about as long as a pin. They were fastened to the branches of the tree in clusters of two or three.

Her father picked one of these little stems off for her. At the end of it where the white part of the blossom had been, there was nothing now save a green cup, from which there rose a dozen or more short, pale-looking threads, each one having a little brown ball at the end.

These he took off with his fingers, and with his pocket-knife he cut the sides of the green cup all away, and then there was nothing left but a little green ball, not much larger than the head of a pin.

"What is that?" said Hattie.

"What do you think it is? What does it look like?" said her father.

"It looks like a little pea," the little girl replied.

"But you wouldn't expect to find peas on a plum tree, would you, Hattie?"

"No, I expect to find plums there. But that little thing is not a plum, is it?"

"It is indeed a plum, my child, though a very, very small one. Shall I cut it open, and show you the pit inside of it?"

"Oh, yes, please do!" said Hattie.

So Mr. Jones laid the little plum carefully on the palm of his hand, and gently cut right through it with his knife. He then took from his pocket a small glass, and told Hattie to look through it at the opened plum. She did so, and on each half of the little plum she saw a round white spot. That was the pit, though as yet it was very soft.

Hattie more than ever hoped for "lots of plums," for she saw that although the white blossoms had all gone, and many of the green stems had fallen to the ground with them, broken off by the wind, there were still many more of these stems left on the tree.

In a few days she saw the little green plums growing out from the ends of the stems, and promising an abundance of fruit.

But there were some things in the way that Hattie had not thought of. A great number of these green plums dropped off before they were half grown. The hot weather came, and soon many of the branches and twigs of the plum tree were covered with a gray, gauze-like substance, that looked as much like cobwebs as anything else.

It was not long before these gauzy cobwebs were filled with small, black, disagreeable-looking caterpillars, that wriggled and squirmed about as if they wanted to get out, but did not know how. All the leaves and plums that were inside of these caterpillar nests were soon destroyed; and I don't know but the whole tree would have been ruined if Mr. Jones had not burned out these crawling robbers, by putting a lighted paper under them and firing their nests.

Not long after this, there came a severe storm that blew down a great many trees, and laid the corn in the fields flat on the ground. Hattie's plum tree suffered very much. When the storm was over, more than half the fruit lay on the ground.

But the sun shone out again, and the little girl was now sure that all the plums that were left would ripen, for they grew larger every day, and soon began to change colour.

One morning, however, on going out to look at her tree, which she often did before she went to school, she found three or four good-sized plums lying on the ground, and half rotten.

In a few days she noticed others on the tree that had at first a small black speck on them, from which there came out something that looked like gum, and stuck fast

to the plums. In a little while these plums lost their colour. They became brown and shrunken, and rotten, and dropped off as the others had done.

Hattie now began to fear that she would get no plums at all, and she did not get many. The few that had escaped the caterpillars and the rot were ripened and gathered, they hardly made a measure.

The little girl was very much disappointed. She at first expected to have a plum for every blossom. When she found that this could not be, she was disappointed. She had a great deal of fruit. But when stored with rot, and black specks, and brown rot, she found it a combine against her to destroy her fruit, and she was disappointed indeed.

Oh, what a contrast between her hopes and her fruit in September! She expected to have a great deal of fruit. But when stored with rot, and black specks, and brown rot, she found it a combine against her to destroy her fruit, and she was disappointed indeed.

Oh, what a contrast between her hopes and her fruit in September! She expected to have a great deal of fruit. But when stored with rot, and black specks, and brown rot, she found it a combine against her to destroy her fruit, and she was disappointed indeed.

Hattie's father thought he could turn the disappointment to account. So he said to her one day:—"Hattie, I know why you are like this plum tree!"

"Like a plum tree!" said Hattie, laughing. "Sure I'm not like a plum tree; I don't look like one, do I?"

"You certainly do not look like a plum tree," said her father. "But still you are very much like the plum tree."

Before I relate any further what her father said, I must tell you something more about Hattie. She was generally a good little girl, but like other children, she was somewhat thoughtless, and made promises, and forgot to keep them.

She was always glad to begin a new work, and did but very little of it. She was then neglected for the rest of the season.

She was always glad to begin a new work, and did but very little of it. She was then neglected for the rest of the season.

Her father, wishing to cure her of this, took occasion to refer to the disappointment about the plum tree. Hence he asked her to be like the plum tree.

Perhaps some of my young readers can tell me why. Though Hattie could not understand it, she was not long in getting at her father's meaning. When he asked her a few simple straight questions, while they stood under the tree, his words were thrown around her, as if to assure her that he said was kindly meant.

"Do you remember, Hattie," said he, "the work you planned for last Saturday? On that day, to hear you, that you expected to do a dozen common girls. And do you remember the day was gone, you had done little or nothing. plenty of blossoms, you see, but not many

look at your little garden. Last spring I dug you, and helped you to transplant flowers, and you kept the weeds down. But you soon *ry*; and for a long while it has been all choked *la*. Here again are blossoms and but little

just so with your studies. Your teacher tells you can learn as easily as any girl in the school, *oose*. But she also says that you soon get *rying*. You study hard for awhile, and then Here again are many blossoms and few

; too, that you are not as careful as you ought out keeping your promises. You are more promise than to perform. This tree, last *omised* much fruit, but see how little has come

by this time stood leaning her head on her *nd* he felt a few warm tears falling on his hand. *said* had stirred her heart.

he angry? No, indeed! She was not one of

But she cried because she felt that her bad served the reproof thus given to her by her

girl! she little thought while watching her *;* and sorrowing because it had so little fruit, dear parents were watching her, and sorrowing he had fallen into evil ways. But when her us kindly and plainly told her, she saw it all, red from that moment to change her course.

his time the blossoms changed into fruit; for nly resolved, but kept her resolution and better girl. When she planned work, she kept it it was done. Her garden was weeded out, the season was late, and kept clear until frost her studies were attended to, until she reached of her class; and she became specially careful *mises*.

she showed any signs of carelessness in these *nd* it was not very often), one simple saying of *r* always set her right again: "Remember, *IT IS NOT EVERY BLOSSOM THAT BECOMES A*

children ought never to make a promise unless they fully intend and expect to keep it.

One cold winter evening, when seated comfortably by the fire, I heard the door-bell ring, and was called down stairs. Who could be wishing to visit me on such a night? It was a poor lad, whom I had become acquainted with during the summer at a village six miles off. He was a great sufferer, mostly confined to the sofa or bed, from a complaint which made every movement a painful exertion. Of him it might truly be said, that he "had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." To see him so far from home, at such a season, astonished me, and I felt angry at his folly. But he explained that he had heard the day before that a rich gentleman in our city, who lately died, had left a sum of money to be given every year to a few poor sick persons, ill in this way. And so at once, in spite of pain and weakness, he set out on what, in his condition, was a formidable journey, in the hope of securing a share of the bounty. He found, on arriving, that the story was quite true; but *he* was too late; all the money—for that year, at least—had been already given away. Poor fellow! it was a sad disappointment, and he was weeping with pain, and weariness, and vexation. Yet in this case no person could be blamed; it was only one of a class of trials which all who live long may have to bear.

I did and said what I could to comfort him; and when he was gone, I thought sadly of what efforts are made every day to gain a little of this world's good, often ending in nothing but useless "labour and sorrow," while the difficulty is so great of getting men roused to any diligence in seeking the true riches, the heavenly treasure, regarding which we have the promise of the God of truth that all who seek *shall find*. Yes, they who go to Jesus and ask for the blessing which he has to bestow, need fear no disappointment. His arm is never shortened, that it cannot save; nor his ear heavy, that it cannot hear. He who sent the message by his prophet in old times, "I said not to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain," has himself told us in later days, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Come to this Saviour, dear young readers. Come in the morning of life, before the shadows begin to lengthen across your path. Let His service employ your faithful energies, let His love engage your warm affections. Then, whatever trials may await you in future years, you will have a portion to fall back upon which can never fail, a Friend to lean upon who can never disappoint you, a joy and peace within your heart which the world can neither give nor take away. When they whose portion is only in this life feel that the evil days are coming, and the years draw nigh when they must say, "We have no pleasure in them," *your* hopes will be but brightening, your joys becoming more secure and abiding. And at length, when the days of earth are

NO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Id not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain."—
ISAIAH XLV. 19.

in this world is more hard to bear than its *ntments*. Hope is a blessed thing—we could *ve* without it—yet, in the bitterness of *isent*, men have often been ready to wish that *never* hoped, and to vow that they would never *in*. To be the means of causing such sorrow to *ust* surely be very sad, and, if occasioned by *il* neglect or fault of our own, very sinful. Every *who* thinks or feels aright will be most careful *ise* hopes which he is not likely to fulfil; even

ended, and you see the King in his beauty in the better country, you shall find the blessed reality of heaven no disappointment, but rather far, far beyond all that hope had anticipated, or imagination pictured while here below.

"Eye hath not seen, and words may not declare
The things prepared for his redeemed ones there;
Where countless myriads, one in heart and voice,
In the new song of love and praise rejoice—
'Worthy art thou, O Saviour divine;
Glory and honour be for ever thine!
For us thyself hast suffered and obeyed—
With thine own blood our ransom thou hast paid,
Now faultless we appear before thy throne—
The bliss is ours, the glory all thine own.
Strong in thy strength, the weakest have prevailed,
Of all thy promises not one has failed;
All is fulfilled which faith and hope received,
When upon earth we saw not, yet believed.
All the report we heard in days of old,
All has been true; but not the half was told!'"

J. L. B.

LITTLE ROBERT THE TRAPPER.

COAL, you know, is dug out of the earth. Should you like to visit a coal mine? We come to a great hole in the ground, and jump into a big basket hung by stout chains to a windlass. Down, down we go. It grows blacker and blacker, and is pitch dark by the time we touch the bottom. Here passage-ways run off in every direction, often crossing each other, like the streets of a town. On each side of these are caves, where the coal is dug out. Thick pillars are left between to hold up the roof. The men who hew out the coal are called *hewers*. The coal is put into tubs running on wooden wheels, and dragged to the mouth of the pit. Those who do this are called *putters*. It is hard work pulling these heavy loads through the long, low, dark passages. Besides these are the *trappers*, whose business is to sit scooped up in little black holes, to open and shut the trap-doors which lead out of the passages. This is boys' work. Often little boys of nine or ten are employed. It is not hard, but very dismal and tiresome. And to stay all day long! How should you like it, children, who go to school and play out in the grass and sunshine?

Then, you know, there are dangers down in the mine which do not happen to folks above it. Foul air sometimes chokes the men to death; water sometimes spouts up and drowns them; and sometimes a part of a mine caves in. This is called a *crush*.

One morning while the pitmen were at work in an English mine, they heard a noise louder than the loudest thunder. In a moment every lamp was out, for the men work by lamps; there is not a spark of daylight there. "A crush, a crush!" cry the men; and men and boys throw down their tools and run.

It was Tuesday morning. The men gather at the mouth of the pit and count their number. Five are missing—two hewers, two putters, and one little trapper, Robert Lester. People above hear the noise and rush

to the pit's mouth. The workmen are taken up. Oh the agony of the wives and mothers of those who are left behind! Brave men go back to their rooms. They light their candles and reach the crush. There is nothing but a heap of ruins. Were the poor fellow instantly killed, or are they hemmed in to die of starvation? It is a dreadful thought. They call and shouted, but no answer. Up go pickaxes and shovels to clear the way. It is great labour and great risk. The news of the accident brings help from far and near. Men flock from all quarters to offer their services. How they work! Towards night they hear something. Stop! hark! listen! It is not a voice, but a tapping. It can just be heard. *Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink!* five times, and then it stopped. *Clink, clink, clink* five times again, and then it stopped. Five more and then a stop. What does it mean? One man guessed. There were five missing, and the five *clinks* showed all five were alive waiting for deliverance. A shout of joy went up in and above the pit.

Among the foremost was the father of little Robert the trapper. Night and day he never left the mine, and hardly quitted work. "You'll kill yourself, Lester," said a fellow-workman. "Go take a little rest, and trust the work to us." "No, no, Tom," cried the poor father; "I promised Robert's mother we'd come up together, and so we will, if it please God," he said, wiping the tears from his rough cheek; and he hewed away with all his might.

How does it fare with the poor prisoners? They were frightened like the rest by that sudden and awful noise. Little Robert left his door and ran to the men, who well knew what it meant. Waiting till everything was quiet, they went forward to examine the passage-way Robert left. It was blocked up. They tried another; that was blocked up. Oh, fearful thought, they were *buried alive!* The men went back to the boy. "I want to go home; please, do let me go home," said little Robert. "Yes, yes, as soon as we find a way out, my little man," said Truman in a kind yet husky voice. The air grew close and suffocating, and they took their oil-cans and feed-bags to one of the galleries where it was better.

The two hewers, Truman and Logan, were pious men. "Well, James, what shall we do next?" asked Truman. "There is but one thing we can do," said Logan. "God says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'" They told the boys their danger. "But we must keep up a good heart," said these believing men; "and the way to do so is to put our trust in the Almighty God more than in man. He heard Jonah cry to him from the whale's belly, and he can hear us from the bottom of a coal pit. Let us pray to him." They all knelt down. For little Robert cried bitterly. But as the pious pitmen prayed, first one and then the other, their hearts grew lighter, and even the little trapper dried his tears.

When it was time for dinner they ate sparingly,

ke the food they had last at least three days, be full that time before they could be dug while, what should they do for *water*? A *ise* was heard. Water, water! Yes, it was ing from the rock. "It seems," said Logan, water was sent on purpose to put us in mind on't forsake us; for don't you know the good 'When the poor and needy seek water, and e, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of ot forsake them?'"

on the men got their pickaxes; but what a k it seemed to cut through the terrible mass l stones to daylight. Their hearts beat with y when they first heard the sound of their king on the other side. It was then they *link, clink* with their pickaxes, which was so encouraged their deliverers.

ay, Thursday, Friday, and no rescue. What readful days. Worse than all, the sounds not appear to draw nearer. And yet prayer *f praise* might have been heard in that dis- . By Friday morning their food was gone, lay night their oil gave out. "Our food is ight is gone, but our God is not gone," said "He says, 'I will never leave you, nor for- Can you trust him still, mate?'" "Yes, I his pious comrade. "Let us try and sing l hymn,—

e soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
"I never, no never, no never forsake."

to sing it, but their strength gave out long ot through. As for little Robert, he was could not sit up. His mind wandered; he t the sun and the grass as if he saw them; e broke out, repeating what he learned at ool:—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

came. Five days, and the men outside was not an instant to lose. They were too n to speak. It was only work, work, work, e. For hours they had heard no signals. poor comrades *dead*? Suddenly the wall l; a hole was made through; feeble voices . "Truman, are you there?" "Yes, all *ll living*! "Yes, thank God, all living!" ; all living!" shouted the men; and the up to the top of the pit. When Robert's l his little son was alive, the good news was r him, and he fell down senseless. : more and the rescuers reached their com- o can describe the meeting? I can't, or the atitude of wives, mothers, and friends as one r were brought up to light. Here comes with Robert in his arms. What a huzzza as they hove in sight. Safe, safe! God be

H. C. KNIGHT.

THE BOOK MADE FOR YOU.

HANNAH was a poor girl from the country. She lived out, and had not always fared well. A great deal of hard work had been put upon her, and she was often sad and discouraged, and wondered why she was born.

One day, as she was sweeping her master's library, looking at the books and the books looking at her, caring no more for the books than the books cared for her, her eye fell on the name of one she *did* know. It was an old book on the top of the shelf, covered with dust. Hannah spelled the name—B-i-b-l-e, Bible. Yes, that was it. She used to read from one when she was a little girl and went to school. Hannah stepped into a chair, took it down, wiped off the dust with her apron, and opened it.

What good words did she find there? "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It was Jesus' kind invitation, and poor Hannah felt these were just the words for her. She read them over and over again, crying as she read. She saw they were exactly adapted to her needs. Every time after that, when she was in the room alone, she stopped, took out the book, and read.

One day Hannah came upon the passage, "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with *eye-service*, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God. And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men, knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ."

Hannah was frightened; she felt guilty. She remembered how often she had hated her work and tried to shirk it—how often she had deceived her employer; and was it not robbing him of her time to stop in her work and read? She shut the book, and directly put it back; nor did she ever dare to stop and read it again.

But do you think Hannah lived *without* a Bible afterwards? No. That book was made *on purpose* for *her*, she said, and she must own one. King Edward said the Bible was made on purpose for him. Bunyan the tinker said the Bible was made for him. Judge Williams said the Bible was made for him. Black Phebe said the Bible was made for *her*. It is wonderful how the Bible is suited to the wants of *everybody*—the wants of the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant. Nobody is below it, nobody is above it. If a man is poor, it can make him rich; if a man is rich, it can make him richer. If a man is ignorant, this book will teach him wisdom; while the most learned man is but a fool if he is unacquainted with its truths. And all this because it speaks to us as *sinners*, and points us to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

Poor Hannah never rested till she got a Bible of her own. And how she studied it! With king David she could say, "The entrance of *thy word* giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple."

A SAVIOUR FOR NINE YEARS OLD.

A LITTLE girl went to church one Sabbath. She listened with all her might. Mr. Adams preached to grown-up people; so I do not know how much of the sermon she took for herself; but when she came home, "Mother," she said, "is Jesus a Saviour for a little girl nine years old?" Her mother, I know, said, "Yes, indeed;" and lest some other little child might *think* the same question, I want to say, "Yes, indeed." Jesus is a Saviour for a little girl nine years old. He was once nine years old himself, and knows the sins and sorrows of nine years old. He knows just how you feel. He knows what vexes you. He knows your little trials and temptations. He knows what makes you glad, and when you are happy. He can feel for you. He can *carry* your little sorrows for you. He can take away the evil of your heart, and give you his Holy Spirit to make you good and happy.

He is a Saviour also for ten years and twelve years; and for a child of one year, and two years, and three, and so all the way up. He was a babe in his mother's arms, and a boy at his mother's knee; he worked and studied and played as you do, and knows all about you; and he died upon the cross to save you, my little one. You need not be afraid to go to him and tell him all your wants, and thank him for all your enjoyments. He is not a stranger to you. There is nobody in the world so much *interested* in you as he is, nobody watches you so constantly or loves you so tenderly; and though Peter and John and the other disciples saw him go up to heaven, yet he is still on earth, redeeming and blessing the children.

"Dear Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me."

THE DRIED-UP HAND.

WHEN Solomon died, his son was king over Canaan; but not over the whole of Canaan, for some of the tribes had listened to the advice of a bad man, and revolted. The man's name was *Jer-o-bo-am*.

Solomon's son reigned in Jerusalem, where the temple of God was. God, you remember, told the people to go to Jerusalem to worship him; but Jeroboam would not go, neither would he let his people go. He made two golden calves, one in Bethel and the other in Dan, in the southern and northern parts of the ten tribes; and he told the people to go and worship them instead of worshipping God. The people minded him. Was it not dreadful? But if you *begin* to follow bad advice, the danger is that you will *keep* following it. There is nothing more to be shunned than a bad adviser. Keep clear of any such person.

God was angry with Jeroboam, and one day he sent a

prophet to Bethel to tell him so. The prophet found him standing by the golden calf, burning incense. Was he not afraid of the wicked man? No. He boldly told him that God was displeased with him, and would punish him for his wickedness. And "'this is the sign,' that what I say is true," said the prophet; "this altar shall be rent, and the ashes upon it shall be poured out."

Jeroboam was very angry. He put out his hand, and said to his servants, "Lay hold of him." Then what happened to him? Jeroboam could not pull his hand back. It grew stiff and dried up; and at the same time the altar was broken and the ashes fell upon the ground.

Is it not dangerous to put out your hand for mischief? Suppose God should punish every naughty hand—the hand stretched out to *strike*, the hand stretched out to *steal*, the hand stretched out to push or to fight. God sees what every hand is doing.

Jeroboam was frightened when he saw his dried-up hand. Did he pray to the golden calf to make it well? Jeroboam knew better. He knew nobody but God could cure it; therefore he begged the prophet to pray to the Lord God to cure his hand. The prophet might have refused to pray for him; but he returned good for evil, and prayed to God for Jeroboam, and Jeroboam's hand was made well again.

Jeroboam did not harm the prophet after that; but, I am sorry to say, he did not repent of his wicked conduct and turn to God.

God does not always punish wicked people in this world; but he will punish them one day, except they repent.

ROBERT AND HIS GRANDPA.

THE boys were going up to the great Long Pond to skate. It was early in the winter, and whether the ice was thick enough to make it safe was an open question. Some said, "It is;" and others said, "It isn't."

Robert Shaw was going with the rest of the boys. "Robert," said his grandfather, "I am afraid to have you go." Of course Robert said there was no danger at all; at any rate, there was no danger of *his* being drowned. That is the way boys talk. Nor did his mother object; but it troubled poor old grandfather. He spoke of it two or three times. "Robert, my son, I don't want you to go."

Robert did not get angry or irritated; he did not call what grandpa said "meddling;" he did not say he "knew better;" but he went up to his grandfather, and putting his arm around the old man's neck, "Grandfather," he said, "if it will make you happier, I *will* not go to Long Pond at all. I will stay and read *the* paper to you." "God bless you, my dear boy," said grandfather.

God *will* bless a boy who thus *honours* his parents. —
The Child's Paper.



From a Photograph

THE ACROPOLIS - ATHENS

Acts XVII. 16



From a Photograph

MARS HILL

Acts XVII. 22



DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVILYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

PART VI.



THE song-birds, for the most part, have outlived their days of song, and are quietly chirping advice to their nestlings in a sober and practical way. Only the rooks, who seem to carry on their attachments in a very business-like style, as if they were always discussing the "settlements" and "pin-money" Evelyn used to laugh about, make as much noise as ever. The old rooks are cawing instructions to the young ones, and the young ones seem to discuss these instructions in rather a seditious spirit among themselves.

No doubt the young rooks think they are encountering quite newly-discovered difficulties with the most original arguments, although precisely the same discussions have been carried on every season in precisely the same tones for centuries, ever since rooks were.

I wonder if the cavillings and controversies of our times, which seem so modern and new to us, would sound just as monotonous to any one who had lived through seventeen generations of men, as I have of rooks!

The grave autumn winds are sweeping in slow and solemn cadences, like the throb of a dead-march, through the fading leaves of the elms; as a musician might draw a low, lingering farewell from his harp, before he laid it aside for a season of mourning. For the winds often seem to me to mourn over the wild work they have to do, sighing and sobbing through the woods they are lashing bare, and passionately wailing above the waves they are lashing into fury. "We were not made for this," they seem to moan. "Of old we bore not death, but life on our wings. When will it be so again? When shall we rest? When will the earth rest and be quiet? When will all the mournful work be done, and only the good be left to do?"

Hugh Spencer used to say, how thankful we should be that the part of God's work given us to do on earth is not the avenging and destroying, but the healing and the helping.

How many things I have learned from him. I suppose he will never be here much again. The work to

be done in the world seems to press on him so much, and there are so few to do it; and his heart is so warm and large, he is able to do so much more than most other people. Cousin Evelyn feels what he is!

And yet this parish is like a world in itself, he used to say; and his is just the character that grows dearer to people the longer they know him, and it seems almost a pity to throw away the love old and young have for him in his father's parish. There are other people who could preach to the multitudes throughout the world. But it does seem as if no one could do what he might for the people here.

I wonder what the "subject or object" is Evelyn and he are "equally interested in," that she does not tell me!

Hugh used to tell me all his wishes and purposes. But Evelyn is so much more capable of entering into them than I ever was, and of helping him to carry them out, with her rapid ready wit; so different from me, who so often think of the right thing to say just when it is too late. And perhaps I disappointed him when he spoke to me that evening on the sea, of his feeling called to proclaim the gospel through the world, when that selfish sadness came over me, at the thought of his no more belonging to us all at home, but to the wide world. Perhaps he feels I cannot enter into his great, benevolent plans. And, of course, I never can, as Evelyn could. She knows so much more, and thinks so much more. Beside Evelyn's, my thoughts and feelings seem so faint and weak; like a little flute beside a clear, ringing clarion. Yes, Evelyn seems just made to understand and help Hugh Spencer. One day, perhaps, they will tell me what this great "subject" (or object) is. And I must not be selfish again, then, but must try to enter into it with all my heart; for it is sure to be something generous and good.

Jack has got his commission at last. He is wild with delight, and patronizes us all, and bestows imaginary fortunes on every one in the parish, on the strength of the cities he means to take, and the prize-money he means to win.

Father seems to live over his youth again, as he talks

to Jack of the perils and adventures before him; and although he warns him that the days of victory are few, and the nights of watching many, and the days of marching long, yet the old martial enthusiasm that comes over him as he fights Marlborough's battles over again, certainly has more power to enkindle Jack's ardour, than the sober commentaries at the end have to cool it.

It is pleasant, however, to see how cordial Father and Jack become over the old book of fortifications, and in their endless discussions concerning arms and accoutrements.

Meanwhile Mother and I rise early and sit up late to complete Jack's outfit. And many tears Mother lets fall on the long seams and hems—although I am sure it is easier for us both, than if we were rich, and could pay some one else to do the work, while we sat brooding over the parting. It is a comfort to put our whole hearts into every stitch we do for him; to feel that no money could ever purchase the delicate stitching and the elaborate button-holes, and the close, strong sewing we delight to make as perfect as possible. Mother sews her tender anxieties into every needleful, and certainly relieves her anxieties as she does so. And I sew all sorts of mingled feelings in, besides; repentance for every sharp word I ever spoke to Jack, and every hard thought I ever had of his little mistakes, and plans of my own for his comfort. For the bees, and the three Spanish hens, whose honey and eggs constitute my "pin-money," have been very successful lately; and I can very well, with a little contrivance, make my woolsey dress last one more winter; so that I shall have quite a nice little sum for Jack.

Father seems to feel as if he were going forth again to the wars and adventures of his youth in Jack's person. But to mother it is not a going *forth*, but a going *away*. She shudders as Father goes over his battles on the table after supper, with the bread and cheese for fortresses, and the plates and salt-cellar for the armies, and talks of "massing forces," and "cutting up detachments in detail."

"My dear," she said one day, "you talk so coolly of masses and forces, and of 'cutting them up!' You seem to forget it is *men* you are talking of, and that our Jack is to be one of them."

Father smiled compassionately, and went on detaching his salt-cellar. Jack laughed, and kissed Mother affectionately, and said, "But I am *not* to be one of them, Mother. I have no intention of letting any one cut me up."

But Mother could not hear any more military discussions just then; and we took a candle to a little table near the fire, and comforted ourselves once more with Jack's outfit.

I suppose it is meant that men must leave us one day, and go forth into the world to do their work.

But it does seem a little hard they should be so glad to go.

Yet, when I said this one day to Mother, she said, "I would not have Jack one bit less eager and pleased, on any account, Kitty! What are women for, unless they can help men in the rough things they have to do and bear? They work and fight hard for us, and if we have our own share of the burden to bear at home, the least we can do is to bear it cheerfully, and not hinder them with repining looks or words."

"Only, Mother," I said, "it seems wronging the old happy days to part from them so easily."

"The old happy childish days are *gone*, Kitty!" she said. "Men cannot sit down on the march of life, gazing with lingering looks on the way behind them. And women should not; Christian women ought not, Kitty," she added softly. "You know *we* also have something to press forward to. Our eyes should chiefly there be fixed whither our feet are going."

"Dear Mother," I said, "if one were only sure that this step forward would be a step really onward for Jack! There are so many dangers in the army, are there not?"

"What makes you so desponding, Kitty?" she said. "It is not like you; and it seems as if you had too little confidence in Jack. We must not sit and wail together over possible evils. When such anxieties come, we must separate and pray. I know no other remedy, my child."

And I could not find it in my heart to tell her my peculiar anxieties about Jack. Besides, it would have seemed ungenerous to him.

Jack is gone. Now he is really off, and silence has settled down on the house after all the bustle. Father's apprehensions seem to over-balance his hopes. He roams restlessly in and out of the house, and then sits down to his "Fortifications," and after reading a few words, shuts the book and pushes it impatiently aside, and walks carelessly up and down, or stands whistling at the window, or goes to the door and looks at the weather, and wonders how that poor boy is getting on at sea.

And Trusty, feeling there is something wrong, goes to the door also, and also looks out at the weather, and also wonders, and wags his tail in an indecisive, meditative way, and returning to the fire, sits bolt upright before it in a cramped attitude, staring vacantly at the flames, and saying, as plainly as a dog can, that he can make nothing of it.

Mother, on the other hand, makes frequent visits to the little chamber over the porch, and comes down pale and serene, and with some little cheery observation changes the current of Father's thoughts, or reminds him of some work about the farm.

Then Trusty feels it is all right again, and stretches himself out in his easiest attitude on the hearth at her feet, and sighs, and composes himself to sleep.

I wish I could feel as if it was all right. But there are things about Jack which do make me uneasy.

the day before he left, I went up to him as he was sitting in his own room, and slipped the little packet containing two guineas into his hand. I felt anxious he should not think it was any sacrifice to me, so I said, "He bees and those Spanish hens you reared for me, &c., have brought me quite a fortune this year; and besides, I had something left from Uncle Henderson's sent, and there is no way of spending money here if I wished it;—and you will want so many things."

I was going hastily down again, to avoid burdening him with thanks, when he came after me, and replacing the money in my hand, said, laughing, "Indeed, my dear little sister, I cannot rob you of your frugal earnings. Hugh Spencer is a good fellow, after all, at that. I wrote to ask him for the loan of a few pounds, and he has sent me ten. I mean to pay him with my first prize-money. The pay is barely enough for a gentleman to live on. And besides," he added, "that good, cantankerous old Betty has actually insisted on presenting me with five guineas. I quite situated to take it from her. But she said it had all been earned in our service; and 'Master's son must look like a Trevilyan; and what use had she for money? I was a fool ever to have hoarded it!' So that at last I actually had to take it from the dear old soul, to soothe her feelings, and to show her that I bore no malice for the quarrels of my boyhood. So that you see, Kitty, with such a purse it would be mean to accept anything more from you."

Then seeing me, I suppose, look perplexed and grave, he took the packet again from my hand, and opening it, withdrew one guinea, and gave me back the other into the air of a benefactor, saying, "There, my poor dear Kitty, I will not disappoint you. I will keep one for kindness' sake, and to buy you a fairing with. And I can keep the other to pay Hugh Spencer for your very-coloured bow, if you like; or any other little bill," he added, "which may have escaped my memory, and which might vex father."

And Jack returned to his packing, persuaded he had done at once a very liberal and a very conscientious thing. But I could have sunk into the earth with confusion and shame. To have written to borrow money from Hugh; to have accepted Betty's hard-earned savings; what would he do next? And then those terrible words, "*any other little bill*," burnt into my mind like a drop of burning acid.

I stood irresolute.

He turned to me with his good-humoured, easy smile, and said, "What is it, Kitty? Can I do anything else to oblige you?"

"Oh, Jack," I said, summoning all my courage, for I needed very much to grieve him on that last day, "could you mind telling me if you have any idea to whom you owe those other little bills?"

"My dear child," he said, "how can I remember in this bustle? Nothing but trifles, of course. Let me see; there were a pair of shoe-buckles. I saw the last

time I was in Falmouth, at Moses the Jew's, the newest fashion, in excellent taste, I assure you, just such as I know Father would like to see me in. Yet just the kind of trifle I would not trouble him with. But that would not matter much; Moses is a rich man, and may wait—only Jews don't like to wait. I care more about Miss Pawsey; she lent me half-a-guinea a few weeks since, when I had to treat some fellows to a glass in honour of my obtaining my commission. Yes; I should like you to pay Miss Pawsey, Kitty. And if there is anything else, no doubt, the people will let you know in time. I told them never to apply to Father; so that if any one should come at any time asking particularly for me, you will know what it means, and can settle it at once without mentioning it to Father or Mother. It might vex them. But I am glad I thought of telling you, because, of course, I could not write about these things; and now my mind is quite easy."

And the next morning, as Jack was riding with Father, he reined in his horse, and turning back, took off his military hat to me with a low bow, and beckoned me to him, and said softly as I stood close to him:—

"Don't cry your roses away, Kitty, till I come back from Flanders, and you all have to come to Court to see me knighted. With the first good fortune I have I will send Hugh Spencer his money, unless he is a bishop first, in which case, of course, he would not need it; and with the next I will buy an annuity for Betty, on which she will be able to live like a duchess. You see I shall make all your fortunes, and you will all of you have reason to rejoice in having befriended the hero in his adversity; and it will be as good as a fairy tale."

So he rode away and rejoined Father, and I went back to Mother.

"What did he say to you, Kitty?" she asked. "Is anything forgotten?"

"He said we should all have to come to Court to see him knighted, and that he would make all our fortunes," I said, "and that it would be as good as a fairy tale."

"Poor fellow!" she said, the tears, so long repressed, flowing freely, as her heart was touched with this proof of Jack's generous intentions. "Poor fellow! He was always so sanguine, and so full of generous plans."

But I could not shed a tear. I stood and felt like a stone. The weight of Jack's secrets seemed to press my heart into marble. And I felt like a traitor to be making Mother glad, when, if I had told her all, I was sure she would feel as I did.

But what am I to do? The guinea will pay Miss Pawsey, of course, and, perhaps, the Jew, if I could see him. But I am so grieved about Betty and Hugh Spencer. How in all my life shall I ever be able to repay them? And they must be paid. I would work day and night, if I could tell how to earn anything to pay them with. But fifteen guineas! It is a fortune! How could I earn a guinea without Mother's knowing? And would it even be true to Father and Mother to do this if I could?

Evelyn could help me. But I could not ask her without betraying Jack.

And how shall I ever feel safe from some one coming and "particularly wanting to see" Jack?

Ought not Father and Mother to know?

And yet would it not almost break Mother's heart?

I cannot tell her yet, at least, until the sorrow of this parting is a little healed. For *this* is a sorrow which seems to me as if it could never be healed. It is not the money, or the debts, or the difficulty of meeting them. It is Jack himself that is the sorrow. What will he do next?

I cannot bear this alone. Whatever the trouble may be, it is clear God cannot mean it to make me untruthful. He cannot mean it to make me do wrong. Therefore, there must be some way out of it, some one right way.

And God knows it. I will ask him, and he will surely help me also to find it, and to take it when I find it, however rough and dark it may be.

Aunt Jeanie said we must not look to see more than the next step. But that we *must* look to see, as sure as God is true, and has promised to lead us.

Yesterday evening, to my great surprise, Betty came into my room after I was in bed, looking wild and haggard, and she said,—

"Mrs. Kitty, my dear, I can bear it no longer. Whatever comes of it, I must go and hear that Yorkshireman again. He is to preach at six o'clock to-morrow morning on the Down above the house. I shall be back again before Missis wants me, for it won't last more than an hour. And if she is angered, she must be angered. I can get no rest night nor day. The words that man spoke are like a fire in my bones; and hear him again I must. I can but perish either way. And if I must perish, I had rather know it."

She went back to her room. But I could not sleep for thinking of her wan wild face. It haunted me like the vision of some one murdered. And I felt as if it would be hardly safe to let her go alone.

Accordingly, when Betty crept through my room the next morning very softly, that she might not wake me, I was already dressed, and, in spite of her remonstrances, insisted on accompanying her.

The appointed place of meeting was in a slight hollow on the top of the Down. We were early, and as we sat down on a tuft of withered grass, closely wrapped in our hoods and cloaks, waiting for the preaching to begin, I thought I had never been in a place more like a temple. The solemn dawn was coming up in the east; and I always think nothing is so solemn as the coming up of the morning. There is a pomp about the sunset blending with its tender lingering tints; and night is majestic with its crown of countless stars; but nothing ever seems to me so grand and solemn as the slow, silent spreading of the dawn over the sleeping world. There was little colour yet, only that steady welling up of the

light from its deep hidden fountain, overflowing all the sky; the great tide of sunlight rising without effort, without conflict, without recoil, scarcely seeming to advance, yet ceaselessly advancing, and never losing one point won; till the clouds from mysterious indefinite billows of mist became defined purple bars, through which we gazed into the depths of golden radiance behind; and the moon paled from a pearly lamp, illuminating the dark, to a silver crescent floating on a silvery sea, and at length sank with her stars into the flood of sunlight; and the sky had become full of light, and the earth full of colour and life. Then these were the soft twitterings of the waking birds in the wood below us, and the murmurs of the waves far off and far below, and the sweeping of the winds over the long ranges of the dewy moors.

It seemed to me I wanted no other preaching, or music. But the silent solemnity of the dawn, and the murmurs of the great sea, and the songs of birds, have no power to lift the burden from the troubled conscience.

That work is committed not to angels, nor to nature (as Hugh Spencer used to say), but to poor blundering sinful human beings, who have felt what the burden is.

John Nelson was there already. He stood earnestly conversing with a little group of men; and I watched the frank, trustworthy face, and the tall stalwart form, with no little interest, remembering how he had been thrown down, and trampled on, and bruised, and beaten by the mobs for Christ's sake, and had dared the same rough usage again and again to tell them the same message of mercy.

At length the congregation began to assemble. Solitary figures creeping up from the farms and lone cottages around, miners in their working clothes on their way to the mines, labourers on their way to the fields, and from the nearer villages little bands of poorly clad women and children.

In a few minutes about two hundred had ranged themselves around the preacher, who stood on a hillock, his tall figure and strong clear voice commanding the little congregation, so that he spoke easily, more as if conversing privately than preaching. He said he would give us some of his experience, as it might be of use in comforting any who were in trouble.

"I was brought up," he said, "a mason, as was my father before me."

"When I was between nine and ten years old, I was horribly terrified with the thoughts of death and judgment whenever I was alone. One Sunday night, as I sat on the ground by the side of my father's chair, while he was reading the twentieth chapter of Revelation, the Word came with such light and power to my soul that it made me tremble, as if a dart was shot at my heart. I fell with my face on the floor, and wept till the place was as wet where I lay as if water had been poured thereon. As my father proceeded, I thought I

Now everything he read about, though my eyes were out. And the sight was so terrible I was about to pop my ears that I might not hear, but I durst not. Then he came to the eleventh verse my flesh seemed to creep on my bones while he said, *'And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat thereon, from whose face the heavens and the earth fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things that were written in the books, according to their works.'* Oh, what a scene was opened to my mind! It was as if I had seen the Lord Jesus Christ sitting on his throne with the twelve apostles below him; and a large book open at his left hand; and, as it were, a bar fixed about ten paces from the throne, to which the children of Adam came up; and every one, as he approached, opened his breast as quick as a man could open the bosom of his shirt. On one leaf of the book was written the character of the children of God; and on the other, the character of those that should not enter into the kingdom of heaven. I thought neither the Lord nor the apostles said anything; but every soul as he came up to the bar compared his conscience with the book, and went away to his own place, either singing, or else crying and howling. Those that went to the right hand were but like the stream of a small brook; but the others were like the flowing of a mighty river.

"God had followed me with convictions ever since I was ten years old; and whenever I committed any known sin against God or man, I used to be so terrified afterwards that I shed many tears in private; yet, when I came to my companions, I wiped my face, and went on again in sin and folly. But oh the hell I found in my mind when I came to be alone again! and what resolutions I made. Nevertheless, when temptations came, my resolutions were as a thread of tow that had touched the fire.

"When I was turned sixteen my father was taken ill, which I thought was for my wickedness; yet at that time, vile as I was, I prayed earnestly that God would spare him for the sake of my mother and the young children, and let me die in his stead; but the Lord would not regard my prayer. Three days before he died, he said to my mother, 'Trouble not thyself for me; for I know that my peace is made with God, and he will provide for thee and the children.' I was greatly surprised at this, wondering how he could know his peace was made with God.

"In one of my times of trouble I was in a stable, and falling into a slumber, I dreamt I prayed that God would make me happy. But I thought, *what will make me happy?* I also dreamt that I beheld Jeremiah the prophet standing on a large rock at the west gate of Jerusalem. His countenance was grave, and with great authority he reproved the elders and magistrates of the

city; for which they were enraged, and pulling him down, cast him on a dunghill, where the butchers poured the blood of their slain beasts. And I imagined I saw them tread him under their feet; but his countenance never changed, nor did he cease to cry out, 'Thus saith the Lord, If ye will not repent, and give glory to my name, I will bring destruction on you and your city.' He seemed so composed and happy while they were treading him under their feet, that I said in my dream, 'O God, make me like Jeremiah.' And since then, thou Lord, in a small measure, hast given me a taste of his cup."

Then (he said) he prayed God to give him a good wife; but although God gave him the most suitable wife he believed he could have had, after his marriage he loved pleasures more than God. Yet his pleasures were not happiness; and after a day of successful hunting or shooting, he felt so unhappy that he was ready to break his gun in pieces. His conscience had found no rest. He went from home to seek work, and prayed for guidance, and the Lord blessed him in all his journey. He got into business the day he arrived in London. But the burden of sin still weighed on his heart. Forty times a day he would cry for mercy. After his day's work he sat alone, and read and prayed. He would not drink with his mates. They cursed and abused him, and he bore many insults from them without opening his mouth to answer. But when they took his tools from him, and said, if he would not drink he should not work while they were drinking, that provoked him, so that he fought with several. Then they let him alone; but that stifled for the time his concern for his salvation, and he left off reading and prayer, in a great measure.

Then sickness came, and with it a horrible dread, not of death, but of the judgment that should follow. He recovered, and was restored to perfect health. But again his conscience was awake: he could not rest night nor day. All things prospered that he pursued, yet he felt he had something to learn that he had not yet learned; "*He knew not,*" he said, "*that it was the great lesson of love to God and man.*"

He began to consider what he wanted to make him happy, for as yet he was as a man in a barren wilderness that could find no way out. Health as good as any man's; as good a wife as he could wish for; more gold and silver than he needed, yet no rest. He cried out to himself, "Oh that I had been a cow or a sheep!" He thought he would choose strangling, rather than thirty years more of such a life. But then came again the terrible thought of the judgment. And he cried, "Oh that I had never been born!" for he thought his day of grace was over, because he had made so many resolutions and broken them all.

"Yet," he continued, "I thought I would set out once more; for I said, *Surely God never made man to be such a riddle to himself and to leave him so;* there must be something in religion, that I am unacquainted

with, to satisfy the empty mind of man, or he is in a worse state than the beasts that perish."

(As John Nelson spoke these words, Betty's downcast head was raised, her hood fell back, and from that moment she never took her eyes from off his face.)

"In all these troubles," he continued, "I had no one to open my mind to; I wandered up and down in the fields, thinking; I went from church to church, but found no ease. One minister at St. Paul's preached about a man doing his duty to God and his neighbour, and on his death-bed finding joy in his heart from looking back to his well-spent life. Oh what a stab that sermon was to my wounded soul! for I looked back and could not see one day in my life in which I had not left undone something I ought to have done, or done something I ought not to have done.

"Afterwards I heard another sermon, wherein the preacher said, that man, since the fall, could not perfectly fulfil the will of his Maker; but God required him to do all he could, and Christ would make up the rest; but if man did not do all he could he must unavoidably perish; for he had no right to expect any interest in the merits of Christ, if he had not fulfilled his part, and done all that lay in his power. Then, thought I, every soul must be damned; for I did not believe that any who had lived to years of maturity had done all they could, and avoided all the evil they might. Oh what deadly physic was that doctrine to my poor sin-sick soul!"

Then he tried Dissenters of various denominations, Roman Catholics, Quakers, all but the Jews. To the Quakers he listened three months, because among them he heard one who seemed to describe the disease of his soul; but, alas! he showed no remedy.

"In the spring," he said, "Mr. Whitefield came to Moorfields, and I went to hear him; he was to me as a man that could play well on an instrument, for his preaching was pleasant to me; and I loved the man, so that if any one offered to disturb him I was ready to fight him."

But the deliverance did not come through Mr. Whitefield, although (he said), "I got some hope of mercy, so that I was encouraged to pray and to read the Scriptures. But I was like a wandering bird cast out of the nest, until Mr. John Wesley came to preach his first sermon in Moorfields. Oh, that was a blessed morning to my soul! As soon as he got upon the stand, he stroked back his hair, and turned his face towards where I stood, and I thought fixed his eyes on me. His countenance struck such an awful dread upon me before I heard him speak, it made my heart beat like a pendulum, and when he did speak I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me."

(Betty bowed her head with a little assenting moan, and murmured, "And so, sure, it was! Just like him.")

When he had done, I said: "This man can tell the secrets of my heart. He hath not left me there, for he

hath showed the remedy, even the blood of Jesus. Then was my soul filled with consolation, through hope that God for Christ's sake would save me."

Still the conflict was not over; his besetting sin, a hasty temper, got the better of him, and his heart again felt as hard as a rock. He felt unworthy to eat and drink. "Should such a wretch as he devour the good creatures of God?" He resolved neither to eat nor drink, till he found the kingdom of God. He wept tears like great drops of rain, he kneeled before the Lord, yet he felt dumb as a beast, and could not put up one petition; he saw himself a criminal before the Judge, and said in his overwhelming sense of guilt, surrendering himself as a condemned malefactor body and soul to God, "Lord, thy will be done; damn or save."

"That moment," he said, "Jesus Christ was evidently set before the eye of my mind, as crucified for my sins, as if I had seen Him with my bodily eyes; and in that instant I was set at liberty from every tormenting fear, and filled with a calm and serene peace. I could then say without any dread or fear, 'Thou art my Lord and my God.' Now did I begin to say, 'O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation: I will trust and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song. He also is become my salvation.' My heart was filled with love to God, and every soul of man; next to my wife and children, my mother, brothers, sisters, my greatest enemies had an interest in my prayers, and I cried, 'O Lord, give me to see my desire on them; let them experience thy redeeming love.'

"In the afternoon, I opened the Book where it is said, 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood,' with which I was so affected that I could not read for weeping. That evening, under Mr. Wesley's sermon, I could do nothing but weep, and love, and praise God for sending His servant into the fields to show me the way of salvation. All that day I neither ate nor drank anything; for before I found peace the hand of God was so heavy on me that I refused to eat; and after I had found peace, I was so filled with the manna of redeeming love, that I had no need of the bread that perisheth, for that season."

The preacher went on, but I heard no more, for Betty was sitting with hands clasped, the tears raining over her rugged face, yet with such an expression of hope on it, that I felt I could safely leave her; so I told her to stay, I would see to her work, and put everything right by the time she came back.

As I went down the hill, the sound of a hymn followed me, at first faint and broken, but soon rising strong and clear through the morning air. I thought I had never heard pleasanter music; and as I lighted the fire and got the breakfast ready, my heart sang, and I prayed that there might be melody also in poor Betty's heart.

She came back before any one had missed her.

All day she went about her work as usual; her face looked more peaceful, but she said nothing, and Betty's senses were barriers no one but herself could safely attempt to break down.

In the evening, while Mother and I were sitting by a fire alone, and I preparing to confess to her my sin, I was accompanied by Betty to the morning preaching, and she appeared with the supper, and after lingering out the things until I thought she would not go till after came back, and I should be left for the night with the burden of my morning expedition unconfessed, suddenly she stood still and said,—

"Missis, I may as well out with it at once. I am going to hear that Yorkshireman again to-morrow. It's a good fighting against it. I have tried, but I shall live to go."

I had to fill up the vacancies in Betty's narrative, as clearly as I could, hastily confessing my share in it.

Mother looked seriously grieved.

"Kitty," she said, "I did not expect this of you."

"Mrs. Kitty went to take care of me," interposed Betty. "She thought I was going mazed—and so I was, sure—and Mrs. Kitty went to keep me from mischief."

"Betty," said Mother, very gravely, "I cannot sanction your going to any such places. You know I never hinder your going to church as often as you like, and I am sure Parson Spencer is a very good man; and there are the lessons and the prayers. What can you want more?"

"I am not saying anything against our parson, Missis," said Betty; "I'd as lief say anything against the King and the Parliament. I've no doubt that what he says is all right in its way. But ever since I heard Parson Wesley, I've had a great thorn fretting and rankling in my heart, and our parson's sermons can no more take that out, than they could take a rotten tooth out of my head. It isn't to be expected they should; they're not made for such rough doctor's work. But that Yorkshireman's can. He made me feel better this morning, and I must hear him again. And then, Missis, when I've got rid of the burden on my heart, I can sit easy and hearken to Parson Spencer. For no doubt his discourses are uncommon fine. I'd as lief listen to him as to the finest music I ever heard. Only it's not to be expected that the finest music 'll stop a sore heart from aching."

"But the Bible is made for that," said Mother; "and you hear that every Sunday in church."

"Yea, sure, and so I do from the Yorkshireman; but he has a way of picking out the bits that suit you, picking them out and laying them on, as you did the herb-lotion, Missis, last week when I bruised my side. The herbs were in the garden before, sure enough, but I might have walked among them till doomsday, and my side been no better."

Mother sighed.

"Take care, Betty," she said, "that you do not pick

out the texts you *like*, instead of those that really suit you. Bitters," sighed Mother, "are better than sweets, often."

"And bitter enough they were to me," said Betty; "it's my belief it is the smart that did me the good."

"Well, Betty," said Mother, "I cannot sanction it."

"Bless your heart, Missis," said Betty, "of course you can't. I never thought you could. But I thought it my duty to tell you before I went."

Mother shook her head, and Betty went; for beyond this right of mutual protest our domestic government with regard to her does not extend.

Betty went, and returned, and said nothing. Nor did she give occasion to Mother to say anything. The cooking was blameless, the floors spotless, Father's meals punctual to a minute. Only there was an unusual quiet in the kitchen, and on Saturday old Roger said to me privately,—

"I can't think what's come over Betty, Mrs. Kitty. She's so cruel kind! and as quiet as a lamb. She hasn't given me a sharp word for nigh a week, and I can't say what'll come of it. It makes me quite wisht. They say folks with Betty's tempers fall into that way when they're like to die. And in the evening she sits and spells over the great Bible you brought her from London. It's quite unnatural, Mrs. Kitty; I didn't like to tell Missis, for fear she should take on about it, she's so tender-hearted; but I couldn't help telling you. They Methodists be terrible folk; they say in my country up to Dartmoor, that they know more than they ought to know, and I shouldn't like them to ill-wish Betty. I used to think her tongue was a trifle sharp by times, but the place is cruel wisht without it and mortal lonesome; and I'd give somewhat to hear her fling out with a will once more, poor soul."

Every other Sunday afternoon has always been one of my most delightful times. There is no service then in our parish church. The Vicar rides to a daughter-church some miles off, too far for us to reach, and we have the whole afternoon for quiet. Father and Jack used commonly to walk round the farm with Trusty, Mother sits alone in the porch-closet, and I spend the time alone in my own chamber, or in the old apple-tree in the garden.

Last Sunday afternoon I was sitting, as usual, at my chamber window. The casement was open, and it was so still that the hum of the few stray bees buzzing in the sunshine around the marigolds in the garden below, came up to me quite clearly. But the bees were evidently only doing a little holiday work quite at their leisure.

I almost fancied I could hear the waving of the grass on the hillside, as it bent before the quiet breeze; and I could hear distinctly the crunching of the grass which Daisy was cropping in the Home-park. And below all these intermittent sounds went on the quiet, uninter-

mittent flow of the little runnel through the stone channel into the trough where the cattle were watered.

The spring was over with its songs and nest-buildings, the summer with its power of ripening sunshine, the harvest with its anxieties and its merry-makings. The sun had nothing more to do but to smile from his depths of golden light on his finished sheaves and ripened fruit.

The earth, too, had done her work for the year, and was couching at rest, and quiet, like the labouring oxen in the streak of golden sunshine at the top of the field opposite my window.

There was a ripe calm, and a sacred stillness over everything, which made me feel as if I knew what the Bible meant by the "shadow of the wings" of God. For where "shadow" and "God" are spoken of together, shadow cannot mean shade and darkness, but only shelter, and safety, and repose. It seemed as if the whole earth were nestling under great, warm, motherly wings.

My Bible lay open on my knee, but I had not been reading for some time. I had not consciously been thinking or even praying, my whole heart resting silently in the presence of God, as the earth around me lay silent in the sunshine; conscious of his presence as the dumb creatures are conscious of the sunshine, as a babe is conscious of its mother's smile, neither listening, nor adoring, nor entreating, nor remembering, nor hoping, but simply at rest in God's love.

It seemed like waking, when a low murmur below my window recalled me again to thought.

It was the broken murmur of a woman's voice. The room immediately under mine was the kitchen, and as I leant out of the window and listened, I perceived that the voice was Betty's.

I went downstairs into the court, and as I passed the kitchen window, I saw Betty sitting there with her large new Bible open before her on the white deal table.

It was a long window with several stone mullions, and casements broken into diamonded panes. The casement at which Betty sat was open. The cat was perched on the sunny sill, and Trusty was coiled up on the grass-grown pavement beneath.

Betty was bending eagerly over the book; the plump fingers she was accustomed to rely on in so many useful works, could, by no means, be dismissed from service in a work so laborious to her as reading a book; and her lips followed their slow tracing of the lines, as if she would assure herself by various senses of the reality of the impressions conveyed to her by the letters. As she bent thus absorbed in her subject, I noticed how much power was expressed in the firm, well-defined lips and in the broad, square brow, from which the dark gray hair was brushed back; and, indeed, in every rugged line of the strongly marked face. As I approached, she looked up, startled by a little movement of the cat, and by a musical yawn from Trusty as he stretched himself, and rose to welcome me.

Our eyes met. Betty seemed to think it an apology for her unusual occupation, and she said, "I was only looking, Mrs. Kitty, to see if the Yorkshireman said is true."

I could not help thinking of the noble woman and leaning on the window-sill, I listened.

"For you know, my dear," she continued, "words made my heart as happy as a king's is it if they were only his own words? But it's not his but the Lord's, and then it'll stay."

"Then his words did make your heart light," I said.

"My dear," she said, "it was not his words. It's all here, and has been here, of course, since he or I was born, only I never saw it before."

And turning the Bible so that I might see with her finger the words,—

"*All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*"

"There's a deal more, as good as that, my dear," I said; "but I keep coming back to that, because that healed up my heart."

Her eyes were moist, and her voice was soft as she went on,—

"Mrs. Kitty, the cure was as quick as lightning. Just as Mr. Wesley's words went right to my heart in a moment, and made it like a wound, feeling I was a lost, ungrateful, sinful creature, these words went right to the heart of the Lord, and flowed like sweet healing balm all through just where the anguish had been the worst, the greatest. Not a drop of the sorrow but was swallowed up in a larger drop of the joy. For thinking, Mrs. Kitty, it was seeing. I saw the blessed Lord himself, with all my sins on him, and He, while He was stretched, bleeding on the cross, all alone, and pale, and broken-hearted with the anguish of the burden, the burden of my sin, saying with his kind looks all the time, *unwilling, I am quite content to bear it all.* And oh, my dear, my heart felt all right in that moment. I can't say it felt light, for it was there lay upon me a load of love and gratitude, than the old load of sin, but it was all sweet, it is all sweet, and I would not have it weighed lighter for the world."

I could not speak, I could only bow down my face on Betty's hand, as I held it in mine, and were silent a long time, and then I said,—

"Did you tell Mr. Nelson?"

"He came and asked. I had set myself to tell him, that there should be no crying, and no singing over me, Mrs. Kitty, but I was so broken with the joy, that I didn't mind what any thought about me, but sat crying like a poor creature, until Mr. Nelson came up to me quite gentle, and asked if anything ailed me, and

'You may thank the Lord for me, Mr. Nelson, for to my dying day, I shall thank the Lord for you, and that you ever came to these parts.' Then he asked what it was, and I told him all, Mrs. Kitty, as I have told you, and he looked mighty pleased, and said it was being converted; and said something about the 'inward witness,' 'the witness of the Spirit.' But what that meant I knew no more than a new-born babe, and I told him so. I knew my heart had been as heavy as a condemned murderer's, and now I was as happy as a forgiven child, and all through seeing the blessed Lord in my heart. And they all smiled very pleasant, and said that was enough, and that what more there was to learn, if I kept on reading the Bible, and went to church, the Lord would teach me all in time." But I felt I could bear no more just then, so I wished them all good day and went home alone. For I was afraid of losing the great joy, Mrs. Kitty, if I talked too much about it. I felt as if I had got a new treasure, and I wanted to come home and turn it over, and look at it, and make sure it was all true, and all really mine."

"You spoke of seeing, Betty," I said, "but you had no visions or dreams."

"No," she said, "and I don't want any. I don't see how it could be plainer than it is. And I found it quite true," she went on, "about the Lord teaching me at church. It is strange I never noticed before how the parson says every Sunday in the prayers, so much that John Nelson told me. 'All we like sheep have gone astray;' and about the forgiveness of sins and all. The prayers seemed wonderful and plain to me to-day, Mrs. Kitty; but I can't say I've got to the length as yet of understanding our parson. But, oh my dear," she concluded, "it is a great mercy for us ignorant folks that the Bible does seem the plainest of all!"

Then I left Betty again to her meditations, and went up for the precious half hour with Mother, before Father came back from the fields. And I thought it right to tell her as well as I could what Betty had told me. She was interested and touched, and looked very grave as she said—

"I don't see what we can say against it, Kitty. Your Father thinks that John Nelson is a very remarkable man. Anything which makes a person keep their temper, and love to read the Bible, and go to church, does seem in itself good. But I think Betty is quite wise to wish to be alone, and not to talk too much about it. It seems to me we want all the strength religion can give us for the doing and the enduring, so that there is little to spare for the talking, or to waste in mere emotion."

"Yet, mother," I said, "it is love, is it not, which strengthens us both to do and to endure, and love has its joys and sorrows as well as its duties."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "many sorrows, and also joys. Yet, Kitty, love is proved, not by its joys and sorrows, which are so much mixed up with self, but by duty. God said, 'I will have obedience, and not sacri-

fice;' and I think that means that God will have, not the offering of this or that in the luxury of devotion, but the sacrifice of self; for obedience is nothing else than the sacrifice of self."

"Yet, Mother," said I, "if the love is so deep that it makes the obedience a delight, can that be a mistake?"

"That would be heaven, child!" she said. "But I think none but great saints have experienced that on earth, at least not constantly."

"Yet, Mother," I said, "it seems to me, the more one is like a little child, with God, the more one does delight to obey."

"Perhaps it is the little children that are the great saints, Kitty," she replied smiling.

"But you think we need not trouble Betty about what she feels, Mother," said I, "she seems so gentle and happy?"

"I think we must wait and see," said Mother.

And so our conversation ended.

Can it have been only yesterday morning I was sitting mending Mother's mittens in the hall window, when Hugh Spencer came in, and, after just wishing me good day, asked where Mother was, and left me to go and find her?

It seems so much longer.

I felt surprised that he should have no more to say to me, when we had not met for months, and he had been ordained in the meantime. I thought his mind must be full of the "subject (or object) in which he and Evelyn are equally interested." And I supposed he wanted to consult Mother about it, thinking me too inexperienced or too much of a child to be able to give any advice worth having.

I did feel rather hurt, and I then began to be afraid I might have shown him that I felt vexed, and received him stiffly and coldly. And I resolved when he came in again (if he came) to speak quite as usual to him. What right, indeed, had I to feel hurt? Of course Mother was a better counsellor for any one than I could be; and every one could see how much better Evelyn's opinion was worth having than mine. But then my thoughts went off into quite another channel.

For some days it had been becoming clearer and clearer to me that the way out of the difficulty about Jack's debts was simply to consult Hugh. He already knew the worst of it, since Jack had written to beg of him himself. I had paid Miss Pawsey already, and I thought I would ask him to settle with the Jew, and to take the rest of what I had for his own loan (of course not saying the money was mine). So I sat thinking how best to begin, and making a number of imaginary speeches, in reply to an equal number of possible observations of Hugh's, when he returned.

He was alone, and I resolved not to lose a minute. So, without looking up from Mother's mittens (for Jack's reputation was concerned, and it was a delicate matter to negotiate, and I felt nervous), I began at once

(forgetting all my speeches), at what was certainly the wrong end. I said, speaking very fast, and feeling myself colouring crimson as I spoke—

"Hugh, some time since Jack bought a cherry-coloured ribbon for me, and he said you paid for it, and he left me some money—at least he told me about it."

"And will you not accept even a cherry-coloured ribbon from me, Mrs. Kitty?" said Hugh.

Still I did not look up; but I said—

"It was not exactly that Jack told me; it was about the *other* money you lent him, and I am to pay it you by *degrees*."

And there I stopped, having become inextricably perplexed between the difficulty of not telling a story, and of not betraying the fact that I was to pay Jack's debts with my own money.

Then Hugh spoke, and his voice was very gentle and low, for he was standing quite near me; and he said—

"Kitty, I came to speak to you about a different subject."

And then I looked up, for I thought of a letter.

But we did not say anything more that evening about Jack's debts.

Indeed, I do not know what we said.

Nor, when Hugh went home and Mother asked her she say much.

She only took me to her heart, and ~~said~~ "my darling child!"

But I do not feel any more anxiety about the subject (or object) in which Evelyn and Hugh were interested."

To think that Hugh had been wishing that years!

Only I am not half worthy of Hugh and his love. Yet God can make me even that, in time.

The Fourfold Life and the Four Biographers.

BY REV. W. G. BLAIR, D.D.

No. 3.—LUKE THE PHYSICIAN.



It has never been doubted that the author of the third Gospel was Luke, "the beloved Physician," and the companion of St. Paul. We do not know much of the life of Luke,—nothing, indeed, beyond what we gather from the Scriptures themselves. He seems to have been by birth a Gentile, and to have been converted to Christ through the instrumentality of Paul. He became the companion and fellow-labourer of the apostle in his second missionary journey, joining his company apparently at Troas, and going with him to Macedonia after the vision of the man of that country calling him to come over and help them. We find him with Paul at Jerusalem, when the apostle went up to try to reconcile the Jewish and Gentile sections of the Church; he seems to have been with him or near him at Caesarea during his two years' imprisonment by Felix; he travelled with him to Rome, sharing his shipwreck at Malta; he was with him at Rome again, at his second imprisonment there; he remained with him at the very last, on the eve of his martyrdom, braving that reign of terror which had frightened away all his other companions; and it gives us the highest opinion both of the Christian devotedness, and the warm, steadfast heart of the beloved physician, to read in Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy,—“Only Luke is with me.”

His Gospel must have been written and published some time before the Acts; for in the introduction to the latter, he refers to the Gospel as his “former treatise.”

Now the Book of Acts seems to have been written and published about the end of the first century, for there it leaves the Gospel is likely to have been written and published a few years before this, for the time when Paul was imprisoned at Caesarea, he would throw his Gospel into the scale. At all likelihood, Luke would make use of his knowledge of Palestine for searching out all the “eye-witnesses of the Word” from whom he could get the thing of the life of Jesus. Thereafter, at Caesarea, he would throw his Gospel into the scale. We may readily believe what interest the apostle would take in superintending its completion and giving him such information and directions as he deemed it requisite to supply. It does not follow, however, that Luke was much indebted to Paul for information. Luke himself had evidently been a personal follower of Christ's; but he had the greatest pains to gather from “eye-witnesses of the Word” every piece of information that was able to supply. He had collected, apparently, a stock of material, bearing on the life of Christ, which was possible to obtain; and from that mass he compiled the Gospel which is connected with the name. His books are both dedicated to “philus,” but who this was, cannot be known. In Greek means a lover of God, and hence it is supposed that he may have been only a Christian person. One very interesting fact concerning the Christian Church comes out in the fourth

a; Theophilus had been instructed or *taught* *fully*, (for such is the import of *καταχρηστικῶς*), in truths of the Gospel history: it thus appears before there were any written Gospels, the *we* carefully instructed in the life of Christ; the life of Christ was then the great subject preaching and of teaching, and the question be put, Ought it not, for these purposes, to be prominent than it commonly is now?

First notice the outward plan or contents of the Gospel of St. Luke. One thing, in this point of view, every reader is, that it is the *completest* of the Gospels. It begins further back than any of the others; it carries down the history to the very end of the life of Jesus. And if to the Gospel, we add the Acts of Luke's, the Acts, which is a sort of continuation of the Gospel, we have, in the two, by far the most complete record of any. Luke begins, we say, with the annunciation and miraculous birth of the Son of the Lord. The circumstances connected with the birth of Jesus are so fully and particularly related by Luke, that we can hardly avoid the conviction that the blessed Virgin herself must have furnished part of the record in the first two chapters. Like Matthew and Mark, Luke says hardly a word of the life of Christ in Judæa; it is of his Galilean ministry his early chapters contain the account. But distinguished by this very noteworthy fact; that with most remarkable fullness into the details of his last journey to Jerusalem. The narrative of his journey, in fact, constitutes the body of Luke's Gospel.

So early as the ninth chapter, he begins to tell us of what we know took place at the commencement of his journey, and all the chapters between that and the end of the death are taken up with events that he speaks of, or discourses that were spoken, on the way. In speaking, it was probably more than a single time; once at Jerusalem after the Transfiguration, he did not, indeed, return to Galilee, but he seems to have made excursions to a number of places in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, before his final entry. One of the most interesting periods of our Lord's life was that which he spent with beautiful parables and other discourses, and very wonderful works; what led Luke to give prominence to these, we can hardly tell; but we will be grateful, that one of the Evangelists has been led to preserve to us so many precious details of so remarkable a time.

As to the circumstance now adverted to, there is a great deal in the Gospel of Luke very many things that are not found in the other Gospels. Indeed, the number of incidents and events which Luke alone records, is not far from equal to that which he records in common with any other Evangelist. This gives a great freshness to the Gospel, so much so, that no reader is liable to the monotony which we formerly adverted to as sometimes occurring on us when we begin to Mark—that it is just

the same thing over again. We showed, even in regard to Mark, how unwarranted this feeling is; but we do not need to show it in the case of Luke; in crossing the fence from Mark to Luke, we feel instinctively that we have come to "fresh fields and pastures new."

Let us now try to point out some of the internal characteristics of St. Luke's Gospel. In doing so, we may begin by adverting to some that seem to be connected with known peculiarities in the character and life of the Evangelist.

Two leading facts of his history are known to us; and each of the two seems to have left a certain mark on the Gospel. The one is, that he was very closely associated with the apostle Paul; the other, that his profession was that of a physician. Both of these facts have left their impress on his book.

As a companion of St. Paul's—so endeared to him as to be called "the beloved physician," he could not fail to have possessed a warm sympathy with the apostle in his great views and aims. Of all the characteristic views of St. Paul, there are two that stand out very prominently: his fervent appreciation of the *world-wide* character of the Christian salvation—as a salvation not for the Jew only or specially, but for all nations, and kindreds, and tongues; and his not less intense attachment to the doctrine of free salvation—unmerited, sovereign grace from God to the sinner.

Both of these views are prominent in Luke. He is careful to record the sayings of our Lord that showed his regard for Gentiles as well as Jews:—for example, in the discourse at Nazareth, the preference that Elijah was directed to show to a Canaanite over all the widows that were in Israel, and Elisha to a Syrian over all the lepers at home. He tells us how in passing through a village of the Samaritans, he rebuked the fiery proposal of James and John; and in the parable of the good Samaritan, how he exalted the stranger far above the consecrated priest and Levite. So also he records the healing of the ten lepers of whom but one returned to give thanks, and that one was a Samaritan. The Gospel of Luke is redolent of the free, expansive, unsectarian spirit so characteristic of Paul, but so characteristic also, of Paul's great Master. Its spirit is the very opposite of the wretched bigotry that blinds one to all that is good in any who are not of our own set or sect; and of the no less wretched cowardice that secretly feels the superiority of others, but wants the courage to declare it.

Still more strikingly may we find in the Gospel of Luke that which illustrates the other grand view of Paul, the freeness and sovereignty of divine grace. More than any other evangelist, Luke delights to record the instances and the parables that exhibit the free and unmerited grace of God to sinners. Conspicuous among these is the parable of the Prodigal Son. What is the great lesson of that parable, but that when we least deserve it, we may find a loving welcome and free forgiveness in the heart of our Father, even as Paul himself, when he had wasted the Church of Christ by

slaughter and persecution, was admitted to the richest mercy and dearest love of his Lord? The parable of the Publican and the Pharisee is peculiar to Luke, illustrating very clearly and convincingly the difference before God, of the man who trusts to his own righteousness, and the man who feels that he has no righteousness of his own to trust to. It is Luke too that records the beautiful incident of the woman that was a sinner, who washed Christ's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Self-righteousness got its reproof, in connection with this incident, in the beautiful parable of the two debtors, and free grace was glorified in the example of the creditor who, when they had nothing to pay, frankly forgave them both. It was on Luke, too, that the memorable incident of the penitent thief made the deepest impression; but for his Gospel that crowning testimony to the power and riches of divine grace would have been lost to the Church; and that cloud of despair would have closed on many a stricken and wretched sinner, which has been so often scattered as the glorious sunbeam that passed on Calvary from one cross to another has been reflected upon it, "Verily I say unto thee, This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

The other personal feature in the life of Luke that has left its traces in his book, is that by profession he was a physician. It will be obvious to every reader that in this Gospel more prominence is given than in any other to the healing of the sick. The cases of healing are more numerous, and they are often recorded with a minuteness and carefulness of detail that would not occur to an ordinary narrator. Thus, Luke tells us that the fever with which Peter's mother-in-law was afflicted was a *great* fever, indicating, as we learn from other sources, a particular class of fevers, recognised by ancient medical authorities. Again, when describing the case of the woman bowed down by the spirit of infirmity, he tells us that she had been eighteen years in that state, and in like manner, in the Acts of the Apostles, we may observe how carefully he states particulars regarding cases of disease. Throughout his Gospel, too, we may trace the good physician's habit of careful examination and accurate statement. Among other things, this appears in his attention to dates, and the accuracy with which he states periods of time. Thus it is Luke alone that tells us that on the eighth day Jesus was circumcised; that at the age of twelve, he was brought up to Jerusalem to the temple; that when baptized by John, his age was thirty years; and that it was a period of forty days that elapsed between his resurrection and his ascension to heaven. These may seem but little matters; but they give us a high opinion of the pains-taking accuracy of the evangelist; they show us clearly that as, in his character of physician, he would have prescribed nothing till he had examined minutely all about his patient; so in his character of historian he would have set down nothing, till he had patiently and minutely inquired into every particular of its truth.

But there are higher features of the physician's char-

acter stamped on the Gospel of Luke. No profession of a secular kind demands tenderness of feeling more than a physician's. A hard-hearted physician is a monster. And where there is a measure of tenderness to begin with, the practice of the profession exercises and develops it, and if the loving spirit of Christ be there likewise, the result is a very remarkable degree of the most genuine spirit of Christian benevolence. It was so in the case of Luke. He was evidently a man of very tender heart, a warm friend, "the beloved physician." In many ways, this shows itself in his Gospel. His allusions to cases of great distress are made with obvious sympathy. He seems to have had special pleasure in thinking of Christ as the great Healer, the good physician, and in both quoting prophecies and recording events that showed how emphatically he was so. It is he that has preserved the saying of Christ, when the two brethren wished fire to be called down from heaven on the Samaritans, "The Son of man is come, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them:" a saying once so nobly appropriated by the French physician whom Napoleon, during his expedition through Syria, instructed to poison the sick in the hospital at Jaffa—"Sir, my vocation is to save life, not to destroy it." It is he that tells us of Christ rising up in the synagogue of Nazareth to read the passage—"The Lord hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

His Gospel is full of incidents that show the tenderness of his heart. Thus, it has been noticed, that there is more said of *widows* in this Gospel than in any of the others. Anna, who waited for Jesus in the temple was a widow—a widow of fourscore and four years. The woman to whom Elijah was sent at Sarepta is specially referred to as a widow. The woman of Nain whose son Jesus raised to life was a widow. The woman in the parable of the unjust judge, who is set forth as an example in prayer, was a widow.

So also in the Gospel of Luke, *children* have a more prominent place than elsewhere. It is the children's Gospel. It is here we have the picture of the babe lying in the manger. It is here we are told of the child Jesus coming up to Jerusalem and being lost by his parents. Here, too, as in some of the other Gospels, we have recorded the beautiful invitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" as well as other sayings of Christ about children, full of encouragement, and rebuke, and instruction. And then, too, we may notice how Luke takes special notice of *only* children. It is Luke that tells us that the child of Jairus was his only daughter. It is Luke that records the plaintive plea of the father of the lunatic child, "Master, I beseech thee, look upon my son, for he is mine only child." And when stating the lamentable case of the woman of Nain, whose son they were carrying out to bury, he particularly tells us that he was the only child of his mother.

are emphatically still, we may see the tenderness of Luke's own heart in the narratives of Christ's which he has placed on record. Here we turn to the parable of the Good Samaritan—that striking record of vile hard-heartedness on the one and of warm human sympathy on the other. We advert to the parable of the Rich Man and

Was ever hell and hell-fire described with a sadder touch as that of this parable? Could any one delineate the scene without revolting us, as it was not steeped in tenderness? What a contrast to the frightful rhapsodies about senseless untender preachers! We cannot advert to the instances of Christ's tenderness in Luke without notice. But we cannot forget that it is in the picture of the Saviour, in his triumphal march, into tears on the brow of Olivet, when he came to the city, and pouring his heart out in agony, he knew not the things that belonged to her. It is Luke, too, that tells us of that touching way to Calvary, when the woman following and lamented Jesus. "And Jesus turning round said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for yourself, but for yourselves and for your children. For the days are coming in the which they shall say, woe to the barren and the wombs that never bare, woe to the that never gave suck. Then shall they say to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in the green time, shall not the dry tree be done in the dry?"

It may say, extending and enlarging our remarks, it gives special prominence in his Gospel to the nature and human feelings of Christ. There is in Luke more than any where else about the man Jesus. While John begins his Gospel by telling of the eternal generation of the Divine Word, Luke begins by telling us of the birth on earth of the Son

It is Luke that gives us our chief information of the earthly relations of Jesus—Zacharias and Elizabeth the Baptist and Mary his mother. It is Luke that tells us of his being subject to his parents, of his visit to the temple, and of his growing in wisdom and stature (for even that he does not omit) in favour with God and man. It is Luke that gives us brief glimpses of his mode of life—that tells us of men that ministered to him of their substance; of Magdalene, Joanna, Susanna, and the rest; records his own touching saying, "Foxes have dens and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." It is he that tells us how he dined with the Pharisees when the woman a sinner came to anoint his feet, and also how he sat with Zacchaeus at Jericho, to the great shame of the Pharisees. It is more in Luke than in any other Gospels that we are enabled to see in the man made like unto his brethren, and that we receive the encouragement which this fact supplies to our boldness to the throne of grace that we may

obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in our time of need.

It is quite in accordance with this view of Luke's Gospel that we find in it more about *Prayer* than in any of the others. In fact, it has been called the Gospel of Prayer. In two great forms, this subject is brought before us. We have Christ's *instructions* on prayer, and Christ's *example* in prayer. It is Luke who tells us that the Lord's prayer was given in answer to the request of the disciples—"Lord, teach us to pray." In Luke, we find the Lord's Prayer enforced by a parable—that of the three loaves, the value of earnestness in prayer being illustrated by the case of the man who yielded at midnight even to the unreasonable request of his neighbour. Then we have also in Luke the parable of the importunate widow, to show that men ought always to pray and not to faint. And we have the parable of the two men who went up to the temple to pray,—the Pharisee and the Publican,—to exemplify the spirit of acceptable and unacceptable prayer.

But it is chiefly by our Lord's own example that the duty of prayer is enforced in Luke. It is here we are told that it was as Jesus was praying, at his baptism, that the Spirit came down upon him. Here we learn that after the cure of the leper, when multitudes followed Jesus, "he withdrew into the wilderness and prayed." Here, also, we are told that after the cure of the man with the withered hand, "Jesus went out into a mountain to pray and continued all night in prayer to God." It is Luke that tells us that Jesus was alone praying, when the disciples came to him and he asked them,—“Whom do men say that I am?” It is Luke also that tells us that it was as he prayed that the fashion of his countenance became changed on the Mount of Transfiguration. It is he, also, that tells us that it was when Jesus had himself been praying, that the disciples came and said to him, “Lord, teach us to pray.” It is Luke that records Christ's prayer for Peter,—“Satan hath desired to have thee . . . but I have prayed for thee.” It is Luke that twice over records the Saviour's counsel to the disciples at Gethsemane—"Pray that ye enter not into temptation." In this Gospel, too, emphasis is laid on the Saviour's prayer,—“Being in an agony, he prayed the more earnestly.” And last of all, it is Luke only who records two of our Lord's own prayers on the Cross—that for his murderers, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;” and the last breathing for himself, “Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

It is beautiful, it is extremely touching, to find the blessed Saviour, from first to last in this Gospel, a man of prayer. It is more, it is humbling. These constant prayers of Jesus, how do they reprove our prayerlessness? If he felt he needed to pray so often, how much more we! If he, the Holy One, the Son of God,—how much more we, who are so full of guilt, and corruption, and infirmity of every kind! Had St. Luke preserved for us no other special trait of Jesus than just this one thing,

his perpetual prayerfulness, would he not have conferred on us an unspeakable benefit, and would not his Gospel have been deserving of perpetual veneration?

One or two other traits of Luke's Gospel can be but mentioned—hardly even illustrated. We may notice, as connected with the last topic, the prominence of the Holy Ghost in this Gospel. He is mentioned very often. The forerunner of Jesus was to be filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb. On Mary the Holy Ghost was to come, and the power of the Highest was to overshadow her. Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost. So also was Zacharias. "How much more shall God give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me." It is obvious that this view of the importance and the personal agency of the Holy Ghost, already given to Luke, prepared him specially and pre-eminently for recording the events of Pentecost, and the early history of the Church? The Book of Acts has been called "The Gospel of the Holy Ghost," it is so full of His agency and the results of His mighty power.

Again, the Gospel of Luke abounds in notices of joy and gladness, the fruit of the Holy Spirit. The spirit of this Gospel is anything but sombre. It is full of blinks of the Sun of heaven. "Thou shalt have joy and gladness," said the angel to Zacharias, "and many shall rejoice in his birth." "Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." "Rejoice not because the devils are subject to you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." "The whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen." As he went into heaven, "the disciples worshipped him

and returned to Jerusalem with great joy." St. Luke was evidently of a genial, happy temperament. And his Gospel should greatly commend itself to all who delight in the cheerful and benignant aspect of the grace of God.

Finally, the Gospel of Luke is full of "glory to God." The angel's anthem struck the key-note, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men." And throughout the Gospel the same note is ever reverberating. The shepherds returned "glorifying and praising God for what they had heard and seen." The man cured of palsy returned to his home "glorifying God." The people of Nain glorified God. So did the woman with the spirit of infirmity. So did one of the two lepers, with a loud voice. So did the blind man at Jericho. And so did the Roman centurion at the Cross—he glorified God, saying, "Certainly this was a righteous man."

In regard to all these particulars last enumerated, it might be shown that they are points much dwelt on by Luke's great instructor in the Gospel ministry. What did St. Paul teach more frequently and more earnestly than to pray without ceasing? Who so constantly taught the value of the Holy Spirit's work? Who so often called his disciples to a spirit of joyfulness? Or who more constantly and more carefully ascribed all the glory of salvation to God? The more we ponder these things, the more do we understand the strong bond of sympathy that bound Luke and Paul together; and the more readily can we fancy the delight with which they would read each other's writings,—Paul, the Gospel of St. Luke; and Luke, the Epistles of St. Paul.

God grant us all his Holy Spirit, to make the perusal of this Gospel doubly profitable to us in all time coming! From this fresh, sparkling well of salvation, may we all, many a day, draw water with joy!

THE VINE.



THE vine was from the earliest ages one of the staple products of Bible lands; and it was one of those natural objects most frequently selected by the sacred writers for the illustration of divine truth. It was familiar to all, and it was prized by all. As the cedar was king of trees in grandeur, strength, and beauty (1 Kings iv. 33), the vine was king of trees in richness and utility (Judg. ix. 12). It was the emblem of fertility and abundance. The land given in covenant promise to God's people was described as "a land of wheat, and barley, and vines" (Deut. viii. 8); "a land of corn and wine"

(xxxiii. 28); and the choice blessing pronounced by the dying patriarch upon Judah was in these words—words, the full force and significance of which an inhabitant of Palestine alone could fully comprehend and appreciate—"Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes: his eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk" (Gen. xlix. 11, 12). The vine, too, was the emblem of peace and prosperity. Hence the appropriateness of the imagery employed to describe Solomon's peaceful and prosperous reign,—“And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine

under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beer-sheva all the days of Solomon" (1 Kings iv. 25; see Micah iv. 4). The fruitlessness of the vine is an emblem of utter barrenness (Hab. iii. 17); the destruction of the vine of complete desolation (Hos. ii. 12; Joel i. 7-12). The vine was the chosen emblem of God's ancient people, the Church. Brought up out of Egypt, planted on the sunny hills of Palestine, tended with the best care, cultivated with the utmost skill, and with the utmost watchfulness:—"What have been done more to my vineyard that has not been done in it?" What wonderful experience and power the plaintive and beautiful imagery of Isaiah v. 1-7, and Psalm lxxx. 8-12, as when read by the careful student of Scripture! What a pang of remorse, of bitter grief, must it send through the heart of the hardened and thoughtful Jew! With what agony and earnestness must he now, as he reads the words, pour forth the prayer of his Psalmist:—

"O God of hosts, we thee beseech,
Return now unto thine;
Look down from heaven in love, behold,
And visit this thy vine!"

the most beautiful and instructive of all are metaphors is that in which our Lord represents himself and his people to the vine and branches:—"I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same shall forth much fruit; for severed from me he do nothing" (John xv. 1-8). I have seen it in every part of Palestine; on the terraces of Judah, in the deep glens of Ephraim, the rich plain of Damascus, and on the rugged slopes of Lebanon. I have seen it trained in many forms, and cultivated in different ways; in every different place, in every varying aspect, it seemed to me to be a new and graphic illustration of the union which subsists between Christ and his Church. One would almost think that the vine had expressly been designed in the infinite wisdom of the great Creator, to typify, in its nature, its life, its culture, and its objects, Christ and his Church. On the hills of Judah, and on the sloping sides of the col's vale—famed now, as of yore, for its

great bunches of grapes (Num. xiii. 23, 24)—the vine is trained on terraces, or on rude trellis-work. The stem is usually almost hid among rocks and stones, and the branches often extend ten or fifteen yards on each side, hanging over the terrace walls, or creeping along the wooden rails. But however far the branches reach, however wide the boughs spread, they are all joined to one stem, and draw from it their life and strength. So is it with the Church. Its branches spread widely too. Over every part of Britain, to every country of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, they have already extended. We see them clinging still to the wild Alpine cliffs, where, amid eternal snows and the muniments of the rocks, they found a refuge and a home, while the storms of persecution swept over Europe. We see them flourish now on the ice-girt shores of Greenland, on "India's coral strand," in the pestilential marches of Africa, on the blood-stained soil of America; and we see them shooting far, far out to the great continents and little islets that stud the vast southern sea. But however far the branches of the Church reach, however wide they spread, however different the climes and countries in which they flourish, they are all united to one stem, the Lord Jesus Christ, and from him alone they derive life and strength.

In the plain of Damascus the vines frequently appear in a different form. I once measured a stem there five feet in circumference, and I have seen many from two to four feet. Then I was reminded of the Psalmist's words, "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt. . . . Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. . . . *The boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars*" (lxxx. 8-10). In that glorious plain it frequently happens that one great bough of a vine winds itself round the giant trunk of a forest tree, shoots up its gnarled arms, and never stops its onward, upward growth till it has covered every branch with the rich garlands of its foliage, and bent down every bough and twig with clusters of grapes; while another bough of the same vine selects another stately tree, and in like manner adorns it with drapery, and loads it with fruit. And yet however far those boughs are separated, however high they shoot, they are united in one parent stem below. So is it with

the Church. One branch of that heavenly vine selects one land; it spreads over its broad plains, through its beautiful glens, up its mountain steeps, into the heart of its great cities; and under the divine blessing it never ceases to grow and prosper till it has covered the country with the rich foliage of Christian ordinances and Christian institutions, and filled its happy homes with the precious fruits of Christian charity. Another branch of the Church selects another country, in a different clime, and among a different people, and accomplishes a like noble work. But however widely separated these branches may be by the accidents of geographical position and external organization, they are united in one parent stem, the Lord Jesus Christ in heaven.

Under yet another aspect I once saw a noble vine, which appeared to symbolize even more impressively one grand characteristic of Christ's Church. I was on a visit at the palace of the ruling prince of Lebanon. In his garden was a vine, among the largest I had ever seen. One branch of it was trained by taste and skill into a beautiful bower where the prince and the mem-

bers of his family were wont to recline the noon-day heat; and another branch hied its way through the garden wall, and had its rustic porch of an humble peasant's hut, yet the sap which gave to each of those bursting bud, spreading leaf, and clusters of grapes, flowed from one and the same stem. So is it in the Church. One adorns the gilded hills of Windsor, around them a charm and a beauty such as the splendours of architecture, and the accumulations of art could never impart, while another branch enters the hut of the peasant on the mountain side, or the humble dwelling of the labourer in the city lane, diffusing a radiance of grace even there, which poverty, and suffering, and sorrow can never dispel. And both unite in Jesus.

It is a glorious truth that rich and poor, and low, crowned prince, and toil-worn peasant meet in the same church on earth, and in the same bosom in heaven.

April 1864.

THE STRANGER IN THE VALLEYS.



VII.—“OUT OF THE DEPTHS.”

ANY one who has explored the ruins of a mediæval castle may form a tolerably accurate idea of the gloomy dungeon to which, in obedience to the commands of Vidal, Henri de la Vaur was consigned. A feeble glimmer of light enabled him to discern the low vaulted roof and damp clay floor of his prison, no other object met his sight, and equally blank and cheerless seemed his mental horizon. He well knew into whose hands he had fallen, and that Inquisitors did not lightly surrender their prey; he was conscious that one price alone would be accounted sufficient for his ransom, but that price involved, not merely the denial of certain opinions, but treason against a living and loving Master, and therefore his loyal heart refused it without hesitation and determination. Thus was he spared hours of mental agony and conflict; he might be in darkness, but at least he was at anchor. He “wished for the day,” none more earnestly, but it did not even occur to him that his moorings might give way. Nor could the terrors of his earlier years re-assert their sway over his mind. Like the nervous fears that sometimes assail us during the

hours of darkness, they vanished before the assurance of an assured faith and hope. Whatever suffering he was called on to endure, however hideous might be the form assumed by the last enemy Death, he would stand by him to strengthen him as he was enough.

But although “not afraid,” he was “cast down,” it is true he had always anticipated as probable termination of his career, but he did not expect it so soon. He hoped to labour for a few years at his Master's vineyard; he hoped to revisit the home of his childhood, and carry thither the message of good-will. Where now were his dreams of the future? He had returned indeed to Languedoc, but his day's journey there, the first, had led him to a probably a grave. Was *this* to be the end? What purpose then had he lived, studied, prayed, and hoped? To whom had he told the truths he held so precious? What had he done to advance his Saviour's kingdom? Nothing, while he had done so much. And with this thought came a keen, that Henri de la Vaur bowed himself to the ground, pressed his burning forehead against the wall of clay, and wept aloud.

He thought of his friends in the Valleys,

and loving father, of his "little sister" Aimée may mourn him, would they know the manner in which? He hoped not, there was sorrow enough for him on the cottage in the Valley of the Vevey it might fare with him, he prayed that blessings might rest on those tender, faithful friends if he had been spared to return,—a thought consciously entertained before rose unbidden depths of his heart, to suggest what might be,—but all such thoughts seemed idle now. "Nay," he murmured, "I can but commend my Father in Heaven. His guardianship is better than mine."

It grew more calm, as the great truth came to his mind, that in the same wise guardianship he was included. With deeper meaning than the words of the believing Centurion went to his heart, and he felt himself in the hands of God, "to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to come, and he cometh; and to (his) servant, Do he doeth it." Was he not His servant, and He ordained every step of his pathway? By His appointment he was here, and therefore it was His place for him.

It was as well for Henri that he remained in the midst of the intrigues which had drawn him into the net, and to which he was being sacrificed. It was, in fact, of no importance to him. He was "for the Word of God and for the testimony of Christ," and not the less really so because the Cardinal arrested him in pursuance of a scheme for its object the alteration of the succession in the house of Montmartre.

Hours passed away slowly, and then a hand came through the trap-door above him a loaf of bread and a jar of water, but no communication was possible. At length the darkness of his prison seemed to become more dense, and he rather than knew that it was night. He tried to sleep, but had been so tranquillized by communion with the unseen and heavenly Friend, that sleep came as soon as he desired it.

A happy and soothing in its effects, and yet entirely distinct to be afterwards remembered, only interrupted by the entrance of some visitor, the light of a lamp flashing across his face. He sat up, and much to his surprise saw Gaspard de Montmartre standing over him.

"Thou canst sleep thus in a dungeon, Vaudois," said the young knight in a tone of sorrowful surprise. "O God I could change with thee!"

"I would fain wish for the heir of the noble house of Montmartre," replied the prisoner rising.

He seated himself on a fragment of stone, and for moments looked in silence at Henri, who, as if what might be the purport of this visit, he gazed, and beheld in the lamp-light a face

so wild and wan with anguish that he could not repress the eager inquiry, "Lord of Montmartre, what aileth thee?"

A ghastly smile quivered on Gaspard's lip as he answered, "Methinks thy situation demands more consideration at present than mine. Thou art in the clutches of the relentless remorseless Vidal, and—through my fault."

"Nay," returned Henri quickly. "Be just to thyself, sir knight. How couldst thou have foreseen the monk's stratagem?"

"Of that stratagem I was the intended victim."

"Thou!"

"Brother—son of my people—I will hide nought from thee," Gaspard began, but strong emotion choked his utterance. After a pause he continued more calmly. "First, I would say to thee, I will strain every nerve to achieve thy deliverance, and I hope to succeed; but thy enemy and mine is strong in his iron will, strong in the sanction derived from the Church whose power he wields, strong in the influence which superstition gives him over the mind of my—of the Baron de Montmartre."

"Canst thou come here unwatched and unsuspected by him?" asked Henri.

"Yes; my strength lies in this, every retainer of Montmartre down to the youngest page would give his life for me, and all abhor the fanatic Cistercian and his precious confederate, the scoundrel Bertrand D'Aymonet. Vaudois, wherefore dost thou turn away from me?"

"Because thy words perplex and grieve me."

"I will explain them. Listen, Henri de la Vaur,—my tale is a strange and sad one. I have sinned against God and man; for fourteen long years I have lived a lie."

He said these words in a slow, reluctant way, forcing them as it were one by one from his lips, whilst the crimson flush of shame mantled his cheek and brow. Henri could only look on in silent wonder.

"I am not Gaspard de Montmartre. Henri, thou hast spent some time, thou sayest, in the Alpine valleys, hast thou ever visited a secluded spot called the Valley of the Guil?"

"I know it—well?"

"There was I born, there I passed the first years and the only happy ones of my life."

"And thy father?"

"The Barbe Arnaud. Speak, dost thou know him? Does he yet live?"

"Father in heaven, I thank thee!" murmured Henri, and yielding to an impulse he could not restrain he threw himself on Gaspard's neck—or René's—and embraced him.

"Brother of mine in good sooth thou art," he said, "for never breathed there a more loving father than thine has proved to me. René, he lives—lives and mourns to this day for his lost son."

"Tell me more—my mother?"

"Alas, I have but seen her grave. She died ere my journey to the Valleys, nine years since."

Réné hid his face and was silent for some minutes. Then he said almost timidly, "And my brother Antoine, my little sisters Louise and Aimée?"

"Antoine and Louise have rejoined their mother. Aimée lives."

"Thou didst know my name, they speak of me still?" continued Réné, after another pause.

"Aimée sometimes talks of thee. Once only, in a moment of emotion, did I hear the name of Réné pass thy father's lips, for it lies in the very sanctuary of his heart. But tell me, if thou wilt, by what strange chance I find thee here—there, Réné son of Arnaud?"

"Well mayest thou marvel. Hast thou heard how the monks enticed me from my home, a thoughtless boy of ten years old?"

An inclination of the head was Henri's answer.

"They seduced me by a lying promise that they would bring me to a great fair at Abries, whither I had a foolish longing to go. When I found that I had been deceived, and that I was never to return to my home, I grew wild with powerless indignation, and more than once I tried, but in vain, to escape from their company. At last they dragged me, a most unwilling little captive, to their convent of St. Nicholas. There, for my soul's health, they required me to abjure what they were pleased to call my detestable heresy, and to learn and repeat long prayers to the Virgin and the Saints."

"From one so young," said Henri, "much resistance could scarce have been expected."

"Child as I was, I gave them hard work," returned Réné, with something like a gleam of satisfaction in his face. "Thou knowest that our children of the Valleys learn the Scriptures almost from the cradle. Thou knowest too that tales of martyr courage and patience fill the place of the chanzos and sirventes to which the gay knights and ladies of Provence love to listen. Upon such tales my childish imagination had been nourished; I would be a martyr too, I thought. For once the natural obstinacy and fearlessness which in my father's home had brought me into so many difficulties, were enlisted in a good cause. I refused obedience to the commands of the monks, I answered their attempts to reason with me by texts of Scripture, fragments of the 'Nobla Leyçon,' and arguments at least as good as their own, and I dared all the consequences of my conduct with an audacity with which ignorance had a good deal to do."

"Didst thou ask for strength from on high in that time of need?"

"I tried to pray because I had been always taught that prayer was a duty, and sometimes perhaps I may have felt it a comfort in my utter loneliness. But I was too angry with the monks and too confident in the steadfastness of my own heart greatly to feel that I needed it. For some time I endured severe punishments without murmuring, and it is due to myself even

now to say that before my fortitude was exhausted my bodily strength began to fail. The monks, perceiving this, relaxed their discipline. I was released from tedious confinement and allowed to amuse myself in the garden attached to the convent. I remember well that as I ran and leaped in all the enjoyment of recovered freedom up and down the neatly trimmed and gravelled walks, I heard some one call, 'Little boy, come and talk to me,' and pausing to take breath after a race, I saw a pale delicate child sitting in the sunshine wrapped in furs. This was" (his voice trembled slightly), "this was Gaspard de Montmartre. We soon became the best of friends. We talked together that day, the next and the next; I told him of my home and my parents, and sometimes even of the lessons they taught me and the verses I used to learn for them; he in return begged the monks to forgive my obstinacy and to treat me with gentleness. They seemed unable to refuse him anything, and when they found how strongly he had attached himself to me, they allowed us to be almost constantly together. Under these circumstances my life became much happier, and my aversion both to the monks themselves and to their religion gradually abated.

"But my little friend was quickly passing away; the end of his life-long illness seemed sudden to all, to me in my ignorance it was fearfully so. With what bitter tears I wept him *then*, and since with what envy, what anguish have I remembered that innocent childish sorrow! Would to God they had made my grave instead of his!"

"Not so, Réné. God has spared thee in mercy."

"*Mercy!*" cried Rene, was it mercy to"—but he repressed the bitter words that rose to his lips, and after a short pause continued his story with tolerable calmness. "Very soon afterwards, I could observe a degree of confusion and anxiety amongst the monks, and a conversation which I partly overheard between the sub-prior and one of the brothers led me to connect this with the approaching visit of little Gaspard's father. Their manner to me was quite changed, they treated me at this time with kindness, and required me to do nothing that I found disagreeable. At length one of their number, who even from the beginning had appeared to favour and pity me and thus attracted my warm love and gratitude, took me into his cell and talked with me alone. Gradually and cautiously, and as I have since thought very skilfully, he unveiled to me the plan his brethren had formed; explaining how easy it would be to personate the heir of Montmartre, and painting all that was to be won by the deception in glowing colours. When at length I understood him, I was indignant. I told him (for I was a stranger to fear), that he wanted to make me a wicked liar, that *now* I knew if never before, that the religion of the monks was wrong and hateful, since men who professed it could do such things. I said my soul would be lost if I followed his deceiving words. I said,—but why retrace this page

of my childish history? What avails it to the poor victim to have refused the bait once—twice—thrice—if at last, in an evil hour, he takes it and perishes—as I!”

“Brother—son of my adopted father!” said Henri, forbear these desponding words, thou shalt yet be saved.”

“How?” asked René despairingly. “I have bound myself hand and foot, and no human power can free me. Well, at last I yielded, as I have said. Was it wrong? I was a child of ten years old, beset upon all sides, enreated, tempted, promised everything that children long for—and with a cherished unspoken hope in my heart, that once free from the monks I could escape and join my parents. And yet, Henri, I know well it was wrong. If before the great judgment-seat I am one day charged with that sin, I cannot plead that I did it in the ignorance of childhood. I lied with eyes open, with a memory haunted night and day by the fearful words, ‘All liars have their portion,’—thou knowest the rest. And it is a lie, not spoken merely, but *lived*. I have lived it ever since, I live it still, I must live it till I die.”

“No, René!” Henri broke in with impetuous earnestness. “No, not another hour.”

“What wouldst thou have me do?” cried Gaspard, turning on him suddenly and almost fiercely.

“Strip the mask from thy face, speak the truth, and return to thy father.”

“Easily said. Say it once more if thou darest, when I have told thee all.”

“No words that man may speak can make wrong right.”

“Shall I speak the truth, Vandois, and leave thee in thy dungeon?—share thy fate perchance?—or shall I be silent, and free thee?”

“René, son of Arnaud, speak the truth, and leave the rest to God.”

René looked at him intently. “At least thou art in earnest. Thou dost not fear to die?”

“No.”

“Thy conscience is clear. Thou hast not sinned as I have.”

“I have sinned, many times. But my sins are forgiven.”

“Thou speakest of sins forgiven; for sins like mine I doubt if there is forgiveness.”

“There is!” said Henri. “Were they a thousand times more black and dreadful, there is! ‘The blood of Jesus Christ—’”

“‘Cleanseth us from all sin,’” said René, completing the passage from his early recollections.

“All sin,” Henri reverently repeated.

“Hast thou forgotten what I told thee yesternight of God’s love to sinners?”

“No, or I would scarce have been here. But if He forgives as thou sayest, wherefore urge me to confess?”

“Because He only forgives the repentant sinner.”

“Henri, if ever man repented, I do. I repented even at the time, I have repented ever since, I repent *now*, bitterly, most bitterly. Will not that suffice?”

“Thou dost *not* repent. To repent is to change one’s mind, and thine remains unaltered. Never didst thou love the sin for its own sake, still less for its bitter consequences. But thou didst love the pleasant things that sin alone could buy; and still thou lovest them, more than thou dost love thy forgiving Father in heaven, more than thou dost fear His wrath.”

“Hear all ere thou judge me, Henri de la Vaur. Thou knowest now the monk Vidal. Bertrand d’Aymonet, the baron’s next heir, is his creature, and a more contemptible hound than he never fawned upon the hand that scourged him.”

“Alas, René, do these scornful words beseech thy lips?” asked Henri in a gently sorrowful tone.

“Perhaps not, but they are true for all that. The baron is old and feeble, Vidal and D’Aymonet only wait his death to throw all their power into the scale of priest-craft and tyranny—into the hands of those who have filled Languedoc, from one end to the other, with innocent blood.”

“Then they favour the infamous crusade?”

“If the lands and wealth of Montmartre fall to them, they will be laid at the feet of Simon de Montfort, Bertrand d’Aymonet’s friend and ally. Dost thou know *what* the De Montfort is?”

Henri was silent, but his face partially revealed what was passing within. It is true indeed that *now* he had forgiven from his heart the cowardly murderer of Raymond de Beziars, but the struggle to do so had been a long and hard one.

“Shall I tell thee how the Catholic Troubadours sing of him?” said René, and he quoted a few lines from a Sirvente that has drifted down to us on the stream of history,—“Neither the Archbishop of Narbonne, nor the King of France, have power to change one so wicked into a man of honour. . . . Would you know what share he will have in the spoils of the war?—the cries, the terror, the frightful spectacles he has beheld, the misfortunes and the evils he has occasioned.”

“Though a sincere Catholic, and superstitious enough, the baron my father hates the Crusade the de Montfort and the monk Dominic with cordial hatred; but the thread of an old man’s life is feeble, it may break at any moment, and *then*, Henri? I scarce need tell thee,” he continued in a faltering voice, “that my heart is with the faith of my fathers. If I remain as I am, I may use my wealth, my influence, my rights as Baron de Montmartre in the noblest of causes, I may serve—”

“Never!” interrupted Henri. “Never canst thou thus serve Him who hates ‘robbery for burnt-offering!’”

René turned away from him, and remained silent. Henri advanced and laid his hand on his shoulder. “René,” he said very earnestly, “there is but one right way for thee, and in that way thou wilt find peace

and hope. Make restitution of what hath been given thee upon false pretences, undeceive the Baron de Montmartre, and then return to the home and the friends of thine early years,—to that father who hath never ceased to long for thee, and whose arms are open to receive thee,—let him lead to Another, of whose love his own is but a faint shadow, even to Him who called thee yesternorn by my voice, and who calls thee yet. Thou wilt not reject His love," he added, seeing that René neither spoke nor moved. "Thou canst not! Too many prayers have been offered for thee."

Still there was silence. In an agony of hope and fear Henri prayed inwardly that he might succeed in winning back this lost one to his home and his God. To his home *first*, he felt it must be, and he also felt instinctively that if he could only re-awaken in his heart the memories of childhood, with its holy love and trust, all would yet be well. After a moment's thought he drew from beneath his jerkin a small packet carefully folded. "René son of Arnaud, look here," he said, as he opened it and displayed a curl of golden or rather light brown hair, which he coaxed from the half shy half laughing Aimée, one day before he went to the Pra-di-torre. Since then he had always worn it, but this was the first time he showed it to any one.

René took it from his hand, and placed the lamp, (now almost expiring), so as to obtain the benefit of all the light it could give.

"My mother's!" he said at last in a low, tremulous voice.

"No," said Henri, "your little sister Aimée's."

"I thought—it is so like," murmured René. Long and earnestly he gazed on the simple token from his home, then carefully re-folded the packet, and gave it back to its rightful owner. Just then the lamp went out, leaving them in total darkness. Perhaps it was well. There are conflicts which it is the instinct of our nature to hide from every eye save His to whom the darkness and the light are both alike. Such a conflict, silent as death but strong as life with all its fevered passions, went on that hour between René son of Arnaud the Vaudois, and Gaspard de Montmartre the proud ambitious Provençal knight and noble. Henri, near him as he was, so near that his hand rested on his arm and his breath almost touched his cheek, seemed at the same time infinitely far away, far as the sheltered sleeper in a quiet home from the mariner who wrestles all night with the tempest on the stormy sea. He could only aid him by a fervent prayer, and in that he failed not.

The long, long silence was broken at last. Low, but resolved and calm, was the voice that murmured, "I will arise and go unto my Father." Then Henri knew that René son of Arnaud had won the victory, and his prayer was changed into thanksgiving.

"The morning dawns," said René, as withdrawing the hand that covered his face, he became aware that a faint glimmer of light penetrated even that gloomy

dungeon. But it may have been that his words were true in more than one sense.

"I go, Henri," he added rising slowly, "but trust me—thou shalt see me again."

An eager question trembled on Henri's lip, he only said however, "I trust thee. God be with thee, my brother."

"And with thee. Farewell." He turned back to whisper, "Pray for me, Henri;" and then with some difficulty groped his way to the low narrow door, which he opened for himself, and afterwards carefully closed and barred it on the outside.

VIII.—BROKEN CHAINS.

For several long and weary hours had Henri waited and prayed in his dungeon. At length some one entered bearing a torch, and rather to his surprise he recognised the page Etienne.

"Merchant," said the boy, "thou art commanded to follow me."

"By whom commanded?" asked Henri, feeling uncertain whether he beheld a messenger of Vidal's or of René's.

"By the Seigneur de Montmartre."

He rose and prepared to obey, although not without strong misgivings as to the prudence of the course his friend appeared to be adopting.

A little rashness would inevitably cause his life to be forfeited, and might even imperil René's. "Hath thy lord sent me no message?" he inquired.

"None, merchant; save indeed that he said I should bid thee to trust him, and not to fear." The page added as he led the way out of the dungeon, "All in the castle are engaged in hearing mass, save the Seigneur who is hindered by illness, and myself whom he hath retained to wait upon him."

"Then," remarked Henri, "it is even yet early morning." And as he emerged into the day, he stopped for a moment and shaded his eyes from the light, while his conductor extinguished his useless torch.

Etienne led him silently through several long corridors and up a stair-case, after which another passage had still to be traversed, and a steep winding turret stair to be ascended. At last he found himself in a small but cheerful room, and face to face with René.

The Seigneur de Montmartre, for such he may still be called, whispered an order to Etienne, who immediately disappeared, and they were left alone.

"René," said Henri, "is this prudent?"

"Perhaps not," returned René with a slight smile, "but it is wise. It is in fact by far thy best chance of safety. There is little probability that Vidal will come hither in search of thee, and none that he will discover the hiding-place to which I mean to consign thee."

"But the page?"

"I can trust him, he only blunders when he is sent upon Bertrand's errands. In short, Henri de la Vaur,

must that I should release thee from thy dungeon; I had the power, for in a brief space it will be no more."

The entrance of Etienne made a reply impossible. He brought refreshments, which he laid on the table, then left the room.

"Eat and drink, Henri," said René, "for if I misnot, a journey awaits us both."

But Henri was too perplexed and anxious to care for which besides he did not need as René supposed, being accustomed to frugal fare, he had supped early in his dungeon the night before on a crust of bread and a draught of water. "Hast thou then any plan?" he asked.

"Yes and no," replied René. Then with a sudden change of voice and manner, he exclaimed in a tone of feeling,—

"Alas, my kind, generous, trusting father! Once, only once more shall I call him by that name. He loves no living thing save me—and I must forsake his love and break his heart. Oh, Henri, this is terrible!"

"It is," said Henri gently, "but One can strengthen for the trial and bear thee scatheless through it."

"Yes, I have prayed. Gaspard de Montmartre could pray, but René,"—his voice died away, and he remained silent.

But time presses. See here, Henri."

He rose and opened a door leading into a small secret chamber, a recess in the massive wall, evidently concealed as a place of concealment. "Enter, and thou art safe as in the Valley of the Gull. And if Vidal seeks me meanwhile in the dungeon, I shall know how to serve him."

Henri having submitted to be immured, René closed the door, and then descended to the great hall, where preparations had been made for a substantial and luxurious breakfast.

Here he was joined soon afterwards by the baron, who came in leaning on the arm of Vidal, and followed by Bertrand d'Aymonet and the family physician. The baron's look and manner were calm, but he was very reserved; he addressed the baron with even more than his usual respect and affection, while with the others he exchanged as few words as possible. All would have been silent enough, had they guessed the solemn events of the day upon which they had just entered was destined to bring forth.

Two unexpected though not unwelcome guests joined them at their meal. They were "black monks," travelling northwards on some mission of their superior, the abbot of the Albigensian war in Lower Languedoc. Being wisely profited by the early morning hours to accomplish a stage of their journey before the heat of the day set in, they called at the castle of Montmartre, where they felt sure of a friendly reception. The baron, always hospitable, was not slow in welcoming them to his table, nor did any rule of their order pre-

vent their doing full justice to his venison pasty, and rich foreign wines.*

"What tidings, holy men, have ye brought from Toulouse?" was the inquiry naturally made of them by the lord of the castle.

The monks had some slight previous acquaintance with Vidal, but they had never before visited Montmartre; and were ignorant of the baron's political creed. The elder of them answered, therefore, without any suspicion that his words were likely to give offence. "Sore tidings, noble baron, for all who love the holy Catholic Church, and who hate heresy as honest men should do. That brave and zealous defender of the faith, the worshipful Count of Toulouse, Sir Simon de Montfort, hath been slain in battle ten days ago."†

It must be a solemn thing to hear of the death of an enemy—to see the grave suddenly interpose its awful gloom between us and the object of our hatred, setting an impassable boundary to our base and angry passions, and softening to pity every emotion of the heart that sin has not thoroughly hardened.

Something of this the Baron de Montmartre experienced, though he could not have analyzed or given expression to the feeling. Of the awestruck group he was the first to break silence. He said with unwonted gentleness,—

"The De Montfort was a brave man, though a cruel foe to Provence. God have mercy on his soul."

The hot blood rushed to René's colourless cheek, quickly leaving it paler than before. He knew that it was idle to implore the divine mercy after death in behalf of one who had never sought it for himself while life remained, that the bad remorseless man, now gone to his last account, had spent his days in the service of self and Satan, and that "the judgment of God is just against them that do such things." His eyes and his heart had been for his covetousness, and to shed innocent blood, and for oppression and for violence. He had "caused his terror in the land of the living"—and now! "René, son of Armand, who maketh thee to differ?" a deep voice within him seemed to say, "Wert thou not also willing to barter the interests of thine immortal soul for the fleeting enjoyments of a few years on earth? Like this man thou mightest have lived, and died." And as he trembled at the thought, from the depths of his heart there arose the cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish!"

It was an evil sign of Vidal and D'Aymonet that the solemn tidings awoke in their hearts no thought that had not self for its object. Their great ally in the conflict they were maintaining had fallen, no more help from that quarter was possible henceforth, and as their eyes stealthily sought each other's faces, their anxious and desponding looks bore witness to the feelings within.

* The "Black Monks" bore in those days the character of being "unrivalled in their good eating."

† June 25, 1218.

"Our game is over," D'Aymonet would have said, if he could have ventured to speak.

But Vidal was not the man to bow beneath disappointment, or to refrain from showing the independence of his sentiments and his devotion to the holy cause of the Crusade. He answered the baron's remark with the air of one who was reproving an ignorant though well-meaning person, and covering beneath the outward forms of respect an assumption of superiority bordering upon insolence.

"My lord," he said, "the noble Count of Toulouse has proved himself the best friend of the Langue d'Oc, by exterminating a vile and poisonous heresy, and restoring the one true and Catholic faith. Doubtless he has gone to receive the reward of his good deeds from the hands of saints and angels in Paradise."

This speech exasperated the baron's naturally hasty temper, though he was by no means aware of the blasphemy it contained. "If the true and Catholic faith," he exclaimed, "can be restored only by such men as De Montfort, and such means as he employed, then I say the Albigensian heretics have the best of it."

"My noble lord speaks unadvisedly," returned Vidal, "I know him too well to suppose he believes the profane sentiment he has been betrayed into uttering."

The monk said this with the sort of coolness that is always intensely provoking to a passionate man, but would be peculiarly so to one over whom a degree of influence was being exerted, which he frequently chafed under and resisted, though he did not possess sufficient force of character to enable him to cast off the yoke. The baron therefore made an angry retort, alluding in strong terms to some of De Montfort's crimes. At another time Vidal would have allowed the discussion to drop, and awaited a more favourable opportunity of inculcating his views upon his patron; but he could not submit tamely to lay down the reins of government in the presence of these strangers. Might they not report to their brethren and their superiors that the Baron de Montmartre reviled the Crusade and advocated the cause of heresy, while his chaplain, the Cistercian monk, sat by and listened in silence? So he answered, still without passion, but in words that betrayed the arrogance both of his nature and of his order. A long and fierce altercation followed; D'Aymonet and the black monks tried to mediate, but their intervention only made the baron more angry. At last however René, dreading the physical effects of so much excitement on an infirm and aged man, exerted himself to put a stop to the discussion, and the baron, having commanded his antagonist to take himself "out of his sight, and out of his castle," rose and withdrew from the hall, leaning on the arm of René, who led him to the apartment he usually occupied, and at the same time soothed and calmed him as far as he could.

"Yes," said the knight, beginning to recover breath and temper, "I was hasty, I own it. But it would provoke a better man than I to hear a robber and a mur-

derer like the De Montfort extolled as a saint, and belike they will call him a martyr too. However, as thou sayest, he stands before his Judge, and to Him perchance it were best to leave him. No doubt we have all need of mercy as well as he. Now Gaspard, my boy, I would be awhile alone. Go thou and see that those black monks lack not the courtesy befitting our condition, though in good sooth they have brought no blessing with them to the Castle of Montmartre."

Réné left him, and after discharging in the briefest manner possible the duties of hospitality towards the monks, withdrew to meditate upon his own future course. He firmly resolved to tell the baron "the truth, and the whole truth." But what had just occurred seemed to increase the difficulty of his task, for he naturally dreaded the effect of such an agitating communication. Should he then put it off indefinitely? No, said both his conscience and his judgment; the tale would not become easier for him to tell, or for the baron to hear. He revolved within himself a hundred different ways of introducing the subject, and preparing the mind of his hearer for the disclosure he had to make; not indeed for the purpose of extenuating his own sin, but that he might spare the old man a rude and painful shock. But he was unable to satisfy his own mind, and grew more and more bewildered, hopeless, and miserable, until at last he threw himself on his knees, and in broken but earnest words entreated help and guidance from on high.

After a space of perhaps two hours, he thought the time had come to present himself again before the baron. He avoided D'Aymonet and Vidal, whom he saw together in one of the corridors, and made his way at once to the knight's private apartment.

There sat the baron in his favourite chair, a little table before him, upon which his arms were resting, his head was bowed down over them, and he did not move as René entered. The young man came forward and stood before him. Still he did not look up,—perhaps he slept. After a doubtful pause he drew nearer and put his hand upon him, then awed by the strange unbroken silence he called aloud, "My father!" But there was "no voice, neither any that answered." He had said to Henri that he would call the Baron de Montmartre "father" only once more, and in a dread and solemn sense, of which he little dreamed, his words were fulfilled. In another moment he was kneeling beside the dead, in a speechless, tearless agony of remorse and grief. The past was indeed irrevocable now!

But he might not linger there; though he well knew that all human aid was too late, he alarmed the household and summoned the physician. The latter could, however, only conclude that the baron's death had been instantaneous. Whatever speculations as to its cause the ignorance of mediæval times may have suggested it would be both profitless and unintelligible to record. "Disease of the heart" would probably have been the

dict of modern science, and the exciting scene of the arising might have had its share in hastening the catastrophe.

The castle was filled with the sincere lamentations of the baron's retainers, to whom he had been upon the whole a kind and generous master. But what was the grief of all the rest compared with *his* who for nearly sixteen years had called him father, and who though he had wronged and deceived him, yet loved him most truly! Upon René, son of Arnaud, all authority and all responsibility devolved, for as a matter of course he was recognized as Baron de Montmartre the moment his supposed father's death became known to the household. That D'Aymonet would not venture to dispute his title, now that he could no longer calculate upon support from De Montfort, he was well assured. And in fact D'Aymonet and Vidal gave up the cause for lost, and only thought of providing for their own safety. It was René's desire that Vidal should leave the castle, but that D'Aymonet, the true heir of the deceased, should remain; he took care therefore to assure him of his friendship. On the evening of the day upon which the baron's death occurred, it happened accidentally that the two young men stood alone together for a few moments, and René profited by the opportunity to say with cordial frankness, "Bertrand, we have been rivals hitherto, more perhaps through my fault than through mine. But let the past be buried in the grave of him whom we both mourn. Henceforth I am thy friend, and I trust ere long to prove it." Men are usually prone to judge others by themselves, and upon this principle it was only natural that Bertrand d'Aymonet should doubt the sincerity of these advances on the part of one whom he had often insulted and sought to injure. But something in René's tone, and in the pleading look of his mournful, earnest eyes, carried conviction with it; and Bertrand grasped his offered hand with more than mere show of friendly feeling.

Having performed this duty, René once more ascended the turret stairs, and released Henri from his place of concealment. He then briefly and sadly informed him of the events of the day, and it may well be imagined that the tale was not heard without surprise and emotion. Yet Henri could not help observing with a degree of wonder the change in his friend's appearance. He had lost his old helpless almost despairing look, and although deep sorrow breathed in every word he uttered, there was colour in his cheek and the light of steadfast purpose in his dark eye. The call to instant action excites the latent powers of some spirits as the sound of a trumpet arouses the war horse. No doubt this man would bear himself nobly through the trying ones that lay before him. But Henri checked this thought as soon as it arose in his mind, remembering he had said, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit," and knowing by experience that all strength taken from Him is likely to prove utter weakness the hour of trial.

"And now," said René, "for a few days longer must I remain heir of the house of Montmartre. Nay, mistrust me not, Henri de la Vaur. It is but to lay in the grave," (his voice trembled), "but to perform the last duties of love and reverence to him whom I called my father. That task accomplished all shall be resigned to Bertrand d'Aymonet, and Gaspard de Montmartre will exist no longer. Thou art free from this moment, go thou home to the Valley of the Guil, and say that René, the prodigal son, follows in thy footsteps to ask forgiveness at the feet of Arnaud."

"Not so," returned Henri, "for thou knowest that all the retainers of the house of Montmartre will be gathered for the solemn rite that approaches, and with them probably a great train of knights, gentlefolk, and others from the surrounding country. Could I ask a better opportunity to speak the words of the Gospel of life to hearts awed and softened by the presence of death? I would go to and fro amongst them sowing the precious seed, and well I know thou wouldst not hinder me."

"I will protect thee in so far as I can do it," said René.

"And then," continued Henri, "we may journey homewards together, and it may be given me to witness the joy with which the Barbe Arnaud will welcome back his lost son."

"Be it so if thou wilt. Only be not rash, for though Vidal shall leave the castle ere to-morrow's sun has set, there will be other priests and monks, and they are sometimes treacherous as well as cruel. On the fifth day from this all will be over; meanwhile thou canst speak to those who will hear thee of death and of life beyond, of the just Judge that they may prepare to appear before Him, and of the merciful Saviour that they may seek him. Alas! none ever told of these to him whom we mourn. I was the only one he met who had known a pure faith, and I—disgraced and abandoned it! Far from showing light to others, I quenched the light in my own soul."

"But there is pardon for thee."

"At least I still walk amongst the living whom pardon may reach, but he"—

"Leave that to God, brother. The past is sealed, we cannot alter it; the future remains, be it our care that none whom we can reach go hence without hearing the words of eternal life."

"Thou dost well to remind me the future remains, and this is the hour of action, not of thought. One word more, I pray thee that thou wouldst watch my footsteps, and if thou seest I err, fail not to tell me. I trust this to thy friendship, Henri de la Vaur."

IX.—AT HOME.

About three months after the events last narrated, two weary travellers might have been seen toiling slowly up a long ascent by a steep and winding foot-path. It

was in the region of the Dauphinese Alps, the castellated rock of Queyras towered above them, while far beneath the mountain torrent of the Guil flowed on through its wild and picturesque ravines.

"Courage, my brother," said Henri de la Vaur to his invalid companion, "we are near the end. I know every footfall of the way."

"And I also," returned René. "Well do I remember yonder group of chestnut trees, and that little stream winding amongst them; although, indeed, I thought the trees were taller and more numerous. I mind me there was a great stone beside our path that used to serve for a seat. Even so, behold it yonder. Shall we rest there a while?"

Henri hesitated. "The sun is already low," he said, "and the shadows lengthen on our pathway. Canst thou press on bravely yet a little while? And then," he added with a smile, "I venture to engage thee a glad welcome and a long rest."

"Be not too confident," replied René, "so sad is life and so full of mournful changes, that for aught thou knowest those thou didst leave in the Valley may not greet thy return thither. And of those I left three are gone, thou sayest, and but two remain. And am I not changed also? I went forth for a few short hours a gay and thoughtless child, I return after fourteen years a world-worn, weary, guilty man. Ah, Henri, for the dead past there is indeed no resurrection!"

"Say not so," replied Henri; "the past lives again in the present and the future, which, without the lessons it has taught, and the memories it has left behind, would be different in character. And I believe that even as when standing on the summit of this very hill we can track the winding path by which we ascended, so shall we yet retrace the way we have been led, and we shall then see it was the best way for us, although when wearily toiling along the thought more than once arose that it was needlessly rough and circuitous."

"But if we imagined we could make a better path for ourselves, and so struck off the beaten track, and tried to climb straight up from yonder glen, until our feet were hurt with the stones and our garments caught in the thickets, and at last we were tempted to sit down in despair, feeling we could neither go forwards nor backwards. That was my case, Henri, but then didst thou come with words of hope and wisdom to guide me into the right way."

"Thank God that thou hast found it, brother mine."

"I dare not say I have found, but at least I am seeking." He sighed, and added in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Soon—very soon—we shall see the village."

The hearts of both were too full to admit of further conversation, with one the prevailing emotions were those of joy and thankfulness, while with the other a sort of trembling awe, chastened and subdued by deep penitence, mingled largely with more happy feelings.

Arrived at last at the door of the well-remembered cottage, Henri raised the latch and entered, and René followed him with slow and trembling footsteps. No one but Margot was in the outer room, but on recognising Henri she uttered a cry of joy that brought Aimée in a moment from the inner apartment; and "brother Henri" was welcomed home with a few agitated words, and a look which perhaps told more than they did. But her attention was soon turned from him to his unknown companion, who appeared exhausted and almost fainting. She instantly placed a seat for him, and fetched wine and water, whilst Henri asked, "Where is my father?"

"Over the mountain, visiting Christopher's aged mother and a few other members of his flock, but he should be here shortly."

"Have you travelled far to-day?" asked Margot.

"Not very. But my friend hath been invalided, and needs the pure air of the Valley in which he was born to restore him."

"Born here!" cried Margot in a tone of astonishment.

Meanwhile René took the wine-cup from the hand of Aimée, but laid it down untasted, while his eyes sought her fair face, and seemed to explore its every line and feature. "Aimée—sister!" he said in a voice broken by emotion. "But thou canst not remember me—it were wild to dream it."

She looked surprised, perplexed, and almost terrified. But at last she murmured, "René—my long-lost brother! and oh, my father—thank God for this!" And in another moment he had folded her in his arms.

"Child, you dream!" cried Margot. "René the Barbe's firstborn is with the dead, and—but how—what is this?—who art thou?"

"I am René, son of the Barbe Arnaud," said the young man, endeavouring to speak calmly.

Margot exclaimed, disputed, denied in one breath the possibility of such a thing, and in the next avowed that it was true, and declared she would have known him anywhere. At length her excited feelings found relief in a flood of tears, in which Aimée joined quietly, and ere long René himself concealed his face, and wept out with all the agitation of the past, he "wept as only strong men weep, when weep they must—or die."

During this scene Henri, having disencumbered himself of his pack, left the cottage unperceived, and took his way at a quick pace along the path by which he knew Arnaud would return. He was fortunate enough to meet him, and after a joyful and most affectionate greeting had been exchanged, he told him gradually of his lost son's restoration, and prepared him, in so far as he could, for the meeting. The two re-entered the room together, and while René's head was still bowed with weeping, Arnaud's hands were laid upon it, and his deep voice murmured, "God bless thee, my son!"

René started up, and stood face to face with his

had often thought of this hour, often he would say, "Father, I have sinned and before thee,"—but now that it had no word could he utter beyond that one *et*!" And it was enough. In what a Arnaud's strong arms clasped the wan—he thanked Him who had heard his cry, that which his heart desired. And what fered that night, with his children kneeling, that He who had so graciously reon earth would preserve the bond un-

His own good time permit them to meet, : loved and lost, in the one home from uld go no more out.

ay be terrible, as well as deep sorrow. ity pains and disturbs; there is a troublers, even though it may be by an angel's cure and blessing; and there are glimpses rings of our immortal destiny which our atures can scarcely bear. Therefore it is ng emotions do not and cannot last in ; that daily duties, cares, and interests ur thoughts, and *compel* our attention, st live outwardly in action, as well as in- ught and feeling. Thus after a brief ued its ordinary course in the Valley of as far as life on earth could be perfectly ed in the pastor's cottage during the llowed René's return was so beyond a

arty was increased by the aged Barbe was spending the evening of his days old friends in the Valleys. Henri re- e and shared the pleasant labours of his r Aimée, ministered to them in those res which are woman's special duty and all united to soothe and cheer the re-

the first, turned trustfully to his father as of body and mind. He told him his ithout reserve or palliation, confessing us the sin of his long apostasy, and the d upon the confiding Baron de Mont- m he spoke with true affection and deep nd advised and consoled him, prayed im, and continually pointed out to him earnestness the *one* way in which a sinner ion—through faith in the Saviour's peace- l. Gradually the day broke and the away, but for many weeks and months clear nor dark," "not day nor night" t to him also in due season was the ed, that "at evening time it shall be

nt that he would never entirely recover right arm, but Arnaud's simple remedies very beneficial to his general health, and : his life might be spared. As however

winter advanced into spring, a change came slowly but surely. His strength decreased from day to day, and symptoms of decline appeared. The inhabitants of the cottage watched over him with trembling solicitude, soon deepening into sorrowful foreboding. Besides the cause of anxiety which he shared with all the rest, Henri de la Vaur had at this time a secret grief of his own, but it should be added that he did not allow it to affect the quiet cheerfulness of his demeanour.

It was a calm and beautiful Sabbath evening at that delightful season when spring almost imperceptibly melts into summer. René was seated in the little garden, enjoying the warmth and sunshine. Arnaud, Victoire, Henri, and Aimée had been all there, singing together some ancient hymn, the words of which have long since been forgotten amongst men, although the thoughts expressed are as strong to cheer and animate *now* as they were in those distant days. But Victoire and Aimée had gone within doors, and Arnaud to the village, to conclude his Sabbath labours by a visit to a dying man; and thus it happened that Henri and René were left alone together.

René began the conversation rather abruptly.

"Thinkest thou ever again to visit the castle of Montmartre?" he asked.

"With God's good help I hope so," Henri replied. "More than one within its walls received the Truth, as I trust."

"Thou didst think well of the seneschel and of the page Etienne. And, if I mistake not, Bertrand the Baron de Montmartre will protect thee, or at least connive at thy visit. After all," he added thoughtfully, "I can see now that good has been brought out of evil. But, Henri, thou wilt not go hence *this summer*?"

"I will never leave thee again, my brother."

"I thank thee, oh Henri, for how much I have to thank thee! Do I not owe thee, in the deepest sense in which man can say it to his fellow-man, mine own self besides?"

"And what do I not owe to thy father and mine?" said Henri.

"My danger was terrible," continued René. "Before thou camest, I was sinking lower and lower in the depths of sin. I was becoming half content with my position, half despairing of the possibility of extricating myself. Had the death of De Montfort and that of the baron occurred *then*, the bait would have proved too alluring, and I should now be what I shudder to contemplate. Think, Henri, of *dying* an apostate and a deceiver!"

"But, perchance," Henri began with hesitation.

"No," said René, answering his unspoken thought. "It would have been all the same with me there, for even then the hand of death was on me, I know it. All the same, yet how different! Darkness that might be felt, instead of joy and peace in believing."

The bright grateful look that passed over Henri's face was his only reply to these words.

Réné observed it, and continued. "It was long, very long, ere my weary soul found rest. But peace came at last, or rather, *He sent it to me*. When thou and I were together in the dungeon of Montmartre, thou didst tell me of His blood that 'cleanseth from all sin.' I echoed the words, while I held the truth they conveyed as a thing apart from my own soul, as it were at arm's length. But God showed me the exceeding greatness of my sin. Even then I felt it; but the feeling went on deepening and deepening, until it grew to be an agony of grief and shame. Then I longed for cleansing, for pardon; and after many days of doubt and conflict, I found rest for my soul in reliance on the simple promise of the Pardoner. 'He hath said, and shall he not do it?'"

"So it is well with thee, my brother," said Henri; "well with thee in life and death. Yet were it His will, we would fain have thee to abide with us a little longer."

"Far better as it is for me. I do not fear death; but in truth, Henri, I fear *life* with its many snares and trials. How should I, weak as the past has proved me, guide my bark safely through those stormy waves?"

"Only by the power of Him whom the wind and the waves obey."

"I do not doubt Him, but myself. At least, I think it cannot be wrong to rejoice that having, through His grace, 'willingly received Him into the ship,' I am almost immediately 'at the land.'"

"Brother," said Aimée, who while he said this had drawn near them unperceived, "Brother, the dew begins to fall. Wilt thou not come in-doors?"

"Perhaps it is well. Henri, lend me thine arm. Little sister, thou wilt be glad to hear our brother saith he will not leave us this summer."

Aimée looked rather troubled than rejoiced at the tidings; but she answered nothing, and went quickly before them into the cottage, to light the lamp for their evening reading, and to set her brother's chair in his favourite place, beside the seat his father always occupied.

"Speak when thou wilt," Réné whispered to Henri as they slowly followed her. "I long to know that all is arranged between you."

"Alas, I fear."

"Fear nothing, best and kindest of brothers. I know the heart of the little sister."

"Thou hast not observed her as I have."

"Yes; more than thou couldst. Again I say, fear nothing."

And on the morrow Henri acted upon this advice, with more favourable results than he had ventured to anticipate.

The long summer days went tranquilly by, and brought no change; but when autumn came with fading blossoms and falling leaves, Réné son of Arnaud passed quietly away to the land where there is no winter.

Arnaud mourned for his first-born, yet not as he

mourned him in those sorrowful years when he was lost to his home and his God. He could say, even beside his dying couch, "This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found." And with a full heart he thanked his Father in heaven for that last happy year of communion on earth, as well as for the bright hope of a re-union above. He felt that, under God, he owed these blessings to Henri de la Vaur, the stranger in the Valleys, whom he had received and welcomed to his home and heart for the Master's sake. Gladly, therefore, did he entrust to Henri's keeping the last of his earthly treasures, though he well knew that his little Aimée, in accepting the lot of a Waldensian missionary's wife, would be called to a heritage of sorrow and anxiety, and perhaps to an early widowhood. For Henri, having "put his hand to the plough," would not, without good cause, turn back from his work. He made several missionary journeys, both amongst the remnant of the persecuted Albigenses of his native province and in Italy. He had reason to believe that the words given him to speak were blessed to many; and although frequently exposed to personal danger, he was mercifully preserved, and permitted on each occasion to return in peace to the Valley of the Guil, to his adopted father, and to her whom he now called by a dearer name than that of "the little sister."

At last it became evident to him that Arnaud's strength was failing, and it seemed his duty to remain in the Valley, and to succeed to the ministry so long and faithfully exercised there. Thus did the pastor at last obtain his cherished desire. Until Arnaud's death in a good old age, and for many years afterwards, Henri preached the words of eternal life to peasant men and women in that little wooden temple in the Valley of the Guil. He employed his intervals of leisure in writing short and striking treatises * on the truths of the Gospel and the errors of Popery, which he found means to disseminate widely both in Piedmont and in his native country. Thus blessed himself and a blessing to others, his happy life passed on. No persecution, during his days, reached the quiet Valleys of the Dauphiné Alps, and he did not see his way clear to join the Waldensian colonists, who about this period went forth in search of new homes, and settled in Calabria and elsewhere, though he aided them materially by his advice and suggestions. Amongst his children he perpetuated the names of Arnaud and Réné. There was also a son, Girarde, so called after his martyred mother; and a cherished association, which time could not efface, made him give his youngest boy a name unusual in the Valley, "Raymond Roger." This son afterwards sealed his

* Lucas de Tay, an enemy of the Waldenses, says of them: "With unheard of wickedness, and a new plan of deceit, they were tracts, and scattered them in unfrequented mountain paths, that the shepherds finding them there, might bring them to the clergy to read. . . . There were many Catholic truths stated in them; but intermingled with these certain heretical statements also, in order that through the sweetness of the former, the bitter poison of what was heretical might the better insinuate itself."

artyr's death in Italy—the first of Henri's family who was called home, but not the last either before him. For his path, as all must be, was chequered by earth's changes of turning." Yet there was much even

of earthly brightness upon it, and there was that light "from beyond the sun," which shines when all other lights are dim—"the light of the knowledge of the glory of God," and the blessed hope of immortality.

April 1864.

D. A.

WILLIAM AND JAMES.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT THE WAY OF BEING SAVED.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM J. PATTON.

"GOOD morning, James," said William. "I have just been over seeing Ellen M——, and I don't think that she will be long alive. But she says she knows that her sins are forgiven, and that when she dies she will go to heaven. All her acquaintances, too, tly sure of her getting there." "I am happy for her."

Yes, it is. She is happy even in her old pain; and happy in looking forward. She says that no one can be truly a Christian, for others know that there is a heavy account before them, and not but at times be afraid of death. She says also that no one can find happiness of being a Christian. Do you think, James, that if you died you would get

hope so.

I don't like mere *hoping*. Every one wants to get to heaven. Whether you would depend altogether on this,—whether or not you have accepted the Lord Jesus as your Saviour. Do you think, have you?

I fear not.

If not, it is well you should know that God says, "How shall you escape? For ye have rejected so great salvation!" (Heb. ii. 3.) "For ye shall be turned into hell, and all the things which ye have done shall be remembered, and ye shall forget God" (Ps. ix. 17). And look at you. You are committing the greatest sin of all; you are committing; you are calling sin; you are rejecting Christ; you are under foot his blood; and doing despite to the gift of grace? Do you ever think of the need of it?

I don't understand right what it is. I

know I ought to believe in Christ; but I don't know what *believing* means. I have been for a good while reading the Bible, and praying, and trying to be saved; but I can find no peace. I wish you would tell me as plainly as you can how I am to get my sins forgiven.

William. I am glad to know that you are so anxious. I hope you see that you have often sinned against God; and that God is holy, and must punish sin; and that even one sin unforgiven would carry you to hell; and that you deserve to go there. God's own word is, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things"—mark, *in all things*—"which are written in the book of the law, to do them" (Gal. iii. 10). Do you see this?

James. I see quite well that I am a sinner, and that I deserve to go to hell.

William. So far good. Do you see that nothing that you can do can ever blot out your past sins; that even if you lived as holy as the Lord Jesus from this till your death, it would only be what the law demands, and could never therefore wipe away a sin. There is the *old score* to be cleared off; what can you do to pay it?

James. If I prayed as well as I could, and lived as well as I could, and was sorry for my sins, would it not help to blot them out, and do something for me?

William. No, James, it would not. All these things are very good and needful in their own place; but if you would pray, and repent, and live as well as man ever did, you would be doing no more than your duty, and that would never atone for a sin. And do you really think that you have ever prayed a prayer, or done a good work that God's holy eye saw nothing amiss in, and that did not need itself to be forgiven! O that the Spirit of God would show you your utter helplessness!

ness, and teach you that you can do nothing that will ever recommend you to God, and that "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22).

James. But would God not be more willing to receive me if I wept over my sins, and prayed, and made myself better, first?

William. God is willing to receive you this minute, just as you are, if you come through Christ; and you never can make yourself fitter to depend on Christ by all your efforts and endeavours. You seem to think that you must partly save yourself, or what is much the same thing, prepare yourself for salvation by your doings, and prayings, and feelings; and I fear you are waiting till you have in this way prepared yourself, thinking that God is not willing to receive you just as you are—a poor, lost sinner. You want to depend partly on these things in yourself, and not altogether upon Christ. You may not think so, but this is really what you want. I know it from my own case when I was like you. But God says, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us" (Titus iii. 5). "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight" (Rom. iii. 20). "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5). Mark, it is the ungodly he pardons, not those who have made themselves godly first by their own endeavours. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15).

James. And if I can do nothing to wash away my sins, and am so utterly helpless, how am I to get forgiveness?

William. Not by *doing* but by *believing* that Christ has *done* all in our stead, and resting on him. There is a wide difference between *do* and *done*. Have you never heard this:—

"Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago."

There are three great facts which God has made known to us in the Bible which I wish you saw clearly.

James. I will be glad to hear them.

William. The first is that *Christ Jesus came*

into the world 1800 years ago, and died to atone for sinners. That was the object of his death. His sufferings were in the room and stead of sinners. He became their security; took their sin on him; and God poured down on him, though he was holy in himself, the punishment of hell which their sins deserved. Don't you know instances of a man becoming security for his neighbour's debt, and paying it? When it was paid, the law was satisfied, and could claim no more. Now when Christ suffered on earth it was as the security of sinners in their room. Do you believe this?

James. I do. I know it was for sinners he died.

William. Do you remember any passage which proves this? There is one chapter in Isaiah having just twelve verses, and yet in those twelve verses God tells us twelve times over, in a great variety of phrases, not only that Christ died, but that when he did die it was to atone for sin. Do you know what chapter that is?

James. I suppose it is the 53rd. I have read it many a time.

William. You are right. I will repeat two of the verses. "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all" (ver. 5, 6). The New Testament shows the same thing even more clearly, if possible. "This is my blood which is shed for many, for the remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi. 28). "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24). "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18).

James. I see quite clearly that it was for the sins of others that he died, for he had none of his own. What is the second great fact that you spoke of?

William. It is that *Jesus suffered enough to atone for sinners.* The payment he made was not merely a part-payment, leaving his people to pay the rest, but a finished, complete payment—a full atonement for their sins. Do you think that he suffered enough to atone for sinners? or that he

ould need to come down from heaven and get upon the cross again and suffer more? or that we ould need to suffer some ourselves, and eke out hat was wanting in his sufferings? Do you ink he suffered enough to atone even for your ns!

James. I hope he did.

William. You are *hoping* again. You may be re he did, for the Bible says it. Daniel fore-ld that he would "*finish* the transgression, and *ake an end* of sins, and bring in everlasting *ghteousness*" (Dan ix. 24). Just before he died, rist prayed to his Father, "I have *finished the* *wt* which thou gavest me to do" (John xvii. 4). nd on the cross he cried, "*It is finished*" ohn xix. 30). Besides, if God had not been isfied with what Christ had done in the room sinners, he would not have raised him from ead. When on the third morning he sent angel and opened the prison door, and let the soner free, and afterwards took him to sit on own right hand, he thereby declared that the r was fully satisfied, and the "Lord well sed for his righteousness' sake." And, there- e, the apostle says, "Who is he that com- neth? It is Christ that died; *yea rather*, it is risen again; who is even at the right hand God; who also maketh intercession for us" om. viii. 34). I hope, then, you believe that rist's work is finished,—so finished that it does t need a tear, or a groan, or a prayer added to e an atonement for sin—so finished, that if we e have it as ours, it is a complete payment of r debt. Our debt of sin would then be fully ld.

James. I do believe that; and I see it more rly than ever I did.

William. I am glad of it. I am sure if we ly knew two things,—1st, That Christ is God well as man; and 2nd, The greatness of his ings—we would never doubt that his atone- nt was a finished payment for his people's bta.

James. What is the third great fact?

William. That God offers you and me Christ & his atonement as for our sins, and entreats us to accept him. The moment we believe this with hearts, and take him as our Saviour, our sins forgiven for his sake. Here is how we stand.

We are deep in debt; we cannot pay a farthing; Christ offers us *his* obedience unto death as the full payment; we believe his offer, and accept him; that moment our debt is pardoned.

James. You make people then to be saved by simply taking a free gift offered to them.

William. Exactly so. And it does not take a year to accept a gift, does it? Whenever it is taken it is in a moment. The moment, then, that you believe God's offer, and take Christ as your Saviour, however many or great your sins may have been, they are at once freely and for ever forgiven. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all"—*all*—"sin" (1 John i. 7). "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). And if you are lost, it will be, Christ says, because "*ye will not come to me that ye might have life*" (John v. 40). "How often would I have gathered you as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and *ye would not*" (Luke xiii. 34). Do you believe all this?

James. It is really so *good news* that one can scarce believe it true. Do you mean to say that God is willing to take Christ as my substitute, and to reckon as mine what he did and suffered, so that I can look on my debt as fully paid eighteen hundred years ago on the cross, if I am only willing to let Christ's death be in my stead, and be indebted to him for the whole of my salvation?

William. Yes; that is just what God offers. He says, "Ho, *every one* that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money" (Isa. lv. 1). "Come unto me, *all ye* that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). "*Whosoever* will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

James. When God says, "*whosoever*," "*all ye*," "*every one*," is that just the same as if he had said, James, William, Sarah, Ellen, take Jesus as your Saviour?

William. Just the same.

James. And am I then at full liberty to take Jesus as my substitute?

William. Certainly. How can you think otherwise, after hearing these invitations of God? You are as much at liberty to take him, as you are to breathe the air. You don't ask, Am I at liberty to go out and breathe the air? To be sure you are. God has poured it round about you, and wants you to breathe it. And no more need you ask, Am I at liberty to take Christ as dying for my sins? To be sure you are. He has been sent from heaven to save sinners, and offered as freely to you. *At liberty to take Christ!* You are not at liberty not to take him, for you are not only entreated, but *commanded* to accept him. "This is his *commandment*, that we should believe on the name of his Son, Jesus Christ" (1 John iii. 23). If you accept him, you shall be saved. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). If you do not accept him, you shall be damned. "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16). If you still think that God cannot be so good as this, and that he does not mean what he says, and if you reject Christ, what is this but making God a liar, and not believing the record which God has given of his Son. Oh, the folly of men rejecting Christ because they cannot conceive that God would be so good as to make such an offer to sinners like them, when, if he offered less, they could not possibly be saved! No wonder the apostle said to the Galatians, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" (Gal. iii. 1).

James. I never saw the greatness of God's goodness so clearly in all my life. To think of him sending his only-begotten Son to die for the like of me. Oh, how we should "love him, because he first loved us" (1 John iv. 19). But are we really forgiven the very moment we believe God's offer, and take Christ as our Substitute?

William. Yes, we are. And we are more than forgiven. We are accepted as righteous, on the ground of Christ's righteousness imputed to us (2 Cor. v. 21); and become the sons of God (Gal. iii. 26); and get his Spirit within us to make us holy (John vii. 39); and have the sure promise of heaven (John vii. 47). I shall quote two more texts to prove that we get forgiveness then. One is, "Be it known unto you, men and

brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sin; and by him *all that believe are justified* from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). Mark, it is *are* justified; and, from *all* things; and *all* are so, when they believe.

James. If then I look to Christ, and take him as my surety, ought I to believe that my sins are at once forgiven?

William. You ought. And if you are sure that you are resting on Christ, and doubt whether your sins are forgiven, you just doubt whether God's promise is true or not. But the other proof is what Jesus himself said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life"—*hath it*—"and shall not come into condemnation, but is *passed* from death unto life" (John v. 24).

James. Does that mean that a person is born again when he believes in Jesus? Is that what is meant by "passing from death unto life?"

William. That is just the meaning of it. "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 26). Jesus fulfils his promise "A new heart also will I give you, and a new Spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and *cause* you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them" (Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27). We could not keep from our besetting sins, or live a holy life ourselves; but Jesus puts his Spirit in us, and "worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure" (Phil. ii. 13). The love of God constraineth us to live to him who died for us (2 Cor. v. 14, 15). We "show our faith by our works" (James ii. 18).

James. I see, then, that good works follow pardon, and do not go before it. We do good works to please Christ, who has loved us and died for us.

William. That is perfectly correct. We do love Christ and do good works to obtain pardon; but we love Christ and do good works, because Christ has loved us, and died for us, and obtained pardon, and far more, for us. Works are the evidence of faith.

James. But if a man says he believes in Christ and lives a wicked life, what then?

William. God's own answer to that question is very plain. "He that saith I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him" (1 John ii. 4).

James. I am very thankful I fell in with you this morning, for I see some things that "I never

saw on this fashion" before, and I hope I shall be the better for it all my life.

William. If you do see anything more clearly, you ought to be very thankful, for it is God's Spirit who has enabled you. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto you, but my Father who is in heaven." Good morning, James.

DROMARA, May 1864.

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, AUTHOR OF "MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK TO PALESTINE."

SHARON AND CARMEL.

"The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon: they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God."—ISAIAH xxxv. 2.



HE names of Sharon and Carmel are enshrined in sacred poetry. In addition to the holy associations that cluster round them as scenes of Bible history, they bring up before the mind's eye plains spangled with "the rose of Sharon," meadows powdered with "the lily of the valley," uplands waving with "forests," mountains crowned with "the excellency of Carmel." Nor are one's glowing expectations much disappointed when he traverses Sharon, or climbs the heights of Carmel in early spring. The plain stretches out before him far as the eye can follow it in gentle undulations of luxuriant pasture, varied here and there by a group of old forest trees, or a thicket of canes and reeds round a fountain, or a gray tell strewn with the ruins of some primeval city. And the mountain chains rise in easy slopes, wooded from base to summit; intersected by many a glen, and broken by many a cliff. A curse has fallen lightly upon Sharon and Carmel, but at least as natural beauty and richness are concerned. Still it is true that the great cities which once stood by the sea-board are all gone. The ever restless waves dash in sheets of foam over the ingulphed ruins of once famous harbours. Dor and Caesarea, Hephalim, and Atlit, are no more. Towns and villages which were thickly studded in ancient days inland plain and mountain side, are all gone too. Corn fields, olive groves, vineyards are now few and far between; and even pastures are deserted save by the flocks of a few nomads. Notwithstanding the grass, and the flowers, and the beauty of Sharon, it "is like a wilderness." "Its highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth" (Isa. xxxiii. 9). And notwithstanding Carmel's waving woods and green forest glades, it has been shorn off its fruit,—the fruit of human industry. The mountain still deserves its ancient name, "the

fruitful." The "excellency (*beauty*) of Carmel" is yet conspicuous; but even there, in the loveliest glades and richest dells, solitude keeps unbroken sabbath.

SOUTHERN SHARON.

My first view of Sharon was from the sea. From the vessel's deck I looked with as much eagerness as an old crusader on the white strand, and the sandy downs, and the broad plain, shut in on the east by the blue hills of Samaria. The cape of Carmel was far behind me, dipping gracefully, but not so "bluff" as is usually represented in pictures, into the Mediterranean. Away far ahead a little white rounded hill began to rise slowly from the flat coast. "What hill is that?" I asked of the French officer at my side. "That is Joppa." "And those ruins we passed some time ago, which you can yet see yonder glittering in the sun—what are they?" "The ruins of Caesarea," was the reply. Historic names are wonderfully suggestive. Especially so when connected with sacred history, and when the eye first rests on the places to which they are attached. Memory then becomes a diorama. It brings before us the great events of other ages. So it was with me. In succession I saw the ships of Hiram conducting rafts of cedar and pine along the sea to Joppa for Solomon's temple. I saw the great merchant vessel of Adramyttium leaving the harbour of Caesarea, while on its deck stood the Apostle of the Gentiles, guarded by Roman soldiers, and with fettered hands waving a final adieu to weeping friends. I saw the proud galleys of the Crusaders bearing down upon the shore, crowded with mail-clad knights, Europe's best and bravest warriors, bent on the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. And then, when the picture vanished, my eye rested on deserted harbours, ruined cities, a dreary desolate shore, silent alike to the bustle of commerce and the din of

battle; as if to show that while man is mortal, his glory fleeting, and all his works perishable, God's word is true and can never fail. Five and twenty centuries ago that word pronounced the doom of Palestine: "I beheld, and, lo, the fruitful place (Hebrew, *Carmel*) was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down at the presence of the Lord, and by his fierce anger. For thus hath the Lord said, The whole land shall be desolate" (Jer. iv. 26).

I landed at *Joppa*, a bustling town of five thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated on the western slope of a hill, looking down into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. It is still the port of Jerusalem; but it has no harbour, and it is only under favourable circumstances of wind and weather a vessel can ride at the distance of a mile or so from the shore. Guided by a young Jew I went at once to "the house of Simon the tanner." The house is modern, but it probably stands on the old site, for its Mohammedan occupants consider it sacred. It stands "by the sea-side," as St. Luke tells us (Acts x. 6); and from its roof—"flat" now as in ancient times—I looked out on that same boundless sea on which the apostle must have looked when "he went up upon the house-top to pray." The hour too was the same—"the sixth hour," or noon. There was something deeply impressive in being thus brought as it were into immediate connection with that wondrous vision which the Lord employed as a key to open the Gentile world to Christ's gospel.

From Simon's house I went through crooked streets to the top of the hill. The way was not pleasant, but the glorious view amply repaid me. On the land side *Joppa* is girt about with its orchards—the finest in Palestine, and, perhaps, unsurpassed in the world. Away beyond them spreads out a boundless plain: on the north *Sharon*, and on the south *Philistia*. My eye soon caught and followed the line of the old road which winds northward along the coast to *Caesarea*. That was the road by which the apostle Peter went on his divine mission to *Cornelius* (Acts x.) *Lydda* was hid behind a rising ground; but the mountains of *Judah* were sharply defined against the bright eastern sky, and their colouring was beautiful—shaded off from soft grayish blue to deep purple.

To procure horses and a guide was a work of time and trouble, and the afternoon was far advanced ere I rode out of the crowded gate of *Joppa*. How pleasant was the change from the heat and dust of the narrow streets to the freedom and freshness of the country! It was autumn; and never did autumn's richness appear to greater advantage than in these orchards of *Sharon*. Orange, lemon, and citron trees were there laden with golden fruit. Among these appeared the russet foliage and bright red globes of the pomegranate. Here and there the broad-leafed banana grew in wild luxuriance, shut in by tall hedges and impenetrable thickets of cactus; while ever and anon palm trees shot up far overhead, as if to show the great clusters of

dates that hung round their tapering necks; while the soft evening breezes to sport with the foliage.

I took the road to *Lydda*—the same road on which Peter was brought to raise *Dorcas* from the dead. He had, by his miraculous cure of *Eneas*, won the love of the people that dwelt in *Lydda* and *Saron*" (the *Gnathopla*, Acts ix. 34 seq.) For more than thirty miles I rode through those shady, fragrant orchards, and then crossed the gray monotonous plain to *Lydda*. I went to the ancient *Gimzo* (2 Chron. xxvi.) a poor village, and onward to the pass of *Ad-Dar* up which I wound my way to *Gibeon* and *Beit-Sar*. The southern end of *Sharon*, which I then measured about fifteen miles; while the level plain from *Joppa* to *Carmel* is nearly fifty miles. To *Joppa* and *Lydda*, there are ten or twelve villages in this part of the great plain, and the rich soil is cultivated by their inhabitants, but farther north the country is almost deserted.

NORTHERN SHARON.

We halted at the western gate of *Samaria* for one or two stragglers, and to take a last look at the place. The gate is a shapeless heap of ruins, the termination of the well-known colonnade which has never more deeply impressed with the minutiae of prophetic description, and the literal fulfilment of every detail, than when standing on that plain. *Samaria* occupied one of the finest sites in Palestine, on a rounded hill, in the centre of a rich valley, and surrounded by picturesque mountains. Temples and palaces adorned it, famed throughout the East for the splendour of their architecture. But the desolation passed over it. I saw that long line of battlements with the vines growing luxuriantly round them. I saw a group of columns in a corn-field on the summit above them—I saw hewn and sculptured marble and limestone in the rude walls of the vineyards—I saw great heaps of stones among the olive groves in the bottom of the valley below—but I saw no other trace of the city of *Omri* and adorned by *Herod*. One would think that the prophet *Micah* must have seen that desolation, his description is so graphic:—"I will make *Samaria* as an heap of the field, and as *ploughed vineyard*; and I will pour down the stones of the valley, and I will discover the foundations" (*Micah* i. 6).

Our road—a mere goat-track—led down through fields of ripe grain, in which the reapers were at work, though it was still early in May. We entered *Wady Shafr*, a prolongation of the beautiful valley which separates *Ebal* and *Gilboa* at the head of which stands the ancient city of *Shechem*. Down it wound our long cavalcade, through olive groves, and past threshing-floors and

with the fruits of the early harvest. I observed with amazement how masters and servants were there grouped together—the *sheikh* in his scarlet mantle, and the stalwart *fellah* in his coat of many colours. Women and children too were there, and cooking utensils, and beds, showing that the harvest scenes of modern days among the villages of Palestine are just the same as those we read of in the Book of Ruth.

After a three hours' march we defiled from the valley into the plain of Sharon. Up among the mountains where the valley was narrow, and the declivities steep and rugged, nearly every available spot was cultivated, and populous villages appeared on each side. Here, looking over the broad fertile plain, not a human habitation was visible, and only a few patches of the soil near the base of the mountains were under culture. Vineyards and olive groves had completely disappeared. The traces of the Roman road which once connected the great cities of Cæsarea and Sebaste are there, but it is overgrown with thistles and rank grass; and in a ride of four hours we did not see a solitary traveller,—so true is it that "the highways lie waste, and the way-faring man ceaseth."

We turned northwest along the base of the mountains. On our right, perched on hill-top, or standing on a rocky slope, were a few small half-ruinous villages; while, on our left, out upon the plains, we saw at long intervals little circlets of black tents. This is border land, between plain and mountain, between tent and home, between industrious villagers and wandering vagabonds, whose hands, like those of their forefathers, are "against every man."

We found our tents pitched at Bâkah, a populous village on the side of the plain. Its inhabitants are rich, well armed, and powerful. They wage an unceasing warfare with the Bedawin, who infest Sharon, and by their courage, watchfulness, and rifles, they manage to keep them at a respectful distance. We were no little amused to find that the escort we had brought from the Governor of Nâbulus would not advance an inch beyond Bâkah. So far the road was perfectly safe, and so far the soldiers guarded us; but the plain would swarm with Bedawin, among whom the soldiers would not venture, and consequently, pocketing their *bakshish*, they returned in peace to their commander.

From Bâkah I found it impossible to obtain either guide or escort to Cæsarea. There is a standing blood-feud between its people and the Hawâra Arabs, who roam over the intervening plain. But I arranged with the village sheikh to conduct our party to a neutral tribe, with whom he assured us an arrangement could be effected. He did not fail to advise us, however, to turn back into the mountains, and proceed northward by a less dangerous route. This did not suit my plans, as some ladies had joined my party, I thought it necessary to inform them and their companions of the state of matters, and to show them how they might

escape all danger by taking another route. In reply, they asked me if I intended to go to Cæsarea. "Most assuredly," I said. "Then we shall go too."

Our party mustered at sun-rise and set out at once, led by two sheikhs splendidly mounted, and armed with long tufted lances, carabines, and pistols. The caravan had a formidable look. Every rifle was unslung. The muleteers and servants, with their guns on their shoulders, kept close together in the centre, while a few active villagers brought up the rear. We numbered about forty animals, and as many men. Recent disturbances among the Arab tribes made the road unusually dangerous; and as our friends of Bâkah had, only two days previously, killed three of a plundering party of Sukrs, they were now apprehensive of an attack in greater force. For the first half hour we traversed the cultivated fields of Bâkah, and then entered a wild rugged district. Low rocky spurs project from the mountains into the plain, sprinkled with oak trees, and covered with dense jungles of thorns and thistles—such thistles as are only seen in Palestine, often as tall as a man on horseback. We had gone but a short distance when one of our leaders raised a cry of alarm. I galloped to the front and saw a number of Bedawin lurking among the trees. Fortunately the path was tolerably wide. We drew up the horsemen on each side, placed the ladies and baggage animals in the centre, and then marched in military order. It was an anxious moment. We knew not at what point the enemy might assail us, or in what force they might come. For about an hour we advanced through the tangled thicket cautiously and silently. Then, with feelings of relief, we defiled into the open plain, and rode over it half a mile to a large fountain.

The scene round this fountain was thoroughly oriental. A tribe of semi-nomads were assembled round their threshing-floors, all busily engaged in the various details of "treading out the corn," winnowing, and carrying off the grain to subterranean magazines. Every man had his gun within reach. Some were driving the oxen with muskets slung on their shoulders and pistols in their belts. Women were there too—bold, stalwart women, whose look and mien reminded one of Deborah and Jael—armed with heavy clubs, partly intended to help their husbands in case of attack, and partly to toss up the grain and straw on the "floors." A number of horsemen, acting as patrols, scoured the neighbouring heights to give timely notice of an enemy. The moment we emerged from the oak forests the patrols galloped in, and the men and women prepared with a skill and quickness that would have done credit to regular troops for defending their position.

Our Bâkah escort could conduct us no farther. The outposts of the Hawâra and Sukr were not far distant. We were consequently delivered over to this neutral tribe. After much difficulty and long negotiation, we succeeded in persuading two footmen to guide us to Cæsarea. We had to abandon all idea of an escort, for

we were plainly told that we must defend ourselves in case of attack, and that the guides would not interfere in any quarrel. Before starting, the guides very deliberately proceeded to divest themselves of every decent bit of clothing they possessed; even guns, and pistols, and daggers were laid aside. Retaining each a tattered shirt, and a bit of a rag for a turban, they took a couple of clubs from the women, and led us on.

We set out due west, through corn-fields recently reaped. In a quarter of an hour all cultivation ceased. The plain extended away before us, not flat, but in graceful undulations, covered with rank grass, and weeds, and tall thistles. Clumps of trees were studded here and there over it. Away on the left, about two miles distant, was the long dark line of an oak forest shutting in the view, while about an equal distance on the right were the roots of Carmel shooting down into the plain in picturesque wooded promontories. The whole landscape reminded me of some of the noble parks of Old England. The only living creatures in sight for miles were some flocks of gazelles.

There was no path, and no impediment, and so we rode straight forward to the white sand hills faintly visible on the horizon. We had got about half-way, when, on topping a rising ground, we found before us a depression or valley, all cultivated. Here a number of men were at work;—some gathering in the newly-reaped grain, some on the threshing-floors with yokes of oxen, some tending herds of cattle, and a goodly number on horseback scouring the surrounding country. Our sudden appearance created a great commotion. The size of our party, the glittering of our arms, and our warlike aspect, made them believe that a Bedawy *Ghuzu* was upon them. The workmen fled, the shepherds drove in the cattle, the horsemen galloped round, urging them on with their spears; and in a very few minutes they were all concentrated on a little knoll, prepared for defence. We passed half a mile to the south of the gathering-place; but here we unwittingly cut off a small party of some seven or eight men, engaged with their harvest in a retired glen. On seeing us they fled, leaving donkeys, and oxen, and even clothes, as they believed, at the mercy of the spoilers. Riding onwards at a sharp pace, we entered a valley, where we halted for a few minutes to examine an old building, apparently a fortified caravanserai. While scattered about the ruins, we were startled by a wild shout, and, looking up, we saw a party of Hawāra dashing down upon us at full gallop. A word was given, and in a moment we drew together, formed a line in front of the ladies, and prepared to give the Arabs a warm reception should they venture on an attack. Our bold front, and the sight of a formidable file of English rifles, cooled their ardour. They reined up, and looked steadily at us, as if trying to note a single sign of wavering or fear. While standing there they formed as wild and picturesque a group as ever peaceful pilgrims encountered, or wandering artist sketched. Their lances poised high overhead, the bright

steel points glittering in the midst of black feathers—their arms and legs bare—their hair in long plaited locks over breast and shoulders bronzed, and their eyes flashing with—
—and their noble horses, with curved expanded nostril, more eager for the fray even riders. We could not but admire those wil of the desert, worthy representatives of their Ishmael.

While the balance hung between peace and ladies, with a coolness and a “pluck” that done honour to veteran campaigners, were giving remarks on the proud bearing and strain of the Bedawin; and one of them—a daughter of the most distinguished prelates that ever the Irish Church—took out her book and pencilled the scene. I shall never forget the astonial the Hawāra chief, as he exclaimed, on seeing “By the life of the prophet! the Englishworing us down!”

The courage of the ladies produced a powerful effect as the sight of our rifle volvers. But be this as it may, the Hawāra discretion the better part of valour. A friendly *Salamu aleikum*—“Peace be wit they wheeled round their horses and galloped watched their movements, fearing that they turn in greater force. But we saw them northward, and coming upon a couple of pools on the banks of the Crocodile River, they and left them, in point of costume, precious thieves left the man who “went down from to Jericho.”

Such is modern life on the plain of Sharfesh has peace” there. Those who venture soil must guard the fruit of their labour sword, and even risk life to save property. “a wilderness,” and through that wilderness tters now come upon all high places” (Jer. xii.

CÆSAREA.

We were just two hours and a half in the plain, and it was not yet noon when we reached the southern or Joppa gate of Cæsarea. Cæsarea, capital of Palestine in the days of the apostles, the favourite residence of that Herod who slew James the brother of John with the sword;” the scene of the tyrant’s awful death, recorded in Acts xii. 21–23. The city was closely connected with the early history of the Apostolic Church. Philip baptizing the Ethiopian eunuch, passed through Samaria and Sharon, “preaching in all the cities that came to Cæsarea” (Acts viii. 26–40). Peter preached the gospel to Gentiles, and he baptized Cornelius, the first Gentile convert (x. 4). It was in Cæsarea Paul was brought a prisoner from Antioch. It was in the palace in this city he so spake

ness, temperance, and judgment to come," that he made Felix tremble. It was here the power of his logic forced King Agrippa to exclaim, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And it was from this harbour he embarked on his long and eventful voyage to Rome (Acts xxiii. 33; xxiv. 26; xxvi. 28; xxvii. 1, 2). Here Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, spent nearly his whole life, having been bishop of the diocese for a quarter of a century (A.D. 315-340). Here, too, Procopius was born in the beginning of the sixth century. The city was thus the home of two of the greatest historians of antiquity.

In passing through the gate of Casarea, I felt that I was indeed entering a "holy and historic place;" and I envied not the Christian or the scholar who could tread that site and look on those ruins without experiencing such a sense of mingled awe and reverence, and inspiring sympathy, as is ever awakened in the mind by the immediate presence of the great and the good. In only a very few other cities of Palestine was I so deeply impressed, so strangely and powerfully excited, by the *religio loci*. The profound silence, the utter desolation, the total absence of every sign of human life, left me alone, as it were, with the sacred associations and stirring memories of the past. The gate by which Peter entered was there; the ruins of the palace in which Paul preached were there; the remains of the harbour in which he embarked were there; the massive fragments of Eusebius' church were there; the walls which the brave Crusaders built were there. Every great event in the sacred and civil history of the city was localized, and fancy grouped again the old actors on the old scenes.

The ruins of Casarea lie close along the winding shore, projecting here and there into the sea, and presenting huge masses of shattered masonry and piles of granite columns to the restless waves. In the interior all is ruin. Not a building remains entire. Not even the foundations of a building can be fully traced. Heaps of stones and rubbish, here a solitary column, there a disjointed arch, yonder a fragment of a wall—all encompassed or overgrown with thorns, and briars, and thistles, intermixed in spring with myriads of yellow marigolds and scarlet poppies. The famous harbour is still there, but it is choked up with sand and rubbish; and the great mole now forms that picturesque group of broken, sea-beaten masonry, which projects far into the sea, and constitutes the most striking feature in the well-known sketches of Bartlett, Tipping, and others. I wandered for hours among the ruins of Casarea. The sighing of the wind among the broken walls, and deep moan of the sea as each wave broke upon the cavernous ruins of the ancient harbour, were the only sounds I heard. I saw no man. The Arab and the shepherd avoid the spot. The very birds and beasts seem to shun it. The only living creature I saw during my stay was a jackal in one of the crypts of the cathedral.

Eight miles north of Casarea is Tantûra, a small village, built on an open sandy beach. Near it are the ruins of the ancient city of Dor, whose ruler was an ally of Jabin, King of Hazor, and one of the opponents of Joshua (Josh. xi. 1, 2). We encamped for the night on the site, and next morning rode northward along the shore to Carmel. The only place we passed worthy of note was the massive and picturesque fortress of Athlit, built on a rock which juts out into the sea. The Crusaders called it *Castellum Peregrinorum*, "Pilgrim's Castle," because it was a favourite landing-place for pilgrims on their way to the Holy City. Near it I observed an old road hewn through a cliff; and in its rocky floor the chariots have worn deep ruts, which reminded me of those in the streets of Pompeii.

CARMEL.

The good monks of the Convent of Carmel gave us a cordial welcome; and their neat rooms and clean beds formed real luxuries, which those only can fully appreciate who have spent weeks in camp-life. One of the sweetest retreats, one of the most charming resting-places for the pilgrim in Palestine, is the Convent of Mount Carmel. Here is a house that would not disgrace royalty; here are men whose intelligence and genial *bonhomie* even a cowl cannot cover; here is air cool and bracing during the hottest summer day; and here is a noble site, looking away out over the deep blue sea, commanding the classic shores of Phœnicia, and showing the snow-crowned peaks of Lebanon and Hermon over the "excellency of Carmel."

Carmel has many attractions for the naturalist, the antiquarian, and the classical scholar, as well as for the student of the Bible. Its ridge, descending on one side into the rich plain of Acre, and on the other to the green vale of Dor or Sharon, contains some of the most pleasing, park-like scenery in Palestine. The wood that clothes it is chiefly prickly oak, a beautiful evergreen; so that while the "excellency of Carmel (Isa. xxxv. 2) might well be regarded as a type of natural beauty, the "withering" of its foliage (Amos i. 2; Isa. xxxiii. 9) ought to be considered as an emblem of national desolation. The forest glades of Carmel are literally spangled with flowers of every hue. The thickets abound in game, and are also infested with wolves, hyænas, and leopards.

The sides of the mountain near the convent are filled with caves and grottoes, which formed the abodes of hermits in ancient days. The largest of these is called the "Cave of the Prophets," because Elijah is said to have received the chiefs of the people there. It is a plain, rock-hewn chamber, with Greek names and inscriptions on the walls. In the fields below it great numbers of stones may be seen, which resemble melons and olives. The former are flints, with beautiful sparry matter inside; and the latter are good specimens of the fossil *echinus*.

ELIJAH'S SACRIFICE.

Carmel is chiefly celebrated as the scene of Elijah's great sacrifice. The exact spot is marked by local tradition, by the agreement of its physical features with the Scripture narrative, and by its name, *el-Muhrakah*, "The Sacrifice." It is about six hours' ride from the convent, over the crest of the ridge. I visited it from the Plain of Esdraelon, on the opposite or eastern side. It is on the brow of the mountain, and commands the whole Plain of Esdraelon to Jezreel and Tabor. Close to the base of the range, below the spot, flows the river Kishon, where the prophets of Baal were slain; and just above the spot is a projecting peak, from which Elijah's servant saw the "little cloud, like a man's hand, rising out of the sea," (1 Kings xviii.)

Another episode of Bible history I read with new interest in this place. Elisha was here when the Shunamite's son died. Looking down one afternoon from his commanding position, he saw her "afar off" on the plain. He sent his servant to meet her; but she pressed up the mountain side "to the man of God." Dismounting hastily, she threw herself on the ground before him, "and caught him by the feet"—just as an Arab woman would still do under similar circumstances. Elisha, on hearing her tale of sorrow, sent away Gehazi with his staff to raise the dead child; but she, with all a mother's earnestness, exclaimed, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And he arose and followed her," (2 Kings iv.)

Carmel was the favourite retreat of both Elijah and Elisha. In the stirring times in which they lived, it was a fitting place for the prosecution of the great work of reform for which they laboured and prayed. It was

central in position, and easy of access from all Palestine. It afforded in its deep dells and thickets sufficient privacy for such as wished secret visits to the men of God; and it offered asylum to all compelled to flee from the persecutor the idolatrous Ahab, and the cruelties of the Jezebel. The situation of *el-Muhrakah* also as peculiarly suitable for the head-quarters of prophets. It could only be reached by a long ascent. No man could approach it unseen; a hostile party would be visible at a great distance. Beside it is a well with an unfailing spring, and are the remains of a massive ancient building.

Sitting on that commanding height, on a spring evening, I felt persuaded I was upon the spot of Elijah's great sacrifice. Beside and under probably the very stones of which God's altar was and over which played the heavenly flame. A few paces beneath me was the well from which the prophet's servants poured water on the altar. Around me were the thickets from which wood was cut. Away at the foot of the mountain flowed the Kishon in its deep bed, which once ran red with the blood of Jehovah's enemies. Stretching out before me, was the plain across which Ahab dashed in his chariot; and yonder, on its border, I saw the little villages which mark the spot still bear the names of Jezreel and Shunem. Strange that when one thus visits the "*holy and historic places of Palestine*," the grand events of history should appear to be enacted over again should become to him living realities?

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST,
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DAVID'S SEARCH FOR THE LOST ARK.



It was Solomon, probably, who wrote the hundred and thirty-second psalm, for to him was reserved the honour of providing a permanent resting-place for the ark; but he quotes the words of *David*, and speaks in the name of those who joined with him in the various steps which were taken to rescue that symbol of Jehovah's presence from its long obscurity, when he says:—

"Lo, we HEARD OF IT at Ephratah; we FOUND IT in the fields of the wood."

These words then undoubtedly suggest the interesting subject which we have named at the head of this paper: "David's Search for the Missing Ark." He "heard of it" first, when he was a boy in his father's house at Bethlehem (or Ephratah); he "found it" many years afterwards at Kirjath-jearim (the City of Woods) when he had been established on the throne of Israel. Let us follow the search-process which is thus implied, and

see how it was that an object, so intimately associated with the triumphs and prosperity of the Hebrew monarchy, came to be in a manner "lost" as it were, and was only discovered in an obscure and undistinguished country village.

When the good land of promise fell into the hands of those for whom it had been long reserved, the tabernacle was set up in a central position—the territories of the tribe of Ephraim—in the city of *Shiloh*, and there it remained for about three centuries. At the close of that period we find the chosen people sadly degenerated. A good man officiated as high priest, but he was unhappily a weak man, and his ill-fated sons did not follow in his steps. The consequence was that the house of God was forsaken, and a general religious indifference spread over the land. With other evils. The people having accustomed themselves to act without Jehovah presumptuously attacked and oppressed the Philistines; and the attack being

pendulum swung violently back in the reaction. In place of unbelief came superstition.

begun the battle without the ceremony of a preach to God's oracles, now they will conquer enough which these oracles afford. From the Id of Aphek, wet already with the blood of four of their warriors, the elders of Israel "sent to at they might bring from thence the ark of the of the Lord of Hosts, which dwelleth between him." There can be little doubt that Eli have resisted the demand. He had no reason e that the ark was meant to be moved from under any circumstances. He had the best believing that its removal in the present case possibly be for good, because it was evidently e made an idol of; (the elders thought and when it came among them it would save them hand of their enemies). And, to crown all, very well have shrunk from entrusting it to of his disreputable sons. But his facile temper as formerly, his ruin. The ark was allowed d we all remember the sad and tragical con- s. Israel fled before the Philistines—there was ughter among the people—Hophni and Phine- slain—and the ark itself was taken. And still, port of some tremendous explosion whose rever- are repeated again and again before they finally in the distance, the current of calamity swept aged priest, sitting by the wayside at the gate, for the earliest tidings from the field, his heart not so much for the combatants or even for his or the precious symbol of which he had the arge, hears the dreadful news and falls dead k by a sudden blow. His daughter-in-law is ext. She gives birth prematurely to a son, deaf to the appeals of those who would have her in her sorrow, by telling her of the man- had brought into the world, and she too dies spairing "Ichabod" upon her lips. And be- interior circle who can tell how many there n this unparalleled national disaster struck, for least to the earth. When the man of Benja- into Shiloh with his appalling burden of in- , "all the city *cried out*." And, unfaithful as n at large at this time was, few would be so of their bygone history, and so insensible to the n which Jehovah had stood to them, as to hear that the ark which had been borne before their n the wilderness was now being carried in into a hostile country. A great and bitter cry uld go up to heaven, and from many a heart eak forth the lamentation, "The glory hath "

soul-cheering thought that, however unwise and l men may be in their management of sacred mighty God can and will always care for his own. ch of Christ itself has sometimes appeared to e eve of perishing, but when things were at

their worst, deliverance has always come, and it has been seen again rising above the billows. No true Christian has any fears, therefore, either about the safety or about the ultimate triumph of the Church. And he has as few about the preservation and authority of the Bible. It is again in these days running the gauntlet of the enmity and unbelief of the world. If it were a human book we might very well tremble on account of it; for no work of man could stand the assaults which, from generation to generation, have been made upon its integrity. But the work is divine, and we can entertain no doubt that the blasts to which it is being exposed will only root it more firmly—that the ordeal through which it is passing will only reveal more distinctly its essential worth. There are many things about the continuance of which we have no assurance. Empires rise and fall. Great cities perish and are forgotten. The stables monuments of men crumble by and by into dust. But there is one thing of which we may feel perfectly certain, that is, that God will never suffer anything to be destroyed in the preservation of which his own honour is concerned: an illustration of this appears very manifestly here.

The ark of the covenant was in the hands of the Philistines, and it remained within their territories during the long period of seven months. All that time the Israelites seem to have made no effort at its recovery. We are not surprised at their not attempting to secure its return by force, for the severe defeat which they had sustained at Aphek had probably demoralized and exhausted them; but some wonder may be expressed that they did not even resort to negotiation. Perhaps, if Samuel had not been still a youth, something might have been done in this way. Be that as it may, however, we cannot suppose that the godly remnant of Israel would allow themselves to give way to despair. The ark was out of their keeping, but it was still in Jehovah's keeping; and a full persuasion would possess their minds that whether it was at Ekron or at Shiloh, its rightful owner would show and vindicate his own absolute propriety in it. And if this was their confidence, it was more than justified. In the first place, the Philistines were restrained from doing what the Hebrews would certainly have done with Dagon if he had fallen into their hands. They did not destroy the ark. This was instrumentally owing no doubt either to the desire which they naturally felt to preserve such a remarkable trophy of their prowess for public exhibition, or to an intention on their part to place the Hebrew god, as they thought it was, in their Pantheon and offer it divine worship. The former is the more likely supposition, because the Philistines exhibited rather a noticeable steadfastness of religious conviction, and were not in the habit, like some other nations, of lightly and thoughtlessly changing their gods. How long they had been in Palestine we do not know, but we learn from their name that they *were* "strangers" in that country; and as Abraham found them already in the field when

he came into it, the certainty is that their original settlement was of a very early date. It is believed that they emigrated from Crete or the coast of Asia Minor. At any rate, it is highly probable that they were first of all a seafaring people, and that this explains the fact that they worshipped a "fish god." In the land of Israel their national character and habits must have greatly changed. With the exception of Joppa, there was no harbour on their part of the coast which they could very well use, and that was not always in their hand. Besides, we know as a fact that they had become pre-eminently agriculturists,—the fertile plains which they cultivated going sometimes by the name of "little Egypt." And yet, away from the seats of their ancestors as they were, and deriving their support, not from the sea but from the land, they still remained faithful to their original beliefs; and even in the interior of their country, away from the sight and sound of the ocean altogether, shrines were erected in honour of Dagon. For this reason we believe that their purpose was not to worship the ark, but to preserve and exhibit it as a military trophy.

But they found it more difficult to carry out this idea than they had anticipated. Jehovah not only restrained the enemies of his people so that they did not attempt to destroy the ark, but displayed his power actively in plaguing them for its retention. Twice over their fish god did it reverence by falling before it within its own temple. Afraid after that to trust it under any roof, they carried it into the open field, but the effect was even still more disastrous, for armies of mice immediately appeared to destroy the fruits of the ground. Concurrently with this a frightful disease broke out in the district and threatened the destruction of the mass of the inhabitants. They tried then its removal from city to city, but the same results invariably followed; and the soothsayers of the country, giving it at last as their opinion, that there would be no peace until their ill-omened trophy had been returned to its original possessors, arrangements were made for its restoration accordingly. God has many ways of securing the right use of what belongs to himself. He might in the present case have raised up a military leader in Israel, and secured the safety of the ark by force of arms; or he might have raised up a statesman, who would have procured its return by means of political negotiations. But it was a greater triumph to His name—it supplied a more striking proof of his sovereignty—when his very enemies were made to do the work themselves.

The good people of the border village of Bethshemesh were engaged in cutting down their corn one day when they saw, approaching them from the direction of Philistia, a singular-looking conveyance and company. The place is surrounded on all sides except one by low hills, which prevent an extended view, but toward the southwest the amphitheatre opens, and through the break the road to Ekron can be traced for a long distance

through the plain. For some time, therefore, the reapers had an opportunity of watching the progress of the advancing group. It consisted of a new cart, drawn, not by bullocks accustomed to the yoke, but by two milk kine. These creatures had no guides or conductors, but pursued their way steadily, though (as might be gathered from their lowing) unwillingly, under the pressure of some powerful instinct of their own; and following the conveyance was a cavalcade of persons, who, from their dress and appearance, seemed men of rank and wealth. We all know what company this was. It was the Philistine chiefs come to surrender to their Hebrew vassals a sacred object, which they were afraid to keep. At first the reapers and their friends met the occasion well; they welcomed the restored ark with rejoicings, and as an invading army which has made up its mind never to go back burns its ships behind it, so they consumed the means of conveyance by which the journey out of the land of the Philistines had been accomplished—the act being not merely an expression of thankfulness to God, but a significant intimation that the recovered article had been brought home for good. But there their good behaviour ceases. They left the ark on a stone in an open field instead of placing it under the shelter of the best house which their town contained, and, worse than that, they were guilty of such daring irreverence as to remove its coverings and lid and to look into its interior. Conduct like this showed very plainly that they were not the people with whom, in a time of religious declension especially, the symbol of Jehovah's presence could safely or properly be trusted. They proved themselves to be in some respects even worse than the Philistines, and they were plagued as they were. Like them, too, they failed to read the lessons which the judgments sent upon them were intended to teach. They were not moved to repentance; and instead of endeavouring to render themselves fitter for the duties which had been providentially laid upon them, their only concern came to be to know how they could get speedily rid of them altogether.

Half way to Shiloh, from which the ark had originally been taken, stood the little town of Kirjath-jearim, embosomed among woods. Its inhabitants were not Levites as the people of Bethshemesh were, but it is very manifest they were, in the highest sense, true Israelites. When a message came to them, therefore, that the ark had been given up by the Philistines, and was now resting in a neighbouring village awaiting transmission to its proper place in the Tabernacle, they very willingly undertook to do their part to secure its safe transit thither; nay, they were ready to do more than their part. It was the business of the priests to have come from Shiloh for it, but none of them appeared. Failing them, the Levites ought to have undertaken the work, but neither were they prepared to perform the service, and the laity of Kirjath-jearim were actually left alone to meet the deficiencies of both. They accordingly sent to Bethshemesh for the ark—they, if it had been needful, would have conveyed it onward to the end

journey—and if something had not occurred to it, the service which David performed after bringing the mercy seat out from its obscurity have been performed at an earlier period by the people of this city of the wood.

When the ark reached Kirjath-jearim, however, it was judged to be unnecessary or inexpedient to send it on to the ark. The death of Eli and of his two sons had, doubtless, thrown things there into confusion. Samuel was yet too young to take a leading part in the management of the national affairs, and the Tabernacle itself by this time have even been taken down and removed. But the people of Kirjath-jearim were probably very greatly disappointed on this account. They were very glad to have the ark among them; and that it might be preserved from the touch of the profane, it was treated with all the reverence that was due to it, and was brought into the house of Abinadab on the hill, and sanctified Eleazar his son to keep the charge of it. Here, in that "field of the wood," it remained for nearly the better part of a century. Like other things in godly families at this time, David often

"heard of it" in his father's house at Bethlehem before his eyes were privileged to see it. He read the story of its construction in the Books of Moses; there were often repeated in his hearing the glorious incidents of early Hebrew history, with which the ark was intimately connected; many could tell him of visits which they had paid to the Tabernacle while it was still there to testify to Jehovah's presence; and he would earnestly desire, of course, to have so remarkable an object restored to its appropriate place. But, perhaps, when he began to aim at this end he would meet with a serious preliminary difficulty. Many would be unable to tell him where the ark actually was; it was missing, and had been missing for many years; a search, then, would be indispensable, and by such a process as we have followed, he would trace it at length to the obscure "house on the hill," in which it had been practically buried for so long a period of time. The discovery, when it was at last effected, would be reckoned a great one, and there is accordingly a distinctly marked note of triumph in those words of his, which his son quotes, "Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah; we found it in the field of the wood."

N. L. W.

MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. XV.—SOUTH AFRICA, CONTINUED—DR. VANDERKEMP.



SUPPOSE, mamma," said Anne next Sabbath evening, "that other Churches besides the Moravians have missions now in South Africa, and that you are going to tell us about them."

"Yes, in looking over the map published by Mr. Moffat, I find many missions marked, belonging to thirteen different nations, from America, France, Holland, Germany, and our Churches of our own country. Mr. Moffat's map was written above twenty years ago, and no doubt the number of stations, (though not I think of societies), increased since then. It is a pleasing change to the state compared with the time when Schmidt took up his abode in the wilderness, the one 'light in a dark land.' And in another respect things have also improved. I met last week a gentleman who has friends in Cape Colony, and who assured me that we must not be afraid of the 'Boors' now, by the accounts we read of their conduct and social state sixty or a hundred years ago."

He says many of them are educated, intelligent, hospitable people, and most hospitable to strangers. That is pleasant to hear, mamma. Now tell us about some other missions."

Before we part from the Moravians in South Africa, let us relate something of one of their stations which we did not time to mention last Sabbath. It is the station at Hospital."

An hospital for lepers! that must be a dreadful

place. Are they like the lepers we read of in the Bible?"

"The African leprosy is not quite the same disease as that in the East, but is also very dreadful. I have read sickening descriptions of the unfortunate persons attacked by it, how one part of the body after another is affected, and the hands and feet decay and fall off, while the smell is so shocking as to be almost unbearable."

"Poor creatures! and do they never recover?"

"Never, when attacked by the real disease, but they may linger long in this sad state."

"And are they obliged to live away from other people? Is not it terribly infectious? How could the missionaries venture to go near them?"

"This leprosy is not of so infectious a character as that mentioned in Scripture. Europeans seldom take it, and in general a healthy person need not be afraid to minister to the poor sufferers. But you may believe what a very painful and trying duty it must be to be always witnessing such misery, and to breathe such an atmosphere."

"Oh," said George, "I pitied the missionaries in Greenland, but those among the lepers are far worse off. How could any be willing for such a service?"

"It must indeed require great self-denial, as well as true love for Jesus and for poor sinners. Besides, good health and cheerful spirits would be quite necessary for this situation, so that many a good missionary would not be fit for it. Still God gave his servants both the

willingness and the ability when the call came. More than forty years ago, some of the Christian Hottentots at Gënadenthal took the sad disease, and became so ill that they had to be removed to the public hospital, then about twenty-five miles distant from the settlement. The Brethren went from time to time to visit their afflicted people, and soon after, in 1823, the Governor of Cape Colony earnestly requested that a missionary and his wife might be sent to reside always in the hospital. A devoted pair, Brother and Sister Leitner, were quite willing to undertake this trying duty. My Moravian friend, who has given me information on the subject, writes, 'Their reception by the inmates was very touching. The halt, the lame, the maimed, and the blind, the stronger supporting the more infirm, came forth a short distance, headed by the Gënadenthal people, and met their instructors with hymns of praise and thanksgiving.'

"And did they soon die, mamma? Surely no one could live long in such a place?"

"I have told you that the disease is not considered infectious for Europeans. Brother Leitner died suddenly in 1829, but it was of apoplexy. He was taken ill when in the very act of baptizing a Hottentot woman, one of the poor sufferers. His place was soon supplied, and a succession of missionaries has followed ever since. I suppose it is arranged that each should remain a few years at a time. In 1845, the hospital was removed to a small island in Table Bay, called Robben Island, where it now is. This, I think, must have been an improvement, from the benefit of sea air. There are at present three missionaries at this post, Brother and Sister Küster, and Brother Taylor, who is unmarried. I think you will be interested in Brother Taylor's description of the place, which I shall read from a letter written in May 1861, soon after his arrival:—

"In giving a short description of this island, I cannot do better than begin with the beach on the east side, the only part in any degree accessible to boats, the rest of the coast being quite rock bound. When the tide is out, this beach, which extends for about half a mile, is a very pleasant walk, the sand being fine and hard.

"Adjacent to the landing place, on either side, are the hospitals for the female sick, and a female lunatic asylum, together with the houses of some of the officials, the store, &c. They are dingy-looking buildings, of one storey, and yellow washed. From these are walls, slightly sloping up to where our house stands. The principal building in this row,—indeed, by far the handsomest and most commodious on the island,—is the pretty little church, with its yellow walls and white-washed tower and buttresses. It will hold, I should imagine, about one hundred and fifty people.

"Our house is on the left of the church, when looking eastward, the church-yard and a small garden lying between it and the sea. On the left, with an interval of about five yards, is the leper hospital, a large, low building, containing four wards, two for men and two

for women. At present there are about fifty inmates. At about twenty yards distance, nearer the sea, is Dr. Minto's house, with a large garden attached to it. On the right of the church-yard, round which and our premises is a neat white-washed wall, stands the large lunatic asylum, formerly a prison for convicts. Still further in the same direction, on a small hill, is another hospital for chronic patients.

"... The entire population of the island is about four hundred. The view from our windows is very pleasant. Just before us is the sea, and beyond it a low range of hills; behind these appear the picturesque peaks of a chain of higher mountains, three of which are already sprinkled with snow....

"On the 20th of February I opened school with twenty-seven children from four to thirteen years of age. It is held in the church, the Government not having as yet erected a school-house. The children have four hours and a half of school daily, except on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. They are taught Bible history, reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. For maps, the parents have collected money. I find the parents very thankful for the establishment of the school, and the children seem to like to come to it. Most of them appear to profit by their lessons, and I trust the Lord will bless my endeavours among them.

"On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, I keep school for an hour for the lepers and chronic sick, and blind. About fifty men and women attend, only twelve of whom can read as yet. I teach them short passages out of the Dutch Bible and hymn-book, and we read a couple of chapters. They are very attentive, and eager to profit by the school. Poor creatures! some of them are dreadfully disfigured by leprosy, and many have lost their fingers. At times, the effluvia is almost unbearable.

"Sister Küster would be thankful to any Sister or Christian friends, who would send us old linen to make bandages for these poor people's sores. It seems there is often a want of clean, soft linen for this purpose. To supply it would be a work of charity.

"Twice a week, at Dr. Minto's special request, I take about ten of the more quiet English speaking lunatics for an hour's reading. Of course an attendant always comes with them.

"We desire to commend ourselves, and the work committed to us among these poor afflicted people, to the prayers of the dear Brethren and Sisters and friends at home."

"In a later letter (February 1863), the same missionary says that whenever he is tempted to feel desponding or dissatisfied, he finds the best reproof and cure for this spirit in visiting the wretched sufferers in the hospital. 'Surely such sights as we see here of disease in every form, are well calculated to teach us lessons of patience and thankfulness, and of resignation to the Lord's will.' He adds, 'I wish I could see more evidence of a work of grace among the poor people here. For the most

, they are very indifferent about their souls, though ; and there we are cheered by signs of divine life.' "

Mamma," said Anne, "we must not forget to pray Robben Island and its missionaries. But we seem to be getting so very many places to pray for ; how can we recollect or have time for them all ?"

"The best plan, my dear, at least I have found it so, is to form a little plan for each day through the week, as to pray for the Red Indians one day, the Esquimaux another, the Patagonians another, and so on."

"And when your list is arranged," said Mr. Campbell, "give it to me, and I shall try as far as possible to follow the same order in our family worship. But now we all be glad, mamma, to hear of what other Churches in the Moravians have done for South Africa."

"One of you asked me lately about the London Missionary Society, which sent out the missionaries to Madagascar. I had not time that evening to tell you when or how it was first formed. Now we shall go back to its early days. At the end of last century, Christians in our country were roused to a feeling of their duty towards the heathen in a way unknown before. The Baptist Church formed their Missionary Society, of which I hope to tell you much some future evening, in 1792. And two years later a pious minister in England, the Rev. David Bogue of Gosport, wrote an article in a religious magazine, to propose the formation of an association for missions to the heathen, in which Christians of all evangelical Churches might unite. This paper was in providence the instrument of great wonders."

"I suppose," said Mr. Campbell, "the minds of Christians had been prepared by God for the idea, and Mr. Bogue's letter was like the match which lights my bonfire when the wood is all ready laid."

"Exactly so. Two months after this letter appeared, a conference of Christians of various denominations was held in London, who prepared an address for general circulation throughout the kingdom. A second conference was called ten months later, which was largely attended, lasted three days, and ended by the regular formation of the London Missionary Society."

"Then," said Mr. Campbell, "this Society does not belong to any particular Church ?"

"Since its first institution the cause of missions has made wonderful progress among us, and various bodies of Christians have now associations of their own : so that this, which may be called their parent, is now widely supported by English Independents. But it has ever been of a truly Catholic character, and one of its rules is, that the missionaries should be left quite free to adopt whatever form of Church government seems to them most agreeable to the word of God, and suitable to the people among whom they labour. In its early years, a society of this kind was a new thing in the Christian world, and a blessed example of the close union of heart and soul which may be felt among those who on lesser points agree to differ."

"But," said George, "we wish to hear what the society did. Where did they send missionaries ?"

"The first field which the directors selected was the South Sea Islands, and about this I shall have a most interesting story to tell you some future evening. At present we must go on with the subject of South Africa. In 1798, three years after the London Society was instituted, a mission to the Caffres and Hottentots was resolved upon. One person who offered himself for this duty was a very remarkable man. His name was John Theodore Vanderkemp."

"What a fine sounding name, mamma ; surely it is not English."

"No ; he was a foreigner, from Holland, the son of a Dutch Protestant minister. From his earliest years he showed talents of a first-rate order, and studied at the University of Leyden, where he became a proficient in languages of all kinds, as well as science and philosophy. He followed at first the military profession, and served for fifteen years in the Dutch army. Then he resolved to continue the study of medicine, of which he knew a good deal, and came over to our own Edinburgh College, where he took his degree as Dr. Vanderkemp."

"I suppose," said George, "he was very pious, and wished to be a medical missionary."

"Ah, no ; you are greatly mistaken. Vanderkemp was an unbeliever at that time, and for long afterwards. He even sought to make others infidels like himself ; and it is said that grief from this cause helped to bring his good father to the grave."

"Oh, what a strange story ! How did such a man ever become a missionary ?"

"His case is truly a wonderful proof of what the power of the Holy Spirit can effect, in changing the heart and life, and ought to be a lesson to us never to despair of any one. After his studies in Edinburgh were honourably completed, he returned to Holland, and practised for some time with much success as a physician. He made a happy marriage ; and in a few years, having acquired sufficient fortune, he retired from business, to devote his leisure to literary pursuits. His powerful mind now began to think more seriously on the subject of religion ; and from his own account, he seems to have been as it were groping for light in the darkness, when a terrible trial came upon him. He was taking a pleasure sail on the river Meuse, one summer evening, with his wife and only child. A sudden squall, or water-spout, upset the boat, and his wife and daughter perished before his eyes. His own life was preserved almost miraculously, though, probably, he often wished, in the first violence of his desperate grief, that he had gone down to the same watery grave as his beloved ones."

"Then," said Anne, "he would feel that he could find no comfort, unless in the Bible."

"Just so, my dear. He was one of the many souls who have been led to Jesus in the dark valley of affliction, as their only Light and Comforter. And how gra-

cious our Saviour is, not turning away from those who seek him in their sorrow, although they refused all his invitations of mercy in the days of their prosperity."

"And no doubt," said George, "Vanderkemp would be very decided and energetic when he did become a Christian."

"Certainly; the grace of God never destroys individuality of character. He became as ardent and devoted a servant of Christ as he had formerly been of the world and Satan. He was always rather peculiar and eccentric; and as I have said already in regard to Egede and Captain Gardiner, such men are often useful in undertaking work which more ordinary persons would shrink from or sink under. Well, while Vanderkemp was learning in retirement and sorrow 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' an address of the London Missionary Society, printed in German, came in his way, and he at once offered himself to the directors as a missionary. He was accepted, and as his high attainments were well known, it was thought that India would be the best sphere for him, for he had already considerable knowledge of oriental languages. But he wished and requested to be rather sent to the poor ignorant tribes of South Africa."

"That was strange," said Mr. Campbell, "and, perhaps, might arise from a kind of ascetic principle, and desire to mortify self, by withdrawing from all temptation to display the stores of learning which he had laid up in his unconverted state. In that case we must honour the motive, though I am inclined to think it was a mistake. Every Christian ought to consider what service he is best suited for, by his natural or acquired gifts, if Providence gives him a choice, and not willingly throw away any knowledge which has cost time and pains to gain."

"Here is what Moffat says of the great change in Vanderkemp's life and aims:—'He came from a university to stoop to teach the alphabet to the poor native Hottentot and Caffre; from the society of nobles to associate with beings of the lowest grade in the scale of humanity; from stately mansions to the filthy hovels of the greasy African; from the army, to instruct the fierce savage in the tactics of a heavenly warfare, under the banner of the Prince of Peace; from the study of physic, to become the guide to the balm in Gilead and the physician there; and finally, from a life of earthly honour and ease, to be exposed to perils of waters, of robbers, of his own countrymen, of the heathen, in the city, in the wilderness.'"

"A noble sacrifice; though I think he ought to have chosen a more suitable field of labour. However, let us hear how he went on."

"At least," said George, "if he had learned so many other languages, he would surely be able to manage the Hottentot *clerk*."

"He did not go at first to the Hottentots, but to the Kafirs or Caffres, a bold warlike race, who inhabit the country to the west. His journey from Cape Town to

Caffreland was full of dangers, although the Moravians, when they heard of his arrival, sent an experienced guide to help him. The winter had come on, and as the party travelled through the snow they were followed by lions, wolves, and other fierce animals, whose wild cries disturbed their rest at night, and who were on the watch to carry off any sheep or oxen which were left unguarded. It was afterwards discovered that some of the wicked boors who were settled on the borders of Caffreland, jealous of the influence they thought a mission among the natives might soon exert against their interests, had actually engaged three assassins to murder Dr. Vanderkemp, as being the leader of the new enterprise."

"Oh, that was dreadful! How was he saved?"

"In a simple, yet remarkable way. The assassins had found the track of his waggons, and were ready to overtake him, when during the night so heavy a fall of rain came that by morning all traces on the long grass were gone, and so they were quite baffled. He whom all the elements of nature obey can never be at a loss for means to preserve or deliver his servants, till their appointed work on earth is done."

"It reminds me," said Mr. Campbell, "of how some of our own Covenanters, on one particular occasion, when in the greatest danger, were saved by a thick mist, suddenly coming between them and their pursuers."

"Or the story," said George, "of the pious old woman in Germany, who, when the French were coming, prayed that God would raise a wall of defence round her cottage, and when her grandson laughed, said that the Lord could even do this in reality if necessary. And then in the very night when the French army arrived, the snow drifted like a high wall, and the cottage was never discovered."

"Yes; and no doubt the experience of believers in every age and country can tell of many such cases, as answers to prayer and encouragements to faith. But I have more to tell you of Vanderkemp and his enemies. One of the very men who had intended to murder him afterwards heard him preach, was converted, and became his attached Christian friend."

"What a romantic story altogether."

"Vanderkemp's whole life seems to have been full of romantic incidents. He was again preserved from great danger, not long after the time I now speak of. Gaika, a Caffre chief, gave the missionaries leave to settle in his territories, but very soon some of their enemies tried to prejudice him against them, and even to persuade him that they had designs against his life, and would offer him poison in a glass of brandy. If not said directly, this, at all events, was the suspicion awakened in the poor ignorant heathen's mind. So he went to visit Vanderkemp with a number of his men, prepared to stab him to the heart whenever the poison cup should be offered."

"Oh, mamma! did Vanderkemp give him anything?"

"No; and Gaika retired quietly, but his suspicions returned, and he came back another day, and asked for

randy. Vanderkemp, little thinking that life or death depended upon his answer, simply said, 'I have none, I ever carry any brandy with me.' Then the chiefumped up, exclaiming, 'I have been deceived, this is a good man.'

"Did Gaika become a Christian?"

"No, it was not the will of God that the Caffre Mission should prosper at that time. Vanderkemp and his companion, Mr. Edwards, were to be only pioneers, preparing the way for others. In a few months Mr. Edwards lost heart, and left Africa for India. Vanderkemp persevered for a year longer, in the midst of all sorts of trials and dangers. At last he also abandoned the Caffre field, and determined to go among the Hottentots."

"Did he go to the pretty place beside the Moravians?" said Tommy.

"I am glad to hear your voice, my dear, you have not spoken a word to-night. No, not to G  nadenthal; he wished to join some of the missionaries from the London Society in another place. But the country then was in a very unsettled, dangerous state, the natives rising up against the white men. It was some time before Vanderkemp could find any safe home. At last he fixed on a place, and asked leave to build there from the Dutch governor, General Jansenius, who had been his friend and comrade in his soldier days. The general made no objections, only said he had a great dislike to Bible names, and hoped Vanderkemp would not give one to his new settlement."

"Then Jansenius was not a good man?"

"I am afraid not. Dr. Vanderkemp thought for a minute, and then recollected what he had been preaching upon the Sabbath before, and said he should call the place Bethelsdorp. The general was quite satisfied. He knew so little of the Bible that he did not think this was in fact a Bible name. But you know about Bethel, Tommy?"

"It was the place where Jacob lay down to sleep, and had the dream of the ladder and the angels."

"Yes," said George, "and Bethel means in Hebrew 'the house of God.'"

"And 'dorp' means in Dutch, I think, a town or village. You can see Bethelsdorp marked here on the map, near the sea, at Algoa Bay, about half way between Cape Town and our colony of Port Natal. It did not prove a very good situation, from the want of sufficient water, yet Vanderkemp persevered, and in a few years a little Hottentot village grew up around him, and the poor natives, besides hearing the glad tidings of Gospel grace, learned, as at G  nadenthal, to cultivate the ground, and to maintain themselves in various ways by honest industry. Vanderkemp lived to see nearly a thousand native Christians in his settlement."

"Then," said Anne, "were his latter years peaceful and happy?"

"He had the great happiness of seeing his mission work prosper, and he was able to do much in pleading the cause and defending the rights of the oppressed people

with the Dutch authorities. He spent, I have read, nearly £1000 of his own money in buying the freedom of poor slaves. But he could not do all this without meeting much opposition and many trials. And he made a great mistake in marrying a Hottentot wife."

"Oh, mamma, how strange! But she would be a Christian?"

"Of course she professed to be so, and his motives were no doubt good, his great aim being to show how far the native race was capable of being raised and civilized. Yet only a person of his eccentric character would have taken such a step as this. The woman was a most unsuitable companion for him, and from hints which Mr. Moffat gives, I fear she did not behave well, and made his last years unhappy."

"Did not Henry Martyn meet with Vanderkemp," said Mr. Campbell, "when he touched at the Cape on his way to India?"

"Yes; give me the 'Life of Martyn,' George, and I shall read to you one or two interesting notices from his journal, of that visit. You have heard of Martyn, the holy, devoted young missionary to India.

"Jan. 13, 1806.—Went on shore at Cape Town, and took lodgings. . . . From the first moment I arrived, I had been anxiously inquiring about Dr. Vanderkemp. I heard at last, to my no small delight, that he was now in Cape Town. But it was long before I could find him. At length I did. He was standing outside the house, silently looking up at the stars. A great number of black people were sitting around. On my introducing myself, he led me in, and introduced me to Mr. Read (another missionary). I was beyond measure delighted at the happiness of seeing him too. . . . I joined their family worship, though it was all in Dutch. Mr. Read read a chapter and expounded it with great fluency, and Dr. Vanderkemp prayed. Though the hymn was in Dutch, the tune was a well-known English one, and in that I joined with great joy. Dr. Vanderkemp and Mr. Read walked back with me to my lodgings. I was much surprised to find Dr. Vanderkemp so old a man, he had every appearance of being about eighty years of age.

"14th.—Continued walking with Mr. Read till late. He gave me a variety of curious information respecting the mission. He told me of his marvellous success among the heathen,—how he had heard them among the bushes pouring out their hearts to God. At all this my soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour.

"20th.—I was agreeably surprised to be introduced to several of the Hottentot sisters, and two brethren, of whom I had read; they had travelled from Bethelsdorp, and brought the produce of their elephant hunting. . . . The poor dear people had much expression in their countenances, and I regretted that I could not converse with them. Walking home, I asked Dr. Vanderkemp if he had never repented of his undertaking. "No," said the old man, smiling; "and I would not exchange my work for a kingdom." Read told me some of his

trials. . . . The reasonings of his mind were : I am here, Lord, in thy service, why am I left in this state ? It seemed to be suggested to him,—If thou wilt be my servant, be contented to fare in this way,—if not, go and fare better. His mind was thus satisfied to remain God's missionary with all its attendant hardships.

"25th.—Sat with Dr. Vanderkemp, conversing on metaphysics and divinity. He gave me a Syriac Testament, as a remembrance of him.

"Feb. 5.—Dr. Vanderkemp called to take leave. I accompanied him and Brother Smith out of town, with their two waggons. The dear old man showed much affection, and gave me advice, and a blessing at parting. While we were standing to take leave, Koster, a Dutch missionary, was just entering the town with his bundle, having been driven from his place of residence. Brother Read, also, appeared from another quarter, though we thought he had gone to sea. These, with Yans and myself, made six missionaries, who, in a few minutes, all parted again."

"What an interesting glimpse," said Mr. Campbell, "of that little missionary band,—parting there for ever on earth, but long since re-united for ever in our Father's house above !"

"It is late now, and we must not go on further. I

shall tell you of another great missionary to Africa next evening."

"But," said George, "you have not told us how long Vanderkemp lived, or when he died."

"He died in 1811, at the age of sixty-four, after thirteen years of missionary life. He looked a much older man than he really was, sorrows and hardship having done the work of years on his bodily frame ; yet his spirit was as ardent as ever, and he was planning a mission to Madagascar, when the Saviour called him, as a 'good and faithful servant,' to rest from his labour."

"Did he die among his Hottentots ?"

"No, he had gone to Cape Town on some business for their benefit, and was taken ill there. His illness was very short, and his head being much affected, he could say very little as to his spiritual state. But when a Christian lady, who watched his dying bed, spoke of his nearness to eternity and asked how he felt in the prospect, he roused himself and replied with a smile, 'All is well.' His death was felt as a heavy loss to the missionary cause. But the Master whom he loved to serve raised up other instruments to carry on the work begun amid so many difficulties, and has fulfilled in that land the word of promise, 'They who sow in tears shall reap in joy.'"

H. L. L.

A WEEK-DAY SERMON TO YOUNG LADIES.

"And the flowers, and the lamps, and the tongs, made he of gold, and that perfect gold."—2 Chron. iv. 21.



THE other night I was strolling up and down my quiet little country garden, following in some sort the example of the patriarch of old, who went forth to meditate in the fields at eventide, when this verse, with a train of thought thereupon, came into my mind ; and as I followed it out, it seemed to weave itself into a web of facts and fancies, somewhat closely connected with the belongings of daily life.

Doubtless many, perhaps most people, read this verse, and the chapter of which it forms a part, merely as a simple detail of the lavish expenditure of Solomon in the construction of his great world-wonder, the Temple at Jerusalem. Yet, looking into it, a new beautiful truth unfolds from the apparently matter-of-fact assertion—one symbolizing an equal truth of our human nature. We find in it another of those types so richly sown in the inspired pages, wherein things temporal are made to shadow forth things spiritual.

"The flowers, and the lamps, and the tongs, made he of gold, and that perfect gold." Here are pictured the three divisions of our human life : The sphere of faith, reason, intellect, represented by the lamp ; the sphere of beauty and refinement, by the flowers ; and then, side by side with these, of equal worth and honour in the sight of Him with whom nothing is higher, nothing

lower, save as we by base or pure motive make it so—of equal need in the daily temple service of human life is that other sphere of unadorned common-place duty, that continual ministration of little cares and kindnesses, answering to the meaner utensils which had their place amongst the costly temple furniture, and without whose help the lamps and flowers, rare and gorgeous though they were, could be of little use ;—all alike of perfect gold, beaten gold, worked at the expense of much care and labour, alike free from blemish, alike needful in their place and work.

Now, it is the truth which underlies the latter part of this verse which I would first commend to the attention of young ladies, especially those, and I fear their number is great, who are inclined to pass by on the other side of the little, plain, matter-of-fact cares and duties which form so large a portion of every woman's life. Many will bring gold, fine gold, bright and shining, for the flowers of the temple ; no pains or expense will be spared in arranging these with all taste and elegance ; whilst the meaner vessels—the "tongs, snuffers, and basons," which ought also to be of gold, and that perfect gold—are kept out of sight, no care spent over them, no diligence brought to the using of them. They are allowed neither place nor honour in the continual temple service of life.

This is not as it should be. It is a beautiful thought

to which might well hallow what we are pleased to see in the common belongings of life, that there is honour in all work, so long as we receive it simply from the hand of God—that the smallest ministrations of a quiet woman's life, done in the spirit of love and faithfulness, are accepted by him as gold, pure and true. Whoso in these things serveth God, is acceptable to him. Here also, as in the spheres of reason and science, is room for that one grand, supreme motive, which alone gives to all work its true value—even a ray to the glory of Him who appoints us our work and apportions our duty. George Herbert, in one of his quaint old poems, clothes this oft-forgotten truth in a more forcible than our modern eloquence has reached:—

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee.

The man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or if he pleaseth through it pass,
And then the heavens spy.

All may of this partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
But with this tincture—'For His sake'—
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
Which turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told."

It is not to the flowers, the sphere of beauty, taste, and grace. And here my sermon will be listened to—I will—it will be by those to whom it is addressed. Young ladies! what would this world of ours be without flowers! How bare and desolate the great temple of life, but for their ever springing life and beauty—for their endless variety of form and outline, covered over with cunning broidery work her grander, more majestic architecture! Always, then, in that temple of human life, let us have the graceful ministrations which by these are symbolized—flowers rich and rare, as many and as bright as you please;—taste, grace, accomplishment—flowers everywhere, filling their odours with the daily temple service. See to it that they be of gold, and that perfect gold—not tinsel, gilded or artificial, just put up for the occasion of a fête-day, to excite envy or admiration, then left, faded, shapeless, and unsightly, when time for display is over. Let them be of gold, as well as beautiful, inwrought with the temple service—flowers unfading, receiving continual light from the lamp round which they cluster, and enriching their graceful outlines the humbler forms of the grass, anemones, and basins," wherewith your daily ministrations are performed.

Young ladies! you who wish to exert a pleasant influence on others—and most of you wish to do that—be as elegant and graceful as you can. Do not exalt either intellectual endowments or domestic excellence to the disparagement of the ornamental side of life. Cultivate winning manners; twine over the plain texture of week-day cares with the cunning broidery work of taste, tact, accomplishment. Let the implements of ordinary service be carefully polished and honourably employed; trim well the lamp of intellect, that its rays may illuminate the whole circle of your life. But do not forget the flowers; have as many of them as you can, as perfect as you can. Let those who come into your temple say, as of Solomon's, "There is none like it for beauty." Only remember that the flowers must be all of gold, and that perfect gold.

Into the sphere of intellect, faith, spirituality, as symbolized by the lamp continually burning in the Temple of old, I venture not. Much is already said on this subject, and more worthily than I can say it. What I want to do is to persuade young ladies to think of these two other spheres, beauty and usefulness, more seriously; to bring to their cultivation that care and conscientiousness which we too often see exclusively bestowed on the higher sphere. It will be well when we learn to make our daily duties part of our religion—when we can dissociate from the humbler utensils of the temple service those ideas of meanness and unworthiness which sometimes attach to them now, and accept them as instruments of consecration to God—parts of the great temple service of our lives, to be made, even as are the lamps and flowers, of gold, perfect gold, beaten gold.

And in that other sphere of beauty, taste, accomplishment—too often monopolized by the careless worldling, the belle of society who weaves her flowers of gilt and tinsel to fascinate passers-by—in that other sphere there is work to do, work both worthy and lasting. Here, as in the lower department of daily working life, we may apply the words of Paul, "Whoso in these things serveth God, is acceptable with him." Here, too, we may bring gold, perfect gold, cultivating all the graces of life, as well as its talents and practical abilities, to the glory of God; extending thereby our influence over others, and perfecting the threefold beauty of character.

Thus labouring to do the best we can with the materials God has given us, suffering none of his gifts to lie wasted or unemployed, the end of our being is best served. Understanding ourselves, respecting ourselves, we are better able to be of service to others, to help them in the great work of self-improvement. And thus we are tending day by day to that other, grander temple service of heaven, wherein there is neither fault nor interruption; and joyfully offering which, we shall realize the glorious perfection faintly shadowed forth by the old Hebrew monarch in his stately array of "gold, pure gold, beaten gold."

Miscellanies.

AN OLD LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN NEWTON TO MR. JOHN LESLIE.



DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your very kind letter; the perusal gave me very much pleasure. I wished to have answered it sooner; but my engagements will not permit me to write when I please.

I care not what name you bear, and I have no reason to object to that of a Seceder, for however strict they may be deemed in some particulars, I have not met with more liberality and enlargement of views respecting the great common cause, than I have found in most of the Seceders with whom I have corresponded and conversed. The Seceders first made me known in Scotland, and undertook a publication in three volumes of what I had then printed, when no bookseller there would have ventured upon it. However, I regard you, and wish to be regarded by you as a Christian.

I trust we are fellow-members of the one true mystical Church, which is composed of all who are united by faith to Jesus their head, and who live by his life and Spirit. They are built on the same foundation, sustained by the same food, opposed by the same enemies, and agreed in the same hopes, views, and end. These, however, scattered far and wide, and distinguished by different names upon earth, are one in Christ, and constitute that flock which are under the sure care and protection of the Great Shepherd. They were wandering till he called them, lost till he found them. He bought them with his blood; made them willing in the day of his power to commit themselves to him; and he will suffer none to pluck them out of his hands.

The Church of Scotland has been eminent for the spirit of its ministers and the piety of its members. But I understand the glory is much declined. I rejoice that the Lord has still a people there, and multitudes in the Secession, and other branches of Dissenters from it. With us, religion is, I hope, rather upon the revival in our Established Church. I can remember when we could not count ten parochial ministers who preached the gospel, so as to be publicly known and spoken of under that character. I trust there are now in different parts of the kingdom more than three hundred faithful zealous men, some of them honoured with great usefulness. And their number is increasing every year. In this city, including both Lord's-day service and lectures in the week-days, the gospel is preached in about twenty churches, and most of the preachers are able and respectable men.

The irregular preachers (as they are called) including the Methodists of all sorts, are very numerous, and some of their places of worship very large and well

filled. These deviate from the rules of our Church, yet do not profess themselves Dissenters from it. Many of the preachers are laymen, and some of them, I hope, are called and owned of the Lord, though not sent forth by human ordination. But the sentiment which seems much to prevail—that any man may preach who thinks himself qualified—is productive of great inconveniences. Some undertake to preach who much need to be taught themselves. Some are very warm and loud, who yet understand not what they say, nor whereof they affirm. Offences abound, contentions and divisions are multiplied, the weak are stumbled, and the wicked laugh. We have in London, as I trust, much good wheat; but there are likewise many tares. But it was so in the beginning. However, upon the whole, Christ is preached, and I desire to rejoice.

One large body of Dissenters, called Presbyterian (though they have no classes), are in general far departed from the doctrine and spirit of the old Nonconformists. The Congregational Churches (Independents and Baptists) are for the most part sound and evangelical. But there is not much increase among them.

We have abundance of good preaching, and many are willing to hear. But we have cause to pray for more of that power to accompany the word, which breaks the hard heart. We seldom have a day of Pentecost, a day of great awakening and conviction. But some are called. The fishers of men here seldom catch them with a net. We are but anglers, and take, now and then, one. However, to convert one sinner from the error of his way is a great work, and worth living a whole life for. One soul is of more value than many temporal kingdoms. Your letter deserves an answer of equal length, but I have not time to enlarge. Accept the little I have written. Accept my thanks and my best wishes, and your prayers, which I beg you to continue for me and mine. I hope to pray for you. I do now. May the Lord bless you and keep you, guide you by his counsel, guard you by his providence, cheer you by his Spirit, make you useful in life, triumphant in death. May we meet in glory, to join in praises to Him who loved us. Amen.—I am your sincere friend and servant,

(Signed) JOHN NEWTON.

COLEMAN STREET BUILDINGS,
13th March 1789.

THE HEART-HOUSE.

THAT is a lively scriptural figure which represents the soul of a believer as a DWELLING inhabited by the Lord Jesus, who "dwells in" it "by faith." When Christ

heart-house, he finds it fearfully filthy
r. It needeth cleansing, and he cleanses
tely chamber is purified. The foul pic-
race the walls of *Sensuality's* room of
removed. The deserted and cobwebbed
science is entered by the key of truth,
n to the daylight.

another apartment of the mind which the
aws for a higher and hollier use. Ranged
he finds the general stores which were
ugh the five doorways of the senses.
accumulations are worse than rubbish.
destroy the faculty ; he simply appro-
mself, and makes it a granary of truth.
emory is the soul's store-room, even as a
ience is its armoury. Happy the man
is piled full, tier upon tier, with Bible-
ted, with experiences of good men, with
red recollections of God's special mercies,
acial weaknesses and causes of failure !
whose memory is an empty garret, or
nber-room heaped to the ceiling with
od and evil things so hopelessly inter-
owner can never lay hands on what he
noment. What a memory David had !
t of the curiosities of Divine love. How
o, exhort to "good remembrance" of
nd to "stir up their pure minds by way
e." In no apartment of a converted
as love more to dwell than in the cham-
el memory.

through all the interior of the heart-
 ief article. There is a chamber of *Taste*,
 ndow the Love of Beauty looks out on
 idscapes ; and after nightfall points its
 to the heavens, sown thick with stars

ing like cressets in the blue depths."

atch-Tower, also, where Vigilance keeps
the coming of spiritual foes. Woe unto
when the sentinel falls asleep on his tower!
that leads up to this turret, the Holy
ten, "Watch unto prayer." "Blessed

Lord when he cometh shall find watch-
is tower Faith often looks out through
the promises, and catches enrapturing
heavenly inheritance incorruptible and
y.

For glimpses such as these
My willing soul will bear,
All that in darkest hours it sees
Of toll and pain and care."

to overlook one room in a renewed heart, small or so secluded. It is the closet of , where, within closed doors, Faith holds up with God. It is fragrant with the Master. The mercy-seat stands within

this hallowed spot. To this interior sanctum Faith keeps a golden key inscribed, *Pray without ceasing*. Over the door she readeth the inviting words, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." On the walls are records and inscriptions written in moments of favoured intercourse with God, when the meditations of him were sweet, and his promises were like the droppings of the honeycomb. Some of these inscriptions are written with trembling hand in seasons of dark calamities; occasionally, as on the stone wall of the martyrs' cell in the old Lollards' Tower, the agonizing cry has been etched with point of iron, "Quosque, Domine?"—"O Lord, how long?"

What thy throbbing heart is to thy bodily frame, that, my brother, is thy closet of prayer to thy heart mansion. Death *there* is death everywhere. Silence in that room bespeaks a paralysis of spiritual life. That is Faith's stronghold; the birthplace of all the graces. Leave not that door to rust on its hinges, or the dust of neglect to settle on that mercy-seat. For when that chamber is deserted, the heart-house is soon surrendered to Satan. But while thy inner life is "hid with Christ" in constant communion, thou art the "habitation of God through his Spirit."

T. L. CUYLER.

ATHENS.

(See Engraving.)

WE cast anchor at half-past eleven o'clock in the oval land-locked basin of the Piræus. We were somewhat astonished to find fiacres in waiting, apparently of German manufacture; and in one of them we were soon on our way along a Macadamized road to the city of Athens, a distance of six English miles.

This drive was accompanied by sad feelings. The day was cloudy, cold, and cheerless. The plain and mountains around, the scenes of so many thrilling associations, were untilled and desolate; and on every side were seen the noblest monuments of antiquity in ruins, now serving to mark only the downfall of human greatness and of human pride. Nor did the entrance to the city tend to dissipate these feelings. Small dwellings of stone, huddled together along narrow, crooked, unpaved, filthy lanes, are not the Athens which the scholar loves in imagination to contemplate. Yet they constitute, with a few exceptions, the whole of modern Athens. Even in its best parts, and in the vicinity of the court itself, there is often an air of haste and shabbiness, which, although not a matter of wonder under the circumstances in which the city has been built up, cannot fail to excite in the stranger a feeling of disappointment and sadness. This, however, does not last long. The force of historical associations is too powerful not to triumph over present degradation; and the

traveller soon forgets the scenes before him, and dwells only on the remembrance of the past.

No one can visit Athens without receiving a profound impression of its ancient taste and splendour; and the record of this impression, in my own case, is all that I can give.

The most striking feature in Athens is doubtless the Acropolis. It is a mass of rock, which rose precipitously in the midst of the ancient city, and is still accessible only on its north-west part. On the oblong area of its levelled surface were collected the noblest monuments of Grecian taste; it was the very sanctuary of the arts, the glory, and the religion of ancient Athens. The majestic Propylæa, the beautiful Erechtheum, and the sublime Parthenon, all built of the purest marble, though now ruined and broken down, still attest the former splendours of the place, and exhibit that perfect unity of the simple, the sublime, and the beautiful, to which only Grecian taste ever attained. In this respect, there is no other spot like it on earth. Rome has nothing to compare with it; and the vast masses of Egyptian architecture, while they almost oppress the mind with the idea of immensity, leave no impression of beauty or simplicity.

My first visit in Athens was to the Areopagus, where Paul preached. This a narrow, naked ridge of limestone rock, rising gradually from the northern end, and terminating abruptly on the south, over against the west end of the Acropolis, from which it bears about north, being separated from it by an elevated valley. This southern end is fifty or sixty feet above the said valley, though yet much lower than the Acropolis. On its top are still to be seen the seats of the judges and parties, hewn in the rock; and towards the south-west is a descent by a flight of steps, also cut in the rock, into the valley below. On the west of the ridge, in the valley between it and the Pnyx, was the ancient market, and on the south-east side, the later or new market. In which of these it was that Paul "disputed daily," it is, of course, impossible to tell; but from either, it was only a short distance to the foot of "Mars Hill," up which Paul was probably conducted by the flight of steps just mentioned. Standing on this elevated platform, surrounded by the learned and the wise of Athens, the multitude, perhaps, being on the steps and in the vale below, Paul had directly before him the far-famed Acropolis, with its wonders of Grecian art; and beneath him, on his left, the majestic Theseium, the earliest and still most perfect of Athenian structures; while all around, other temples and altars filled the whole city. Yet here, amid all these objects of which the Athenians were so proud, Paul hesitated not to exclaim, "God, who made the world and all things that are therein, . . . he being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands." On the Acropolis, too, were the three celebrated statues of Minerva—one of olive wood; another of gold and ivory in the Parthenon, the master-piece of Phidias; and the colossal statue in the

open air, the point of whose spear was seen over the Parthenon by those sailing along the gulf. To these Paul probably referred and pointed, when he went on to affirm that "the Godhead is not like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." Indeed it is impossible to conceive of anything more adapted to the circumstances of time and place, than is the whole of this masterly address. But the full force and energy and boldness of the apostle's language can be duly felt only when one has stood upon the spot. The course of the argument, too, is masterly—so entirely adapted to the acute and susceptible minds of his Athenian audience.—*Robertson's Biblical Researches.*

GIVE THANKS.

A young lawyer had left his prosperous profession in a distant city, and gone home to die. A lingering disease, terrible to endure, was fastened upon him, and he knew that death was certain. No medical skill, no kind care, could save him; but he looked forward to the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and through the long summer months he lived and suffered patiently, shedding abroad the gentle influences of a meek and lowly spirit.

When the autumn came, and the flowers faded before its chilling blasts, a group gathered about young C—'s bed, to see him die,—a father, going down life's hill-side, and yet far from the kingdom of heaven; a mother, toiling, praying, hoping on, whose heart was wrung with anguish by the sufferings of her youngest born; a dearly loved brother, and the pastor whose frequent presence had lighted the sick-room.

The time had come to say farewell; the "dark river" was just at hand. Turning to his brother, the dying one said, "Charles, with what joy shall I haste to meet you, when you come."

Then, raising his eyes to his father's face, he said solemnly, "Father, 'Marvel not that I say unto you, ye must be born again;'" then to his precious mother, "Mother, when I am gone, you will close my eyes, won't you?—Farewell." Turning to his pastor, he said, "Mr. H—, when this is over, give thanks."

The words were his last on earth. The poor body, distorted with pain, no longer imprisoned his free spirit; for that had gone to meet Jesus.

Mourning one, look up and "give thanks." Your Christian friend is happier far than ever before; then give thanks. Weary one, oppressed by bitter trials, give thanks. Remember, the hotter the furnace in which the silver is purified, the more brightly it reflects the image of the refiner who watches beside it. Even so you, purified in the furnace of affliction, will reflect more perfectly the image of your Father which is in heaven, and when the time comes for you to lie down and die, you will be ready, like young C—, to cry, "Give thanks, oh, give thanks."



The Children's Treasury.

BESSIE'S AIR CASTLE.



ES," thought Bessie, leaning her cheek upon her hand, and looking into the grate; "I will certainly be a missionary when I grow up, and sail away over the sea to India, like Dr. R——."

Dr. R—— was conversing with her father, relating some anecdotes of his long residence in that benighted coun-

and the little girl was so interested in these, so med with his genial manner, she concluded that life of a missionary must be very easy and pleasant. Bessie, it must be confessed, was rather fickle in her views for the future. At various times she had desired to be a teacher; a farmer's wife in the country, owning a fine estate, with a large family of pets, fruit orchard, &c.; or, to be very rich and to travel in a carriage like Maria Ellis, and wear a new silk dress every time she rode out. You see that these day-dreams were not very nearly connected; one air-castle was as swiftly as another; therefore, Bessie, swaying to and fro in her little green rocking-chair, had in a moment reverted herself into an eminent Christian, a self-denying missionary, while the first steps toward heaven she had yet to learn!

Just then the parlour door opened, and her mother's voice called, "Bessie! I want you, dear."

Very reluctantly the summons was obeyed, and the so bright a moment before was suddenly darkened, as the child stepped into the entry.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I wish you to sit by Charlie's crib until he is fast asleep." So saying, Mrs. Weston hastened away without another word.

"It's too bad," muttered Bessie as she ascended the stairs to the nursery. "I don't see why Charlie must have his nap at the most inconvenient times," and she closed the door violently after her.

The baby who was nearly asleep, roused at the unusual disturbance and opened his black eyes upon Bessie.

"Go to sleep, Charlie,—hush, don't cry!" and she commenced singing a lullaby hymn; but as every one knows, a child cannot be quieted by tones of an irritable

voice, and the little fellow grew more restless, flinging his fat, white arms over his head defiantly.

"Dear, dear," groaned Bessie, "I shall not get back to the parlour this hour; I think babies are a real nuisance any way." And as Charlie began crying in good earnest, she devoted herself to soothing him, and forgot her grumbling for the time. Ere long her efforts were successful, the white lids drooped over those beautiful eyes which his sister was very proud of, and Charlie slept sweetly. Something of the quiet which pervaded the atmosphere fell upon Bessie's spirit, making her ashamed of her late wrong temper. Like many an older person, she listened to the still, small voice whose rebukes are unheeded amid a storm of angry feeling, but which echo sharply through the soul when that has passed over.

"I wish I were not so easily vexed," sighed the child, who was in the main a nice, warm-hearted, promising girl; but who had yet to gain the "meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price."

When her watch was relieved and Bessie returned to the room below, she found Dr. R—— sitting alone by the writing-table at which he seemed busily occupied. He laid aside his pen as she entered and called her to his side.

"Aren't you writing? and shan't I disturb you?" Bessie inquired, as she made a slight movement to leave the parlour.

"You will not disturb me, my child," said the doctor smiling, and passing his arm around her. "I have a little daughter just your age, I fancy; she was born very far away under the hot sun of India."

"Does she look like me?" asked Bessie with a pleased thought of the rosy cheeks and dark eyes she had just caught a glimpse of in the mirror upstairs.

"I think not," was the reply, "she has never been well and strong like children of a colder climate; but a happier little girl I do not often see."

"Are you happy, Bessie?" said Dr. R——, suddenly looking straight into the clear eyes which were fastened

on his. "Not to-day in particular," he continued, as the child's face flushed painfully, "but taking the year through?"

"Yes, sir, rather happy," but the hesitating manner showed that Bessie's heart was not in her answer.

"And why not very much so? you have a beautiful home, a kind father and mother, and a baby brother whom I have not yet seen; what more do you wish or need, Bessie?"

Deep down in the child's heart tender feelings were stirred by those persuasive tones which few could resist, and involuntarily she exclaimed,—

"I want to be a better girl! oh, I'm not good a bit."

Then Bessie's tears flowed fast; sorrow for the past, and yearnings for the future, mingled in their stream. Too wise to interrupt, her new friend allowed her to cry quietly for a moment or two, only passing his hand caressingly over the bowed head which rested upon his arm.

"You need yet one Friend above all others, to whom you can always go, in joy or sorrow. My little Mary has found this dear elder Brother, away in a heathen land: Cannot you, too, stretch out your hand and clasp his *now*? You will never be happy—no never, until you give to Christ this restless, naughty heart; he will cleanse it and fill it with peace!"

I do not know what may have been Bessie's whispered reply to the words of Dr. R—, but by and by she said, confidentially glancing up,—

"When you were talking with my father a while ago, I thought I should like to be a missionary, but people have to be so good! I shall only be fit to stay at home all my life."

"And when you are ready for home-duties, and have learned to be patient with the least of them, the most unpleasant as well as the highest, you are ready for any place and any work; remember this, Bessie."

"I must help mother, now," the little girl answered. And as she spread the cloth upon the tea-table she whispered softly,—

"Who knows but I shall be a missionary after all!"

THE STOLEN CANE.

'Tis the silliest thing in the world to do wrong, I heard a man in middle life say to his young friends. The Bible calls the wicked man a fool, and he is a fool. Sin spoils everything. One sin often haunts a man through life. I have suffered more shame and regret on account of a sin committed in my youth that I can express to you.

When I was about fifteen I wanted a cane. Some boys of my acquaintance had canes, but I had no money with which to buy one. One day while on an errand at a hotel, I saw a stand of canes belonging to persons who were then visiting the hotel, or perhaps left there by former visitors. My eye rested on one which pleased

me, and a fatal temptation entered my mind. I approached the stand, took the cane which pleased me, and left the place. I walked rapidly away, looking straight before me. Though I felt sure that no one saw the theft, I was full of tremour, and fear, and dread. How many times I wished the cane back again in the hotel!

I carried my cane home. *My* cane? No. Though I had paid my innocence, my self-respect, my courage, my peace of mind for it, I did not feel that it was *my* cane. I had no right to it. It was stolen. It was another's. I carried *the* cane home, and shut up in my own room, I examined it. There was no fault in it, but I no longer admired it; I had paid too dear for it. How I wish I could make you young people understand as I do that there is little if any value in that which is ill-gotten. When you sin for a thing, you always pay too dear for it. You sell the best part of yourself for it; you sell your innocence, your self-respect, that which you can never buy back again even with the wealth of India.

I wondered how I could have been so weak as to covet a useless cane so much. I despised myself. I thought of God. I felt his great eye on me, and alone as I was, I hung my head. I wished myself beyond the sight of every thing living, that I could find some place where I could hide my shame. I put away the cane and took a book, but I could not read. The cane filled all my mind. I could not bear this, and went into the street. A companion joined me and began to talk. I could not talk; I could not even listen to him, and did not always know whether or not I made him correct answer. I cut short my walk and returned to my home.

Days passed on, the cane continually tormenting me. I began to grow desperate. I must conquer myself, conquer my tormentor. I must become accustomed to it. "What a trifle to make me so miserable," I tried to think. I seized the cane and rushed into the street, swinging it with a studied carelessness, as if well used to it and quite thoughtless of it, though I was thinking of nothing else all the time. Thus I endured it for a half hour's walk, and came home with a little satisfaction in the feeling that I was hardening myself.

The next day was the Sabbath. I dressed myself for church, determining to take the cane along. I summoned all my bravery, opened my closet-door, and took it from its place. My bravery fled. I could not take the hateful thing on that holy Sabbath into the house of God. I left it, and with a heavy heart and drooping head went on my way. But it was surprising how the whole current of my thoughts was directed by it. I observed scarcely anything on the street now but the cane. And how worthless and contemptible did they seem to me. I was glad to be in church, away from them; but I was no better off there, for the stolen one I had left in my closet was still before me, reproaching me, shaming me, calling me a thief, a wretched Achan whose hidden sin was known to God, and would call down his dreadful

me. I did not hear the minister preach, but I never heard, before or since, so severe a sermon as I heard on my own conscience that day.

I tried again and again to conquer myself and endure a cane. I took it with me when I felt the strongest and happiest, and went out to walk with my young comrades, but it was sure to spoil everything. It made me dumb, timid, heavy-hearted, miserable. And when I was rallied as to the cause of my silence and dumbness, what could I say? I was embarrassed and confused, and felt ten-fold more miserable than before.

There was no use trying. The stolen cane and I could never be friends. It had mastered me. It would master me always. I must be rid of it. I gave it away. But I could never rid myself of its memory. It haunts me, and always will. I have never owned a cane since, never put my hand to one if I can avoid it.

I cannot see a boy in his time of greatest temptation, when he is just hurrying forward into manhood, ardent, impulsive, venturesome, unconscious of his weakness, ignorant of his own nature and still more of life, but I pity him in my innermost soul. I want to give him the credit of my experience without its suffering. I want to make him understand that sin is deadly, and will, if not brought to repentance, bring wretchedness. Repent of it as you may, obtain forgiveness, cleansing in the blood of atonement, still there is left behind a sense of shame, of sorrow, of lost innocence.

THE CHERRY-BUD.

It sometimes seems a great way off, and we wonder how he cares for us. Jesus tells us to say, "Our Father," and the Bible teaches that "He is nigh to all them that call upon him;" and yet we cannot help sometimes feeling that he is too great to mind our small affairs. This is not a happy feeling. Oh no; it is unhappy. Feeling one day, I walked out on the piazza, and pulled a bud from the cherry-tree. It was in the early spring, and the trees looked bare as winter.

The bud was not a spring bud then. No. It was the last summer; for summer is at work, not only to make leaves and flowers and fruit for its own year, but begins a bud—it begins millions of buds for the next year. What a forethought this!

But a bud is a tender thing. Are they not running a great risk, to come so long beforehand; for how can they resist the winter storms, frost and ice, and wind and snow? The little cherry-bud which I held in my hand lived through all.

"How did you live, little bud?" I said, carrying it to the house. Then I began to uncover it, and that led me into the secret. How much do you think that little cherry-bud had on? First, I took off *thirteen* little happy coverings, hugging it round like the coats of a mummy. That showed as if somebody cared for it. Then I found three larger, finer, thicker ones; and

under these three more, woollier and warmer. Here were *six* blankets, besides *thirteen* coverlets.

What do you suppose I found between two of the blankets? The smallest insect you ever saw, no bigger than a hair's breadth, but with legs to run away fast enough when I waked him up. "Did your mother put you in this warm cradle?" I asked. "Have you slept sweetly here all winter?" It did not answer, and seemed impatient to go.

"What did you find inside the blankets?" Three little buds—blossoms to be, and cherries in July. They looked like three tiny babies fast asleep, and not yet ready to get up. They were *not* ready, for I was not the one to wake them. It belonged to that good nurse the Sun, who was fast warming up for the work. However, I thought I would look a little farther.

"Is the flower all there inside you, little bud?" I peeped in, and found atoms of the most delicate white leaves you ever saw, all beautifully grained; and oh, had I lighted on a mine? for here was a nest of gold—golden specks, moulded and rounded with the rarest skill. How many? Thirty-five. Here, indeed, was the blossom, and these were the pollen-boxes of the stamens, for I found each gold speck perched on a little stalk; and all these grouping round the heart of the blossom, the future cherry.

Who would have thought of finding this little world of life and beauty here? such delicate painting, such exquisite workmanship, part fitting part, many parts forming a perfect whole, and not only one, but hundreds, thousands, millions clinging to the dry, black branches of the garden trees. I looked out of the window and thought of all these, living, growing, perfecting, no hurry, no noise, hid from all eyes—all eyes but One. He knows them all, counts them all, watches them all, loves them all as they strengthen and ripen, bearing another life in their warm, white bosoms, the full fruit, the rich, ripe, delicious "White-hearts" of July. Ah, the garden trees looked no longer bare!

Will the great God have such care and love for a bud, and not care for you and for me? Then God seemed no longer afar off. He was near, very near. A sweet sense of his love and care folded me round, and I was happy, very happy.

THE BIRD WHO WOULD NOT BE FOOLED.

WHERE do you think a bird once built its nest? On the edge of a quarry of slate; so near that when the rock was blasted, pieces of the flying and falling slate frightened and incommoded the poor bird very much. It was a thrush. Yet she did not change her quarters. But being a pretty observing bird, she noticed that at the ringing of a bell the men started and ran. "Ah," thought the bird, "I'll run too." So the next time the train was fired, and the bell rang to warn the men away, the thrush flew from her nest and lighted among

them; indeed, close under their feet. The explosion over, she returned to her nest and they to their work.

This she did whenever they blasted. Of course it highly diverted the men, and visitors were told of her sensible and discerning conduct. They were anxious to see the thrush. The slate could not be blasted to gratify visitors, but the bell could be easily rung, and it was. The bird heard it, and down she flew. After a few times she saw herself hoaxed, and when the bell rang again she peeped over her nest to see if the men left. If they did not, she sat still and cocked her head as much as to say, "No, gentlemen, I am not to be fooled again. Life in my nest is too serious to be trifled away for your amusement. No more make-believes to me. I see through you."

The thrush family is large. Blackbird belongs to it. But this, I suppose, was the stone thrush, which loves to build among the rocks. It lays from three to five bluish-green eggs, and is a lively little creature. Its song is very sweet, and it pours forth its notes day and night, as if it could do little else but praise God for making it.

THE LOTTERY.

FRED had a new sled for a birthday present. What was he to do with his old one? A boy offered him a shilling for it. "No," said Fred to the boys; "I am going to put my old sled in a lottery. I shall have thirty shares at sixpence a share, and that will net me fifteen shillings. I shall offer the tickets to those poor boys over there, and they will snap them up quick enough, because some of them, I know, haven't sleds."

Fred's father overheard the plan. "I cannot consent to your selling your sled that way, my son," said his father; "lotteries are wrong."

"Wrong, father!" cried Fred; "why, did not that Christian lady Mrs. Ropes sell her worked chair in a lottery at the bazaar the other day; and did not Mary Gray come to all us boys and make us take a ticket in her lottery, and isn't she good?"

"That was in charity," said his sister.

"If it is right in charity, isn't it right in trade?" asked Fred.

"It is wrong in both cases," said his father; "the principle is a bad one. In honest trade, people invest their money in something which is of equal value or worth; in lotteries they invest it for merely a chance of getting something, and that often a very slim chance. Lotteries are one kind of gambling, and the moral sense of the community has pronounced a verdict against them long ago."

"But, father, what harm can come of such a little lottery as mine?" asked the boy; "who will be hurt by it?"

"One harm will be that you will get for your sled ten times more than its worth, and you get it from the pockets of poor boys who cannot and ought not to afford to lose it. Does that strike you as fair and honourable?" Fred hung down his head.

"Besides, never set up a bad principle in little things any more than in great things, for the harm consists in acting upon a bad principle at all. The least deviation from integrity is dangerous, because it puts you on a track which leads to dishonesty, fraud, and crime."

Fred looked pretty serious, but not more serious than his father, who felt that good people were letting slip great principles in over-zealous efforts to swell the funds of every favourite charity.

GOOD USE OF A SERMON.

MR. NOTT, a missionary to one of the islands in the Pacific Ocean, preached a sermon one day on the words, "Let him that stole steal no more." In the sermon he said it was a duty to return things that had formerly been stolen.

The next morning, when he opened his door, he saw a number of natives sitting on the ground around his house. He was surprised to see them there so early, and asked why they had come. "We have not been able to sleep all night," they said. "We were at chapel yesterday, and heard you say from the word of God that Jehovah commanded us not to steal; whereas we used to worship a god who we thought would protect thieves. We have stolen. All these things that we have brought with us are stolen goods." Then one of the men held up a saw, saying, "I stole this from the carpenter of such a ship." Others held up knives and various tools.

"Why have you brought them to me?" asked Mr. Nott. "Take them home, and wait till the ships from which you stole them come again, and then return them, with a present besides." Still the people begged Mr. Nott to keep the things until they could find the owners. One man who had stolen from a missionary then being on another island, took a voyage of seventy miles to restore the goods.

That is the true way to improve by preaching—doing what it says. A great many people form good resolutions when they hear a sermon which touches the heart and instructs their conscience; but good resolutions are worth nothing unless they are set to action. That clinches the feelings, and makes them of value.



THE
FAMILY TREASURY
OF
SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE
REV. ANDREW CAMERON,
(FORMERLY EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.")



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THE FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY



READING.

THROUGH THE FLOOD ON FOOT.

THE sun had sunk in the West
For a little while,
And the clouds which had gathered to
see him die
Had caught his dying smile.

We sat in the door of our Tent,
In the cool of the day,
Towards the quiet meadow
Where misty shadows lay,

And over the mountains of Moab
Afar,
We saw the first, sweet gleam
Of the first star.

The great and terrible Land
Of Wilderness and drought,
Lay in the shadows behind us,
For the Lord had brought us out.

The great and terrible River,
Though shrouded still from view,
Lay in the shadows before us,
But the Lord would bear us through.

In the stillness and the star-light,
In sight of the Blessed Land,
We thought of the bygone Desert-life,
And the burning, blinding sand.

Many a dreary sunset,
Many a dreary dawn,
We had watched upon those desert hills
As we pressed slowly on.

Yet sweet had been the silent dews
Which from God's Presence fell,
And the still hours of resting
By Palm-tree and by Well,

Till we pitched our Tent at last,
The Desert done,
Where we saw the hills of the Holy Land
Gleam in our sinking sun :

And we sat in the door of our Tent,
In the cool of the day,
Towards the quiet meadow
Where misty shadows lay :

We were talking about the King,
And our elder Brother,
As we were used often to speak
One to another,

—The Lord standing quietly by,
In the shadows dim,
Smiling perhaps, in the dark, to hear
Our sweet, sweet talk of Him.

"I think in a little while,"
I said at length,
"We shall see His Face in the City
Of everlasting strength,

"And sit down under the shadow
Of His smile,
With great delight and thanksgiving,
To rest a while."

—"But the River—the awful River,
In the dying light,"
—And, even as he spoke, the murmur
Of a River rose on the night !

And One came up through the meadow,
Where the mists lay dim,
Till He stood by my friend in the star-light,
And spake to him :—

"I have come to call thee Home,"

Said our veiled Guest ;

"The terrible journey of life is done,
I will take thee into Rest.

"Arise ! thou shalt come to the Palace,
To rest thee for ever ;"

—And He pointed across the dark meadow,
And down to the River.

And my friend rose up in the shadows,
And turned to me,—

"Be of good cheer," I said faintly,
"For He calleth thee."

For I knew by His loving Voice,
His kingly word,
The veiled Guest in the star-light dim
Was Christ, the Lord.

So we three went slowly down
To the River-side,
Till we stood in the heavy shadows
By the black, wild tide.

I could hear that the Lord was speaking
Deep words of grace,
I could see their blessed reflection
On my friend's pale face.

The strong and desolate tide
Was hurrying wildly past,
As he turned to take my hand once more,
And say Farewell, at last.

"Farewell—I cannot fear,
Oh, seest thou His grace?"

And even as he spoke, he turned
Again to the Master's Face.

So they two went closer down
To the River-side,
And stood in the heavy shadows
By the black, wild tide.

But when the feet of the Lord
Were come to the waters dim,
They rose to stand, on either hand,
And left a path for Him ;

So they two passed over swiftly
Towards the Goal,
But the wistful, longing gaze
Of the passing soul

Grew only more wrapt and joyful
As he clasped the Master's hand,
I think, or ever he was aware
They were come to the Holy Land.

Now I sit alone in the door of my Tent
In the cool of the day,
Towards the quiet meadow
Where misty shadows play.

The great and terrible Land
Of Wilderness and drought,
Lies in the shadows behind me,
For the Lord hath brought me out ;

The great and terrible River
I stood that night to view,
Lies in the shadows before me,
But the Lord will bear me through.

June 1864.

R. 1

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, AUTHOR OF "MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK TO PALESTINE."

PALMYRA.



IN the year 1691 a company of English merchants, then resident in Aleppo, heard strange reports of the ruins of a magnificent city away in the centre of the Syrian desert. The reports reached them from various sources ;—from Baghdad traders, who had traversed the desert with their caravans ; from native pedlars and armourers who followed the footsteps of the wandering Bedawin ; from Arab Sheikhs who ruled the desert tribes and led the raids of the Anezeh and Beni Shemal. One and all told the story of the great city. Such

palaces and temples, such ranges of columns and of ruins, such tombs and castles, such multitudes of inscriptions, and statues, and monuments the world never seen as were there, grouped around the fountains and scattered over the desolate plain of Tadmor. The glowing descriptions were like a romance from an Arabian Nights tale. Making every allowance for Oriental exaggeration, and the magic influence of Eastern fancy, the merchants thought there must be some foundation of fact—enough, at least, to repay the toil and expense of an expedition. It was a matter in those days to penetrate the desert ; it

of some difficulty and danger even yet. But an expedition was organized; guides and guards were hired; the desolate waste was traversed; and the adventurous explorers were richly repaid by the discovery of the long ruins of "*Tadmor in the wilderness*," the city founded by Solomon and ruled by Zenobia. In a few years all Europe resounded with the story of their adventures, and the glowing descriptions of the desert

more than half a century the interesting narrative of the Aleppo merchants was read with a kind of scepticism. The leading facts were not questioned. It went so far as to doubt that the classic *Palmyra* had been discovered; but it was generally thought that the descriptions of the ruins were highly coloured, and when other travellers would explore and describe uninfluenced by the excitement of a great discovery, by those feelings of romance which sometimes take as a halo the minds of antiquarian and geographical pioneers, the real, matter-of-fact, character and value of the ancient city would become known.

In the year 1751 another celebrated expedition reached the ruins. It was well organized, fully equipped, and the objects it aimed at were successfully accomplished. The expedition was planned and carried out by men from their great learning, classic tastes, and pre-travels in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, were in every respect qualified satisfactorily to explore, delineate, and describe the city. They were supplied with the books and instruments, and accompanied by an accomplished architect and draughtsman. They spent weeks surveying, measuring, sketching, drawing, and copying inscriptions; and they returned to the desert with full portfolios, and a caravan of camels laden with marbles and works of art. The folio which they afterwards published* will tell us as we have not visited the city the best idea of its wonderful remains. This great work showed European scholars that the narrative of the Aleppo merchants, instead of being exaggerated, fell short of the truth. In describing the ruins of Palmyra it would be most impossible to exaggerate. There is nothing like them in the world. The sight of them from the rising hill top is like a dream of fairy land. True, there are in Athens and other cities of Greece single magnificent chasters in style, and more perfect in execution, any of which Palmyra can boast; there are also in Egypt and Syria structures of more colossal magnitude; but no other spot in the world can we find such vast numbers of temples, palaces, colonnades, tombs, and monuments, grouped together so as to be seen at a glance. Here is the testimony of Wood and Dawkins, the leaders of the expedition of which I have spoken, given too after traversing the whole circuit of the classic and sacred:—"We had scarce passed the venerable monuments, when the hills opening dis-

covered to us, all at once, *the greatest quantity of ruins we had ever seen*, all of white marble, and beyond them towards the Euphrates a flat waste, as far as the eye could reach, without any object which showed either life or motion. It is scarce possible to imagine anything more striking than this view; so great a number of Corinthian pillars, mixed with so little wall or solid building, afforded a most romantic variety of prospect."

It is greatly to be desired that some of our accomplished and enterprising photographers should pay a visit to Palmyra. The sketches and drawings of Wood and Dawkins are beautiful and faithful; but however skilful the pencil of the artist, however accurate the eye and the scale of the architect, in minuteness of detail and perfection of representation, neither the one nor the other can rival the sun picture. Then the monuments of the desert city are so numerous, their grouping so peculiar, and now, alas! so confused, that it is impossible to give a faithful delineation in sketch or drawing. And, besides, the artist can never command sufficient time and quiet for his work. He is dogged everywhere, as I can tell from sad experience, by prying and often persecuting Bedawin, watching every opportunity privately to pilfer, or openly to plunder. In addition to the great monuments, and the exquisitely sculptured ornaments on portal, cornice, and pediment, there are those unique Palmyrene and bilingual inscriptions, which the photographer alone can reproduce. A skilful manipulator, with a good staff of assistants, would photograph all Palmyra in a single week, and would bring back with him to the West a series of pictures almost unrivalled for beauty, strangeness, and historic and antiquarian interest.

THE ISHMAELITE.

My journey to Palmyra was somewhat adventurous. My whole party consisted of an English friend, an Arab sheikh, and a camel driver,—four men in all, mounted on three dromedaries. To attempt to go from Damascus to Tadmor, through a hundred miles of desert infested by prowling bandits, and overrun by hostile Bedawin, with such an escort, may probably appear a little rash. And looking back upon it now from the calm seclusion of my library, where the excitement and romance of Eastern travel find no place, I am inclined to think it was rash. It had these good effects, however; it led me away from the ordinary and direct route; it brought me into close contact with a number of friendly tribes; it gave me large experience of genuine Arab hospitality; and it afforded me, besides, some very palpable, if not very pleasant, illustrations of the truth of the prophecy pronounced of old on Ishmael and his posterity:—"He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him" (Gen. xvi. 12).

It was the fifth morning of our journey, and the sheikh told us that by noon we should see the ruins of Tadmor.

For three whole days we had already marched through

* *Ruins of Palmyra, otherwise Tadmor in the Desert.* London:

the desert. Not, however, the desert of boyhood's fancy,—a plain of drifting sand, blazing in the fierce sunbeams, and bounded by the vast circle of the horizon. This desert had more pleasing features. There were long ranges, and clustering groups of mountains, presenting an agreeable variety of form and outline, and occasionally also of colour, though the general hue was light gray, or yellowish white, so characteristic of the limestone strata of Syria. Here and there a bluff of dark red sandstone, or a broken dyke of black trap, or a graceful cone of snow-white chalk, broke the uniformity. At one or two points I saw a singular combination of colours in the same peak,—white, red, pink, and black,—reminding one of the gorgeous colouring of the cliffs of Edom. Between the mountains were long winding vales, and deep rugged glens, now in early spring all spangled with the bright red anemone, and poppy, and gay convolvulus, intermixed with a few, a very few, tufts of green grass and green weeds. In all other respects it was a desert. Not a single house or sign of settled habitation was there; not a solitary patch of cultivated ground was anywhere to be seen; not a drop of water in stream, fountain, well, or tank did we ever meet with; not a tree or green shrub appeared on the sides of those bare, desolate hills. This is just such a region as the Old Testament writers would have called *Midbar* (the name usually given to the peninsula of Sinai, and the "wilderness" of wandering), a region devoid of cultivation and settled inhabitant, but affording good pasture for flocks and herds.

The desert was now all alive with the great tribe of the Anezeah who claim its pastures as their own. Every few miles we came upon a little circlet of black tents pitched in some retired vale, or near some secret well; and when we saw the droves of camels covering the country for miles and miles, and the flocks of sheep and goats, we learned how the flocks and herds of Israel were fed during their forty years wandering in the *midbar* of Sinai.

Many strange and interesting traits of Arab life and law also came under our notice. Whenever our path led us near an encampment, as was frequently the case, we always found some active sheikh, or venerable patriarch, sitting "in his tent door," and as soon as we were within hail, we heard the earnest words of welcome and invitation, which the Old Testament Scriptures had rendered long ago familiar to us: "Stay, my lord, stay. Pass not on till thou hast eaten bread and rested under thy servant's tent. Alight and remain until thy servant kills a kid and prepares a feast." Again and again were these invitations given and urged in such a way that we found it impossible to resist them. In fact our progress was seriously delayed by this truly patriarchal hospitality; and more than once or twice we were witnesses of the almost inconceivable rapidity with which the kid was killed, prepared, and served up with "butter and milk," after the manner of Abraham's feast at Mamre, (Gen. xviii.)

Another trait of desert life we also noticed. On several occasions we suddenly and unexpectedly found ourselves close to a solitary tent or small encampment, whose occupants were unknown to our leader, and suspected to be enemies of his tribe. We were then bid to muffle up our faces, drive our dromedaries quickly up to the tent door, and dismount. We were thus safe. Arab law made the master of the tent responsible for our lives and our entertainment. On such occasions not a word was spoken till we were seated within the tent, and not a question was ever asked during the whole time we remained as to who we were, whence we had come, or whither we were going. A similar trait of the Scottish Highlanders is beautifully illustrated by Scott in the "Lady of the Lake,"—

"Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foe man's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er."

It was doubtless such hospitality that Job boasted of when he said: "The stranger did not lodge in the street; I opened my doors to the traveller" (xxxi. 32).

It was, as I said, the fifth morning of our journey. We were up before the dawn, and the first gray streak of the new day was just visible along the eastern horizon as we mounted our dromedaries and rode off. The camp where we had spent the night lay in a broad valley, shut in on the north and south by steep ranges of naked limestone, but opening on the east, at the distance of a few miles, to an apparently boundless plain. Our leader went straight to the northern ridge. Up it we scrambled by a track so steep, so rugged, and in places so narrow, that I often feared the dromedaries would topple over and dash us to pieces on the rocks far below. From the summit we had a commanding view. In front a broad plain, bare and gray, bounded on the north by a line of rocky mountains almost perfectly white. Behind us another plain, green with the grass of spring, and thickly studded with the black tents of the Bedawin.

We now turned eastward and descended diagonally into a plain so barren and desolate that we had never seen anything like it before. Its whole surface was covered with small fragments of white limestone, mixed with pieces of dark coloured flint. The sky was still, as it had been for three days, without a cloud; and the sunbeams fell on that parched desert like streams of liquid fire. The skin of our faces and lips shrivelled and cracked with the heat, our eyes could with difficulty endure the intense glare, and like Jacob "the drought consumed us," for the water was exhausted in our bottles. On we pressed with sweeping step and ship-like motion, in perfect silence, our very dromedaries appearing to feel that this was a region to be traversed with all possible despatch.

suddenly, on emerging from a little glen, a scene of beauty burst upon our view, taking us completely by surprise. A lake appeared in front, its margin edged with shrubs and tall reeds; here and there an island varied its surface, covered with dwarf palms, whose feathery branches bent down to kiss the glassy sea. Away along its further shore sped a solitary man on a dromedary,—now marching double, the man and the shadow; now raising the glittering spray as the dromedary's feet dipped lightly in the margin of the lake. As a fairy scene, looking all the more enchanting in contrast with the utter barrenness of the surrounding plain.

Again we dipped into a glen that crossed our path. We pressed up the further side; we looked all round. The lake was gone. It was the mirage. The solitary man on his fleet dromedary swept past us; and so it was our surprise that we were prepared to see him again too.

Swiftly and cautiously the sheikh led us along the base of the mountains which rose up far overhead, here and there along bare gravelly slopes, and there in high frowning precipices capped by great masses of projecting rock, which seemed as if an infant's touch would hurl them down upon our heads. We surmounted a rocky spur and the sheikh paused. "Look," he exclaimed, pointing to a narrow opening in the low line of hills which opened the plain in front. We saw a castle crowning a conical peak; we saw tall slender towers on the slopes, and in the bottom of the pass below. "That is Tadmor. *Yallah!*"

But the next moment two wild Arab horsemen reined in their panting steeds within pistol shot. They spoke not a word. They gave not a sign. One of them, after taking a rapid glance at our party, wheeled his horse and went off at full gallop across the plain. The other remained, motionless as a statue, leaning upon his long lance. Our chief was silent. He seemed almost paralyzed. His dromedary wandered about at will cropping the dry weeds. Something was wrong, we knew not what. We were not left long in suspense. A cloud of dust appeared approaching us across the plain. It opened, and we saw a troop of some forty or fifty horsemen charging us at full speed. The next moment a score of glittering lances were brandished fiercely round our heads. Resistance would have been worse than useless. We were prisoners.

We were led off across the plain for some two miles, and we then met the whole tribe of our captors on the march. It was a strangely interesting sight. Far as the eye could see the plain was covered with countless herds of camels, and flocks of sheep, and horsemen, and dromedaries laden with tents, and all manner of furniture and utensils. The sheikh, who happened to save my animal by the halter, stuck his spear in the ground and dismounted. It was the signal for encamping. In a moment the tents were on the ground, and hundreds of women wielding the heavy mallets with

which they drive in the large iron tent pins. This is always their work, and they do it with singular dexterity. Looking at them I could not but remember Jael. "She put her hand to the *tent-pin*, (the Hebrew word translated 'nail' is the very same as the Arabic name for 'tent-pin'); her right hand to the hammer of the workers; she hammered Sisera, and smote his head; she beat and pierced his temples" (Judges v. 26).

We had other illustrations of the same tragic story when the tents were pitched. We were thirsty and they brought us milk fresh from the camel. Then they set before us a huge metal dish of *leben* ("sour curds"). "Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. *Water he asked, milk she gave him. In a lordly dish she set curds before him*" (ver. 25).

"TADMOR IN THE WILDERNESS."

At first our prospects in our desert prison looked gloomy enough. A large ransom was demanded. Uncomfortable threats were thrown out when we curtly refused it. Gradually, however, our hopes brightened, and by noon the next day all was so satisfactorily arranged that our captors escorted us in grand style to Tadmor.

The first view of that classic city was strange and impressive far beyond all our anticipations. We reached the pass through the low eastern ridge; we began the ascent of a rising ground that forms the crown of the pass. So far we saw nothing except the old castle frowning overhead on the left, and a few tower-like tombs on the hill sides. The crest was gained at last, and then the whole site of the city burst upon our view.

Immediately before us lay a white plain, some three or four miles in circuit, entirely covered, and in many places heaped up with ruins. Through the centre ran a grand Corinthian colonnade. Away beyond it, on the east, rose the great temple of the sun, itself almost a city for magnitude. To the right and left, in endless variety, were scattered groups of columns, and single monumental pillars; while everywhere the ground was thickly strewn with broken shafts, and great shapeless piles of ruins, all white and glistening in the bright sunlight. Such a sight no eye ever saw elsewhere:—

"—Temples, palaces, a wondrous dream,
That passes not away; for many a league,
Illumine yet the desert."

All too was desolate. Like bleached bones on a long neglected battle-field those ruins lie, lonely and forsaken.

On the southern side of the city a tiny stream flows from a chasm in the mountain side, and winds eastward with a fringe of grass and tender foliage, until it ends in a circle of gardens, the brilliant verdure of whose orchards and palm-groves contrasts beautifully with the intense whiteness of the ruins and of the boundless plain beyond. Palmyra was a double oasis in the desert

—an oasis of nature and of art ; of physical richness, and of architectural splendour.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

This is the finest building in Palmyra, and for extent and beauty it is scarcely surpassed in the world. A great court, two hundred and fifty yards square, was encompassed by a wall seventy feet high, richly ornamented externally with pilasters, frieze, and cornice. The entrance was through a noble portico of ten columns. Round the whole interior ran a double colonnade, forming "porches" or cloisters like those of the temple at Jerusalem. And each pillar in the cloisters had a pedestal, or bracket, for a statue. Near, but not in the centre of the court, is the *naos*, or temple itself—in this respect also resembling Herod's temple. It was encircled by a single row of fluted Corinthian columns, with bronze capitals, supporting an unbroken entablature richly ornamented with festoons of fruit and flowers, held up at intervals by winged genii. The effect of the whole—the white pillars, the bronze capitals, the sculptured cornice, the noble cloisters, the long ranges of statues—must have been grand. We have scarcely any building now that will bear comparison with it.

The encircling wall is still tolerably perfect, and the *naos* is nearly complete. Above a hundred of the pillars in the cloisters remain standing ; but the greater part of the interior is encumbered with the miserable hovels of the modern inhabitants, who have all clustered together here for safety.

THE GRAND COLONNADE.

Next to the Temple of the Sun the Colonnade is the most remarkable object in Palmyra. Commencing on the east at a splendid triumphal arch, it runs through the centre of the city, and is nearly an English mile in length. There were originally four rows of columns, about sixty feet high, forming a grand central and two side avenues. When complete, it must have contained above *fifteen hundred* columns, more than one hundred and fifty of which still stand. Each column has on its inner side, about eight feet above its base, a bracket for a statue. One remarkable feature of the Colonnade is, that it is bent slightly in the middle ; and on looking along it one sees how much this adds to its effect. What a noble promenade for the old Palmyrenes ! sheltered from the sun's fierce rays ; open to every gentle breeze ; statues of their country's nobles and patriots, poets, and philosophers, ranged in long lines beside them ; and the background filled in with the gorgeous façades of temples and palaces, tombs and monuments ! Broken and shattered though it is, with hundreds of its polished shafts prostrate, and long ranges of its sculptured cornice lying amidst dust and rubbish, the Colonnade of Tadmor forms one of the most imposing pictures in the world. I was never tired looking at it. I saw some new and striking feature from every point of view.

It is a curious fact that every great city of the East had a *via recta*—"a straight street," or "high street"—somewhat similar in plan and ornament to that at Palmyra. Traces of the streets and colonnades may still be seen at Gerassa, and Samaria, and Bosrah, and Apamea ; and after a little investigation I discovered that "the street called Straight" in Damascus (Acts ix. 11) was of the same kind.

THE TOMBS.

The Palmyrenes, like all other Eastern nations, gave special honour to the memory of the dead. Among the most beautiful and remarkable of the monuments are sepulchres. Some of those within the city were of great size, and appear to have been intended for temples as well as tombs. Rock sepulchres, so common throughout Syria, Edom, and Egypt, are here unknown ; and their place is taken by tower-shaped structures which seem to be peculiar to Palmyra. They are very numerous. One sees them in the plain all round the city, on both sides of the pass which leads to it from the west, and a few are perched on the tops of neighbouring peaks. The plan of all is the same, though they vary greatly in the style and richness of the internal ornaments. They are square, measuring from twenty to thirty feet on each side, generally four stories in height. Each story consists of a single chamber constructed with tiers of deep *loculi*, or recesses, on each side, reaching from floor to ceiling. It was usual to place busts of the dead, with names and dates, either at the openings of the *loculi*, or on the walls or ceilings. The decorations of some of these mansions of the dead are exceedingly rich and chaste. The tiers of recesses are separated by slender pillars of marble, and the walls and ceilings pannelled and ornamented with festoons of fruit and flowers, and finely executed busts. Inscriptions are exceedingly numerous, and almost all in the Palmyrene character. The effect of the decorations is greatly heightened by chaste colouring. The ground is generally a delicate blue, which throws out in bolder relief the pure white masses of sculpture. The inscriptions on these tombs show that they were almost all erected during the first three centuries of our era.

In addition to the tower-tombs there are in the plain to the north and south of the city immense numbers of subterranean sepulchres. They are not hewn in the rock, but appear to have been built in natural or artificial cavities, and then covered over with soil. Those which have been opened were found to contain *loculi*, busts, statues, and inscriptions like the other sepulchres. Numbers of them still remain unexplored, and may one day afford rich treasures to the antiquary. The mode of sepulture appears to have been always as follows :—The body was embalmed, wrapped tightly up in linen, and placed in a recess, the door of which was then closed and hermetically sealed.

The walls of Palmyra are now in ruins. In some

as it is with difficulty one can even trace their foundations. Not a solitary building within the city remains standing. A strong castle, situated on the summit of a steep conical peak, a short distance from the city, is also in ruins. On a calm bright evening, during my stay, I clambered up the hill, scaled the battered battlements, and took my seat on the top of the highest tower. I can never forget that view. It is photographed on my memory in all its vast extent, in all its grandeur, in all its strange and terrible desolation. Westward my eye roamed far away, through the vista of a bare white valley, to where the sun's last gleam gilds the snow-capped summits of Lebanon. On the north and south were mountain ranges which, though high and barren, now exhibited a richness and delicacy of colouring never seen in the west. It was not that of the green turf, nor of brown heath, nor of mottled andiegated foliage, nor of transparent blue tinted by the light of heaven. It was totally different from all these. The highest peaks and crags were tipped as with burnished gold. Beneath this was a clear silvery gray, which was shaded gradually into a deep rich purple in the glens and valleys. These soft and strange tints gave the mountains a dreamy, ethereal look, such as one sees on some of the wondrous pictures of Turner. . . . To the east a glowing horizon swept round a semicircle of unbroken, snow-white plain. At my feet, in the centre of all, lay the ruins of the desert city, magnificent even in their utter desolation.

HISTORY.

We read that Solomon "built Tadmor in the wilderness" (1 Kings ix. 18; 2 Chron. viii. 4). The question has been frequently asked, Why did Solomon build a city so far distant from his own kingdom, and situated in the midst of the desert? The answer is easy to any one who knows the history of the period and the geography of Bible lands. Solomon was a commercial prince. One of his great aims was to make Palestine a centre of commercial enterprise. To secure a safe


and easy route for the caravans that imported the treasures of India, Persia, and Mesopotamia, was of the first importance. Tadmor lies half way between the Euphrates and the borders of Syria. It contains the only copious fountain in that arid desert. Some halting-place was necessary. Water was absolutely necessary. Consequently, Palmyra was founded as a caravan station.

For a thousand years we hear no more of it. Then Pliny describes it as a large and powerful independent city. In the second century of our era it fell under the dominion of Rome, and to that age may be attributed most of its splendid monuments. When the Emperor Valerian was conquered and captured by the Persians, his unworthy son left him in the hands of the conquerors; but Odeinathus, a citizen of Palmyra, marched against them, defeated them, and took the whole province of Mesopotamia. The services thus rendered to Rome were considered so great that Odeinathus was associated in the empire with Gallienus. This brave man was poisoned at Emesa; but he bequeathed his power to a worthy successor—ZENOBIA, his widow. The names of Palmyra and Zenobia can never be dissociated. Unfortunately, ambition prompted her to usurp the high sounding title, "Queen of the East." But Rome could brook no rival. Her army was defeated, her desert city laid in ashes, and she herself led in fetters to grace the victor's triumph. Poor Zenobia! she deserved a better fate. If common humanity could not prevent Roman citizens from thus exulting over a fallen foe, the memory of her husband's services might have saved her from the indignity of appearing before a mob in chains.

The period of Palmyra's glory was now past, and we have scarcely a notice in history of its decline and fall. At the present moment about fifty wretched hovels, built within the court of the Temple of the Sun, form the only representatives of the great city of Zenobia, and of "Tadmor in the wilderness."

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST,
June 1864.

THE LATE DR. MALAN, OF GENEVA.*



THE name of César Malan will always be associated with the revival of the gospel at Geneva in the early part of the nineteenth century. But it was not to Geneva only, or even to the French-speaking countries of Europe, that his mission reached. His usefulness extended to other lands; and in our own country, and all its vast dependencies, as well as in America, there are multitudes whose faith was either kindled or quickened by the words which dropped from his lips, or were communi-

cated by his attractive writings. Privileged as he was to be a faithful witness for Christ, he was not, indeed, without his share of the infirmities by which, even in the best of men, we are constantly reminded that the power is only of God, and that the treasures of the gospel are in this world committed to earthen vessels. But in the story of his conversion from the apathy of Genevan Arianism; in the record of his noble and unfaltering confession of the true faith of Christ in the face of destitution and contumely; in his persistent witness for the great doctrines of man's ruin by the fall, and salvation only by the sovereign love and power of God; in his burning zeal to bring sinners to Christ; in the holy con-

* We are indebted for this interesting sketch to the *Record* newspaper.

sistency of a life consecrated to God; and in the unclouded confidence with which he peacefully rendered up his soul to the Saviour who had redeemed him with his blood; we have abundant reason to glorify the power of that Almighty Lord who can alone save after this sort.

César Malan was born at Geneva, July 7, 1787. He was descended from an ancient family of French refugees, of Vandois origin, a family whose honest boast it was never to have bowed the knee to Rome, but to have endured persecution, and taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods, for the love they bore to their Saviour Jesus Christ. The name of Malan is still honoured in the Alpine valleys, but his immediate ancestors seem for a time to have found refuge in Provence, under the Edict of Nantes, and appear in the public records, amongst the "notables" of the country, as Seigneurs of Merindol. But fresh troubles were in store for them after the revocation of the protecting edict, till at last, in 1714, Pierre Malan, of Merindol, having lost everything except his enduring trust in God, arrived at the gates of Geneva, where he found the hospitable asylum so often granted by that famous city to other strangers fleeing from the sword of persecution. When this Protestant refugee was driven from his home in Provence, his sister, Jeanne Malan, refusing to renounce her ancestral faith, was buried alive in the domain of her brother, with a pitcher of water, a loaf, and a lamp. She was the last martyr of a family which had suffered much for Christ; and when the late César Malan, a few years ago, visited the spot, he found the ruins of the habitations of the Malans of Merindol shaded by trees, still witnessing to the persecutions by which his family had been decimated, and finally exiled.

We have no particular information as to the childhood or youth of César Malan. He was educated at Geneva, at a time when the influence and corrupting presence of Voltaire and Rousseau had done much to overthrow the bulwarks of religion, already undermined and defaced by the Pelagianism and Rationalistic Arianism of the clergy. Forty-four years ago his adversary, M. Chenevière, the Socinian Professor of Divinity, described him as "a man filled to overflow with agreeable talents; he is a painter, a musician, a turner; he makes pleasing verses, sings gracefully and with taste; and has a great command of language, accompanied with much boldness and unlimited confidence in his own powers." Appointed regent of the fifth form of the college or public school, he distinguished himself as a teacher, and published for the use of his scholars a new edition of *Phædrus*, and a *Carmen Ethicum* in original Latin verse.

The Baron H. de Goltz, in his history of the revival, intitled *Genève Religieuse au 19me Siècle*, thus writes: "Ordained in 1810, Malan was already known, before his conversion, by his striking talents as a preacher, and had already drawn on himself the praises of his colleagues and friends. As regent of the fifth class in the college, he had also, in a very special manner, attracted the approval and the eulogiums of his superiors. He

had introduced, with much success, Lancaster of teaching, and his class had even acquire amongst foreigners. No one understood so we of electrifying the young, and attracting at moment the head and the heart. It was at also, that he founded his 'Refuge for Female P It might generally be said that he was endo qualities and gifts so remarkable that all antic him a bright career. With a dignified and prepossessing exterior, he was a poet and man had a fine voice, painted beautifully, and unite self the most diversified accomplishments. H nation was rich and fertile, his habits of thoug penetrating; and to an enchanting eloquence the energy of a soul full of fire. The masculin ness of his disposition gave no repose to a f untiring labour for the attainment of some obje clearly defined. Thanks to the power of the g object soon became the salvation of souls. Ma in his course which have sometimes provoked versions, may be explained by this fact of th tration on one point of that powerful life which his soul—that one point being to labour, *in æ out of season*, to bring souls to his Saviour."

In one of the delightful tracts written by I in 1821, under the title of "*Conventicule de i* has himself given an account of the grand eve life, his conversion to God. In a conversation who had been a great opponent of those called dists" or "Momiers," Dr. Malan consoles the youth by saying that he himself had "been the Lord on the road to Damascus." "It is adds, "many years since I despised and cal all meetings for prayer. I should have regard disgrace and a stupidity to be found among Now they are my chief joy." He is asked, v the means of this great change, and he rep several pious ministers, particularly two brot fessors Sack, from Berlin), together with Dr. N Mr. Bruen, of New York, who passed throug in 1816, began to produce on his mind a serio sion, and draw his regards to the Saviour.] to the question, "Were you then (in 1816) converted?" he replies in the character of a minister:—

"*The Genevese Minister.*—No; not yet. I m error. I had then become, as far as I remember, but my soul had not yet been awakened. I had upon my salvation, such as it is in our Saviour.

"*Third Inquirer.*—And who was it that led yo

"*The Genevese Minister.*—It was the honour Haldane. This man, grave, and profoundly akil knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, came to pass so at Geneva, at the same time that the friends e have just spoken were there. . . .

"*The First.*—By what method did he teach you —How did me make you receive it?

"*The Genevese Minister.*—You know, dear br

was the Spirit of God who implanted it in my heart; but was thus that the judicious Haldane taught me. In general, he waited till I put a question to him, and I only went to his house to hear his answers. He often made me repeat the question, in order to assure himself that he had fully understood me. 'What do you think on that subject?' he would say to me. I gave him my opinion. Then he would ask me to support it by Scripture. It was thus that he convinced me of ignorance or weakness. And when I saw me perplexed by my want of acquaintance with the Bible, he would begin to establish the truth in question by passages so clear, so explicit, that it was impossible but that I should yield to the evidence. If one of these passages did not appear to me conclusive, or if I gave it a false interpretation, he would produce immediately four or five others which supported or explained the other, and put the true sense beyond a doubt. In all this discussion he would only say a few words. It was his index finger which spoke; for, exactly as his Bible, literally worn out from having been read and re-read, opened of itself here or there, his finger rested upon the passage, and, while I read it, his piercing eye looked me through, as if he wished to discern the impression which the sword of the Spirit made upon my soul."

At page 420 of the *Lives of Robert and J. A. Haldane* (7th Edition), it is added:—"In the *Conventicle of Rolle*, Dr. Malan distinguishes between his spiritual state, as convinced of orthodoxy, and the awakening of his soul. But when he was 'led to peace;' when he was indeed aroused, and these sentiments came to be uttered, before the Arian and Socinian Company, by lips touched with evangelic fire, from a heart burning with love to Christ, all the enmity of the natural man rose up in arms against the faithful witness for a dishonoured Saviour. His eloquent words dropped on the leaden slumbers of his audience like bolts of fire shot from heaven. Pastors, professors, syndics, and private citizens, were cut to the heart, and almost gnashed on him with their teeth, as Dr. Malan descended from the pulpit and passed through their opening ranks unrecognised, an avoided and rejected man. It was not in his loving nature and tender sensibilities to disregard the insult and derision to which he was thus publicly exposed. His own relatives turned away from him with mingled emotions of disappointment, vexation, and shame. His attached wife, not then, as now, a partaker of the same glorious faith, beheld him with a grieved and wounded heart, and, by her looks, reproached him with the shipwreck of all the cherished dreams of their young ambition. He walked in his robes from the ancient temple of Calvin to his own house, dejected and overwhelmed, about to hide himself in his secret chamber. But, on entering his door, 'the majestic form' and benignant countenance of Robert Haldane met his eye, and his sinking spirits were revived, as by cordial, when his hand was grasped and the words were heard, 'Thank God! The gospel has been once more preached in Geneva!'" Mr. Haldane has himself set on record the impression produced by that celebrated

sermon, which forms so memorable an era in the history of Geneva. Addressing M. Chenevière, he says:—

"But this doctrine of salvation, possessed of such incomparable energy, and when carried home to the heart by Divine influence, accompanied with such signal effects; this doctrine, which had for so long a period been unknown in the pulpits of Geneva, and which formed such a contrast to what was then held forth in its Arian, Semi-Arian, Pelagian, Arminian, insipid nothingness, could not be borne among you. When it unexpectedly burst on you in one of your temples, 'to the amazement of the hearers,' it was like a clap of thunder. I shall not soon forget the astonished, chagrined, irritated, indignant countenances, of some who were present. Many seemed to say, as the Athenians did, when Paul preached to them, 'Thou bringest strange things to our ears.' But far were those, who 'seemed to be pillars,' from adding, 'We would know, therefore, what these things mean, and we will hear thee again of this matter.' An interdict against appearing in the pulpit was soon after laid on the preacher, who, on account of his perseverance in well-doing, has been since divested of all his offices, and driven as far as the apostate Church of Geneva has been able to pursue him. Its language to him, from that day to the present, has been similar to that directed to the prophet of old,—'O thou seer, go, flee away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread, and prophesy there: but prophesy not again any more at Beth-el: for it is the king's chapel, and it is the king's court (Amos vii. 12, 13).'"

"But Dr. Malan was not the only preacher who was now enabled to 'bring strange things' to the ears of the people. M. Gausson, who had been, in some sense, the occasion of inducing Mr. Haldane to return the second time to Geneva, had also been confirmed in faith and strengthened in knowledge, experience, and courage. He was, indeed, without the walls of the city, but still his learning, his eloquence, his influence, and high character, were now all consecrated to that glorious Saviour, whose divine character and Royal priesthood were denied by the company of Pastors. Others were crowding into the ministry imbued with the doctrines which M. Chenevière so loudly denounced. Two of the students, M. Henri Pyt and M. Guers, had been already ordered to send in a confession of their faith. With the simplicity of the dove they avowed their faith, but with the wisdom of the serpent, they clothed it in the language of a confession, venerable from the fact, that it had been sealed with the blood of some of the noblest martyrs of the French Church. The professor declared that such sentiments were enough to make men 'brigands;' and although the youthful confessors were not at that moment excommunicated, yet, in a very short time, they were denied ordination by the Consistory, and compelled to preach the gospel without its bounds. But the Word had gone forth with power to the hearts of many. The great body of the pastors looked on with rage and consternation, whilst those who in any degree held the truth, like M. Moulinié, seemed overwhelmed by the opposition which they had not the courage to stem, and did not even, like Obadiah in the house of

Ahab, secretly supply a hiding-place for the prophets of the Lord."

Those who desire to find a minute and authentic detail of the early struggles of César Malan with the Genevan Consistory and the other authorities will find it in the work already cited, so ably written by Baron de Goltz. The Baron tells us how Malan was delivered from the prevalent heresies as to the person of our Lord, but that "it was not till he had come under the decisive influence of Haldane, that Malan gave himself up unreservedly to the service of the Lord. From that time he seems ever to have been animated by this one thought, that he had received a Divine commission to be a witness for the truth, and that of this commission he was bound to acquit himself, whether he were at home or abroad, on a journey, or in society. He relinquished, from that time without hesitation, all his favourite occupations, in so far as they did not bear upon this testimony to the grace of God, which had now become the one object of his life. On one occasion, when urged not to neglect the talents of which he had given proof in the culture of the classical languages, he replied, 'My life is too short!' Neither time, nor place, nor any human consideration, could hinder him from bearing witness; he would do it, in season and out of season, even at times and in places where his witness was not asked, and where it was altogether unlooked for."

The Baron de Goltz's book was published about two years ago, at a time when the career of Dr. Malan was fast drawing to its close, but to the very last so far as health and strength permitted, his testimony was as earnest, as persistent, and as distinct as in the days of his first love.

Within our narrow limits we cannot follow the details of that noble struggle which César Malan waged with the Rationalists of the fallen Church of Geneva. But to that Church and the recollections associated with its illustrious founder, he long clung with a desperate fidelity. The order which forbade him to ascend the pulpit of Calvin was but the beginning of the struggle, and, in his desire for peace and union, he at one moment in so far seemed to compromise his fidelity by signing, after a year's hesitation, the regulations of the 3d of May, 1817, which forbade preaching upon controverted, although fundamental doctrines. But it was a compromise which could not last. The convictions of conscience, and the burning impulse of a spirit quickened with heavenly fire, soon caused him to violate the engagement forced on him by timid friends rather than by bitter enemies. To express his convictions in the clearest and most pointed form, was to him a necessity. It was not the outburst of an aggressive or contentious spirit. In August, Malan desired once more to mount the pulpit, and when asked what subject he would treat, he replied that he would speak upon James ii. 14. The subject was, "What is the faith that saves?" It was the occasion of the final

rupture, and, like his first sermon, was published. "It is," says Baron de Goltz, "a masterpiece of didactic power and of ardor." The sermon opens with these words,—In councils of his mercy and wisdom, God has man should only be saved by faith in Christ. Starting from this point, the preacher then pointed question,—“Have you the faith which He perceives his audience astonished by such a question, all those to whom it was addressed—born, baptized, and educated in the bosom of the Reformation, frequenting its worship, taking of its sacraments. Still he urges that salvation was not the less necessary, for “not every man saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.” This sermon, which would not attract particular attention, once more filled the church with rage. The Sunday school was afterwards closed—that school which he had originated and where he taught two hundred and fifty pupils. On the 6th of November, 1818, he was dismissed from his office as Regent, which he had occupied with much distinction, and he was forbidden to preach from the pulpits in the Canton. But even then the idea of separation, as he had already made a generous offer of Henry Drummond, who had been to secure to him an income of £300 a-year, that he should become the pastor of an independent congregation, and break the fetters of “a false Satan.” For two years Malan importuned the authorities to withdraw their ban; but he preached from his own house, and sought the means of supporting his pupils, who, attracted by his reputation, came from England and Scotland. At last he built in his garden, partly at his own expense, through the contributions of friends in other parts. He called it his *Chapelle du Témoinage*. It was opened on the 8th of October, 1820. He preserved his character as a Pastor, and he still preached in the Genevan gown and frill, made pastoral ministrations, catechetical instruction, but refused to administer Holy Communion, or to baptize, or to perform marriages. In the midst of the storm of opposition burst upon him, this chapel was the resort of the persecuted, were pricked to the heart, and asked, “What do we do to be saved.” Terms of reconciliation were not accepted were offered to him, although he made several concessions, and only begged to be allowed to enjoy “the benefits of the blessed Reformation in the same sense as our brethren the Lutherans, the Calvinists of Germany, and the English.” But to this the ungodly majority replied that he was excluded from the ministry of the Church;” and the State, on the demand of the Consistory, “suspension both as a minister of God and as a citizen from the Protestant Church of the Canton. Being thus, in 1823, forcibly excommunicated, he attached himself to the Church of Scotland.

of Divinity was conferred on him by the city of Glasgow, and, so far as his chapel was concerned, nothing was changed, except that he now celebrated the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the revival which Malan for several years so manfully, and ably, maintained before he was finally ejected. It was at first kindled at Geneva in 1816, and spread to Lausanne, and other parts of Switzerland. It even extended to France, where a revival at Montauban in 1817, spread in many of the Churches, whilst Henri Pyt, Bost, the two and other faithful Evangelists of the Continental Churches were doing the same work which Felix Neff, and his honoured agents, although then unknown to Malan, was doing in the valleys of the Alps.

"It was this which gave to Malan," says Baron de Goltz, "a powerful influence on the souls of his audience, and doubt, the force with which he preached the Gospel of free grace, with which he presented the new era which demonstrates itself to be efficacious in the feebleness of man. His cantiques, his private conversations, had a wonderful result, with the nobleness of his bearing and the nobility of a look which proclaimed his own confidence in the Word he announced, and the burning love of his flock; he bore testimony to the salvation which is in Christ. The most beautiful of his cantiques are those which express the sentiment of reposing joyfully in the confidence of adoption as a child of God."

Malan was indeed one who understood and made manifest the true force of that often-abused expression, "the Fatherhood of God." He was a noble evangelist, with the courage of a martyr with a spirit of love, and he feared him to those with whom he was most intimately connected. He was admirably fitted him for the work of rousing the Church from orthodoxy, and rebuking Pelagian and heresy. But when this work was done, the human instrument was more visible. For all things went on smoothly in the congregation around the ejected pastor in his "Church of Geneva." But he had an orbit of his own, and he was a man whose natural dispositions fitted him to be active in public affairs in concert with those whose views, doctrine or on matters of discipline, fell short of his. The celebrated Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh, playfully said to him, it must be "aut Caesar, aut nullus." Henry Drummond used jocularly to call him "the Pope of Geneva," and, although as loving and paternal, he could not easily brook opposition. There were those in Geneva, who had in an earlier stage of the revival, separated from the Church of Geneva, and such eminent men as Peytaz, Bost, Guers, and Gonthier, were the heads of a Church known by its locality, first as the Church of *Bourg-de-Fours*, but now as the Church of *Genève*. There was a desire for union between

the members of this Church and that of the Church of *Du Témoignage*." But Dr. Malan did not agree with the congregationalist or voluntary principles of the Church of the *Bourg-de-Fours*, and he wished his Church to be the continuation of that of Calvin, both in doctrine and discipline. Differences also occurred, especially with M. Ami Bost, who had adopted, and strongly urged, baptist principles, and other views not in accordance with Calvin's ideas of the authority of the ministry. Into these discussions we do not enter; but in order to illustrate the character and history of Dr. Malan, we cannot do better than once more refer to the history of Baron du Goltz. After noticing that Malan's Presbyterianism in effect bordered on "pure Episcopacy" and that he was himself, in effect so infinitely superior to the members of his flock, that his Church was a little monarchy presided over by an absolute king; Baron de Goltz details the circumstances which led a number of his most attached communicants to seek the more republican form of Church Government which prevailed in the Church of the *Bourg-de-Fours*.

"One subject," says De Goltz, "which could not fail to be an occasion of constant collision between Malan and the Church of the *Bourg-de-Fours*, was the high idea which he entertained of the authority of the Christian ministry. He strictly adhered to the clerical costume, he rejected the 'natural worship' of which so much was made in the other Church, and he required from his flock entire obedience in Church matters. The application of discipline was also exclusively in his hands. It was this circumstance which, little by little, occasioned a spirit of dissatisfaction which met the tendency to opposition against the office of ministers which then began to appear in the separated Churches. In 1830, about sixty members of his flock, from whom he had asked a vote of absolute confidence with regard to his doctrine, separated themselves from him, and joined the Church of *Bourg-de-Fours*; among their members were some of his best and dearest friends. His Church never recovered from that blow. From thenceforward Malan became more and more isolated, and, although up to the present time (1862), he pursues his course with an immovable consistency, and although his activity and his influence over strangers have increased since then, the number of his auditors has diminished at several secessions, and is now reduced to a very small number. We decline here further to follow the history of the Church of *Witness*, *L'Eglise du Témoignage*. As to Malan himself, he continues (1862) to exercise his personal ministry, proclaiming with perseverance the Word of Truth, as an evangelist, both at Geneva and to strangers in his numerous missionary journeys."

It would be difficult to give a correct idea of the extent of his pastoral, missionary, and literary labours, especially during the busiest years of his active life. His tracts, which are said to be the best in the French language, amount in number to one hundred. The originator of Sunday schools at Geneva, the founder of a Penitentiary, the manager of a Religious Tract Society, the conductor, between 1824 and 1830, of a small school of theology, from which several valuable pastors pro-

ceeded, he took part also in several controversial discussions with the Romish Church, and he soothed his toils and cares by composing both words and music for his *Chants de Sion*, which have had so great a success. His music is known in Canterbury Cathedral, and in the French Missions in Canada and Africa. His compositions have been justly said by the *Journal de Genève* to form a new era in the history of sacred music in France and Switzerland. His zeal for Christ never flagged. Although he no longer lived in the same blaze of celebrity which at one time concentrated around him—so much of mingled love and hatred—his own faith and patience only burned with a clearer, although more softened lustre. In some of his earlier visits to England, Scotland, and Ireland he had enjoyed a dazzling popularity. In 1826 his mode of insisting on the personal assurance of the faith of each individual Christian, was, in Scotland especially, pushed to an extreme, which is said to have brought out those pernicious sentiments, concerning Universal Pardon, which were soon afterwards broached by Thomas Erskine of Linlathin, Campbell of Row, the Irvingites, the Morisonians, and others, whose doctrinal opinions concerning the Atonement and the mystery of Redemption were in their most essential points the very opposite of his own. In his desire to make faith a living reality in the heart of every individual believer, and not a matter of hopeful doubt, he sometimes spoke in such a manner as to encourage presumptuous reliance on the act of belief, when he only desired to inspire an appropriating and child-like confidence in Jesus and the promises of God. Hence supposed conversions sometimes issued in disappointments, just as we have seen in other revival movements. But Malan's missionary work was, on the whole, one which will abide the fiery ordeal of the Last Day. He built upon Christ as the Rock; and although wood, hay, and stubble might sometimes be too hastily heaped on this foundation, yet the gold, silver, and precious stones preponderate; and to him pre-eminently belongs the promise concerning those who have turned many to righteousness, and who shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. His house was the resort of foreigners from all parts of the world, and perhaps, especially from America. One grand theme occupied his conversation—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. There was a charm in his conversation which those can best appreciate who knew him most intimately. His letters, also, were like his conversation, welling out in living streams from the fountain of a renewed heart—the joy of one who, to use his own words, “was once a slave, but is now emancipated;” who feels that the eternal and immutable love of God is a subject of inexhaustible joy to those who know the love of the Father, the sacrificial atonement of the Son, the life by, and the consolation of, the Holy Spirit. In 1861 he was much cheered by the great Réunion of British and Foreign Christians at Geneva, and the circumstance that the Church of St. Pierre, from which he had been excluded,

was lent for the meetings, called forth expressions of devout thankfulness to God. It is even said, in a biographical notice in the *Semaine Religieuse* of Geneva, that, had not age and illness prevented, he would have realized one of his longest and most cherished wishes, which was, once more to ascend the pulpit of the National Church.

In a glowing letter, dated 16th September, 1861, addressed to the writer of this sketch, he says, “But, dear friend, what a testimony has the Holy Spirit given in this very city, where the lie has so long prevailed and ‘the Man of Sin erected his throne!’ There is no such thing as chance in our God (‘il n’y a point de hasard à notre Dieu’), dear friend, and it has not been without his paternal benediction that his children were so united, and that their prayers, and often what fervent prayers, ascended to the throne of grace.”

But the time drew near when he was to finish his course. On the 7th of July last year he completed his seventy-sixth year, and after a tedious and painful illness, on Sunday, the 8th of May, in the present year, he entered into rest. *Le Journal de Genève*, the most respectable and influential Conservative journal in his native city, published on the occasion of his death a long article, of which the excellent English chaplain at Geneva, the Rev. Henry Downton, has justly said that “no higher testimony can be imagined to the character of Dr. Malan than such an article in the pages of a leading political and literary journal in the city where he spent his life.” Although the journalist does not appreciate the full value of the great truths for which Dr. Malan contended, yet we make a few extracts to indicate the impression his departure has made on the public mind of Geneva. The writer, after only sketching the career which we have traced down to the year 1830, when the division took place in the *Chapelle de Témoignage*, and the number of his people was reduced, observes that Malan was not himself discouraged, but devoted himself more to the work of evangelization in other countries. He proceeds:—

“He made in France, Belgium, Holland, and elsewhere, numerous missionary journeys, and found pulpits everywhere placed at his disposal. He has himself, in some of his writings, and these not the least interesting, preserved memorials of these journeys. His chapel was never closed. He continued to care for the smaller flock with the same zeal which he had shown in watching over the larger one; and if, in the days of his prosperity, he might perhaps have been reproached with some stiffness and a certain spirit of domination, his angles had been softened down by trial, his bark (*écorce*) had lost a little of its roughness, and the charm of ripe age far surpassed that of his earlier years. This word roughness (*rudesse*) which we employ we should be glad to be able to erase, for it does not exactly express our meaning, or rather it seems to convey an idea of blame, which is not our intention; but we must keep the word, because, like everybody else, Malan, who had the good qualities of his faults, had the faults of his good qualities; and for all he was of easy temper, he had in the turn of his mind something absolute

remptory. Men of this mould cannot keep step (*en le pas*) either with their colleagues, or even with circumstances; and Malan, since 1816, has always had to walk although beloved and respected by all his companions our.

Since the year 1856 Malan had retired to Vandœuvre to all family property, but he continued to preach up to the last November, going a-foot from Vandœuvre to the Evêque (a distance of nearly three English miles), his illness not allowing him to cause a servant, or a driver, horse, to work on Sunday. This circumstance may be a smile, but it is characteristic of the man, the practical theologian. A sufferer already for several years past, and this winter become the subject of a painful disorder, attacked by paralysis, but he preserved to the close an admirable serenity. His death-bed was the continuation of his ministry; and those who had the privilege of approaching it were able to witness what perfect peace and the firmness of his faith afforded to him. He expired in the midst of the acutest sufferings, and it was for him without a pang, because he knew in whom he believed.

During the winter he suffered much, and about the closing of the present year he was believed to be sinking, and sent messages to his friends desiring their prayers. There was a brief revival, but his sufferings renewed. His unbroken patience, his pious resignation, his humble but unwavering faith, seem to have surprised some who knew the natural energy of impulsive character, and were not prepared to witness in him such an example of calm submission and surmuring faith. "From the beginning of his long illness," says this Genevese writer, "he scarcely did more than humbly say 'Amen!' to the exhortations and prayers of his friends and his sons. When he expressed more directly his resignation, his confidence, his desire to go to his Saviour, it was in words, and in these words the preacher and the theologian were merged in the simple believer. It was the most eloquent of all his preaching, and will survive in the memory of those by whom it was heard." To his son he said that there were "no clouds" between him and the object of his faith. The time passed long, but instead of repining, he would say, "And will soon open the door" to admit him to everlasting repose. In a moment of suffering, "one of his sons reminded him that it was all permitted of God, the dying saint answered, 'Say, rather, God wills and thus he received it.'" The following is an extract from a letter written by a beloved daughter who had been the stay of his declining years, and nursed him during the whole of his last illness:—

At half-past one to-day, Sunday, his spirit winged its flight to those regions of repose and happiness where long the Saviour had prepared a place for him, and where he enjoys for eternity the rest to which he had here so long been a stranger. His last moments were, thank God, very calm, he literally fell asleep. The night appears to have

been restless, and when I entered his room this morning he seemed suffering and uneasy. He groaned a little from time to time, and only a little drop of water seemed to calm him. But at nine o'clock this ceased entirely, at the very moment when the Church assembled in the Oratoire were praying for him, and from that time till the moment when he awoke in the glory of heaven, his sleep was perfectly peaceful."

In another letter from the same daughter we read:—

"Suddenly, without a gasp, the breath stopped, a heavenly radiance beamed on his face so exquisite that all exclaimed, 'How beautiful!' He looked as if he had really seen the glory through an open door. Then the pale hue of death and the repose of perfect peace set their seal on those loved features—on that noble face! Surely when he spoke of waiting at the friend's door, it was what he really saw. At the moment of his departure a peal of thunder passed over the house and rolled away among the mountains. It must have been very grand at that moment of silence and that scene of awe—earth and heaven touching, and the angel of death standing beside them."

He died as he had lived, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." In another letter to the writer of this brief notice, it is said, "God had laid on him a heavy hand, and he adored that hand. Never, never, dear sir, during six months of suffering, often very acute, was there the least murmur, never a repining question (*jamais un pourquoi*), and especially, for which we cannot be too thankful, never a single doubt. His faith so firm; his faith, like that of Abraham, remained the same to the end. Satan never had permission to touch it. God had allowed Satan to afflict his body, but the precious soul of this faithful servant was kept beyond the reach of the tempter, to the very moment when he entered into the joy of his Lord."

He was buried on the Tuesday following his departure, and a very long procession followed him to his last resting-place, by the side of his venerable mother at the cemetery of Vandœuvre. Fifteen pasteurs and many laymen, both of the National and of the Free Church, came from the town to pay him these last honours, and there were also many country people from all the surrounding villages. It was a very solemn scene, and they sung one of his own most beautiful "Chants de Sion" at the grave, "Non ce n'est pas mourir, que d'aller vers son Dieu," the same hymn which was sung with such emphasis in the cemetery of the Palais Plain, when all that was mortal of his illustrious friend and contemporary, Louis Gaussen, was last year committed to the tomb.

Dr. Malan married in 1811, the excellent and devoted wife who now survives to mourn the loss of the husband, to whom she had been for more than fifty-three years the beloved help-meet. By her he has had five sons and seven daughters. Of the four surviving sons, the eldest is the Rev. Salomon C. J. Malan, formerly of Balliol College, Oxford, and now Vicar of Broad Winsor,


Dorsetshire. The second son, Henry Victor, M.D., residing near Guildford, married the daughter of Hon. Captain Frederic Noel, R.N., and niece of the Earl of Gainsborough. The third son, César, is a Swiss pastor.

Of the seven surviving daughters, six are married, and to the remaining one we are indebted for the precious memorials of the last days of the venerated parent, to whose comfort it was her privilege to minister.

THE CHARACTERS OF A BELIEVING CHRISTIAN,

IN PARADOXES AND SEEMING CONTRADICTIONS.*

[In perusing the following aphorisms, their paradoxical character must be borne in mind. The apparent contradictions in the credenda of the Church are stated baldly and in an exaggerated form, so as to arrest attention and stimulate thought. For instance, in the second paradox, we are not to understand that three persons are one, and that one is three, in the same sense, but that there is a sense most true and certain in which the unity of the Godhead consists of a trinity of persons, and the trinity of persons compose one absolute unity.]

1.  CHRISTIAN is one that believes things his reason cannot comprehend; he hopes for things which neither he nor any man alive ever saw; he labours for that which he knoweth he shall never obtain, yet, in the issue, his belief appears not to be false, his hope makes him not ashamed, his labour is not in vain.

2. He believes three to be one, and one to be three; a father not to be elder than his son; a son to be equal with his father; and one proceeding from both to be equal with both; he believing three persons in one nature, and two natures in one person.

3. He believes a virgin to be mother of a son, and that very son of hers to be her Maker. He believes Him to have been shut up in a narrow room, whom heaven and earth could not contain. He believes him to have been born in time who was and is from everlasting. He believes him to have been a weak child, carried in arms, who is the Almighty; and him once to have died who "only bath life and immortality" in himself.

4. He believes the God of all grace to have been angry with one that hath never offended him; and that God, who hates sin, to be reconciled to himself, though sinning continually, and never making, or being able to make, him satisfaction. He believes a most just God to have punished a most just Person, and to have justified himself though a most ungodly sinner. He believes himself freely pardoned, and yet a sufficient satisfaction was made for him.

5. He believes himself to be precious in God's sight, and yet loathes himself in his own. He dares not justify himself in those things wherein he can find no fault with himself, and yet believes that God accepts him in those services wherein he is able to find many faults.

6. He praises God for his justice, and yet fears him for his mercy. He is so ashamed as that he dares not open his mouth before God, and yet he comes with boldness to God, and asks him anything he needs. He

is so humble as to acknowledge himself to deserve nothing but evil, and yet believes that God means him all good. He is one that fears always, yet is as bold as a lion. He is often sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; many times complaining, yet always giving thanks. He is the most lowly-minded, yet the greatest aspirer; most contented, yet ever craving.

7. He bears a lofty spirit in a mean condition; when he is ablest, he thinks meanest of himself. He is rich in poverty, and poor in the midst of riches. He believes all the world to be his, yet he dares take nothing without special leave from God. He covenants with God for nothing, yet looks for a great reward. He loseth his life and gains by it; and whilst he loseth it, he saveth it.

8. He lives not to himself, yet of all others he is most wise for himself. He denieth himself often, yet no man loveth himself so well as he. He is most reproached, yet most honoured. He hath most afflictions and most comforts.

9. The more injury his enemies do him, the more advantages he gains by them. The more he forsakes worldly things, the more he enjoys them.

10. He is the most temperate of all men, yet eats most deliciously; he lends and gives most freely, yet he is the greatest usurer; he is meek towards all men, yet inexorable by men. He is the best child, husband, brother, friend, yet hates father and mother, brother and sister. He loves all men as himself, yet hates some men with a perfect hatred.

11. He desires to have more grace than any man hath in the world, yet is truly sorrowful when he seeth any man have less than himself; he knoweth no man after the flesh, yet gives all men their due respects; he knoweth if he please man he cannot be the servant of Christ, yet, for Christ's sake, he pleaseth all men in all things. He is a peace-maker, yet is a continual fighter, and is an irreconcilable enemy.

12. He believes him to be worse than an infidel that provides not for his family, yet himself lives and dies without care. He accounts all his superiors, yet stands stiffly upon authority. He is severe to his children, because he loveth him; and by being favourable unto his enemy, he revengeth himself upon him.

13. He believes the angels to be more excellent creatures

* From a valuable and admirably edited volume of selections from the writings of Lord Bacon, issued by the Religious Tract Society in their valuable series entitled, "The Wisdom of the Ancients."—*Ed. F. T.*

than himself, and yet accounts them his servants believes that he receives many good things by their means, and yet he neither prays for their assistance, nor gives them thanks, which he doth not disdain to do to meanest Christian.

1. He believes himself to be a king, how mean soever he be, and how great soever he be, yet he thinks himself not too good to be a servant to the poorest saint.

5. He is often in prison, yet always at liberty; a man, though a servant. He loves not honour amongst men, yet highly prizeth a good name.

3. He believes that God hath bidden every man that is him good to do so; he yet of any man is the most thankful to them that do aught for him. He would lay down his life to save the soul of his enemy, yet will adventure upon one sin to save the life of him who seduced him.

7. He swears to his own hindrance, and changeth his oath, yet he knoweth that his oath cannot tie him to sin.

18. He believes Christ to have no need of anything doth, yet maketh account that he doth relieve Christ in all his acts of charity. He knoweth he can do nothing himself, yet labours to work out his own salvation. He professeth he can do nothing, yet as truly professeth he can do all things: he knoweth that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, yet believeth he will go to heaven both body and soul.

19. He trembles at God's word, yet counts it sweeter to him than honey and the honey-comb, and dearer than treasures of gold and silver.

20. He believes that God will never damn him, and he fears God for being able to cast him into hell. He knoweth he shall not be saved by nor for his good works, yet he doth all the good works he can.

21. He knoweth God's providence is in all things, yet is not diligent in his calling and business, as if he were to cut out the thread of his own happiness. He believes beforehand that God hath purposed what he shall be, and that nothing can make him to alter his purpose; yet he prays and endeavours, as if he would force God to change him for ever.

22. He prays and labours for that which he is confident God means to give; and the more assured he is, the more earnestly he prays for that he knows he shall never obtain, and yet gives not over. He prays and labours for that which he knows he shall be no less happy without; he prays with all his heart not to be led into temptation, yet rejoiceth when he is fallen into it (James i. 2, 12); he believes his prayers are heard when they are denied, and gives thanks for that which he prays against.

23. He hath within him both flesh and spirit, yet he is not a double-minded man; he is often led captive by the law of sin, yet it never gets dominion over him; he is not sin, yet can do nothing without sin. He doth nothing against his will, yet he doth what he would not. He wavers and doubteth, yet obtains.

24. He is often tossed and shaken, yet it is as Mount

Sion; he is a serpent and a dove, a lamb and a lion, a reed and a cedar. He is sometimes so troubled that he thinks nothing to be true in religion, yet if he did think so, he could not at all be troubled. He thinks sometimes that God hath no mercy for him, yet resolves to die in the pursuit of it. He believes, like Abraham, against hope, and though he cannot answer God's logic, yet, with the woman of Canaan, he hopes to prevail with the rhetoric of importunity.

25. He wrestles and yet prevails; and though yielding himself unworthy of the least blessing he enjoys, yet, Jacob-like, he will not let Him go without a new blessing; he sometimes thinks himself to have no grace at all, and yet how poor and afflicted soever he be, he would not change conditions with the most prosperous man under heaven that is a manifest worldling.

26. He thinks sometimes that the ordinances of God do him no good, yet he would rather part with his life than be deprived of them.

27. He was born dead, yet so that it had been murder for any to have taken his life away. After he began to live, he was ever dying.

28. And though he hath an eternal life begun in him, yet he makes account he hath a death to pass through.

29. He counts self-murder a heinous sin, yet is ever busied in crucifying the flesh, and in putting to death his earthly members, not doubting but there will come a time of glory, when he shall be esteemed precious in the sight of the great God of heaven and earth; appearing with boldness at his throne, and asking anything he needs, being endued with humility by acknowledging his great crimes and offences, and that he deserveth nothing but severe punishment.

30. He believes his soul and body shall be as full of glory as them that have more, and no more full than theirs that have less.

31. He lives invisible to those that see him, and those that know him best do but guess at him, yet those many times judge more truly of him than he doth of himself.

32. The world will sometimes account him a saint when God accounteth him a hypocrite; and afterwards, when the world branded him for a hypocrite, then God owned him for a saint.

33. His death makes not an end of him. His soul, which was put into his body, is not to be perfected without his body, yet his soul is more happy when it is separated from his body than when it was joined unto it; and his body, though torn in pieces, burned to ashes, ground to powder, turned to rottenness, shall be no loser.

34. His Advocate, his Surety, shall be his Judge; his mortal part shall become immortal, and what was sown in corruption and defilement shall be raised in incorruption and glory; and a finite creature shall possess an infinite happiness.

GLORY BE TO GOD.

DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVILYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

PART VII.



THINK no one ever had so many kinds of happiness mixed together in their cup as I have.

I can hardly ever get beyond "adoration" and "thanksgiving" in my "acts of piety" now, except when I have to make "confession" of not having been half thankful enough.

For Hugh is to be his father's curate, and Parson Spencer told Mother it has always been understood that, after him, the living will be given to Hugh, so that we are to have the great joy, Hugh and I, of having it for our business in life, to do all the good we can all our lives long to those who have known us from our childhood. All the good we can in every kind of way. Other people have it for their calling, the thing given them to do, to fight in the King's armies, or to make laws, or to make other people keep them, or to buy and sell, or, like Betty, to make butter and scrub floors, doing what good they can, by the way, or after their work is done; but doing good is to be our business, profession, study, always, every day, Hugh's and mine. In the morning we are to think who there are around us to be helped or comforted, turned out of the wrong way, cheered on in the right. With others, maintenance, traffic, are necessary objects. We need not have one selfish object in life. The poorest must feel there is always one door in the parish from which they will not be turned away. Those who have sunk the lowest must feel that there is always one hand that will not fear to be polluted by touching them to lift them up.

And all this will not be a romantic enterprise for us, but simple, plain duty, which is so much sweeter.

For Hugh says it is a desecration of the endowments which were given of old for sacred purposes, when the clergy treat their incomes as if they were like any common produce of traffic, or estate of inheritance, or wages of secular work. It is consecrated wealth still, he says; and when we have used what we need for a simple and unpretentious household, we owe our superfluous stores to the Church and the poor. All Christians, he says, are indeed stewards of consecrated wealth, but the clergy, he thinks, more especially. It would be a disgrace, he thinks, if the distinction between the Popish clergy and ours were that ours are *secularized* into mere thrifty farmers, or little squires. It is not in *devotedness* we should differ from the ancient priesthood.

I am afraid it is the parsonesses that put things

wrong sometimes. I hope I shall not be a hind to Hugh. I must not grudge his going out in evening on any summons of duty, on stormy nights, though he may seem wearied already with the work. I must not let any womanish fears prevent visiting the sick, even though the sickness be a contagious pestilence. Should I be less brave than a soldier's wife, or a poor fisherman's? Men are to peril their lives and to wear out their strong work, Hugh says; and if the Parson's calling were without its perils and toils, it would be less than the sailor's, or the shepherd's, or the mine or any other working man's, and therefore less Christian.

Easy things for me to intend; but not so easy when the peril or the trial comes! Yet if we have the true blessing of our calling, we must go to it, Hugh says, not as a paradise, but as a camp. And then it will be *we*, always *we*! and that makes the difference.

Yet how could I bear to take this happiness if I bring loss to Mother, if I caught her tender eyes now and then watching me wistfully, and filling tears,—and she still so feeble. But this will not take me from her,—not at all at first, for we are to our home under this dear old roof,—so that it will all gain to Mother and to Father too. And then I must have some one to consult about everything. Because that is another especial blessing Hugh knows all about us all. He has watched Mother as anxiously as I have; and we can plan together about the best of helping Jack, without my telling him anything of the things I scarcely could have told even if he had not known them before.

Hugh is not at all hopeless about Jack, although he knows all; but he says he seems like some one in a dream, and he does think it must be a rough call that will wake him.

Father and Betty are so busy clearing out and pairing the rooms in the older part of the house, that they are to be ours,—delightful old rooms with great chimneys, and one in a tower with a long arched window, which is to be Hugh's own den. It is big and from the casement, through an opening of the wall, you catch one glimpse of the sea,—a bright line of light on sunny days, at evening a dim heaving cloud of mist against the green gold of the sunset; and always, says, a path for thought to sail on, out into the world.

Hugh and I have dived into forgotten stores in the umber-room, and fished up wonderful pearls in the shape of old oaken chairs, which only want their backs mended, and tables which only want a leg or two to be set stately.

Betty thinks little of these discoveries, saying coolly that ten shillings' worth of furniture from the shop in Falmouth is worth them all. But then, living and associations have no value in Betty's entry.

She thinks much more of Mother's purchases and manufactures, although she says clothes in these days are mere cobwebs compared to the stuffs of our forefathers, when Master's great-grandmother's wedding dress survived to become a christening robe for Master, and after that a covering for the best sofa, and looked good as new to the last.

But Mother and Betty have become quite confidential once more over the matter, Betty's sober and conservative views about woolseys and linseys having in some measure restored the confidence in her judgment, so much impaired in Mother's mind by her views about the Methodists.

Hugh said the other day there is no doubt Mr. John Wesley would recognise Mother to be a most saintly woman, if he knew her; and that he feels sure, if Mother knew Mr. John Wesley, his life of labour, his entire devotion to God, his unlimited benevolence and beneficence to man, his attachment to the Church services, she would reverse him as next to the apostles. It is the greatest trial of Reformers, he thinks, that they have often to be blamed and misunderstood by the good men and women of their times.

He says if Mother had lived in Martin Luther's time she might probably have prayed for him in her convent as a prodigal whilst living by the very faith he spent his life to proclaim.

"But if Mother had lived in a convent, Hugh," I said, "she would never have been married, and she would have been a Papist; which would have been impossible."

He smiled, and said,—

"But Kitty, Mr. Wesley thinks some of the holiest people who ever lived were Roman Catholics."

"That must have been when there was nothing else for people to be," I said.

"Nay," he replied, "Mr. Wesley says now, 'I dare not exclude from the Church catholic all those congregations in which unscriptural doctrines, which cannot be affirmed to be the pure word of God are sometimes, very frequently preached; neither all those congregations in which the sacraments are not duly administered,—(as the Church of Rome) whoever they are that have one spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one God and Father of all.'"

"That is a great comfort," I said. "But I think we had better not conjecture what Mother would have been if she had lived in Martin Luther's days. No—

thing bewilders my brain like thinking what might have been if something else had been. Thank God, Hugh, she did not live in those old dark days, nor any of us."

"I am very thankful *you* did not at any rate, Kitty," he said, with his quiet smile, which is as joyous as laughter, "at least unless we had all been transplanted together."

But I was intending to write about Betty, and I have wandered quite away.

One evening about a fortnight since, Father was sitting after supper in one corner of the hall, smoking some Virginian tobacco a ship's captain had brought him lately as a present; with the Book on Fortification open before him, and Mother and I were busy cutting out garments at the deal table at the other side of the fire, when Betty, after removing the supper, announced her intention of joining the Methodist Society which met in the village.

Mother said gravely,—

"You can do as you like, Betty, indeed I suppose you *will* do as you like. This new kind of religion seems to make that a necessity for every one."

Very severe words for Mother; yet Mother being the gentlest of beings, is nevertheless in her gentle way absolutely impenetrable when once her mind is made up.

"Once for all, however, Betty," she continued laying down her scissors, and speaking in the low quiet tone neither Jack nor I ever thought of resisting. "I think it my duty faithfully to warn you. I do not understand this religion of violent excitement and determined self-will. The religion I believe in is one which enables us to control our feelings and yield up our self-will."

"Missis," said Betty, "I may as well speak my mind out at once too. If you mean that I couldn't keep back my tears at the Sacrament yesterday, no more I couldn't, nor I scarce can now when I think of it. For the blessed Lord himself was *there*, and I felt as sure of it as that poor woman who washed his feet with her tears. I felt it was the Lord himself giving himself to me, and showing me he loved me, and had died for me, and that my sins were forgiven. Didn't old Widow Jennifer rouse up all the town with her crying and sobbing when her poor lost boy came back, that was thought to be wrecked; and didn't he sob too, bearded man as he was? And is it any wonder I should cry at finding my God? Sure enough, Missis, I was shipwrecked worse than Jennifer's son, and sure enough my God is more to me than any mother and son to each other. O Missis, if you only knew how lost I had been, you wouldn't wonder. You'd wonder I kept as quiet as I did."

Mother was silent some little time. Her kind thoughtful eyes moistened and then were cast down, and she only said very gently,—

"I know such assured peace and such joys have been

given to some, Betty, but they were great saints, and I think it was generally just before their death."

"Well, Missis," said Betty, simply, "I am sure I am no great saint, and I don't know that I am like to die, but I know that none but the Lord could give me joy like that; and if it's for me, surely it's for all. And John Nelson says our parsons say so every Sunday."

"The parsons say every Sunday, every one may know their sins are forgiven!" exclaimed Mother.

"Every one who repents and believes," said Betty. "Mr. John Nelson made me see how it says in the Prayer-book, 'He pardoneth and absolveth all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe his Holy Gospel.' And if I ever felt anything truly in my life, Missis, I've felt sorry for my sins, and hated them, and they say that is repentance. And if I believe anything in the world, it is that the blessed Lord died on the Cross for sinners, and John Nelson says that is the Holy Gospel. So that, now, whenever our parson comes to that, my heart leaps for joy. For it isn't 'will pardon,' but 'pardoneth,' and that must mean forgives *now*. So it's all the same to me as if the parson said, 'Betty Roskelly, God Almighty has commanded me to tell you he forgives you your sins for the sake of Christ Jesus our Lord.' And Missis," concluded Betty, "I don't mind how little I can understand the sermon, when that's so plain. So when the parson gets into the pulpit, I listen to the text, (which is most times plain too), and then I think, 'Now he's going to preach to the learned folks, like himself, but I've got my sermon already, and it's enough for me;' so I sit and think, quite content."

"But," resumed Mother after a pause, "you have heard those words every Sunday of your life. What makes the absolution such a new and strange thing to you?"

"I can't well say, Missis," said Betty, "unless it is the '*now*' and '*me*.' I always listened to it all as if the parson were reading good words made a long time ago about good things a long way off to be given after a long while to I didn't exactly know who. But when I came to see that it is God *now* forgiving *me*, that makes all the difference."

"Now, if the Prayer-book makes you so content, Betty," said Mother, shifting her attack, "what do you want with those new-fangled meetings?"

"It's the meetings that make me understand the prayers, Missis," said Betty, persisting.

"I hope you *do* understand them, Betty, and are not deluding yourself," said Mother, and having thus reserved her rights to the last word, she abandoned the contest, and Betty retired.

In the course of the evening, as we were all gathered round the fire, Father said,—

"My dear, I advise you to have no more theological discussions with Betty. She turned your position neatly with her quotations from the Prayer-book."

Mother coloured a little.

"You know, my dear, we pray every Sunday against schism as well as against heresy, and I am very much

afraid of people deluding themselves into a kind of religious insanity with this new religion."

"My dear," said Father, "I have seen a good many religious, and not too much religion in the world with all of them together. I am not much afraid of a schism which sends people to church, nor of an insanity which makes them good servants. These are strange times. The squire told me to-day they have sent poor John Greenfield to prison, and when I asked him why, (for though the poor fellow was a sad drunkard and ill-lived in years past, since he has taken up with the Methodists he has been as steady as old Time), he said, 'why the man is well enough in other things; but his impudence is not to be borne. Why, sir, he says he knows his sins are forgiven.'" But," concluded Father, gravely, "there are some old soldiers who might think poor John Greenfield's penalty worth bearing, if they could share his crime."

Mother is always easily melted out of the rigidity of controversy by any symptom of yielding on the other side. It is so foreign to her nature that (as I have noticed with other gentle people), the very effort required to enter on it makes her for the time more stiff and unyielding when she begins; just as I have noticed that a captain of militia will wear his untried sword with twice as fierce and military an air as Father, who fought through the great Duke's campaigns. But now, seeing Father's pensive face, she gladly doffed her armour and laid her hand on his arm and said,—

"My love, the Bible says 'there is forgiveness with God for all.'" And lowering her voice she added, "When I look at the Cross of our Saviour, and see Him suffer and hear Him plead, it seems impossible that God *cannot* forgive, and then again when I look at my sins, I think it is almost impossible he *can*. And so, my love," she said, "I find no comfort but in looking at the Cross of my Lord again. And perhaps it may be the same for you."

He laid his hand on hers, and said with a grave smile, looking into her dear, pure, tender face.

"Thy sins, Polly, must be a great weight indeed! Faith I would like to hear thy confessions. 'To-day I was too worldly and too glad to see Kitty so happy. Yesterday I was too sorry to see my husband in a passion. Every day I love every one more than I ought, and do ten times more for them than they deserve.' Are these thy confessions?"

She looked a little grieved at his turning the conversation lightly, and soon after she went to rest. But this morning she told me I must not think anything of it; it was only a way, she said, dear Father had taught in the army, and she had no doubt he thought far more religiously than he talked. Nor must I think anything of what he said about the sins of his former life; a true and gentler heart, she said, never beat. The bravest were always the kindest. "And then, Kitty," she concluded, "What are the perils and temptations of women

men? Perhaps more women than men may y and safely into heaven; but every man who must be a hero, and a king fit to reign over

Father and I were left alone, he said—it is a strange world. Here are men who hold ten commandments at defiance—im good man for confessing his sins and they are forgiven. This morning, when I was dawn looking for a stray sheep, I heard a rave sweet singing; and I found it was a poor tinner, waiting around John Wesley's yet a sermon before they went to their work, hymns till he came out. And here's Betty, per like the Furies, turned saint; and your th a life like an angel's, bemoaning her sins. strange world, Kitty; but if John Nelson way again, I would go and hear him. I'm he stout Yorkshireman mightn't preach as non as some other people we know. And d deal in that idea of Betty's, about the 'now' a."

says John Nelson is a wonderful preacher, said; "and some people think Hugh's own beautiful."

Hugh a Methodist too!" said Father, pat- eek. "But who said that Hugh's sermons autiful?"

Farm is honoured at present by a most dis- guest.

ys since, Cousin Evelyn announced that it al pleasure to pay us a visit.

come without a maid," she wrote; "for rsuaded that the Cornish people are heathens, offer a prayer except that ships may be their coasts; that they tie lanterns to mares' ing about the same result, the poor sailors them for guiding lights; that when ships are ed, they murder the crew, and probably eat vards, but of this she is not sure; of the perils ney, however, she is sure. And ready as she rself to be for any sacrifice on my account, I d be an ungenerous return for such unlimited strain it so far. I have therefore dispensed rvices, promising to secure her a slice of the as a relic, in case of the worst. And, indeed, s it cannot matter much my having a maid to e; for she calls Cornwall 'Western Barbary,' that whatever fashion I introduce may pass est Court mode. But, Cousin Kitty, you and I r. Mamma knows nothing of Miss Pawsey; do, intend to bring my most elaborate bro- my largest hoops, and my choicest lace-lap- barber at Falmouth to arrange. For spec- can any woman desire better than that most i courtier my uncle, and that most perfect an my aunt? to say nothing of my sweet

demure cousin, and a neighbouring gentleman who has told me far more about her than she, fickle goddess, ever deigned to tell me about him. Happily for my heart, Cousin Jack is at the wars; but then there are Betty and Trusty. I am wild with pleasure, Cousin Kitty, at the thought of seeing you all. And I expect you will have Mr. John Wesley down on purpose to edify me.—Your most loving cousin,

"EVELYN BEAUCHAMP."

Father shook his head and said there was too much truth in what the maid said about the Cornish wreckers, to make it a matter for a jest.

Mother, however softened by the compliment to Father's manners, was only half pleased with the letter, and not at all pleased at the prospect of the visit.

"Such an extraordinary mixture, Kitty!" she said—"Mr. Wesley and the Falmouth barber, Methodists and hoop-petticoats! What are we to do with such a fine lady—a young woman, too, with such a very dangerous levity as regards the Church? I do wish you had not drawn her such a picture of me, my poor fond Kitty! What will she think? However, she was very kind to you, and we must do our best."

Nor was Betty more pleased than Mother.

"It was a blessing indeed," she said, "she was not to bring her maid, for she had heard that London maids were far finer ladies than their mistresses. Not that she was afraid of any fine lady, mistress or maid; for who was better blood than the Trevlyans? And she should certainly have given the maid a bit of her mind, which might have done her good."

But knowing the angular character of these "bits of Betty's mind," I cannot but be glad at Stubbs' escape.

And now, Cousin Evelyn has been here only a week, and has conquered every heart in the house, from Betty's, bristling all over with controversial assertions of the glory of the Trevlyans, to Mother's, trembling all over with the sense of her own deficiencies, and the terror of Cousin Evelyn's grandeur, and wit, and heterodoxy.

The afternoon she arrived, in spite of Betty's remonstrances, the table was set as usual in the hall, instead of in the parlour. It was just growing dusk. The blaze of the great fire of logs, on the hearth, was fast overpowering with its ruddy glow and quivering shadows the pale, fading daylight. Father kept pacing the hall and gazing out of the window, declaring Evelyn ought to have been here an hour since. Mother hovered about the supper table, arranging the plates with a nervous precision, when the clatter of hoofs was heard in the court, and the sound of a ringing voice, and in another moment I was leading Cousin Evelyn in.

She looked so radiant, it seemed to me she brought the day back again into the house as she entered it, her face glowing with air and exercise, the feather waving in her hat, her rich brown hair knotted behind with scarlet, and falling in curls over her blue habit faced

with silver. She did not overpower Mother with any great vivacity, or with any violent demonstrations of affection. The ordinary tones of her voice were deep and low, with a kind of muffled power, and her manner was composed and quiet. And this evening there was a reverent tenderness in her tones whenever she addressed Father, and especially Mother, that was most winning. Because there is that kind of power about Cousin Evelyn that makes one feel her affection something *giving*, not *asking*—a strong, kind arm thrown round you to cherish you, rather than a feeble, clinging tendril, twining round you to support itself. And her reverence or admiration always seems like the condescension of a queen stooping to kiss your hand.

Trusty, having investigated her rights with that peculiar sense (whatever it is) residing in his nose, sanctioned her at once by that peculiar power of language residing in his tail.

This quiet operation was his ordinary way of receiving any new-comer; but Cousin Evelyn's case he evidently felt to be exceptional. Like every one else with Evelyn, but quite in contradiction of his own usual sentiments, Trusty evidently felt her approval was even more necessary than his in the acquaintance, and kept sitting beside her, wistfully gazing into her face, until she honoured him with a friendly pat from her little soft hand, saying, "So, you are Trusty!" when he was satisfied, and retired to his place before the fire.

The household have all expressed to me their appreciation of Cousin Evelyn in their various ways.

Mother said the next morning, as I took her the new milk—

"Kitty, I should never have thought Evelyn so clever as you say she is. She seems to me a dear good child, not at all wild, nor in the least conceited. I am sure there is nothing in her conversation to lead any one to think she knows any language but her own, nor anything in her behaviour to indicate the least dangerous tendency towards separatists and agitators; and not a particle of the fine lady about her; rather shy, I should have thought her. I am sure we must all do our utmost to make the dear child feel at home. And there is a strange wistful look in her eyes, Kitty," continued Mother, "that goes to my heart—a kind of orphaned look. Perhaps her home is not as happy as ours, with all its splendour. I feel strangely drawn to the child. I have a kind of motherly feeling for her, Kitty. We must do everything to make her happy."

As if it was anything strange for Mother's heart to have a kind of motherly feeling to any creature she had to do with!

But it is strange she should notice that wistful look in Cousin Evelyn's eyes, for I never said much to her about Aunt Beauchamp. I thought it would be a breach of hospitality. Mother always taught us it would be such a treachery to gossip about the secrets of any home where we are welcomed.

Father on the contrary said—

"That child is monstrously clever. I believe Kitty, with a very little teaching she would know as much of the science of war as I do. She entered into my description of the great battle of Malplaquet as intelligently as if she had been an old soldier."

Betty has said little. She is not the person to strike her colours at the first summons. But yesterday morning when I came back from the milking I found Cousin Evelyn established with Betty in the dairy on terms of intimacy it took Jack and me many years to win, actually rolling up a pat of butter with her dainty little hands, her round white arms bare to the ruffles at her elbows.

And afterwards Betty said to me—

"I am not going to say Mrs. Evelyn is what she might have been if she had been brought up in the country in a sensible way; but a fine lady she is not. A more free and affable young lady I never did see. Her fingers are not all thumbs, she's sense enough for anything if she'd only been taught, poor young thing. And," continued Betty candidly, "that's more than I thought when I saw her first, with her feathers and her ribbons, and her coat like a general's, with all that tinsel stuff about it. But to hear her talk about Parson Wesley and his sermons, with that fly away lace on her head, and her long curls, and those little high-heeled red slippers, and a petticoat like a hen coop, was more than I could quite take in."

"But, Betty," said I, "these things are no more to Cousin Evelyn than my woolsey petticoat and lace bodice to me; or Mother's cushion and cap and muslin kerchief pinned over her dress to her; or your Sunday cloak and hood to you."

"May be, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty, "but I've spoke my mind to Mrs. Evelyn, and she's spoke her mind to me. And I hope she'll be the better for it, for I think I shall."

By this I knew that Betty and Cousin Evelyn had had a passage at arms, the usual title to such rights of citizenship as Betty can confer.

In the evening we had a long talk, Evelyn and I, in my chamber, before we went to bed. Mother had furnished up an old state bed with faded tapestry hangings representing Herodias with John Baptist's head in a charger, and had placed it in one of the rooms which have been cleared out and whitewashed for us. But Cousin Evelyn entreated not to be put into such ghostly company again.

The first night she slept there alone, and she declared that as the wood fire flickered on the livid antique forms, they glowed and stirred in the strangest way, and that she should never be able to tell whether an unnatural glare that came over the countenance of Herodias, just as she was going to sleep, was merely the dying flicker of the embers, or that princess herself revived and scowling on her with murderous eyes. Accordingly she has taken refuge with me.

Our conversation began about Betty. Evelyn said—

"I like you all very much, Kitty, but I am not sure that Betty is not the best and wisest among you, and the greatest friend to me. Aunt Trevelyman spoils me by her tenderness, and Uncle Trevelyman by his courteous deference, and you by your humility. But Betty knows better, and she has given me a bit of her mind, and I have given her a bit of mine. This morning I asked her to teach me to make butter, and she said, 'Mrs. Evelyn, my dear, I'll teach you what I can, although I half think you are after nothing but a bit of play. But before we begin, I must tell you what's been on my mind for some time. You may play, my dear, with master about his battles, and with missis at learning to sew, and with me at making butter, if you like, but I can't abide play about religion, and I can't think it's anything else when you talk about Parson Wesley and his wonderful words, with those lappets and feathers flying about your face, and tripping on your little red shoes. The Bible's plain; and I've marked a text which you'll be pleased to read.'"

She gave me her great Bible, and I read: "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments," &c. "But, Betty," I said, "I don't wear any tinkling ornaments, nor nose jewels, nor round tires like the moon, nor bells in my toes."

"You may smile, Mrs. Evelyn," said Betty very gravely, "but I think it's no laughing matter. If that had been written in our days, my dear, your lappets, and furbelows, and hoop petticoats would have come in, sure enough. And it *was* written for you and me as sure as if it had been written yesterday; so we've got to understand it. But Parson Wesley's sermons are no child's play, my dear," she concluded; "and if you'd felt them tearing at your heart as I have, you'd know it; and till you do, I'd rather not talk about them."

"And what did you say, Cousin Evelyn?" I asked.

"I was angry," said Evelyn, "for I thought Betty harsh and uncharitable, and I said,—

"I *have* felt Parson Wesley's words, Betty, and I have learned from him that pride and vanity can hide in other places besides lappets and furbelows. It's a great warfare we're in, and the Enemy has wiles as well as fiery darts; and it is not always so sure when we have driven the enemy out of sight that we have defeated him. We may have driven him *further in*; into the citadel of our hearts, Betty," I said; "and one foe in the citadel is worse than an enemy in the field."

"And what did Betty answer?" I asked.

"She answered nothing," said Evelyn. "She said, 'Young folks were very wise in these days,' and then she began to give me my lesson in making butter. But as I was leaving the dairy afterwards, she said, 'Mrs. Evelyn, my dear, I am not going to say I've no pride or conceit of my own. Maybe we'd better each look to ourselves.' I gave her hand a hearty shake, and I know we shall be good friends."

(Marginal Note.—I noticed after this that throughout

her visit Cousin Evelyn wore the soberest and plainest dresses she had.)

Then after a pause Cousin Evelyn continued, in a soft and deep tone,—

"Cousin Kitty, I no longer wonder at your being the dear little creature you are. I do not see how you could help growing up good and sweet here, in such a home. I love you all so much! Aunt Trevelyman has just such a sweet, choice aromatic "odour of sanctity" about her as old George Herbert would have delighted to enshrine in one of his quaint vases of perfume—those dear old hymns of his; a kind of fragrance of fresh rose leaves and Oriental spices, all blended into a sacred incense. And dear Uncle Trevelyman and I, Kitty, have talks I am afraid your mother would think rather dangerous, during those long walks of ours over the cliffs and through the fields. He likes to hear about John Nelson and the Wesleys, and their strong homely sayings, and their brave daring of mobs, and their patient endurance of toil and weariness. He said one day he had been used to think of religion as a fair robe to make women such as your Mother (how he loves her, Kitty!) even lovelier than they were by nature, to be reverently put on on Sundays and holy days, and, it was to be hoped, hereafter in heaven. But of a religion for every day and all day, *here* and *now*, to be worn by all and woven into the coarse stuff of everyday life—a religion to be girt about a man on the battle-field, and at the mine, and in the fishing-boat, he had scarcely thought till he met John Nelson.

It is a great pleasure to take Cousin Evelyn to all our old familiar haunts. She is more delighted with our wild seas and rocky shores than even I had expected. She makes me see beautiful pictures in things to which I had grown so accustomed as scarcely to observe them. The view from the shady recesses of our "Robinson Crusoe's Cave" across the white sands and the line of breakers to the broad sea twinkling in countless waves on and on to the horizon, where it shone a line of emerald light touching the opal sky, enchanted her. She said she had no idea what a wealth of radiance floods our everyday footsteps in the open world, until she looked out on it from that cavern.

"Think, Cousin Kitty," she said, "we are walking every hour of the day in that fairy world of glory and beauty without knowing it; and people call it 'this everyday life,' and this 'work-a-day world.' Can we not understand a little," she added, "how it is that God finds it for our profit to lead us sometimes into the shadows?"

Often she longs for some of the great old painters to be here and transfer some of these scenes to canvas;—the sea with its amethyst and emerald tints, the strange peaks, and pinnacles, and arched bridges in the dark rocks against which the snow-white waves leap; the little openings in our green wooded valley, through which we catch sunny glimpses of the

sea. She and Father delight to compare these things with the landscapes of the great masters which he has seen in Flanders, and she in various great houses in England.

Yet, in some way, there is a difference between Evelyn's enjoyment of these things and mine. When she would pause in delight and amazement and exclaim, "What a picture! what a flood of golden light for Cuyt! what a contrast that sky and those rocks would make for Claude!"—at first I used to wonder at my own dullness in taking it all so quietly; until one day, when I said so to Hugh, he replied,—

"It is not dullness, Kitty, that makes you never think of exclaiming, every now and then, as you look at your Mother, 'What a picture that face is!' And yet I am sure Raphael never painted a countenance of more sacred purity and tenderness than her's. It is your Mother's face; you do not wonder at it; you know it too well. Its sweet beauty has been shining on your heart since you were a baby, and has grown part of you. It is so with nature. Your Cousin Evelyn has been used to see the world from the windows of magnificent mansions, and she has taste to see it is grander than any picture-gallery they contain. But still it is a picture-gallery—a collection of master-pieces to her. I think you have been better off. You have not gone to see the beauties of nature as an exhibition; you have grown up among them, and done your every-day work among them; they have been the flowers by your daily path, the familiar walls and roof of your home. You have lived, as it were, at home with nature, close to her heart. Her glorious face has been beaming on you like your Mother's from your infancy. She is no mere picture to you, she is your friend. You do not gaze and exclaim, 'How beautiful!' You love and enjoy. Her beauty has entered into your very heart. It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful. But it does us infinitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire. But we become one with what we love."

I suppose there may be some truth in what Hugh says, although it is certainly coloured by his affection.

But I do feel thankful it has been my lot to live in our humble, quiet way, seeing the sunrise as I go to milk Daisy, not as a great sight to rise for once in a lifetime; and the sunset as I come back from all kinds of homely errands; hearing the birds, not as a concert now and then, but singing close to my chamber-window morning and evening; the same rooks cawing in the same dear old elms; the same thrushes building year after year in the same nest in the old thorn.

Evelyn told me to-day she had had a conversation with Betty on ecclesiastical history, in reference to the great multitude of Cornish saints—St. Just, St. Neot, St. Perran, St. Ives. Betty, it seems, has a theory that they were the John Wesleys and the John Nelsons of those days, sent by the Almighty to wake the folks up;

and she wonders if the Methodists will ever fall asleep again, as the converts of the old saints must have done, so that it will be needful for fresh saints to be sent again to awake them.

Most of all, however, I admire Cousin Evelyn when she is talking to Hugh. She enters into his high purposes, and wide hopes for the world, with such enthusiasm. I used to feel like a dwarf beside her. But now I only feel like a creature of a smaller kind, not dwarfed, I trust, thank God, but naturally of a less size and meant to occupy a smaller space than Cousin Evelyn, but with that little space and that humble growth so content, so fully content!

My only fear is sometimes lest I should make Hugh's world narrow and his purpose dwindle to my degree. When he and Evelyn converse, they seem to ennobles each other, and I have no power to originate anything. I can only sympathize with their purposes, and work out their thoughts in some little homely way. I am afraid Evelyn would have helped Hugh much better. But I cannot help that. I could not choose for him. And he chose me—not some ideal woman who might be ten times better for him—but me myself, little Kitty Trevilyan, just as I am. And as it was no choice of mine, but his, and there is no doubt about its being right, it is such a sure, deep, unutterable joy. I must just accept it all, and be happy, and love God and every one ten times as much as ever.

We have had a charming little excursion round part of the coast, Father, and Evelyn, and I, and on our way home we were present at one of Mr. Wesley's great field-preachings at Gwennap Pit; and as it came in our way, so that Mother could not be grieved, I am so glad we were there. Because I would not go for the world anywhere to grieve Mother, for a *religious* pleasure, more than for any other pleasure. And although Mr. Wesley's field-preachings are infinitely more than a religious pleasure to Betty and thousands of others, I do not see that they would be so to Cousin Evelyn and me.

We started on two horses, I on a pillion behind Father; Evelyn dressed in as sober attire as she could find in her wardrobe, not to attract too much attention. This, as it happened, was a great comfort (for I must confess Cousin Evelyn's first appearance at our church, in her large straw hat trimmed with flowers, her rich violet silk dress, festooned over her green brocade petticoat, her Paduasoy mantle, scarlet stockings, and leopard skin muff, did considerably distract the congregation); and I should not at all have enjoyed her appearing in any such dainty attire under Mr. Wesley's penetrating eyes at Gwennap.

How little the ancient miners thought, as they cut deep and wide into the lonely hillside of Carn Math, how they were excavating a church for tens of thousands. When we arrived at the place thousands of people were there already, standing about in groups

versing eagerly, or sitting on the rocks and turf in place, waiting the arrival of the preacher. Still more and more continued to stream in—whole families from the cottages on the moors, the mother carrying the baby, and the father leading the little ones, leaving the moor empty; companies of miners, with grim faces and clothes, from the mines; fishermen, with rough weather-stained faces from the shores. Few of the countenances were dull; many of them were wild, with dark dishevelled hair, eager dark eyes, and rugged, expressive features. Evelyn whispered,—

“If I were Mr. Wesley, I would infinitely rather add to this wild-looking congregation than to a collection of the stony, stolid faces of the midland counties, or to a smooth-faced London audience. There is something to be struck out of these eyes. How historical the rugged faces are, Cousin Kitty! Dark stories, I think, often on some of them; but some story written on

I should have thought John Nelson would have been better than Mr. John Wesley here.”

He appeared in his blameless clerical black, with the gleaming silver buckles on his shoes—the little compact man with the placid benevolent face. As he stood, the effect of the eager gaze of those untaught thousands, self-possessed, and clerical, and calm, I almost agreed with Evelyn and longed, for the sturdy Yorkshireman in his stalwart frame, his ready wit, his plain, pointed face, his rugged eloquence.

But when he began to speak, that wish immediately ceased. The calm, gentlemanly voice, the self-possessed manner, made every word come with the force of a word of command. In a few moments every stir was hushed throughout that great assembly.

Before the prayer and preaching began I had been thinking how small a space even these thousands of human beings occupied in the great sweep of the hilly moorland. But when the sermon began, and I looked round at the amphitheatre of earnest intent faces, not the great hills only but the sky and earth seemed to grow insignificant in comparison with any one of the listening, faithless spirits gathered there.

Before Mr. Wesley had uttered many sentences I ceased to look at the audience. My eyes also were riveted on his benevolent face.

And before I had thus looked and listened long I forgot Mr. Wesley himself altogether in the overwhelming love and grace of the pardon he proclaimed.

It was the old inexhaustible good news, that all men being lost and wandering sheep, (and probably not one was needed to have this proved to them), the Good Shepherd had come to seek and to save that which was lost; that all men being under sentence of death, He who might have claimed the forfeit had paid the ransom; that the way to eternal joy, once closed by sin and the flaming sword of justice was now for ever open to all, the sword having been buried in the heart of Him who willingly offered up himself for us, the flames quenched by his precious blood. The way was open to all; and

most earnestly Mr. Wesley invited all to return back to God by this “new and living way” then and there.

Soon the sound of subdued weeping directed my attention once more to the multitude around me. The most part were “listening with a close silent attention, with gravity and quietness, discovered by fixed looks, weeping eyes, and sorrowful or joyful countenances;” * others began to lift up their voices aloud, some softly, some in piercing cries; at one time the whole multitude seemed to break into a flood of tears, when the preacher’s voice could scarce be heard for the weeping around him. Many hid their faces and sobbed, others lifted up their voices in an ecstasy and praised God. At moments a deep spontaneous amen rose from all those thousands as from one voice. One or two, not women only, but strong men, sank down as if smitten to the earth by lightning; and these were borne away, sometimes insensible, sometimes convulsed as if with inward agony.

There was a hymn after the sermon. I shall never forget its power. It seemed as if the sluice gate had suddenly been opened, and the whole pent-up emotion throughout that great silent, listening assembly burst forth at once in a flood of fervent singing.

“Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer,
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move
And tell me if thy name is love.

‘Tis love! ‘Tis love! thou diedst for me,
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure universal love thou art
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is love!”

To hear that hymn so sung by thousands who but for Mr. Wesley might never have known a joy higher than those of brutes that perish, was a joy such as I would have walked, barefoot, a hundred miles to share. And then afterwards to see those whose feelings overcame their natural reserve, going up to Parson Wesley for one shake of his hand, one word of encouragement or welcome, to which they could only respond by a sobbing, “The Lord bless you,” or tears without any words at all; and others lingering to pour out the grief of consciences awakened to see their sins, but not yet seeing the remedy; and to observe Mr. Wesley’s kindly, patient, discriminating words for each! As Father said, when in the gathering dusk we were riding away among the slowly dispersing multitudes, (who seemed scarcely able to tear themselves away),

“Men who do not know him may talk lightly of those multitudes, as a bragging boy at home may talk lightly of a battle. But, right or wrong, it is no light matter. There is power in these words, as there is in a battery, or a thunderstorm; and Kitty,” he continued softly to me, as I sat on my pillion behind him, “I believe, in my soul, it is power from heaven. So help me God, I will never say a word against those men again.”

* Vide Letter by Ralph Erskine in Wesley’s Journal.

And the next evening when we sat around the fire, and Mother said gently in answer to our description of the scene,—

"I am only afraid that all this excitement will pass away, and leave the poor people colder and harder than it found them,"—

Father replied,—

"Mother, you are as good a woman as there is in the world, and a very gentle touch would set you in the way to heaven; but I tell you some people want a wrench enough to part soul from body to drag them out of the way to hell. Why, but for such preaching as this nineteenth of those people would never have prayed except for a 'godsend' in the shape of a wreck, and would scarcely have thought of a church except as a place to be married in or buried near."

"Well, my dear," replied Mother, "we shall see. By their fruits ye shall know them."

"My dear," exclaimed Father, becoming rather irritated, "I have seen. I do call it good fruit for ten thousand people to be weeping for their sins, as people commonly weep for their sorrows, and to feel if it were only for that one hour that sin is the worst sorrow, and the pardon of God and his love the greatest joy."

"And if only ten of the ten thousand believe that truth and live by it for ever, Aunt Trevelyman," said Evelyn, "is not that fruit?"

"Yes," said mother gently, but not very hopefully. "I am very old-fashioned. But I confess I am afraid of conventicles."

But afterwards when she was expressing the same dread of religious excitement, and these good feelings passing away, to Betty; Betty replied,—

"Bless you, missis, *of course* it 'll pass away, ninety-nine hundredths of it. And so does the rain from heaven, goes back to the sea and down into the rocks, and no one knows where. But the few drops that *don't* pass away make the fields green, and bring the harvest."

Every other Sunday evening through the winter a few of our poor neighbours have long been used to gather round the fire in the hall, while Mother reads parts of the evening service, especially the psalms and lessons, with such bits as she thinks they can understand out of the homilies or some of our few Sunday books. We are too far from the church to attend it always twice, and too far for the aged and sickly of our neighbours to attend it at all; besides, the fact of the walk to church being one of the stormiest we have. Father says he thinks the legends are right enough in attributing to the devil the choice of the sites of many of our Cornish churches, for they seem placed exactly where it is hardest to get at them.

Last Sunday was the first day this winter our little congregation had assembled. Father had generally found it necessary at such times to be busy about the farm, but this evening he kept hovering in an unsettled way about the room, while Mother, also in an unsettled and

nervous state, turned over the leaves of the prayer book. At last she called him to her, they spoke for a moment or two softly together, and when the poor old men and women came straggling in I saw a look of surprise on many faces as they whispered to each other,—

"The Captain's going to be parson to-night!"

There was a little tremor in his clear, deep, manly voice as he began,—

"Dearly beloved brethren;" but when he knelt down with us and said,—

"Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep," the tremulousness had passed, and deep and firm came out the words of confession and prayer.

When the evening hymn was sung (and I never enjoy the evening hymn as on those Sundaye when those poor old quavering voices join us in it), and the neighbours had gone, no one made any remark on the change. Mother sat very quiet all the evening. But now and then her eyes were glistening, and when, as she went to bed, Cousin Evelyn said, mischievously,—

"Dear Aunt Trevelyman, I like *your* little conventicle very much,"

Mother did not defend herself; she only said,—

"I am not too old to learn, Evelyn, and, certainly, not too old to have much to learn. But God forbid I should be setting my feeble hand against any good work of his."

And from Mother such words as these mean much.

Much as Cousin Evelyn admires our wild coast scenery, her favourite excursions are to the cottages of the fishermen and miners in the hamlets around us.

To-day we went to see old Widow Treffry, Toby's mother. Her cottage lies alone near the entrance of a little sheltered cove guarded by very high cliffs, the points of which the sea has worn into fantastic pinnacles divided by whirlpools of seething waters from the shores. In the calmest weather the steady pressure of the tide through those narrow twisted channels, makes them a perpetual battle-field; the contending waves, writhing in a deadly embrace, dashing each other high into the air in jets and flashes of foam, or charging the black rocks with their thundering cannonade, to recoil from their jagged edges in cascades into the black eddies below, and be sucked back in a gurgling death-struggle by the retreating wave. But in storms, when winds enter into the strife, the conflict is fearful indeed, as many a brave ship has proved, her strong timbers shivered into a thousand fragments in the mere by-play of the fierce strife of the elements with each other.

Strange relics are washed up on the white sands at the head of the little creek near Widow Treffry's cottage, and no one wonders much to see a quaint patch-work of the produce and manufactures of various nations, in the rude little dwelling. Rare Indian woods, and mahogany from Honduras, which would be the pride

unt Beauchamp's saloons, are mingled with the old tables and chairs.

During the last year or two the old woman has recovered strength sufficiently to creep once more about the cottage. This morning we found her in a very rare mood for her, thrifty, stirring old creature that she is, was crouching close to the fire with her elbows on her knees, while from the chamber within came every now and then the sound of a low moan.

"Is it the rheumatism again, granny?" I said.

"Worse than that, worse than that, Mrs. Kitty," she answered, scarce moving or noticing either of us. "Toby's mazed, clean mazed, all through the Methodists. He came home from one of their preachings last week one out of his mind, and so he's been ever since; behaving like a bull one hour, and moaning like a sick baby next. He says it's all along of his sins. And what's worse than other folk's I can't see at all! The Lord is merciful, and if he sends us a 'Godsend' now and then, he surely means us to be the better of it. It isn't us who rose the storm. And Toby never set a light on the rocks, nor gave any man a push back to the sea, like some other folks. And if, as he keeps going out, he didn't take the pains he might, always, to keep the drowned to life, it can't be expected we should be the same for Indians and Popish foreigners as for our own flesh and blood. Would they do more for us? And if he *has* picked up a stray bit of good luck now and then, were we to save things for the dead, or for folks from London who come prowling about where you've no business, with their pens and paper, to rob men who've got the natural right to what the Almighty has on the shore? Yesterday I got Master Hugh to pray, and he prayed like an angel, and did him a bit of good for the time, but to-day he's worse than ever, he's gone clean mazed, and swears he'll go and give up everything he ever got from a wreck to the steeple. And that," continued the old woman, breaking into a wail, "that's what I call throwing the mighty's gifts back in his face."

At this moment Toby's face appeared at the door of the inner chamber, pale, and haggard, and wild. But his voice was quite calm and steady as he said,—

"Mrs. Kitty, I told Master Hugh, and he said it was the right thing to do, and Parson Wesley said the same, when I heard him on the moors. He said the

Bible speaks of '*the fire*,' and of '*their worm*,' and that that means that every sinner who is lost in hell will have *his own* torment made out of his own sins. And he said that worm begins to gnaw at our souls *now* when we are wakened up to feel our sins. And the words had hardly left his mouth, Mrs. Kitty, when there was the gnawing begun in my heart! And it has never stopped since. And if it has made me faint away like a sick woman with the anguish, and has most driven me mazed in a week, what would it be for ever? For Parson Wesley said there's no fainting away, and no going mazed in hell. We shall always be wide awake to feel the torment. But, Mrs. Kitty, he said there is a way of escape now for all, and for me. He said there is a way to have our sins forgiven. He said the Almighty gives his pardon as free as air, and the blood of the Lord can wash all the sins of the world whiter than snow. But he and Master Hugh both say, the Lord sees us through and through, and there's no way of making Him believe we are sorry for our sins but by giving them up, and making up for them as far as we can. They say sin and hell go together, and can't be parted, nohow. So I've nought to do but to go to the justices."

Evelyn was deeply moved, and when we reached home and told mother, she wept many tears, and said at length as she wiped her eyes,—

"Kitty, my dear, I cannot make out about the rubrics and the canons. They were made by very holy men; and Mr. Wesley does not seem to mind them as one would wish, and I cannot think it wise to set ignorant men up to preach and teach. But his words are those of the prayer-book and Bible. And his works are those of an angel sent from God. And what can we do but give God thanks?"

"I used to be afraid," she continued, after a pause, "that Mr. Wesley's was blind fanatical zeal, well meant but misguided; but the zeal cannot surely be fanatical which spends itself in labours of love; nor blind, since it leads so many into the light."

"Mr. Wesley says," responded Evelyn, "that *true zeal is but the flame of love*, and that all zeal is false which is full of bitterness, or has not love for its inspiration."

And Mother said, thoughtfully,—

"*His* zeal will certainly stand that test. God forbid that *ours* should not."



THE ROAD-SIDE WELL.



By the side of the dusty highway, beneath the shade of an elm-tree, was a well of water that bubbled up perpetually; it was so clear that one could look to the bottom and see the white pebbles and two or three pieces of shining silver which had been thrown in, and which looked twice as large as they really were; the water was so cool and fresh that many a traveller stopped to drink, kneeling upon the curb and plunging his face into the inviting well, or lapping up the water with his hand, if he had no drinking-cup. The curb had been worn smooth in front by the knees of drinkers, for the well was old, and moss covered the rest; yet one could make out the letters that had been sunk in the circular stone—**BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART: FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD.** It had been forgotten whose hand had chiselled the letters, and why these words were taken; the hand had long since rested from its labours, but still, though the grooves were faint, the words could be read, and many who stopped to drink tarried to spell out the legend.

So, upon one summer day, when the cool water and the shade of the elm invited the travellers upon the highway to rest, one after another, lingering at the spot, traced the half-legible characters with their fingers, and slowly read the sentence; they turned from the curb to look into the clear depths of the well, as if there they were to find Him whom the pure in heart should see; and rising, they loitered by the elm-tree, reading the initials that had been carved upon it, and perhaps adding their own fresh ones.

A pedlar with his pack passed that way, and turned aside to drink at the well. He was a brisk fellow, trudging from house to house, offering his wares and chaffering with house-keepers. His pack was like a magician's box,—no matter how much was bought at one house, he was sure to have anything that was wanted at the next; so intent was he on his gains that between his calls he was always doing sums in his head, casting up accounts, and when the distance was unusually long, he would imagine a bargain with some one, which he carried on with such vehemence that once he passed two houses without noticing it; but then he carried his point in the imaginary bargain, and sold a whole set of jewellery for twice its value, the money paid down too, good solid silver. He had never been by this way before, and seeing a turning in the road, he thought it led to a house; it led only to the well, where he stopped to drink and cool himself.

"Bought six dozen spool-cotton, at fifteenpence the dozen," said the pedlar, stowing away the beginning of the sum in his memory till he should have his drink. He kneeled on the rim, took off his hat, and put his

head down to the water, when he caught at shining pieces of silver, shillings that appeared the medium of the water to be at least half-crowned; he bared his arm, and plunged it in to see how deep he could reach; but the silver was beyond, and his set in motion made it look like running water. The pedlar looked wistfully at it: he wondered how he was to get it. Casting about he found a long stick; it was long enough to reach the bottom of the well; it had visited the bottom many a time for the purpose of trying to bring up the silver. This he took, and, thinking a moment, he drew forth from his pack some wax, with which he waxed the stick, doing meanwhile the sum—"paid for one halfpenny—might have sold it for three half-crowns from the bottom of a well—two and fivepence-halfpenny profit against a shilling profit." The wax drew up one piece, which he seized;—bah! it was only a shilling, and he stooped over again as he lowered the pole for the other. The silver became reduced in value as it came to the surface; the pedlar eyed the pieces with contempt, and thrust them carefully into his pocket, nevertheless, when some one coming down the road, and, putting down his pack, he walked quickly along, forgetting his drink, and beginning new sums, by which he reckoned what the shillings would buy, and what he could make in sales, till the amount grew and the pieces of silver, for which he gave nothing but wax, had become bags of gold before the pedlar's eyes, and as he walked and walked, he saw no roads nor houses, but glittering gold, which shone in the sun, and filled the world before him.

The steps which the pedlar heard were those of a man walking on the highway; and while the pedlar was walking off with his pack, looking at the ground, this man also turned aside and came up to the well. He was a learned man, and nothing in the world came to his notice, it was said. He knew trees and their names; he could point out the stars, and, besides, nearly all the books which it is worth reading, to say nothing of those which he had written himself. He stood by the well and looked about to see if everything were correct; his quick eye catching the inscription on the curb-stone, and he read without stopping—**BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART: FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD.**

"Something more is needed," said the learned man to himself; "one must have the intelligent help of the pedlar. He stooped upon the curb, and raised the pole with his hollowed hand, looking into the well, examining its sides and bottom. "One can see this well," said he aloud, as if to the elm-tree, "was no other hearer, "if he only have eyes:

as the very stones, all declare Him who made it; it needs a great deal of study to find it out. It begins at the beginning, and takes nothing for granted.

He will come to God at last if he keep on." The learned man paused, for he heard a nestling splash back of the well; he saw some one moving, and his voice a little as he continued—"There are things to be learned even from an insignificant bush; the bushes opened, and a child with a basket appeared. What the well taught the learned man, he did not say, but walked on with his hands at his sides, and his feet with the palms out.

The little child sat by the elm eating her berries, but she was so that the next comer to the well did not notice her. This traveller walked leisurely up, dressed, and carrying his hands clasped behind him. He sat down upon the curb, and, seeing the letter of the first half; then he knew what followed, for the words were familiar to him. He leaned over the curb, which had become quite still again, and looked into its surface. Another face looked up to his; it was of course the reflection darkened by the water, and seeming to hold a new and more wonderful spirit. The man looked into the eyes, which were like stars. The words which he had just read in his mind, and he added in thought,—

"We look into the water of life, and our own face looks back, more full of spirit than the same in lineament; our soul looks into the water, and sees itself divested of human limits. God, and I see him in this water, because I am like him; so the clouds and blue sky above answered by the depth below. Behold the mystery!"

The man from the curb just as the child was coming to take her drink of the water.

"Do you read these letters, child?" he asked, pointing to the sentence.

"In the Bible," said the child, repeating the text; "our saviour said it."

"Yes," said the man of genius—for so he thought—smiling as he spoke, "did you ever see God?"

"See God?" said the child; "God is in the sky. I cannot see him, but he sees me, and I pray to him every night."

"But why do you pray to him, if he is in the sky and you cannot see him?"

"He can see me," repeated the child, "and I pray to him. Some day I shall see him, if I am good."

"Look into the water," said the man, "and you will see him."

The child looked in curiously and timidly. "I can see the bottom, and the sky, and my face," said the child, and ran away, for it began to fear the man who talked so about God.

Then there passed that way a woman who was a sinner, and she also drew near the well. The man of genius saw her, and walked away. She was weary of her journey, and sat upon the curb-stone, sad and faint. Her roving eye found the words, and with difficulty she traced them, slowly spelling each until the whole was in her mind.

"But I am not pure in heart," she murmured. "I have sinned, and am not worthy to come into the presence of God." She looked into the water as if she might, by searching, find him out. As she gazed, her thoughts passed to words written in the book which she had heard the preacher read. She saw not the clear water, the pebbly bottom, the mossy sides, but with her eyes on these she saw clearly the well of Jacob by the city of Sychar, in ancient Samaria; she saw the woman who came to draw water; she saw the Son of man sitting by the well, and she heard the words which he spoke. Then, like a voice from heaven, there sounded in her quiet mind—"He that hath seen the Son hath seen the Father." She stooped to drink, and, rising with glad heart, said to herself, as if it were Jesus speaking,—

"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Then she went on her way rejoicing.

SCRIPTURE BOTANY.

It is almost impossible to identify the rose of Scripture by its proper botanical appellation. By Celsius it is understood to mean the oriental narcissus, which is abundant in the plains of Sharon, and is very highly prized by the natives of the east on account of its great beauty; and in connection with lily in Canticles seems to favour the position, as well as the fact that the word in Hebrew implies the idea of a plant growing from a rock. Most authors agree at least that the rose is not

the chabazzeleth of Scripture. No species of rose is found at the present day in the plains of Sharon. The only plant that could be mistaken for it growing there is the rose-flowering cistus; but though its blossom in shape and hue somewhat resembles that of the wild briar, it is an herbaceous plant. Wild roses, though most abundant in many parts of the east, and especially in Persia, where it is, as in England, the national flower, are far from common in Palestine, owing to some peculiarity in the soil and climate unfavourable to their growth; and those species which do occur at rare intervals, are

very inferior to those of this country, with the exception of the damask rose peculiar to Syria. Dr. Royle suggests that the rose-laurel, or oleander, is most probably the flower indicated in the Bible. If this be actually the rose of Scripture, it is a matter of astonishment that reference is made to it only in two places. It is one of the most characteristic plants of the Holy Land, being mentioned by every traveller in glowing terms as one of the greatest ornaments of the scenery. Along the borders of almost every stream or collection of water, it forms dense thickets; and when in full bloom, its thickly clustered rose-like blossoms, rising above its varnished dark green leaves, it presents a spectacle equalled, but not surpassed, by the famous rhododendron thickets of the Sikkim Himalayas. There is a strange plant called the rose of Jericho, which deserves more than a passing notice. It is often confounded with a species of *Cape mesembryanthemum*, whose fruit-vessel closes when dry and opens when placed in water. The true rose of Jericho, or *anastatica*, grows in the bleakest and most desert spots in the south of Palestine, to which its structure and peculiarities are admirably adapted. It is supposed to be the plant *ar-ar*, translated by many juniper, tamarisk, tamarind, retana or broom, to which the prophet Jeremiah alludes, "Flee and be like the heath in the wilderness." There is no heather in Palestine, and thus interpreted we think the appropriateness of the simile is destroyed. Applied to the *anastatica*, on the other hand, it is exceedingly striking and beautiful; for this plant, at certain seasons of the year, when the moisture of its native spot is dried up, loosens its hold of the soil, curls itself up into a ball, and is blown by the winds to a locality favourable for its growth, where it takes root, expands its flowers, and brings forth its fruit, to repeat this nomadic life when circumstances again necessitate it. In this respect it resembles several species of *lycopodium*, or club-moss, found in Mexico and Brazil, which are often brought to this country and preserved by the curious, who think them still alive because they expand when placed in water. The *anastatica* has no botanical affinity whatever to the heath tribe, and yet it bears a superficial resemblance to a sprig of withered ling denuded of its leaves, a large patch of it looking at a distance not unlike a plot of heather on the hill side which had been burnt, and whose stumps had been bleached by the weather. Of course our translators in rendering the term *ar-ar* by heath, seem to have been guided by what appeared to them to be the most likely plant of desolate places, though in this instance their guess has been far wider of the mark than it usually is.

Besides the indigenous vegetation of Palestine, there is occasional mention made in the sacred writings of plants, or rather their produce, for which the Jews were indebted to their commerce with the Arabs of the coast, who obtained them from India and other countries of the east by way of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. In this way ebony was procured from Ethiopia; cinnamon

from Ceylon; cassia—another species of cinnamon—from the Malabar coast; coriander from Persia and Egypt; algum or almug trees—supposed to be the sandal-wood, the produce of a low tree resembling the privet, remarkable for the fragrance of the central parts of the stem near the root, and brought from Ophir, probably some part of India, where it is found in great abundance at the present day; aloes or lign aloes (*alium*), the fragrant resinous substance exuded from the trunk of the *Aquilaria agallochum*, a tree common in various parts of eastern Asia; myrrh, the resinous gum of a small odoriferous tree growing in Abyssinia and Arabia Felix, celebrated as a perfume and stimulating medicine, and often given as a present by the ancients on account of its value and rarity; thuyne wood, mentioned in Revelations as one of the articles of merchandise in the Apocalyptic Babylon, and supposed to be the *Callitris quadrivalvis*, a species of thuya or cypress growing on Mount Atlas and other hills in the north-east of Africa, and yielding the inflammable and acid resin called gum sandarach; the precious spikenard, a fragrant essence or unguent, prepared from a species of valerian known to botanists as the *Nardostachys Jalmansi*, which grows on the elevated and dry pastures of northern India; and the sweet cane from a far country, which may possibly be, not the aromatic calamus of India, but the sugar-cane which came originally from China and the east, though now growing almost exclusively in the western hemisphere; all these valuable woods and spices were the products of those regular commercial journeys which extended three thousand miles or more, and required the space of three years for their accomplishment going and returning.

There are very few cryptogamic plants in Palestine. The climate is too dry, and the luxuriance of higher types too rich to allow of a great variety of humbler tribes of vegetation to appear. The proportion which the flowerless plants bear to the flowering is, we believe, not ten in a hundred. The arid mountainous regions in the south, on which the sun beats down with unmitigated light and heat, are destitute of that beautiful cryptogamic covering which gives such a rich effect to our mountain regions; the trunks of the trees are generally bare and free from mosses and lichens; while the ruins scattered over the face of the country have no drapery of beauty, no hoary hues, to soften their harsh and rugged aspect, and harmonize them with the rich colours and soft forms of the scenery around. The *Valonia* oak is the only tree whose trunk is shaggy with lichens, from which circumstance it is commonly called "goat's-beard oak," and on the shaded parts of the walls of Jerusalem grows a species of moss called *Gymnostomum fasciculare*, common also on banks in this country, which Hasselquist supposed to be the hyssop of Solomon. In the Lebanon range, also, many a cool fountain is fringed with the delicate filagree leaves of the *Adiantum capillus veneris*, or maiden-hair fern; and its brink carpeted with rich green cushions of moss.

ungermannia, and various other representatives of that tiny vegetable world, whose strange antique forms and marvellous structures afford an unwearied study to every lover of nature. Such spots in a glaring country like Palestine, are more lovely and refreshing than even palm or olive groves, or fields blazing with the rainbow hues of narcissuses and daffodils. There is no express mention made of any cryptogamic plant in the Bible. We have, however, indirect evidence that the lower orders of fungi were fully more numerous and destructive in Bible times than they are at the present day. The mildew, which committed such dreadful ravages in the barley, wheat, and millet fields, and often reduced the people to the extremity of famine, was never once suspected to be of vegetable origin—different species of parasitic fungi of the *Uredo* and *Puccinia* families—but was looked upon entirely as a meteorological product, or as a peculiar form of pestilence sent directly from the hand of God. It was far more frequent in their fields than we should have expected from the dryness of the climate and the brilliancy of the sunshine; showing that these advantages must have been more than neutralized by a wretched system of agriculture. The leprosy of the house and of garments was another occult phenomenon, which almost every commentator has persisted in misunderstanding, though its vegetable character appears as clear as day-light from the graphic description given of it in Exodus. It is evident that the language of Moses is popular, not scientific; and may therefore be supposed to include several agencies as concerned in the production of these two kinds of leprosy, distinct in themselves, but giving rise to somewhat similar appearances. The different colours of the plague clearly indicate this. The reddish patches may have been caused by a species of fungus called dry-rot

(*Merulius lachrymans*), which appears at first in the floors and beams of buildings, in the form of round white cottony patches, from one to eight inches broad, afterwards developing over their whole surface a number of fine orange or reddish-brown irregular folds, distilling drops of moisture when perfect, hence the specific name. This insidious disease, once established, spreads with amazing rapidity, destroying the most solid houses in a few years. So virulent is its nature, that it extends from the wood-work of a house even to the walls themselves, and by penetrating their interstices, crumbles them to pieces. The houses of Palestine, built for the most part of mud or wood, were peculiarly exposed to its ravages; and when once this fungus obtained a footing, the desperate remedy proposed by Moses had often to be resorted to after the failure of every attempt to extirpate it. The green patches on garments and on the walls of houses may have been caused by a species of mould, a fungus much lower in the scale of organization than the other, and much simpler in construction. It is the most protean of all plants, assuming different forms on different substances, but familiar to us in the light fleecy covering which it spreads over old shoes, stale pieces of bread, or cast-off clothes left in damp, ill-ventilated places. The red leprosy of garments has played a somewhat remarkable part in history. It was very common in the middle ages, occurring often before the outbreak of epidemics, which it was supposed to herald; appearing suddenly on the sacramental host, and the vestments of priests, and was regarded with superstitious fear, as a *signaculum* or omen of gloomy presage. The researches of microscopists have dispelled the mystery and terror which surrounded it for so many ages, and resolved it into a mere collection of minute and simple fungi.—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.

HEART-BROKEN.



DEAR READER, is your heart broken, completely broken? If so, it is about the happiest heart out of heaven. True, a breaking heart is not a happy heart, but then it is unhappy, not because there is so much of it broken, but because there is so much of it whole.

Possibly, my reader, you may be one of those whom God has set up, Job-like, as a mark for his arrows; and perhaps you have been often perplexed as you sought to discover a gracious reason for his trying treatment of you. Ah, here is the secret! God loves above everything a broken heart, and he loves you well enough to take all this trouble to break yours; and so these strokes

upon strokes prove as much the patient love that expends so much care on you, as they prove the hardness of the heart that needs so much to break it.

Yes, God delights in a broken heart; and so whenever he blesses a heart he begins with breaking it. For "the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit" (Ps. li. 17); "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart" (Ps. xxxiv. 18). Nay more, he makes such a heart his chosen dwelling (Isa. lvii. 15). And beyond all created objects in heaven or earth, "to this man will he look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit" (Isa. lxvi. 2). So then we may ever know God's high and loving thoughts of a disciple, by the disciple's heart-broken thoughts of himself.

And Jesus loves the heart-broken. He was himself the true heart-broken man, the meekest, lowliest One that ever looked up through glistening tears to tell his griefs to his heavenly Father. "Reproach," he says, "has broken my heart" (Ps. lxi. 20). Man's vice, man's impenitence, even man's religiousness, broke his heart and made him the "Man of Sorrows," and so, he had no comfort here, save in communing with his Father, or in showing out that Father's grace to some heart-broken soul. For his mission was to the heart-broken—"To bind up the broken-hearted" (Isa. lxi. 1). He came, as Pascal says, "to heal the sick and let the healthy die." And to this hour it is his joyous office to "heal the broken in heart and bind up their wounds" (Ps. cxlvii. 3). Happy heart-broken that have such a Comforter! Men pity them, for men see only the outward process of emptying and stripping, but they see not the inward compensations which fill the poor broken heart with a joy that is unspeakable, a joy that makes it weep more freely for very gladness than it ever wept for sorrow.

God gets his due place from the heart-broken, but from none else. For what is all self-will and self-seeking, but a refusal on man's part to keep his true place of helpless trusting submissive dependence on that God who is the only absolute Sovereign—the All and in all? But the broken heart has entered into rest by giving up this insane and wicked struggle, and finds a present heaven in lying down with joyous submission at the Sovereign Father's feet—ascribing to him all glory, and "knowing no will but his."

And the Lord Jesus is adequately valued only by the heart-broken. To them he is the Altogether lovely; to all else he is, more or less, but a root out of a dry ground. Oh, what length and breadth of loveliness and glory can weeping eyes discover in the Father's Fellow. A poor unlettered thief, put to death upon a cross, could see far more in the Sufferer beside him than could the whole Jewish priesthood, with all their formal self-satisfied learning.

And so too is it with Holy Scripture. How wonderful the treasures which broken hearts can dig out of the Bible mine. What Eschcol clusters do they often bring to refresh less favoured brethren, but to provoke dry and parched pilgrims

to go forward into the promised land, and take possession of what God has given. It is only when we can say with David, "I am afflicted very much," that we can say also with him, "How sweet are thy words to my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth" (Ps. cxix. 103, 107). "I have learned more within these curtains, than from all the books I ever read," said Cecil in sickness. And why? Just because he read his Bible, not as a critic, not as a minister, but simply as a heart-broken man.

As to prayer, there are no princes having power with God like broken-hearted saints. Jacob, in one single night of broken-hearted wrestling, possibly gained more than he did by the feeble prayers of half a century. It is when men are at their "wit's end" that "then" is the time for hearty prayer (Pa. cvii. 27, 28). As Leighton says, "The breaking of the heart multiplies petitions, every several part of it hath a voice."

In regard to service in the gospel, a man is fitted for it precisely in the measure in which he is heart-broken. None are so gentle as they. Zeal is good; but zeal alone with its coals of fire and vehement flame is cruel as the grave. Peter had zeal, but before Peter is fitted to deal with Jerusalem sinners about their guilt in denying the Holy One and the Just, he is permitted himself to deny him, that he might be able to speak to them about their sin and the Saviour's mercy, with all the compassionate sympathy of a heart-broken man.

And yet, who are so firm as the heart-broken, when firmness is really called for? In the day of peace, a strong will and much self-reliance will often set a man high above his fellows; but when Satan rages, and the fires are being kindled, and the martyrs are called for, you must look for the most of the heroes of the Cross among the gentle, lowly ranks of the heart-broken. Though hitherto so ready to yield up their own greatest things to please the wishes of the very meanest, they can refuse to the death to yield one jot of God's things before the power of the Mightiest.

How sweetly can the heart-broken exercise the blessed ministry of consolation. Each one of them is a true Barnabas; for, in truth, we can

ly comfort others by the consolations whereby ourselves have been comforted of God (2 Cor.

4). And though nothing were gained from sorrow but this, it would be worth while to get the heart broken just that we might thereby be fitted to speak a word in season to a heart that is weary. The heart-broken never teach error, for they care for nothing, know nothing, but Jesus Christ and him crucified. They never cause division, for their aim is to exalt Christ, not self; and they ever esteem each of their brethren as better than themselves. And though sometimes their service may seem a very limited one, it is always effective, for it has the power of God in it; and the very silence of a true heart-broken saint speaks for God more powerfully than the shoutings of a hundred Jehus.

Oh for a Church filled with heart-broken saints! Learning is so far good, and gifts are good; but how much more, far more, of true brokenness of heart! My reader! let those who will covet the shining gifts, be your great aim and mine to seek the broken hearts. This is the believer's strength—though, alas! it is little recognised as such. We can only do Christ's work rightly with Christ's weapons; and these always include a broken heart. The world will oppose our witnessing; but we are meant to meet the world's opposition, not with fleshly weapons like their own, but with lives pitched on a Christ-like key—lives, indeed, lifted so high, that nothing less than the Holy Spirit's presence in his lowly vessels of clay could enable us to live them. This is the standing miracle by which we are to manifest abidingly God's power and presence in our midst. Alas that we have to such an extent laid aside our sling and the stones out of the brook, and girt ourselves with Saul's armour, and are doing battle with words, words—words all good and all true; yet, alas! words which do not break the hearts of our hearers, because they have not first broken their own!

And how are our hearts to be broken? Only

by abiding in Christ—only by walking, Enoch-like, with God. Direct efforts towards voluntary humility can only puff up the fleshly mind. (See Col. ii. 18.) But if we dwell within the veil, the constant presence of God shall keep us constantly heart-broken; for he that walketh with God must humble himself to do it (Micah vi. 8, margin). It is our walking in the light, as He is in the light, that enables us really to see sin in all its vileness, self in all its baseness, the world in all its worthlessness, and Christ in all his loveliness. So long as Job heard of God only by the hearing of the ear, he was strong in self-defence; but when his eye had seen him, he abhorred himself, and became heart-broken (Job xlii. 5, 6). And we must also gladly welcome the outward discipline which God sends us in infinite grace, to cross our wills, to mortify our fleshly desires; in short, to break our hearts. And we must seek deliverance from the pain of our trials, not by an escape backwards to our old place of selfish, earthly, whole-hearted ease, but by moving forward to the true resting-place of tried souls—even a will wholly given up to God, and a heart completely broken.

In a little while, if the Lord come not, we shall lie on dying beds, and look outwards, and inwards, and upwards, with the anointed eyes of dying men. Oh how near and how great shall God then be felt to be by those who know him, how precious Christ, and how worthless all besides! May the Holy Spirit set us and keep us, even now and all our lives here, in the same nearness to God, and in the same humbled, self-emptied attitude of soul. We shall not think of dying in any other frame; let us not think of living in any other. And if we truly give ourselves up into God's hands to work this in us, be assured he will do it; for his great end in his dealings with us is to bring us to this, that no flesh may glory in his presence, but that every heart may be broken.

June 1864.

D.



MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. XVI.—SOUTH AFRICA, CONTINUED—ROBERT MOFFAT.



“OTHER,” said George, “I have been reading a good deal about the Caffres since last Sabbath. They are a bold, fine people, and I do not think we can blame them much for trying to keep independent, though they have been so troublesome to our colonists. Are the missionaries succeeding among them at last?”

“Yes; both our own Scottish mission and others are now in a very encouraging state. We have now four chief stations, and a number of smaller outposts; and the Christian Caffres, our missionaries write, are taking an active interest in the efforts for the conversion of their heathen countrymen. The Wesleyans are doing much good; the last accounts I read told of forty-three Methodist chapels, and sixty-six preaching stations, in Albany and Caffraria. The Moravians, the London Society, and the Church of England, have also their labourers in the same field. All have been much hindered by the sad Caffre wars, but we trust a brighter day has at last dawned on the land, and that soon the blessed influence of the gospel of peace and love will be more and more felt both among the native tribes and the European settlers.”

“You promised,” said Anne, “to tell us the story of another great missionary this evening. Is he Mr. Moffat?”

“Why do you think so?”

“Because you have mentioned his name so often, and said that he was a Scotchman. Did he go to Caffraria?”

“No; to a different part of South Africa. Albany and Caffraria, you see by the map, lie along the sea coast. Mr. Moffat was sent to the tribes much further north.”

“Who was he sent by?”

“The London Society. He was born in the south of Scotland, converted by the grace of God in early life, and when quite a young man offered himself to the Society as a missionary. He was ordained along with another youth, whose name will never be forgotten in mission history, although his time of service was comparatively short—John Williams.”

“What did he do?”

“I shall tell you of him some future evening, we must go on with Robert Moffat now. The two friends hoped to have been appointed to the same place, but one of the London Directors, a wise old Christian, said, ‘We must separate them, they are too young to be sent together.’ So Williams was appointed to the beautiful islands of the South Sea, and Moffat sent to

Namaqua Land, which we may well call a howling wilderness, inhabited by fierce animal wild men.”

“Were the lions there, mamma?” said little

“A great many, my dear. When Mr. John bell, a missionary traveller, visited that country after Mr. Moffat had gone to it, he writes of three or four lions together as quite an ordinar Here is an extract from his journal:—

“‘Travelling among rocks . . . we got into a descending valley between mountains. About observed Britannia, one of our Hottentots, motionless for some minutes before us. Pointing him, I asked my waggon-driver if he could reason for his halting in that position. “Oh,” he is looking in the faces of two lions in front of him!’ I begged my driver to make it gallop, as the sound might frighten the lions. so, and the noise among the stones made by the being almost equal to that of thunder, the lion off, permitting the poor man to join our waggon fainting. He kept the lions at bay by looking steadily in the face. Had he not possessed a fortitude to continue looking them steadfastly face, he certainly would have been torn in pieces declared that he felt a trembling come over him before he saw the lions.’

“Another evening Mr. Campbell tells of our men observing five lions on the side of a hill must be passed. The Hottentots were afraid to but as they said the lions were *playing* together Campbell thought they must have *dined*, and not be hungry just then. So he made all his have their guns ready loaded, and they drove ward.”

“And did the lions attack them?”

“No; they only turned and looked at them.”

“But do they eat men often, mamma?”

“Very often; and Mr. Campbell says the Hottentots to white men, just as you like bees than mutton.”

“Oh,” said Anne, “what a frightful country in! I should never sleep in peace where there these wild animals!”

“But you are only a foolish timid girl,” said “Brave men do not think about such dangers.”

“A truly brave man,” said Mrs. Campbell not make light of any real danger. Mr. Moffat expresses his gratitude for the gracious care and protection of God, in his many escapes from the other perils of the wilderness.”

“Where did he first go?”

He was appointed to assist a German missionary at a station called 'Africaner's Kraal,' which you see is situated in Namaqua Land, across the Orange River. It was the head-quarters of Africaner, a wild native, long the terror of the whole region, but who had become a convert to Christianity. His story together is a most interesting one, which you must read for yourselves. At this time the boors do not believe the report of his conversion, and they besieged all kinds of evil to the poor young stranger, who was going to venture so near him,—

One said he would set me up for a mark for his arrow to shoot at; and another, that he would strip off my skin, and make a drum of it to dance to; another that his consoling prediction was, that he would make a drinking-cup of my skull. I believe they were serious, especially a kind motherly lady, who, wiping the tear from her eye, bade me farewell, saying, 'Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster!'

"That was a discouraging beginning," said George.

"Yes, but Moffat was a fine high spirited youth, besides having all the courage of a true Christian and a true missionary. He set out with another missionary and his wife, whose road lay so far in the same direction. They travelled, as usual, in a waggon, drawn by a dozen oxen, at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, with an escort of natives. It was a very fatiguing journey, especially for the lady, who was ill able to stand the dreadful jolting. After Moffat had parted from his companions, he and his guides had nearly perished from thirst, on the burning plains of trackless sand which they had to cross. At length they reached their destination. Africaner expressed pleasure on finding that this was the missionary sent from London, and immediately ordered women to come and make a use for him."

"Are the women masons in Africa?" said Tommy. "Why did he not send for men?"

"In all savage countries, the poor women have the hardest work. But Hottentot houses are not like ours. As is Mr. Moffat's account of his own. He wondered, I am sure, you, Tommy, what the women were to do. 'I was rather puzzled to know what he intended by sending the women, till they arrived, bearing bundles of native reeds, and long sticks like fishing-rods. Africaner pointed to a spot of ground, saying, 'There, you must build a house for the missionary.' A circle was instantly formed, and the women, evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemispheric form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in little more than half an hour. As at that time I have seen houses built of all descriptions, and assisted in the construction of a good many myself, but I confess I never witnessed such expedition. Hottentot houses (for such they may be called, being

confined to the different tribes of that nation), are at best not very comfortable. I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone, it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew, I had often to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging, would force itself through the frail wall, and sometimes deprive me of my meal for the coming day. . . . As the cattle of the village had no fold, but strolled about, I have been compelled to start up from a sound sleep, and try to defend myself and my dwelling from being crushed to pieces by the rage of two bulls, which had met to fight a nocturnal duel!"

"Why did he not live with the German missionary?" asked Anne.

"He very prudently thought it best to do at first whatever the chieftain wished. And he very soon discovered that things were not going on well between the Africaners (there were several brothers), and Mr. Ebner. Titus, a heathen, was most violent and threatening in his conduct. In a short time Mr. Ebner lost heart and courage, and removed to another part of the country, leaving Moffat alone. It was a trying introduction to missionary life, but he and the Christian chief soon understood each other, and became warm friends; and he could hardly have had a greater encouragement than this example of the marvellous power of the gospel to transform a fierce heathen, whose very name had been a terror to all around, into a man of peace and love. Mr. Moffat says of him,—

"During the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed to 'lean to virtue's side.' One day, when seated together, I happened, in absence of mind, to be gazing steadfastly on him. It arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied, I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe! He answered not, but shed a flood of tears! . . . Wherever he heard of a case of distress, thither his sympathies were directed, and though, notwithstanding all his spoils of former years, he had little to spare, he was ever on the alert to stretch out a helping hand to the widow and the fatherless. . . . He who was formerly like a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity, and war among the neighbouring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent a collision between two contending parties. . . . He would stand in the attitude of a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and pointing to his past life, ask, 'What have I now of all the battles I fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?'"

"Were the other brothers all heathens still?"

"No; when Moffat joined them, two were already

Christians. He says, 'In addition to Christian Africaner, his brothers, David and Jacobus, both believers, and zealous assistants in the work of the school, were a great comfort to me. David, though rather of a retiring disposition, was amiable, active, and firm; while Jacobus was warm, affectionate, and zealous for the interest of souls. His very countenance was wont to cheer my spirits, which, notwithstanding all I had to encourage, would sometimes droop. Long after I left that people, he was shot while defending the place against an unexpected attack from the people of Warm Bath. This intelligence deeply affected me.'

"In a short time it was plain that 'Africaner's kraal' was not the right place for a real settlement, from the want of a constant supply of water. Moffat and Africaner took toilsome journeys in search of a more desirable locality. Sometimes their provisions failed, and the only resource was 'the fasting girdle.'"

"What is that, mamma?"

"To bind a leather belt very tightly round the stomach, to lessen the gnawing pains of hunger. What would you say to *that* instead of dinner, George? At other times the suffering from thirst was still harder to bear. 'Water was in general very scarce, sometimes in small pools, stagnant, with a green froth, and more than once we had to dispute with lions the possession of a pool.' Here is another incident:—

"We were often exposed to danger from lions, which, from the scarcity of water, frequent the pools or fountains, and some of our number had hairbreadth escapes. One night we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the Oup River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening worship, the book was still in my hand, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard; our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn-books, our Bible and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained; the oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the waggon, for we could ill afford to lose any. Africaner, seeing the reluctance of the people to pursue in a dark and gloomy ravine, grasped a firebrand, and exclaimed, "Follow me!" and but for this promptness and intrepidity we must have lost some of our number, for nothing can exceed the terror of oxen at even the smell of a lion.'"

"No want of excitement in such journeys," said Mr. Campbell. "But many a man, who could gladly devote himself to preaching the gospel to the brethren in a quiet village, would neither have strength nor courage for such perils as these. In Moffat we have an admirable instance of how our God can raise up the right instruments for any kind of work needed in His service, and appoint them to their right place."

"Yes; and wherever he wandered, this faithful

missionary took every opportunity of instructing any of the natives whom he met with. Sometimes he undertook special expeditions with this view. Many were the dangers and deliverances which he and his companions met with on these desert journeys. He had difficulties, too, of other kinds, and gives an amusing account of how his supply of clothes was now wearing out, and how thankful he felt to his good mother for having taught him, when a boy, both to sew and knit."

"A boy learn to sew!" exclaimed George, "I should have rebelled at that."

"Moffat, I rather think, had been inclined to rebel, too, but his mother said, 'Lad, ye diana ken whar your lot will be cast.' She was right, and he was obedient, and both had cause to rejoice in the end. She tried to teach him also how to smooth his shirts, where irons could not be had, by folding them properly, and hammering them with a piece of wood. Of course, his old Hottentot washerwoman knew nothing of such refinements. So one day he resolved to be very smart on the next Sabbath, and having prepared a right piece of wood, he folded up his best shirt, laid it on a stone, and commenced hammering. But, alas! he had not thought of the kind of smooth stone which would be necessary, and had chosen a block of granite, and so the poor shirt was not smoothed, but riddled full of holes!"

The children laughed heartily at this story.

"Tell us more about the lions now, mamma," said Tommy and Fanny.

"Well, I shall tell you one other story, only I am afraid it will make you dream of lions to-night. Africaner was still very anxious to persevere in trying to find a better place for his kraal, where missionaries might settle in comfort. So he begged Moffat to take an exploring journey into the Griqua country, which you see on the map, east from Namaqua Land. Two of the chieftain's brothers, his son, and Vanderbyl, an excellent guide, were to be of the party. They started with eight horses, and each had a carosa, or sheepskin blanket; but they took no provisions with them, trusting to shoot wild animals, or get food at the kraals they might come to. 'They had to find their way through a wild mountainous country, and often suffered from both hunger and thirst. They kept in the direction of the Orange River, and in the evenings had always to get on high ground, before the lions came down to the water. They would hear them roaring, and then make haste to get out of the way. Sometimes they met with natives who had learned a little from some missionaries, and these were always kind and hospitable to the weary travellers; but others would neither give them food nor drink. Once Mr. Moffat had a wonderful escape from death, after drinking at a pool, which the Bushmen had poisoned in order to kill any animals that might come there. He was very ill for some hours, but recovered, and the poor people in the village were very kindly concerned about him.

"At last they had to leave the course of the river,

and make their way across a wild desert, in order to reach the mission station of Griqua Town, which you see marked on the map. At this time they had hardly any meat, and all they could do was to drink as much water as possible, not knowing where they might find any again."

"Why did they not carry it in bottles," asked George, "or skins, as they do in the East?"

"They had brought none with them, and besides, their horses were now so fatigued that they could hardly get on with the weight of the riders. As evening came, after a hot weary day, they were all much worn out. Moffat and the guide were going first, and observed that the others had halted, but supposing it was only to light their pipes, they two rode forwards. After some time they stopped, hallooed, and fired a shot, but heard nothing in reply. They went on further to a dry, withered plain, then got off the horses to rest, and fired another shot. No answer but the dreary silence of the desert. They consulted what to do, hardly able to speak from thirst. To go back was not to be thought of; to wait all night would increase their sufferings, and might be of no use; still they could not bear the idea of going on without their friends, and they determined to remain until morning, only thought they would fire one more shot. A terrible answer came this time—the roar of the lion, seemingly close at hand!"

"Oh, mamma! what did they do?"

"They ran to mount their horses; and as the poor weary animals knew the sound too well, and felt the danger, they hurried as fast as they could—but that was slowly enough—towards a range of mountains that lay beyond the plain. Meanwhile the darkness of night was fast coming on, and every moment they dreaded being overtaken by the terrible enemy. If they stopped a moment to listen, they could distinctly hear him coming behind them. When they reached a narrow pass between hills, they despaired of escape, and thought, as they had only two balls left in their guns, that they would climb to some height where they would be above the lion, and might pelt him with stones before firing. They dragged the horses up the steep, but found there was no room to stand, and no loose stones within reach. What was now to be done? They scrambled down to the path, and expected every instant that the lion would spring upon them, but did not know which side he would be on now. Vanderbyl took out his flint and steel to strike a light, and try if they could see his foot-marks in the sand. But the terror of the poor horses soon told that he was close at hand behind. Moffat and his guide sprung into the saddles, and urged the horses forward, while a tremendous roar echoed from one precipice to another, and made them feel as if they were actually in the monster's den!"

Mrs. Campbell paused—the children were listening in breathless attention.

"Oh, mamma! who did he spring upon first? Had they time to fire?"

"God was very merciful to his servants, and delivered them. They got safe out of the dark glen, and then the moon rose before them like a messenger of hope. The lion grew tired, and gave up the pursuit. They heard his roars become distant, and then lay down quite exhausted, and fell fast asleep; and Moffat dreamed of beautiful scenery, and cool, delicious streams and fountains. But when he awoke, he could not speak from thirst, and his whole body felt burning like a coal. Then, as they painfully and slowly journeyed on, they were tantalized by the mirage of the desert—the appearance of lovely lakes and pools, or bays of the sea, with islands and trees reflected on the waters, which all melted away into burning sand and naked rocks, as the thirsty travellers drew near. The guide seemed as if losing his reason, and Moffat was afraid to see the gun in his hand. Oh, what a dreadful ride that must have been!"

"And did they ever reach Griqua Town?"

"They did at last, through the mercy of God; and we may fancy the surprise and alarm of the missionaries there, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, when late in the evening a wild-looking man entered their house, pale, haggard, covered with dust, and quite speechless—only pointing to his black burning lips, with signs which showed at once the cause of his sufferings. Water was cautiously given at first, then food, which Moffat had not tasted for three days; and soon he felt revived and restored, and remained with his kind friends for a short time, till his lost companions appeared. They had providentially gone astray in a direction which led to water, so had escaped the danger which the others had run of perishing from thirst. I shall never forget how Mr. Moffat himself described that terrible night journey."

"Mamma," said Tommy, "have you seen Mr. Moffat? Were you ever in Africa?"

"No; but he visited Scotland, and I saw and heard him then, more than twenty years ago."

"Twenty years!" and Tommy looked much perplexed.

"Yes, long before any of you were born, when I was a young girl, and lived in Edinburgh. How we crowded after the dark, fine-looking stranger, and listened to his tales of the desert and its people, till our hearts were stirred within us, and our eyes overflowed with tears! Missionary meetings then were more animated and interesting than they seem to be now. There was surely more of the right feeling for the poor heathen among Christians at home."

"Did Moffat return to Africa?" asked George. "Is he still alive?"

"He did return, and I trust he is still spared, as a veteran soldier of Jesus Christ. But we must not get on so fast with his story. He did not succeed in the object of his journey to Griqua country, and so returned to Africander, and remained with his tribe at the Kraal for some time. The people became much attached to

him; and he says, 'The means of grace were well attended, and a delightful unction of the Spirit realized, especially in our Sabbath convocations.'

"Business now made it necessary for Mr. Moffat to visit Cape Colony, and a young lady, whom he had known and loved in his own country, promised to meet him there, and become his wife and helper in the service of the mission. He persuaded Africaner, with some difficulty, to accompany him to Cape Town, and gives a most amusing account of the astonishment of the farmers on their journey, at seeing himself alive, whom they supposed long ago murdered, and still more to find that his companion was the very outlawed chief whom they had so long dreaded, now a Christian and a man of peace."

"Mamma," said Anne, "that would surely do much good to the missionary cause."

"No doubt it did; it was a real proof, which no one could deny, of what the gospel could do. Mr. Moffat's plans were much altered by that visit to the Colony. The Directors of the Society settled that he should leave 'Africaner's Kraal,' and go to another station, called the Kuruman, among another people, the Bechuanas. Here is Kuruman on the map, north of Griqua Town."

"How sorry Moffat would be to part from Africaner!"

"Very sorry indeed, though Africaner had a hope that he and his tribe might be able to remove to the Griqua country, and so be near their dear friend and brother again. But this never took place, and the chief died not very long after, in 1823. A Wesleyan missionary, who was with him in his last illness, gives an account of his peaceful departure, and his dying counsels to his people.

"When he found his end approaching, he called all his people together, after the example of Joshua, and gave them directions as to their future conduct. We are not, said he, what we were, *savages*, but men professing to be taught according to the gospel. Let us, then, do accordingly. Live peaceably with all men, if possible; and if impossible, consult those who are placed over you before you engage in any war. Re-

main together as you have done since I knew you. Then, when the Directors think fit to send you a missionary, you may be ready to receive him. Behave to any teacher you may have sent, as one sent of God, as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy. My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh, beware of the same evils into which I have led you frequently! But seek God, and he will be found of you to direct you."

"Who was sent to them after Mr. Moffat left?"

"There were many delays and difficulties, and the country of Namaqua Land got into a most unsettled state, from wars among the natives themselves and with the colonists. 'As soon as these troubles began to subside,' Mr. Moffat writes, 'our Wesleyan brethren nobly extended their efforts to that country. Their labours have been crowned with success, and I have watched their onward progress with as much interest as if I had been one of their number. The field being thus ably occupied, it was unnecessary for the London Missionary Society to send others; while the character of the country already described, with its scanty population, and the cry for missionaries to carry on the work in more important fields, influenced the Directors to leave that section of the missionary world to our Wesleyan brethren.'

"Long years after Mr. Moffat had left that region, he received a letter from a Quaker gentleman, who had been making a journey of visitation to the mission stations in Africa, and who wrote, 'I have no doubt thou wilt be interested in learning that the Wesleyans are reaping an encouraging harvest in Great Namaqua Land, from the seed sown in former days by the London Missionary Society, in which thou hadst a part.' So we constantly find the promise fulfilled, 'One sows, and another reapeth.'

"But now we must stop for this evening, and hope to continue the story of Mr. Moffat and the Kuruman mission next Sabbath."

H. L. L.

THE MARTYRDOM OF AONIO PALCARIO.

[From "Aonio Palcario: A Chapter in the History of the Italian Reformation. From the French of M. Bonnet." London: Religious Trist Society. 1864. The Translation is executed with singular felicity and power.]



THE occasion of the first prosecution directed against him in Milan, was the publication of his letters and speeches, printed at Bâle, by Thomas Guarini, in the year 1566. On the title page were these important words: "Edition revised by the Author." No more was needed to cause the inquisitor, Fra Angelo, of Cremona, to bring an action against Palcario for heresy, the im-

portance of which was increased by the rigour of the time. The accused did not deceive himself as to the consequence, as is attested by the last words of his letter to Guarini: "The blow is struck! Live free and happy, leaving to their sad fate those who, on the smallest pretext, are here the victims of nameless vexations, and can only long for death!"

A letter from the Cardinal of Pisa, the grand inquisitor, transferred the affair to Rome, and summoned him

here, and defend himself before the tribunal of the Holy Office. . . .

On taking leave of his family, Paleario had propped himself as he could, for the sad necessities of the time were to a much-loved home that Marietta and her children were to retire; it was at Colle that he awaited tidings from the husband and father never restored to them! Paleario could then come and travel to Rome, guarded by the agents of the Holy Office. It was a melancholy journey, of which he knew the details, but of which it is easy to forget; this was in 1568. Paleario approached the sixteenth year; half a century had passed away from the first time Veroli, his native place, had been liberated, sanguine and free, the capital of a then resplendent with magnificence, under the rule of Leo X. Even then, it is true, there was on the horizon the signs of the storm which was to burst over the Church, to detach one-half of it from the throne of St. Peter, and to sow in the hearts of the people the seeds of disaffection and of schism, persecuted by the Holy Office. Of the reformed, some had fled to foreign lands, others, accepting of persecution, had awaited the hour of sacrifice, by which, sooner or later, they must die. Paleario was of the latter number. Under the weight of years, and accused of a crime, he returned a prisoner to the city where his brilliant years of his youth had passed, but was now forgotten. Time, in its inflexible march, had mown down many generations. Death had heavily struck Filonardi, Bembo, Sadoletto, and "noble spirits left for a short time on earth, then to heaven." Maffei himself, taken away, could not give to his friend even the supposition of respect, but utterly powerless, under the pontiff who directed the government of Rome.

In this absolute isolation, when all seemed conspired against him, or to be indifferent to his fate, no friendly hand pressed his—Paleario raised his eyes to the world, to the mysterious regions to which he ascended, and from which help descended. He felt, as seeing Him who is invisible. It was more necessary to him than ever in the time of his captivity which he endured, when he found himself associated with the vilest criminals. There were many in Rome, besides those of the Castle of St. Angelo and of the Capitol. The first, situated on the bank of the Tiber, in the *Borgo*, and specially the prisoners of the Holy Office, was that of St. Peter. St. Paul IV. had himself installed the dismal apparatus of the Inquisition, and had said to torturers and to the condemned, "You shall be my servants;" and which, in the prison, the people in a fury demolished at the Rebuilt by his successors, it saddened with the Leonine city. The second prison was the ancient Campo di Marzio; this was the prison of St. Peter, communicating with the criminal tri-

bunal, which there held its assizes. The third, and most dreaded prison, was that of the *Tordinona*, on the site of which now stands the theatre of Apollo, on the banks of the Tiber. The river—here imprisoned within narrow banks, which are united by the bridge of St. Angelo, and commanded by the gloomy mausoleum of Adrian—flows on a level with the damp dungeons, hollowed in the depths of the earth, a living tomb, which has more than once deprived the scaffold of its victims. This was the prison of Paleario.

Each of these prisons kept the remembrance, and, as it were, the luminous trace of some martyr who had joyfully sacrificed himself for the cause of the gospel in Italy. The dungeons of the Leonine city had witnessed the ecstasies and raptures of Pomponio Algieri, preparing for death as for a festival. A native of Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, and a student in the University of Padua, he had embraced the Reformation with the fervour of youthful enthusiasm. Delivered up to Pope Paul IV. by the senate of Venice, who vainly attempted to save him, and condemned to the stake at the age of thirty-three, he thus wrote to his friends at Padua:—"I have found honey in the mouth of the lion; an agreeable retreat in a frightful precipice; glorious prospects of life in the abode of death; joy and peace in an abyss of hell. The prison is bitter to the criminal, but sweet to the innocent. It distils the dew, and gives in abundance the milk which strengthens the soul. Nevertheless, pray for me. I salute, with a holy kiss, Silvio, Pergola, and Justo, my masters, as well as Fedele de Petra, and a person named Lelia, whom I know, though far from her. I also salute the syndic of the University, and all those whose names are written in the book of life." Led to the stake in a court adjoining the castle of St. Angelo, he ascended it as if going up to an altar. His firmness amid the flames was a cause of astonishment, and almost of terror, to the cardinals who were present at the spectacle.

The annals of the Apostolic Church, noble poems of faith and martyrdom, contain no story more touching than that of Luigi Pascali, the pastor of the Waldenses in Calabria, who were delivered up to the most frightful butchery under the pontificate of Pius IV. Pascali was dragged from prison to prison, transferred successively from Cosenza to Naples, and thence to Rome, and saw his friend, Stephano Negrino, die of hunger by his side. Throughout the horrors of this long captivity, Pascali displayed an almost superhuman courage, with a gentleness which could not soften his executioners. On hearing the tidings of his condemnation, his brother hastened from Coni, in Piedmont, his native place, to solicit a pardon. By his earnest entreaties he obtained leave to see the prisoner, in presence of a judge appointed for the purpose. "What a terrible spectacle! His head was bare, his arms and hands were bleeding from the cords by which he was bound, like a man about to be led to death. When I advanced to embrace him, I fell powerless. 'My brother,' he said to me, 'if you are a

Christian, why do you allow yourself to be thus cast down? Do you not know that not a single hair can fall from our heads without the will of God? Trust in Jesus Christ, and take courage. The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' At these words, he was interrupted by the judge. 'Thou blasphemest!' exclaimed he, incapable of understanding the sublimity of this Christian magnanimity." The entreaties of Bartolomeo Pascali to obtain any relief for his brother were all in vain.

"These are the feelings of my heart," wrote the martyr before his last conflict. "My faith becomes stronger as the hour approaches when I am to be offered as a sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savour unto Christ. Yes, my joy is so lively, that I can fancy I see my fetters broken, and I would be ready to brave a thousand deaths, were that necessary, for the cause of truth!" All the ties which bound him to earth were now broken, but one. His soul was melted at the remembrance of his betrothed wife, Camilla Guarina, whom he was to see no more. "My love for you increases with my love to God. The more I have suffered, the more progress have I made in the Christian religion, and the more also have I loved you! . . . Console yourself in Jesus Christ. May your life be a copy of his." Such were the feelings of the pastor of Saint Xiste before going to the convent of Minerva, there to hear his sentence pronounced, and to ascend the pile prepared in the Campo di Fiore. Pope Pius IV. and the cardinals were present at the execution, but their watchful eyes could not detect the slightest trace of dejection or weakness in the features of the Christian hero, who seemed, as it were, transfigured in death.

A name would be wanting in the Roman martyrology, if we did not add that of a follower of Valdes, a learned professor in the University of Bologna, Mollio, of Montalcino. His condemnation preceded by several years those of Algieri and Pascali. Having been seized at Ravenna, under the pontificate of Julius III., and dragged before the Inquisition, he appeared on the 5th of September 1553, before a solemn assembly, holding a torch in his hand, and followed by several of his pupils, who had accompanied him into prison, but whose constancy did not equal his. Having been asked to speak, Mollio defended himself with the boldness of a man regardless of all worldly interests. He openly confessed the doctrine of justification by faith alone, pronounced the mass to be idolatry, and called the power which the Pope and the Cardinals arrogated to themselves by the right name of usurpation. "You pretend," he said to them, "to be the successors of the apostles, and the heirs of Christ; and you thirst for the blood of the saints, you despise the word of God, and you persecute his ministers, as if there were no Avenger in heaven! . . . Ah! I appeal from your sentence, whatever it may be, to the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge of all, and I summon you to answer for it, at the last day, when your

pompous titles and your proud ornaments will dazzle us no more than your tortures now terrify us. In witness of this, I return you what you have given me!" At these words he flung his burning torch on the ground, and extinguished it with his foot. The trembling cardinals condemned him to perish immediately, with those of his companions who would not disown his sentiments. Tisserano, of Padua, refused to separate his fate from that of Mollio. They were led together to the Campo di Fiore, and died with equal intrepidity at the stake.

Paleario was not ignorant of these examples of faith and heroism carried even to contempt of death. He was thinking of them, perhaps, when he wrote at the beginning of the *Actio*, the following declaration: "If during the preceding years, while beholding the dismal scenes of torture and death, continually paraded before the eyes of Christians, we have lived in such a manner that we have not manifested our faith openly enough, perhaps we had this excuse, that our sacrifice could be of no use for the salvation of our brethren, and the edification of the Christian Church. Now the hour is come! . . . What should I fear, indeed; and why should I dread to encounter the ignominy, the axe, and the stake, which threaten every faithful confessor of Jesus Christ! It is time to show, after the example of so many holy men, not how we may live by making a compact with infidelity, but how we ought to die for the holy cause of the gospel. It remains for me to seal the truth with my blood. I then, Aonio Paleario, the servant of Jesus Christ, here bear a steadfast testimony, and I am ready to lay down my life for Christ, the author of my peace and my salvation!"

Paleario adhered to these sentiments in his prison and before his judges, as he expressed them in his last letters at the hour of death. Scarcely had he reached Rome, when he might have foretold the fate to which he was destined, by his being put into the dungeon of *Tordinona*, where he was confined in the most rigorous secrecy. The procedure commenced against him at Milan, was resumed before the tribunal of the Holy Office, presided over by three cardinals, grand inquisitors of the faith. These were Scipione Reviva, Archbishop of Pisa, who had displayed the most furious zeal against Carnesecchi, Francesco Pacheco, Cardinal of Burgos, who exercised his functions with the inflexibility of a Spanish prelate, formed in the school of Torquemada; and, lastly, Cardinal Gambara, Bishop of Viterbo. The accused was subjected to numerous interrogatories, during which his constancy remained unshaken. We are entitled to affirm this, on the authority of the Roman annalist, to whom the archives of the Inquisition had no mystery. "There are," says he, "in the original process, many daring answers, which manifest a heretic, deserving the most rigorous punishment." This is a precious admission, for it attests the steadfast firmness of Paleario before his judges."

The chief foundation of the accusation against him was the speech delivered at Siena, so much admired by

loieto. They found in it the eulogy of Ochino, an apology for the German reformers, and a virulent salley ~~inst~~ the monks. They especially marked the passage which the orator, magnifying the doctrine of grace, proving that salvation proceeds from the pure mercy of God, satisfied by the atoning sacrifice of Christ, demonstrated that faith in the Redeemer is the sure foundation of Christian hope and the fruitful principle of a new life. By these doctrines we recognise the *seficio*. The wonderful success of this book, in which it is solemnly brought into the presence of God without any earthly intermediary, in which Christ is everywhere and the priest nowhere, formed one of the greatest evanices of the Inquisition against its author. After a minute inquiry, he was accused of denying the doctrine of purgatory and the efficacy of prayers for the dead, of turning into derision the monastic life, of attributing justification to the merits of Christ alone, to the exclusion of the works and practices recommended by the Church. One of these doctrines alone would have been sufficient to cause the condemnation of Paleaio; united they made his death certain.

To say the truth, the question now for the accused was less to justify himself than to die; thus rendering his last homage to the faith for which he had already endured so many conflicts. Standing before the terrible tribunal of the Inquisition, with no defence but his faith, his piety, and his deep knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, he openly confessed the doctrines which he had learned from them. Being pressed to retract, he replied, to the imperious demands of his judges, by the following words, in which the weariness of the old man and the ardour of the martyr are touchingly contrasted:—"After all the testimonies that you have brought against me, what need is there, my lords, for longer disputes? I am determined to follow the counsel of the apostle, who says, 'Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.' Pronounce, then, your sentence. Fulfil your office; and, by the condemnation of Aonio, overwhelm his enemies with joy." These noble and resigned words seem but a cry of rage to the historian who relates them—a sad aberration of party spirit, or rather a just punishment for the intolerance which knows no better than to outrage what merits universal respect! "When it was clearly seen," adds Laderchi, "that this son of Belial was obstinately attached to his errors, and that he could not be brought back by any means to the right, they condemned him, as he deserved, to perish in the flames, that this momentary suffering might be followed by eternal punishment."

The sentence, pronounced on the 15th October 1569, was not carried into execution till the 3d of July of the following year, as is attested by the registers of the fraternity of *San Giovanni Decollato*. This name was

given to an association formed at Rome, which was specially charged with attending on the condemned at the hour of death. Men of every profession and of all ranks were received into this society; some devoted to the austerities of the cloister, others to the amusements of the age, but all leaving either business or pleasure at a moment's notice, to perform in secret an act of charity. Julia Romano, Michael Angelo, and Benvenuto Cellini, were members of this fraternity, the rules of which had been confirmed by Nicholas V. His successors gave them the privilege of delivering every year one prisoner condemned to death—a noble right, which, however, was never exercised in favour of any one condemned for heresy. The fraternity of *San Giovanni Decollato* still exists. They possess archives in which many mournful narratives are preserved. Their registers, kept with the regularity of a daily journal, from the fifteenth century, contain many long accounts of the last struggles of crime and of faith, of despair and of charity. But on the 3d of July 1570; they had nothing to narrate save the unalterable serenity of the martyr! Having been warned on the eve of this day that their services were required for one condemned by the Holy Office, and destined to die the next day, eight members of the fraternity presented themselves at the prison of *Tordinona*. Having been admitted to the prisoner, they announced to him that he had but few hours to live. He received the tidings with joy. Without refusing the religious aid which was offered him, consolations always pleasant to the dying, he persevered in his sentiments. This was neither the hour to yield nor to dispute. On the threshold of eternity, a holy calm was diffused over his mind, and all controversy was superfluous. He asked only one favour—to be permitted to bid farewell to his family. This was not refused; and the faith of the Christian, united to the tenderest feelings of a husband and a father, were poured forth in his last letters to his wife and to his children.

"MY DEAREST WIFE,

"I would not have you to be sorrowful at my happiness, nor to take as evil what is my good. The hour is come when I am to pass from this life to my Lord and Father and God. I go there joyfully, as to the marriage of the Son of the great King. I have always entreated my Lord to grant me this favour in his mercy, and in his infinite goodness. Therefore, my beloved wife, let the will of God and my comfort sustain your courage. Devote yourself to the disconsolate family which survives me. Bring them up, and keep them in the fear of God, and be both father and mother to them. I am now now an old man of seventy, and useless. My sons must strive to live honourably by virtue and by industry. May God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit be with you.

"Thy husband, AONIO PALEARIO.

"Rome, 3d July 1570."

"TO LAMPRIDIO AND PHEDRO, my beloved Sons,

"These courteous gentlemen do not fail in their kindness to the last; and, in their goodness, they permit me

to write to you. It has pleased God to call me to himself, in the way which you will hear, and which may appear hard and bitter to you. But if you consider well, and remember that it is my greatest pleasure to conform myself to the will of God, you also must submit. I leave you, for a patrimony, virtue and industry, with the little property which you have. . . . Bring up your young sister as God shall give you grace. Salute Aspasia and Aonilla, my beloved daughters in the Lord. My hour approaches. May the Spirit of God comfort you, and preserve you in his grace.

"Your father, AONIO PALEARIO."

After having thus taken leave of all whom he loved on earth, Paleario was ready to die. With the eye of faith he saw, with increasing clearness, his merciful Saviour waiting to receive him, on his entrance into another life, and the humble prayer of the Christian was turned into the ecstasy of the martyr. Who can fathom these mysterious glories!

The way was short from the prison to the bridge of S. Angelo, where the scaffold was erected. Paleario trod it with a firm step. He calmly contemplated the preparations for his death. When the first rays of the morning sun coloured the city and the Tiber, he expired on the scaffold. His body, still palpitating, was cast into the flames.

Thus perished, by the same death as Savonarola, a man who felt no less keenly than he did the two great evils of his time—the decay of religion, and the corruption of manners. But whilst the eloquent Dominican, living in a cloister, sought in the monastic institution the ideal of a regenerated Church, and of a society renewed by asceticism, Paleario, brought up in the schools, uniting the enthusiasm of a literary man of the Renaissance to the fervour of the first Christians, sought in the apostolic age for the model of a free and holy Church, having no law but the gospel, no head but Jesus Christ. A reformation was necessary; he never wearied of in-

voking it. He hoped for it, in turn, from a council, presenting the whole of Christendom, and from princes equally interested in repressing the abuses, and in limiting the power of the Papacy. His hopes were dashed. To his noble aspirations, to his pure dreams of Christian democracy and spiritual liberty, the Council of Trent replied by an anathema, the Holy Office by persecution. He did not attempt to escape from it. In a sadly enslaved, with the Papacy triumphant, and Inquisition dominant, he could not be a reformer; was a witness, or, so to speak, a herald of Christ. He confessed him by his life, he glorified him by his death, which seems a page taken from the apostolic martyrology.

The fate of Paleario did not touch his contemporaries. No cry of sympathy or of pity responded to his sacrifice. He was but one victim the more in the immense tomb, immolated to Romanist unity by Philip II. Pius V. The victory of Rome appeared secure. Three centuries Italy has known the much-valued benefits of religious absolutism consecrating political absolutism, and the silence of oppression which resembles the peace of the tomb, if it were not sometimes interrupted by the whisper of a free soul. Better times are come at length, and the Reformation, so long proscribed, has obtained a legal right in the Peninsula. It is no stranger in the noble country, where the precious blood has flowed in its cause, and its followers everywhere find traces of its ancient martyrs. Rome alone has maintained the old anathema. But the era of intolerance is nearly at an end; the temporal papacy is hopelessly condemned; and the hope of Paleario will be realized, when, from the summit of the capitol, the words spoken by a great Italian shall resound in the Eternal City:—

LIBERA CHIESA IN LIBERO STATO!
A FREE CHURCH IN A FREE STATE!

CHRIST A SERVANT.

BY REV. T. L. CUTLER.



HERE is one character in which Christians too seldom think of their Divine Redeemer. It is that of a disinterested SERVANT, ever serving our highest interests. We call ourselves Christ's servants. Do we constantly think of Him as ours?

At the last supper, we read that Jesus rose from the table and laid aside his robe. He takes a towel, and girds himself after the manner of an attendant in a guest chamber. Pouring water into a basin, he washes the disciples' feet, and wipes them with the towel wherewith he is girded. After the surprising act of self-humiliation is over, he says to them, "Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord; ye say well, for so I am.

If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet. I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you."

Then he tells his disciples for what paltry distinctions the Gentiles and the worldlings crave. But were to aim at a nobler, sublimer supremacy—supremacy of disinterested love, and devotion to the wants of others. "Let him who would be chief among you become servant of all." The feet of his followers were scarcely dry from the washing he given them, as he says, "I am among you as he serveth."

Run your eye, my brother, over the whole career of our blessed Lord, and you will find in

stration of the truth that the loftiest post the lowliest post of service. Every word, inspired by disinterested love. He condescends the most ignorant, for they have the of light. He condescends to feed the out of his miraculous basket. He condescends at meat with despised publicans—to heal lepers and outcast lepers, the children of rotten mothers, and the servants in noble families. More than one fallen woman, whom he would have thrust out of doors, he allows the sunshine of his presence, and does not until they are penitent and pardoned. And in that three years' pilgrimage of love—he benighted, comforting the afflicted, forgiving the guilty, healing the sick, stooping to wash and to cleanse their still more polluted souls is everywhere the “servant of all.” The lowliest, self-denying service culminate in the most stupendous, and sublime service of all—Christ suffering on the cross of Calvary! Oh! Christ, who art unwilling to lift a fellow-being or undo his burthen, wondrous spectacle of an incarnate God in the lowliest offices of love—bearing poverty, bearing the curse of the broken law, bearing your sins in his bleeding body on the cross at this, and hide your selfish head in

the service of our Divine Servant end with the new tomb in the garden. When he ascended to heaven, he only ascended to new departures for us. He ever liveth there to make intercession for his people. He is our “friend at court.” He is our advocate to plead our suit. He hears our prayer and gives a ready ear to the faintest prayer. Blessed faith breathes forth in its closet.

It gird himself as with a towel, to wash our purities? Not once only, but constantly. The regenerating of a soul at the time of regeneration will give a Christian for ever pure than a single washing. His face or form would make his body clean. The world soils our souls every day. Every thought, each angry word, each act of covetous touch of gold, each insincere, unyielding, each cowardly desertion of duty, leaves

“Create in me a clean heart” is an every-day prayer for a Christian's whole life. And he who is faithful about him, and washed his disciples' feet in the streets of Jerusalem, is ever beside us, washing away the moral defilement which our

daily walk on the world's highways brings upon our souls.

How many other services too our Saviour is rendering us! When starved on husks, he gives us the bread of life. When faint in spirit, he brings us into his orchard, whose apples of delight cause our lips to sing. Many an obscure saint in a smoky hovel has yet dwelt in the King's banqueting-house. The holy Rutherford, when in prison for Christ's sake, testifies that his prison-cell was “the King's wine-cellar” to his thirsty soul, in which every taste of the divine love only made him more hungry for the “supper-time” in Heaven. He says, “I get sweet *tastings* of my Lord's comforts; but the cause of that is not that our steward, Christ Jesus, is niggard and narrow-hearted, but because our stomachs are so weak, and our souls are narrow; but the great feast is coming, when our hearts shall be enlarged to take in the fulness of the marriage-supper of the Lamb.”

Time would fail us to tell in how many ways the loving Jesus serves his people—as their physician, their protector, and their guide through the valley of the death-shade. And one of the great practical teachings of Christ's sublime, self-denying service for us is that the lowliest post of service is the loftiest post of honour. If Jesus was a servant, who shall be ashamed to serve?

Why is it that so many professed Christians “feel above” undertaking humble work for God and humanity? We have heard of a minister of Christ complaining that his station was “beneath his talents!” As if the soul of a beggar were beneath the genius of a Paul! Some are unwilling to enter a mission-school, or to distribute tracts through a poor district—strangely forgetting that their Divine Master was himself a missionary.

Have such never learned that the towel wherewith Jesus wiped his disciples' feet outshone the purple that wrapped Caesar's limbs? Do they not know that the post of honour is the post of service? “My seat in the Sunday school is higher than my seat in the Senate,” said an eminent Christian statesman. When we take the lowliest place of sacred service, we find ourselves in the best society—in the society of mothers serving their children, of patriots serving their country, of pastors serving their flocks, and of *ONE* who is ever the gracious servant of his people. Heaven is but a higher sphere of service. For in that realm of unwearying activity and blissful worship we read that “they *serve God* day and night in his temple; his name is written on their foreheads;” and “they follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth, and he leadeth them to living fountains of water.”



MEMORY.



HERE is no power of man's wonderful mind more mysterious and marvellous than Memory.

In the case of the child, memory must be like a fresh plate, on which no graver has as yet drawn a line, but on which, when once the lines are cut, they are drawn so deep and plain that they cannot be erased.

The first things which we remember are generally as clearly and boldly defined as the chief cities and boundaries of countries on a school map. The graver has gone deep into the plate so as to make these plain, the subsequent and comparatively less important places are cut with a lighter hand, and the last fillings up of the map still more lightly. If the outward surface of the plate were to be carefully taken off by an eraser, those places which are just marked upon the surface would disappear, while it would be almost necessary to destroy the plate itself in order to take those away which were cut by the graver into the very heart of the metal. So is it with memory. The circumstances, the persons, the associations, the joys and sorrows of early childhood, are cut deep and strong into its very substance; the events of subsequent years less strongly; those in middle and later life least powerfully of all; for then the map of life has become crowded, and that whereof once the facts stood out clear and strongly defined, because they were few, is now almost confused by reason of their multitude. These latter inscriptions upon memory are *seen*, though they are often so worn out as to be scarcely legible, while the earlier writing stands untouched and unharmed even to extreme old age, and records, with a vividness that sometimes startles, the events and the very faces of our first and earliest life.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether anything is really forgotten, whether any fact once engraved upon the memory is entirely erased. It may be laid aside in the dust and darkness, like the scenes of some old and by-gone play. It may be stored up where we cannot put our hand upon it, like books stowed away behind others of more modern date and recent binding. It may be packed out of sight and out of reach, like the passengers' luggage in the hold, which they may not touch. Still the things are *there* if we could get at them; they are out of sight, but not out of being; they often do come up to the light again; at all events, he who made our marvellous memory can make it give up its contents whenever he pleases, and he does please sometimes in this life to show that, when he will, he is able to call memory into court and compel her to give her evidence at his bar.

The well-known dream of the gentle and learned Doddridge is a case in point. In his sleep he came up

to the door of a magnificent palace. He went into a room which he entered was full of pictures. He went up closer to look at them. To his surprise he found that the first he looked at, nearest to the door, represented one of the very first scenes of his own life; the one next to it, the scene next in order; the whole exhibited his life in its principal acts vividly, startlingly pictured. While thus engaged, his whole mind filled with awe, One entered the room whose look, face, manner, showed him that he was before the Redeemer. In gracious and loving tones he told him that he was not yet to come and be crowned, but to go back and work for him a while. To do his work for him well and faithfully we know, at the end, according to the promise given in that dream, still more according to the faithful promise given in his own inspired word, he "received him to himself." In this case we have a beautiful instance of memory made to reproduce in sleep the chief passages in a man's life. That Judgment is often dead asleep while we are sleeping, while Fancy, like a wild and unbridled child, is revelling in its liberty, and taking a nap of the nap which Judgment is taking in the meantime. It seems quite plain from a careful observation of our sleep. But that memory is often as active as fancy, that the two often sport together, and challenge one another to see which can do the other is equally plain. In this instance memory brought out the pictures which she had carefully stored away, and hung that visionary ante-room with copies of those facts which had really happened with a vividness of resemblance to reality which made him that gazed at them live, as it were, his life.

It is recorded of Luther, that during a serious illness the evil one seemed to enter his sick-room, and stand at him with a triumphant smile, unrolled a scroll which he carried in his arms. As the fiend laid the end of it on the floor, and it unwound itself with impetus he had given it, Luther's eyes were fixed upon it, and to his consternation he read there the fearful record of his own sins, clearly and fully enumerated. There stood before him his very early sins and offences of his youth, and all "his transgressions in all his sins." There they were in as plain a black as he felt his sins to be, and as plain as they would be if God should "set them before his eyes, the light of his countenance." "His heart failed as he looked. That stout heart, which never quailed before man's,—that firm, honest eye, which could gaze upon cardinals and bishops, princes and palatines, in did quail before that ghastly roll. "His sins were laid upon him that he was not able to look upon them; it flashed into his mind that there was not written there. He said aloud, "One

ave forgotten; the rest is all true, but one thing you ave forgotten, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" and as he said this the "Accuser of the brethren," and his heavy roll "of amentation, and mourning, and woe," disappeared together.

It will be said, "This was but a dream." True; but the mind of the sleeping man is still mind, and memory still memory, and the fact looks in the same direction as the other I have mentioned, and seems to prove that what is once done, though it may *seem* to be forgotten, may yet at any time be recalled.

It would appear from facts that are generally known and completely authenticated, as well as from some which have come under our own personal observations, that before death,—or what might have been and would have been death but for most marvellous interpositions,—memory is often intensely active. A naval officer, who afterwards reached the highest rank in his profession, when a very young man, fell into deep water, and after a few ineffectual strokes sank to the bottom. He was brought up perfectly insensible, and it was not till after much patient and diligent effort that the feeble spark of life, which had been almost quenched, was kindled into a flame and he recovered. When strong enough to speak and to describe what he felt, he said that the sensations which he had experienced after the most agonizing struggles for life before he sank were measurable; that as he lay on his face on the sand at the bottom, his whole life rose in review before him, came after scene coming up, from the first things he could remember to the last day of life. Was his case exceptional? Was it that *his* memory was peculiarly and singularly strong? Or is it the fact that memory makes off the photographs of life; that they are then sent away out of sight, but in no case destroyed?

I remember one man, whose case illustrates this supposition. He was a man of good moral character, and singular gentleness of temper. He carried it in his face. The habitual expression of it was mild and amiable. The very muscles of it, when let alone, sank down into their normal state. As men grow older the lines that mark the face come out in bolder relief, and indicate in what direction the face has been most frequently drawn; and in this way they often tell concerning the passions, the cares, the tempers of the life. This man's face told of much calmness and gentleness of natural temperament, of much kindness of natural disposition. He became during the latter years in which I knew him very decidedly and earnestly religious. I need not say that his natural amiability was greatly increased; his natural kindness "grew exceedingly." Conscientious he had always been, he was much more so now,—for his conscience was enlightened, his views of duty enlarged, his standard raised, his motives hallowed, the aim of life elevated. Once, with all his amiability, he lived to himself; he now lived to God. The approval of his superiors was once his highest ambition; he was now

the servant of Christ, and knew that if he pleased men, he could not be the servant of God. It was now a "small thing with him to be judged of man's judgment;" the Lord whom he served would be his only judge; and so that he could have *his* approval, so that he was sure that *his* countenance was lifted up upon him, it was comparatively a small and a light thing what men thought or said of him. Yet this did not make him deficient in respect to those who were set over him. He had carefully read that old book, which for ever established and enjoined *respect for office*, when it told men to "honour the king" at the very time when one of the vilest men that ever sat upon a throne wore Rome's imperial purple. He had not learned to read the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother" — "if they are kind, if they are good, if they are compliant, if they do not curtail your liberty, if they do not encroach on your independence, if they do not require your help, if they are willing to make their home your house, or, at all events, your lodging." He read the commandment as God uttered it on Sinai, and as men, taught by his Spirit, endorsed it, and repeated it for Christian times (Eph. vi. 1, 2).

So he learnt to "honour all men" in *their* place, BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN TAUGHT TO HONOUR GOD ABOVE ALL.

While I had charge of a parish in Oxford, he and his excellent wife, one of like mind with himself, were regular and most attentive members of my congregation, though they could never be at church together, because his duty as porter of one of the colleges made it necessary that one should be always in the lodge.

Some years after I had left he was taken with his last illness. His good and loving wife watched him with unwearied tenderness. One day, as she sat beside his bed, the curtains of which were closely drawn, careful not to move lest she should wake him from the sleep which she hoped he was enjoying, she heard him say the word "Peace!" and then twice repeat it, "Peace! Peace!" in a tone which struck her. There was something peculiar in the way he said the simple word. His voice seemed uttering a new tone. She waited a little while, and then asked him why he had said that word. He said, "While I have been lying here with the curtains closed, my whole life has passed in review before me; my sins have all come up; God has set my misdeeds before me, I seem to have seen them all; but there came to my soul the assurance that they were all forgiven, and as I felt *that*, there flowed in a feeling of deep, calm, indescribable peace, which made me speak as I did. I know now what peace is—that peace which passeth understanding." With that blessed assurance of God's pardon through his Redeemer, in the mild light of God's reconciled countenance fully lifted up on him, in the sweet "hope of the glory of God," he lived—while he lived, and died a Christian's blessed death. Before he died he charged his widow to see me, if possible, and to tell his old minister and friend what "great

things God had done for his soul." She faithfully delivered his message.

This case, again, looks in the same direction, and seems to show that memory keeps, though she may hide, what is deposited with her, but deposited *in trust* to be given up when HE wills it who created her.

Men often talk of having "bad memories." Doubtless some have the power of taking off what passes more accurately than others. But will there be any "bad memories" at the day of judgment? Will not that be the case with *every one* which has been shown to be the case with *some*; and will not memory be called and enabled to give up her dead as well as the ocean?

Will not that book, which God has made capable of taking off and recording our lives, give as true a testimony as the other "books that shall then be opened?" What will become of any man, when these things are brought into judgment, unless, like Luther, he is trusted in the merits of that precious blood "which cleanseth from all sin;" or, like the departed Christian, the porter of — College, Oxford, he has known that peace, which they only find "whose unrighteousness is forgiven, whose sins are covered, and to whom the Lord will not impute sin."—*Facts and Fragments, by the Rev. W. W. Champneys.*

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

(Continued from Vol. V., p. 176.)



IV.—FRIENDSHIPS, EARLY AND LATE.

THE life of Bernard did not consist alone in monastic devotions and austerities, or in fearless prophesying to the world of that chaotic time. It has elements of tender human interest in it—gleams of natural affection which make it less hard and stern. The history of those who, in former days, from mistaken views of the divine order, distorted and disfigured their life on earth, forcing it like a free mountain stream into a rigid and unnatural channel, does, nevertheless, yield many examples of the truest, warmest, most generous friendship between kindred spirits. This is noticeably the case in the life of Bernard. Though he stood so high among his contemporaries, though his relation to any and all of them is very much that of a master to his disciples, yet is there a little circle of names which come up in connection with his own, the names of those who regarded him, and were regarded by him, with singular affection. I need not be careful to name them all. There are one or two whose memories are treasured in the clear amber of his writings, and a glance at his connection with them will soften somewhat the features of a life otherwise so full of the enduring of hardness, so full of toil, and strife, and sorrow.

The first of his biographers, who began an account of his life, which is completed in seven books* by several writers, is the Abbot William of St. Thierry. He was a man of a peaceful and kindly nature. When he became advanced in years, he resigned his abbacy, and took the place of a simple monk in a convent of his own order, where he occupied himself with setting down in writing all that he knew and remembered of Bernard his early friend. Death found him at his generous task, and he left it unfinished to be completed by other hands

than his. A noticeable circumstance is, that William of St. Thierry wrote while Bernard was yet alive, but without his knowledge. This of itself betrays a peculiar ardour of affection. The Abbot of Clairvaux was the stronger spirit, able to control his friend, and to constrain him to mix a deep reverence with his friendship. Nevertheless, he was often beholden for wise counsel and opportune help to William of St. Thierry. The works of Bernard bear many traces of their intercourse; they were constant correspondents. Bernard loved truly and well; but not as he was loved. There was an almost feminine depth of devotion in the heart of the gentler William, who, in his cell at Cigny, traced out, with such loving care as a painter uses when he delineates on the canvas a face which is dearer to him than all his ideas, the character and life of the man whom he loved so well.

We remember how Bernard's brother, Gerard, had to be by a certain sharp surgery driven into the kingdom of heaven. This done, he became as zealous a monk as he had been a warrior. Always straightforward and faithful he enjoyed the love and confidence of his brother, who, though younger than he, was so much more eminent in every way. The time came when Gerard died, when his stout heart was stilled, and amidst many tears, the brethren of Clairvaux bore him to his grave. Bernard's sorrow was very bitter, and he poured out his heart in a funeral sermon which he preached for Gerard—a sermon of singular pathos and power. The cry of anguish which rings through it is like the cry of the Hebrew king in his agony of bereavement as he went up to the chamber over the gate, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee; O Absalom, my son, my son!" The sermon referred to is the twenty-sixth on the Song of Songs, and its text is, Canticles i. 5, "As the tent of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." The date which it bears is 1138. Listen to Bernard, and see what manner of man Gerard was, and how his more eminent brother loved and trusted him. "They who knew him,"

* Bern. op., Edit. Mabillon, vol. II. 1077-1239.

“knew him to be spiritual, knew his words to be sweet savour of the Spirit. His brethren knew his converse savoured not of the flesh, but glowed with the Spirit. Not in the greatest things only, but least, he was greatest. He understood buildings, management of fields, gardens, and waters; and the arts of husbandry none exceeded the skill of him. He was a perfect master of all trades, and taught bricklayers, workers in iron, shoemakers, carvers; and when, in the judgment of all men, he was wiser than all, still in his own he was but ignorant and foolish. And though I say these things of him, yet were there in him things greater far than these discovered; but I speak as I can of him who was my brother; and this I may say, a more peaceful mind, a more peaceful heart, a more powerful and eloquent speech, a more intense affection, never could be found in man; and I depended entirely on him, for he bore the burden of my charge, leaving me only me and honours. He thus procured for me the necessary for my prayers and meditations, for writings, and for the preparation of my discourses. Alas! he is taken away, and with him all my joys departed; new cares rush on, new troubles beat on me, and on all sides I am environed by perplexing and alone. These are all that remain to me now utterly absent; and alone I groan under the burden. I wish that I might have died with thee, for to survive is drudgery and grief. Nevertheless, it is fit I should live, though in sadness and bitterness. Flow my tears, since you would fain be shed; let the scales of my eyes be opened and pour forth tears to wash away the crimes that have drawn down on me this punishment. Yet, though I be in heaviness, I repine not. The Divine Justice hath acquitted itself toward him; the one who deserved it hath been punished, the other who had earned it hath received the crown. He smote, not him; me it slew, for would any one say that he is slain who is planted in life? But that which is the gate of life to him, to me is manifestly death. He the Lord hath shown himself at once just and merciful. ‘He hath given, he hath taken away,’ and we deplore the loss of Gerard, let us not forget that he was given to us.”*

Another fast friend of Bernard's was Pope Eugenius who was raised to the chair of St. Peter in 1145. He had been one of Bernard's monks at Clairvaux, and, having been trained under his eye, was afterwards promoted to the abbacy of a Cistercian convent in Rome. He was a namesake of Bernard's own. None was more beloved than Bernard himself, when his former disciple became his master, when the son became the father. He showed no jealousy, however, but set himself in way to strengthen the hands of the new-made abbot whom he found, even in the midst of his high

dignity, to be the same willing and affectionate disciple of his which he had been of old. There was incessant friendly communication between Rome and Clairvaux—between Bernard the Abbot and Bernard the Pope. Besides the letters which survive, there is a notable relic of this correspondence in “The Book of Consideration,”—Bernard's most important work, which he wrote for the guidance of his much-loved Eugenius in his high and trying position. It is a dream of a purity and spirituality, realized, may be, in its author, but certainly never realized, yea, impossible to be realized, in this or any occupant of the Roman see.

In the year 1148 there came a weary servant of God to Clairvaux, not to dwell there, but only to die there, and leave it freshly perfumed with his memory. It was Archbishop Malachi from Ireland, on his way to Rome. He had been a faithful labourer for many years among a peculiarly savage race, who had kept him in perpetual fear for his life, and utterly wearied out and broke his spirit. He had been once at Clairvaux before, and had won all hearts. After many toilsome years he came again, and was received with gladness. He had not been there long when it became very plain to him that he should journey on no further—that his toils among the Irish savages were ended for ever. He was well contented. To die, as it were, in the arms of Bernard his friend, seemed something sweet and restful to this outworn Archbishop Malachi. And so he laid down his tired head and died very peacefully, amidst the monkish prayers and psalms. Bernard tells the whole story in his “Life of St. Malachi.” His account of the last hours of the weary wanderer is so simple and tender that I cannot but quote. Malachi lies on his convent bed with his eyes growing dim, and the tide of his life ebbing silently away. “Gently consoling us, he said, ‘Cease not from your care for me, and I, if it be allowed me, will not forget you. It shall be allowed me. I have believed in God, and all things are possible to him that believeth. I have loved God, I have loved you; and charity never faileth.’ Then looking up to heaven, he said, ‘Keep them, O God, in thy name; and not them alone, but all who, through the word and my ministry, have enlisted in thy service.’ Then laying his hand on us one by one, and blessing us all, he bade us retire for a little, because his hour was not yet come. We retired. We came again about midnight; for that was the hour at which light was foretold to arise out of the darkness. The house is filled; the whole congregation is present, many abbots also who had come together. With psalms and hymns and spiritual songs we follow our friend on his way home. In the fifty-fourth year of his age, at the place and time which he, Malachi, bishop and legate of the Holy Apostolic See, chose and foretold, as though he were taken from our hands by the angels, he happily fell asleep in the Lord. It was sleep indeed. His peaceful face told of the peacefulness of his departure. The eyes of all were fixed on him, yet none could observe when he passed away. We thought him

* A much abbreviated rendering of a portion of Bernard's sermons, borrowed from the translator of Neander's “Life and Times of Bernard.”

alive when he was dead, and dead while he was still living,* so far was there from being anything between which could distinguish between life and death. There was the life-like look, the serenity which is seen on the face of one who sleeps. You would say that death had not taken these away, but rather increased them to the uttermost. Himself unchanged, he changed us all. In a wonderful way our wails and moans fell still in a moment; our grief gave place to gladness, our lamentations to songs of joy.† So writes Bernard, full of affection and sorrow. These are not set phrases, but the outcome of the heart of one who clung to his earthly friends with a singular affection, and in their companionship was ever singularly strengthened and refreshed. They were cut down before him one by one, and when they were all gone he felt that he could not tarry; he longed sore for his Father's house. His strong heart seemed to falter, his spirit to be quelled, tool and weapon to fall from his weary hand, when he was left alone. And so it continued with him till, following the steps of his friend Malachi, he too went his way home.

V.—RIVAL POPES.

In the year 1130 died Pope Honorius the Second. He had ascended the chair of St. Peter amidst tumult and violence. It was rarely the case that these papal shepherds entered the sheep-fold by the door. They were in the habit of climbing up some other way—generally on the shoulders of armed men, and amidst faction cries and bloodshed. After six years of a reign which, as one punningly said, brought little *honour* to the Church, Honorius died, and the scenes of violence and confusion were renewed—not, however, without an attempt on the part of the sacred conclave to avoid them. The cardinals had bound themselves by an agreement to adhere exactly to the canonical rules on this occasion, and on a set day to proceed to the election in the church of St. Mark at Rome. Whenever candidates began to be fixed on and parties to be formed, the agreement was quite forgotten. Two members of the sacred college came forward as rivals, each with his own following. The one was Cardinal Petrus Leonis, the grandson of a Jewish usurer who had rendered great services of a pecuniary kind to the Roman see. The other was Cardinal Gregorio, whose only claim was his pre-eminence in learning and piety. The friends of Cardinal Gregorio stole a march on the friends of Petrus Leonis. They met in haste and secrecy, before the death of Honorius was publicly known, and made Gregory pope by the name of Innocent the Second. As was only natural, the other party scoffed at this stealthy election, and met in the church of St. Mark, and in due form

made Petrus Leonis pope by the name of Second. Of course, Innocent and Anaclet with their too zealous friends,—the latter hard lot, in that he was “cast into a strait constrained to take up a burden that was for him;” and the former professing to shun the threat of excommunication if he should refuse to proffer honour. On these professions of humility and self-distrust, the strife that continued for many days to come, and convulsed the Church, is a curious commentary.

It was scarcely likely that even Rome was strong enough to contain the two rival Vicars of Christ on earth. Anaclet was the strongest there. Innocent had to cast about for an asylum might flee *de ore Leonis*, as Bernard's Abbot Arnold, quaintly says. He bethought of France, always a good friend, for reasons to necessitous popes. Before King Louis the Corpulent, would agree to receive him to have the judgment of an ecclesiastical council, therefore, was forthwith assembled at Rheims, and Bernard was induced to attend it, and his opinion came the opinion of the council. The issue of the election was, in his eyes, a matter of consequence. Indeed, the election of St. Peter's successors was generally a scene of the direst confusion. He decided on this wise: Innocent was good, pious, respectable man, while Anaclet was the reverse; the latter was the true pope, and Anaclet the false. There has often been worse logic, more exact logic, than this, employed in ecclesiastical elections. So thought the bishops and abbots at Rheims, and they forthwith despatched to Innocent his sorrows for consolation to France; a spending eleven days at Clugny, and receiving the homage of King Louis at St. Benet. Bernard having taken up this matter, did go through with it. Louis being won, he went next to Henry I. of England, and was successful there. As there were two rival popes at the same time, there were also two rival emperors, Conrad and Lothaire. Lothaire had been the late Pope Honorius, and so both the emperors took themselves to him. Innocent, at Rome, had the compensating advantage to make application to the potentates of the Empire. At Lutich, accompanied by Bernard, Lothaire, who led his horse with his own hand, showed other marks of honour. The pleasure of the emperor was very nearly damped, however; for he was about to avail himself of so good an opportunity for making some pretensions which had withstood by the Roman see. Bernard's rescue, and somehow, by his reasoning, or mastery over men, which he always

* Bernard writes, “*Mortuus vivere et vivens mortuus putabatur*,” with which words a recent biographer happily connects these well-known lines of Thomas Hood:—

“We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.”

† Bern. Op. Edit. Mabilion, vol. I., 696.

le to shut the emperor's mouth at the most critical moment.

In the year 1133 Lothaire conducted Innocent in triumph to Rome, and was there crowned by him. His brother Conrad, however, still kept the field against him, and he was obliged to leave Innocent unprotected, and to return back to Germany. Anaclet was supported by many of the Roman nobles and by many ecclesiastics, and Innocent had again to flee—this time to the little republic of Pisa. During his sojourn in France he had called a great council at Rheims in the year 1131, when he had consecrated and crowned Louis VII. as successor of his father, who was not dead by any means, but who laboured in this way to establish his family on the throne. During his sojourn at Pisa he resolved to hold another, and happily he might obtain such recognition in Italy as he had obtained beyond the Alps. Bernard, who for some time past had taken part in the strife only by letters from distant Clairvaux, again came to the front, and all opposition went down before him. The Milanese, with their Archbishop Anselm, had espoused the cause of Anaclet. The appearance of Bernard and his Cistercians in Milan at once changed the minds of the fickle populace, whereupon they hailed Innocent as pope, and expelled Anselm from his see. So captivated were the Milanese with Bernard, that they pressed him very sorely to remain among them as their archbishop. His answer was, "To-morrow I will mount my horse, and if it carry me out of your city, I shall conclude that I may not accede to your request; but if, on the other hand, it should refuse to bear me beyond the walls, I will then consent to become your archbishop." Next day the horse, with Bernard on its back, was miles away on the road to Pavia and Cremona, in the cause of Pope Innocent.

After another brief retirement at Clairvaux, Bernard was back again in Italy, where matters were still far from being settled. About the same time came Lothaire, with a mighty army, to second Bernard's keen tongue with his keener sword. Almost the only supporter of Anaclet of any importance now was the stout Roger, King of Sicily, who had been making his own of the Papal schism, and indulging to a very great extent in his favourite pursuit of rapine and devastation. A severe defeat from Lothaire, and a sharp lecture from Bernard, completed his conversion. Bernard's reasoning on this occasion is somewhat amusing, and shows that he possessed in perfection not merely the graces of sentiment, the eloquence of feeling, but a rough, shrewd, common-sense, which was most effective in its influence on his hearers. He enumerated all the nations, all the kings and emperors, all the bishops and archbishops, all the monkish orders that had espoused the cause of Innocent, and over against these he set the one name of the one supporter of Anaclet, King Roger of Sicily, and when he asked, no doubt with a certain archness, if it were likely that all Christendom, Henry, Louis, and Lothaire, and many besides, should be wrong and in

the paths of destruction, and only King Roger should be right and in the way of life. I think Bernard's hearers, who knew well that King Roger of Sicily was about the most reckless and godless man then living, must have been amused as well as convinced by this very dexterous *reductio ad absurdum*. After King Roger's defection Anaclet was in a bad case. He still maintained himself in Rome, however, which Innocent was obliged to share with him. Shortly afterwards he died, in the year 1138, and an attempt to elect a successor to him proving quite unsuccessful, Innocent was suffered to reign during the last five years of his pontificate in peace.

VI.—ELIJAH THE TISHBITE.

It was a wild and troubled time. It was hard for any man to retain his faith in God and the kingdom of God, amidst the universal confusion which prevailed in the Church, not less than among the nations. Bernard never lost his, and again and again was his voice lifted up in the cause of truth and righteousness, and so mightily lifted up that it bore down all opposition, and made the most godless and unbelieving tremble. In the strife between two rival popes, he does not appear to us as invested with any peculiar nobleness, even while we wonder at the power which he was able to put forth, because any such strife seems to us, at this distance of time, singularly void of interest or importance. But amidst universal lawlessness and government of the devil, one likes to hear a true voice uttering its lofty rebukes unsilenced and unsilenceable. No matter where the wrong was done or spoken, be the offender king or pope, or simple priest, Bernard appeared, like Elijah the Tishbite, to call the sin a sin and the lie a lie, and to denounce it in the name of God to the dismay of the evil-doer.

We owe to him a very fearless exposure of the corruptions which had crept into the Cluniac order of monks, and not less, which was more difficult by far for him, of those to which his own Cistercians were especially liable, in his "Apology to William the Abbot," *Apologia ad Gulielmum Abbatem*. His presence in France did more to restrain the tyranny of the strong over the weak, and to maintain some semblance of order, than all the laws. Humbert was a vassal of the powerful lord Theobald, Count of Champagne. For some imaginary offence he was deprived of his estates, and driven out of the country, leaving his wife and children destitute and helpless. Bernard heard of the injustice, and his heart grew hot within him. He first persuaded some of the neighbouring clergy to deal with Count Theobald, who however would not listen to them. Then he wrote a letter to the Count, so stern and authoritative, and at the same time so unanswerable, that Humbert was restored to his family and his lands, and Theobald hastened to make peace with the indignant abbot of Clairvaux.

Another time, Rodolph, Count of Vermandois, had put away his wife, who was a relation of Count Theobald

of Champagne, and had married Petronilla of Aquitaine, the sister-in-law of Louis VII., son and successor of the corpulent Louis. Certain bishops had weakly encouraged and aided him in this. He had the countenance also of the French king, who added injury to insult by ravaging the dominions of Count Theobald, the uncle of the forsaken woman. First Vermandois, and then the whole kingdom of France was laid under interdict by Pope Innocent on the demand of Bernard, who was beside himself with righteous indignation. There was no chime of church bells, nor open sanctuary, nor preaching, nor sacrament, nor shrift for the dying, nor Christian burial for the dead, through the whole wide realm. And then Bernard wrote to the king in a strain of rebuke, which must have been surprising to his royal ears. "All too quickly and too lightly," he wrote, have you forsaken your good resolutions; and I know not what devilish purpose can have driven you to surrender yourself again to the evil courses of which you had so justly repented. Who, indeed, but the devil can have prompted you to such deeds of blood and fire? And be assured that the cries of the poor, the sighs of the captives, and the blood of the slaughtered, will reach the ears of Him who is the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow." After a time Bernard's remonstrances prevailed, and Louis made what amends he could for his violence and wrong-doing. These things befell in the year 1142.

Suddenly appearing on every emergency, and filling the enemies of God and the Church with confusion, and then as suddenly vanishing to his quiet retreat at Clairvaux when his task was accomplished, Bernard came to be regarded with a veneration, an awe and fear, throughout all Europe, which is scarcely conceivable by us; but all the while he bore himself with the most utter simplicity as if he were not at all aware of the power of his name, and most of all of his voice and presence. From the turmoil of business and the homage of the people he ever made his escape to his bower, shaded with twining pease-blossoms, in the most secluded corner of the beautiful valley, where he composed his sermons on the Canticles, and lived in a world of holy contemplation, where everything but peace and joy in the Holy Ghost was utterly unknown.

VII.—PETER ABELARD.

The philosophical and theological world of the early part of the twelfth century was startled by the appearance in its sky of a meteor of extraordinary brilliancy, in the person of the son of a Breton knight, Peter Abælard. His life is a romance of the wildest kind. He broke the calm monotony of the schools alike with the flashing of his genius and the fierceness of his passions. A man whose life was one long tempest, and who, when his unquiet heart was stilled in death, left behind him a history which should excite the breathless interest, but also the amazement and pity, of all the

generations. He came to Paris, seeking his fortune, at the age of twenty. He might have been a soldier,—a belted knight like his father. He must be a scholar, however,—a philosopher, or nothing at all. Under William of Champeaux, afterwards Bernard's friend, he addressed himself to the study of dialectics. For this branch of thought and knowledge he had a natural aptitude. He soon mastered it; and with that rebelliousness against all constituted authorities and established modes of thought which characterized him all his days, began to differ from and controvert his teacher. William of Champeaux had the worst of it in his discussions with his young antagonist, and Abælard's victory over this distinguished teacher soon became noised abroad and made him famous. Elated by his success in Paris, in the study of dialectics, he assayed to study theology next, and for this end went to Laon to attend the lectures of Anselm. In these restless days the scholars sought distinction by scholastic disputations, even as the warriors sought it in the battle-field. They went from place to place, in a species of knight-errantry, not to learn so much as to seek out antagonists and try the temper of their swords. Very long time had not elapsed at Laon before Abælard began to express openly enough his contempt for the prelections of Anselm, and to imply that he himself could do much better if he tried. His fellow-students took him at his word, in mere sport at first, and dared him to show his power and theological acquirements by expounding publicly the prophecy of Ezekiel. He needed no prompting. With his usual self-confidence he began to lecture in opposition to Anselm, and very soon threw him into the shade. The students crowded to hear Abælard's lectures, and the excitement became tremendous. He had made Laon too hot to hold him, and left it, the land ringing with his fame, to return to Paris.

Abælard was very different from the idea we are ready to have of a scholar. Young and handsome, with every polite accomplishment, he was as much at home in the gay society of the world as among the philosophers. His dress was after the costliest fashion. He bore himself among men like a very prince. He was followed everywhere by enthusiastic admirers. The women especially adored him, and poured out on him the most intoxicating adulations. His head grew giddy. He drank deep of every cup of pleasure. He became noted for his licentiousness no less than his philosophy. Then came his connection with the ill-fated Heloise. The romance writers delight in the story of their love. It is a story, however, which, in the real facts of it, is too dark and shameful in many ways to bear telling. He was her tutor—she his pupil; rarely gifted, in herself a noble woman. The relation between them soon became of a tenderer sort. Abælard won from Heloise a love and trust, undivided and unchangeable, of which he was not worthy. They were secretly married; but the marriage became known, and the strange thing is, that though there could be no question about it, Heloise

in denying that it had ever taken place, heed-
 : shame which she thereby incurred. It does
 ar that Abælard was, strictly speaking, an
 c at that time. Nevertheless, so disordered
 re had the views of men about the marriage
 ecome, that she deemed it better for a great
 er like Abælard to be regarded as living in
 is honourably married. At length they were
 —she becoming a nun in the convent of
 , Abælard a monk of St. Denis. In course of
 published his book, the “*Introductio ad*
m.” His enemies were on the watch for it,
 ever it appeared found that they had him at
 ey. It was condemned at the Council of
 holden A.D. 1121, and he was compelled to
 ublicly with his own hand. After a sort of
 ent in the monastery of St. Medard, Abælard
 d to return to his own monastery of St. Denis.
 l, however, some not unjustifiable doubts about
 l of his monastery to have Dionysius the
 e for its patron saint, which very soon made
 comfortable with his brother monks that he
 e for his very life. He became a hermit in the
 region of Champagne. But he could not be
 enthusiastic pupils followed him; and in a
 le his little hermitage was the centre of a
 many such. Accordingly he had a church
 ch he dedicated to the Third Person of the
 r the name of the *Paraclete*. But the peopling
 derness brought to his ear again the angry
 n which he had fled away, and even here he
 be at rest. Far away on the shores of his
 itany there was a convent of St. Gildas de
 He was invited to become its abbot. He did
 r a time tried to be at peace beside the roar
 quiet as his own spirit. Meanwhile Heloise
 ellow-nuns of Argenteuil had been for some
 pelled from their convent. Abælard heard of
 om distant St. Gildas de Rhuys renewed his
 fence with his forsaken wife. He made over
 hermitage and chapel of the *Paraclete*, and
 a Bull from Innocent, who was then in France
 seeking to establish his papal rights, confirm-
 ation of it to Heloise and her companions
 This was in 1131.

survive at this day some letters that passed
 he Abbot of St. Gildas and the Prioress of the
 Heloise is full of unwavering and intense
 to her erratic husband. He, on his part,
 it little; or, at any rate, does not follow her in
 h of expression. The curtain falls on their con-
 fith each other very peacefully. The last thing
 er is a prayer, which he would have her and
 to repeat, supplicating the Lord for him. I
 t of St. Gildas; but in a little while he had
 o from his convent on the Breton shore. His
 hose flagrant disorders he had sought to re-
 mpted to poison him in his food, and failing to

do that, poisoned the very cup of the eucharist—in vain.
 There was work ready for him elsewhere. His book
 had fallen into Bernard's hands; and the man whom all
 counted as a prophet of God had publicly denounced it.
 His old ardour revived at the prospect of a foeman
 worthy of his steel; and he challenged Bernard to an
 encounter in presence of an ecclesiastical council, which
 was to meet at Sens, in the year 1140. After some
 hesitation on the part of Bernard, who felt himself no
 match for the learning and dialectic skill of his anta-
 gonist, the challenge was accepted. The prospect of
 this encounter between two so mighty champions filled
 Sens, when the time came, with an eager crowd. Abæ-
 lard came full of confidence in himself; Bernard came
 trusting in God and the goodness of his cause.

But was it a good one? I believe it was. Abælard,
 in the earnestness of his protest against the dead ortho-
 doxy of the time, had assigned to reason a place in
 theology other than it can claim,—had fallen into the
 evil ways of the school called Rationalistic. He at-
 tempted to lay a philosophical basis for the doctrine of
 the Trinity, and came at length virtually to deny the
 divinity and priesthood of Christ. He trod a path of
 error which has been trodden with singular uniformity by
 all who have attempted to rationalize theology and the re-
 ligious life—which is being trodden by many at this hour.
 The fact is, that Bernard stood for the orthodox faith
 against something very much akin to the Socinianism
 of later times, and was able, like another Athanasius,
 like another Augustine, to stem and roll back the tide of
 error. But let the story of his victory be faithfully told.
 He was not dependent alone on God and the goodness
 of his cause. At Sens he was in the midst of friends,
 devoted admirers who almost worshipped him; while
 Abælard was in the midst of enemies. The case was
 prejudged in fact. When Abælard swept into the
 council he found Bernard in a pulpit with the *Intro-*
ductio ad Theologiam in his hand prepared to deliver a
 most unfavourable criticism on it. He had scarcely
 begun, when Abælard, stricken by some mysterious
 fear, or seeing that he had no chance of a fair trial, rose
 up suddenly, and said that he appealed to the Pope, and
 so left the assembly. Bernard was not baffled thus. He
 procured a distinct condemnation by the council of all
 Abælard's heresies, real or supposed. And he had influ-
 ence enough with the Pope to bring it about that his
 appeal to Rome should be left unheeded. The miser-
 able man set out to plead his own cause in the capital
 city of Christendom. Heart-sick and foot-sore, he came
 to Cluny. Abbot Peter received him kindly, and per-
 suaded him to remain, promising him an asylum for the
 rest of his days. He wrote also to the Pope to get his
 consent to this. The weary and sorely-buffed Abælard
 was only too glad to lay down his head there and rest.
 There settled down on him, for the first time, a deep
 peace; but two years had not elapsed before we find
 Abbot Peter writing to Heloise of the last days and
 death of her husband in the monastery of Cluny. Cx.

JEW'S WAILING PLACE, JERUSALEM.

(See Engraving.)



ONE of the most interesting spots in the Holy City is the "Jews' Wailing Place," where a few devoted members of that outcast nation assemble every Friday to weep and wail over the remains of their Temple, in whose stones they still take pleasure, and whose very dust is dear to them. The accompanying Engraving is from a photograph very recently taken, and shows with equal faithfulness and artistic effect the present appearance of the spot, and the attitudes, expressive at once

of deep sorrow and veneration, assumed by the poor Jews. The colossal magnitude of the stones is seen; some of them measure from ten to fifteen feet in length, illustrating the statement in 1 Kings vii. 10, "The foundation was of costly stones, even great stones, *stones of ten cubits, and stones of eight cubits.*" The peculiar character of the Jewish masonry is also seen,—the deep moulding or *beveling* of the edges of the stones. A description of the place of wailing, and of the scenes still enacted there, was given in the *Family Treasury* for January, page 15.

J. L. P.

WAKING AND SLEEPING.



IN the twilight, a mother watched beside an infant's cradle, while the fire-light ever and anon flickered across a little face, beautiful in the holy calm of its dreamless sleep.

"How sweet, how fair, my baby looks!" thought the mother. "But soon sorrow, sin, and care will begin to throw their shadows over her brow; and how little we know all that may be before her in the journey of life! What will her life be? Will it be like this dull, short December day, or one of the sunny days of July?"

And then came visions of the future—castles in the air—all centring in the one little object of her love, until sleep stole over her also; and in the land of dreams she seemed to carry on the same train of idea, so close was the connection between her sleeping and her waking thoughts.

A child, bright and happy as her own, was sporting on a green lawn beside his mother, till, breathless and wearied, he laid his head on her lap.

"Mother," he said, "I am tired of play. I cannot play always. Is this all?"

"My son," she said, "you cannot be always at play. You must go to school now, and learn to be a wise man."

And the boy rejoiced to hear her words. And the halls of learning opened her gates to him, and he drank deep of the wisdom of past and present ages there, and returned again to his mother, laden with the honours she had coveted for him. But the old wistful look was in his face, as if he would still ask—

"Is this all?"

And his mother answered the question that was in his heart.

"My son," she said, "you must go out to the world

now; you must make yourself a name there; you must be a great man."

Again he left her side, and he went out into the world, and he made himself a name, and returned to her laden with the riches that the world calls greatness. But still she read in his face the old question—"Is this all?"

"My son," she said, "this is not all. You have won fame, and riches, and greatness; now you must make yourself a home, and find happiness there."

Then again he left his mother's side, and he made himself a home. There was a fond wife there, and fair children grew up around their hearth, and he sought for happiness there. But with the eager haste of dreams, years had passed away, and the shadow of death stood before him; and his cry of anguish called his mother to his side.

"Mother! mother!" he cried, "my life is slipping fast away; and, oh! this is not all! I see a long, never-changing eternity before me still! Why did you never speak to me of that—why, mother, why?"

And as the sobs of the sorrow-stricken mother reached her ear, the sleeper awoke, and her heart was filled with joy and fear. With joy that it was all a dream, and that her treasure still lay cradled there—a lamb to be brought to the Good Shepherd, a little one to be trained as an heir of the kingdom;—but with fear lest she, too, might be tempted to place an earthly hope instead of the heavenly before her child.

"After all," she thought now, "of how little consequence it will be, when life is at its close, whether it has been joyful or sad, if only salvation is won—whether it has been a December or a July day, when we reach the city 'that has no need of the sun.' And bending more fondly over the baby in its cradle, she murmured, "Lord, guide us with thy counsel, and afterwards receive us to glory."

X. L.



The Children's Treasury.

STRANGE WAYS OF RIDING.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

A MAN in a reindeer sledge passing rapidly through our streets on a cold, wintry day, would be a curious sight; and yet there is a country in the far north, where the bears are white and the people brown, where the sun shines at midnight sometimes, while at others the moon is the light at noonday, where the rivers are almost as high as the earth, and flow slowly into seas of ice, where such conveyances are more common than any

when Dr. Kane was travelling in those frozen regions, going for Sir John Franklin, he one time found that the current of the water was carrying his ship towards the south, while he wanted to sail north. He needed a greater force than any he then had to draw his ship against the tide and through the great blocks of ice that hindered him. What do you think he

He harnessed an iceberg. He knew that deep below the current that was carrying his ship south another current moving in the opposite direction, that the iceberg reached so far down into the water it was moved by this lower current instead of the upper one; so he threw out his anchor and made his fast to the berg. I think it must have been very difficult to be carried along safely in those terrible seas among those great floating ice-fields by such a horse at. Still it is not all pleasure, for such horses are the most manageable in the world.

When, after a great deal of labour, Dr. Kane fastened his ship to one of these icebergs, he heard a strange crackling, and in a few minutes the ship seemed to be surrounded by a hail-storm. Pieces of ice as large as walnuts were falling thickly all around it. Dr. Kane knew what this meant, and got away with his ship as well as he could. It was well that he did, for soon the iceberg that seemed about to draw him safely through the water was broken in pieces, and floated on the water a splendid ruin. Had they

remained a few moments longer, they would all have perished; but the kind Father, whose protection they had earnestly asked that morning, gave them warning of their danger in season to avoid it, and soon, attached to another and larger iceberg, they were sailing on faster than ever.

I have heard of a yet stranger ride taken in that northern sea, though in a part of it not so far north as where Dr. Kane caught the iceberg. You will call the story a sailor's yarn, perhaps, but I have good reasons for believing it to be true. A whale-ship was off the coast of Greenland. One morning the men on board it saw a large whale spouting water not very far from them. They attacked her with harpoons, as usual, and soon lowered a boat with eight men to finish the work they had begun. The whale, probably not so much injured as they thought, darted under the water to hide herself from them. Before long she came up again; but as she arose she struck the bottom of the boat with her tail, breaking it, while at the same time her tail passed through the broken place like a wedge, and was caught between the closing wood. Two men in the forepart of the boat were thrown up in the air, but came down again into the boat. The whale darted away, carrying the frightened men clinging to the sides of the boat with her, seeming not to like her passengers at all better than they did their horse. "It seemed like an hour that we were carried that way," said my informant, "but I don't think it was over fifteen minutes." Very likely it was not over five, for time seems long to men under such circumstances. Every moment they were afraid the whale might, by a sudden motion, drop them all into the water, or perhaps dive under it herself, carrying them with her. At last the ship or a boat, I do not remember which, came alongside. The whale, already exhausted with her wounds and exertions, was killed, and the men saved. The sailor who told me the story, after he was safely on board the ship, made a rough sketch of the scene, which he showed me. It repre-

sented the moment when the whale first struck the boat. "If ever men felt like praying," he said, "we did then, for there seemed hardly a chance we could escape." No wonder he felt so. Those who visit those far northern waters are sure not to lack occasions for special prayer. Often too they have reason to praise God for special deliverance. If you should ever read Dr. Kane's account of his voyages, you would notice that never, either in their most prosperous times, or when sick and half frozen they were almost ready to despair, did they fail to ask God's blessing on the day's labour; and God answered their prayers, and brought them through all the perils of those two dark frozen winters as easily as he hears your prayer and brings you safely through the little troubles and dangers of each day.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER COPY.

A LITTLE girl went to a writing-school. When she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, "I can never, never write like that," she said.

She looked steadfastly at its straight lines, which were so very straight, and the round lines so slim and graceful. Then she took up her pen and timidly put it on the paper. Her hand trembled; she drew it back; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again. "I can but try," said the little girl; "I will do as well as I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could we expect from a first effort? The next scholar stretched across her desk, and said, "What scraggly things you make." Tears filled the little girl's eyes. She dreaded to have the teacher see her book. "He will be angry with me, and scold," she said to herself. But when the teacher came and looked, he *smiled*.

"I see you are *trying*, my little girl," he said kindly, "and that is enough for me."

She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded and made. Then she took up her pen and began again to write. She wrote carefully, with the copy always before her.

But oh, what slow work it was. Her letters straddled here, they crowded there, and some of them looked "which-way."

The little girl trembled at the step of the teacher. "I am afraid you will find fault with me," she said; "my letters are not fit to be on the same page with the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher, "because I do not look so much at what you do, as at what *you aim* and have the *heart* to do. By sincerely trying you will make a little improvement every day; and a little improvement every day will enable you to reach excellence by and by."

"Thank you, sir," said the little girl; and thus en-

couraged she took up her pen with a greater spirit of application than before.

And so it is with the dear children who are trying to become like Jesus. God has given us a heavenly copy. He has given us his dear Son "for an example, that we should follow his steps." He "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." How he loved people; how he forgave his enemies; how kind and tender he was; how "meek and lowly in heart;" how he "went about doing good!" He is "altogether lovely," and "full of grace and truth."

And when you study his character, "I can never, never reach *that*," you say. "I can never be like Jesus."

God does not expect you to become like his dear Son in a minute, or a day, or a year; but what pleases him is, that you should love him and have a *disposition to try*. It is that temper which helps you to grow day by day, little by little, into his likeness, which God desires to see. Your companions may see no signs of improvement in your conduct; they may even laugh at your efforts; but *God*, with his all-seeing eye, can discern them. He looks at the heart. God sees you try. God *loves* you for trying, and he will give his Holy Spirit to help you.

The *younger* you try, the easier it becomes. The harder you try, the sweeter you will find it. And what sight is more lovely to those who love you than to mark you growing day by day into the temper and spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ?

H. C. K.

RACHEL.

THE Lord Jesus lived to do good to others. As a physician, nobody ever had so many patients as he. Once there was so great a crowd around the house where he was, they had to let a sick man down through the roof into the room. It was love that made him do it. You know how often he preached, and what crowds followed to hear him. Indeed the people hung around him so, that he sometimes had no time to eat; and he went by night into the desert to be alone and pray. He never turned anybody off, or said he was too tired or too busy to see them. And he did all this for the *love of doing good*. Now what the Lord Jesus did *all the time*, we ought to find *some time* for, because the Bible says he left us "an example, that we should follow his steps."

This was the way little Rachel felt, though I do not think she would say it in so many words. Rachel had her play-hours, and she had all Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. She had a fine baby-house, with a great many dolls. She had a bookcase filled with nice picture-books. She had two brothers and a little sister, and cousins who liked to come and see her. Rachel had, you see, a great deal to make a child happy; do you not think she had? But she had found out that all this cannot make children truly happy. The Holy Spirit

taught her that to be happy herself, she must try like others happy. The *law of happiness is not to receive, but to give*. A great many people do not know

I tell you of it, my children, and I beg you never, to forget it. The Lord Jesus himself showed us the way, when he spent his whole life blessing others.

While little Rachel was fond of her picture-books, her baby-house, and her play, she loved also to leave all and go and sit with a poor old woman and read to

The woman was an old cook, now almost blind, nobody but a lame, sick daughter to take care of

Rachel went every Wednesday and Saturday noon and read to her, sometimes from the Bible, sometimes from her Sabbath-school books. Sometimes she used to carry her a bunch of flowers, sometimes a pie cake, and sometimes an apron which she hemmed herself. Rachel did not go a few times and then stop. She did not like it only while it was a *new thing*. She liked it because her Saviour loved poor people and was kind to them, and she desired to follow him. The poor woman took great comfort in little Rachel; so that in *giving* happiness she *found* happiness. Her mother always noticed what a sweet, peaceful look there was on her face when she came home.

ANNIE IN THE CORN-LOFT.

What do you think a little girl was once shut up for in a grist-mill. Annie, for that was her name, had been picking berries. She picked her pail full. On her way home she stopped at the mill to rest. The mill-boy was there, and she gave him some. Soon he asked her to run up to the loft and find his cap for him. Annie was an obliging little girl, and she went, taking her pail with her.

Now what do you think the mill-boy did? He shut Annie up in the loft. She found his cap, and was coming down, but the door was fastened. Annie called and whistled. The mill-boy only whistled, as if he did not hear at all.

The little girl felt very much hurt by his conduct, the more so, because she promised her mother to be home early.

What did the mill-boy do so for? Oh, for fun. But it was not a wicked kind of fun? It was cruel to treat a little girl so. She waited and waited. Then she looked out the meal and cobwebs from a window, and whistled out. There was nobody to be seen. By-and-by the mill-boy drove up. The mill-boy went out, jumped in his waggon, and drove away.

For little Annie, how did she feel shut up in the loft? She thought most of breaking her promise to her mother. Night was coming on, and she was afraid her mother would think her lost. Perhaps the crier would be crying, "Lost child!" and all the folks would go looking for her.

Annie looked round to see if she could not in some

way contrive to get out. There was a big door open in the loft, where there was a tackle and a fall to hoist up great sacks of grain. The strong rope was coiled up on the floor. Annie was afraid to look out of the high, big door, it was so far down to the ground.

But she resolved what to do. "I will push this rope out of the loft door," said Annie, "and let myself down on it." So she pushed and pushed, and presently away it went.

The little girl felt rather grave as she watched it swinging in the air. Was the rope *strong* enough? Was it *long* enough? Was it *fast*? And if the rope answered all these conditions, had she *heart* enough to stretch out her hands, catch it, and commit herself to it? But this was her only way of escape, and Annie felt she must do it.

This makes me think, my children, how Satan often shuts you up in dark places. You try hard to find your way out, and cannot. God then lets a rope down from heaven. It is the rope Jesus. It is *long* enough, and *strong* enough, and *fast* enough to hold you. It is your only way to escape. Will you not seize it and be saved?

Did Annie? Annie took off her bonnet and laid it beside her pail. Then she knelt down and asked God to help her. She asked him to take care of her on the rope. She asked him to forgive her sins, for Jesus' sake. She asked him to forgive the naughty mill-boy, and make him kind and good.

When Annie got up from her knees she felt she could. She went to the door, caught the rope, and swung off. Was she not dizzy and afraid? She would have been had she looked down. She did not dare to look down. She remembered the sailor's motto, "Look aloft;" so she looked up. Keeping her eyes on a star, she slid slowly and safely to the ground. The mill-boy caught her, for by this time he got back. On his way back he saw Annie swinging in the air. It frightened him terribly. "You crazy thing," he cried.

Annie was very thankful when she reached the ground. She did not speak one cross or angry word to the mill-boy, but ran home, saying, "I want to keep my promise to mother."

The boy stood looking after her, more ashamed of his cruel trick than he ever was for anything in his life; and I hope it cured him of the wicked and foolish habit of plaguing little girls.—*Child's Paper*.

THE LEMON AND THE CROCODILE.

"I WILL wash my hands and my face, and then nobody will know that I ate the lemon." So said a little boy in Africa, after he had eaten a lemon that he had stolen. But boys who steal and attempt to conceal the theft, are not happy and prosperous even in this life; and the Bible says that in heaven no thief approacheth.

This little boy had never prayed, "Lead me not into

temptation, but deliver me from evil," for he was a heathen child, and had never been taught the Lord's prayer. He did not think, as he was going to the river, that though no human eye was upon him, there was One above who sees all things, and who could see him. He stepped into the water, and as he stooped down to wash his hands, a crocodile seized him and carried him off. He was terribly frightened, for he had heard how children, and even men, are killed by these monsters. He screamed and struggled, but no one came to help him. How he wished he had not stolen the lemon. "If I had not done that," he said to himself, "I might be safe at home with my brothers and sisters; now I shall never see them again, and they will not know what has become of me."

The idol gods whom the little boy had seen worshipped could not help him, and he knew nothing of Him who alone is able to save; but He whom the child knew not had compassion upon him, and saved him from wrath. As the crocodile came near an island he loosed his hold upon him, and the boy sprang upon the shore and was safe.

Whether this boy was ever tempted again to steal, we do not know; but if he was, he must have thought of the lemon and the crocodile; and if any other little boy is tempted, I hope he will remember this, and that God has said, "Be sure your sin will find you out."—*Ibid.*

JESUS OUR SUN.

I HAD a little plant, a pot plant. In the autumn it was left on the back side of the house in the shade and cold, and it looked very miserable. Then it was put into a cellar, and there it stayed in the dark all winter. When at last it was brought up, it looked dead. "Oh, that beautiful plant is dead," I cried. "No," they said, "only put it in the sun." The dry leaves were cut off, the earth loosened; it was watered and set on a shelf in the south window—a stick, a dead, homely stick, and nothing more. It was hard to say it would ever be anything, and so it was left pretty much to itself. Some days passed, bright, warm, sunny days, enough to do one's heart good, when I thought of my plant, and looked at it. What a change! The dead, sickly look was gone; it had straightened up; it had a fine fresh green; the juices were stirring; and lo, on all sides pairs of little leaves were pushing out to life and light, clothing the bare branches with beauty and youth. There was no mistaking it; the poor despised stick had taken on a new life. It was wonderful how it grew, and how glad it was to grow; yes, and with what a sweet loving faith all the little leaves turned up towards the sun; and how the top as it grew bent forward and over, seeking the life-giving beams.

"The sun does wonders," we said. Yes, and it is bringing life to millions and millions of little plants all over the earth, just as it has done to mine. "Oh, beau-

tiful light! Oh, blessed warmth!" I said, looking up into the sky and thanking God for the sun.

And it made me think what meaning there is in that name of our dear Lord, when he is called our "sun," the "Sun of righteousness." Sin, dear children, leaves us out in the dark and cold, and we shall die there and be cast away if we stay. Oh, if we can only get to the Lord Jesus! He can enlighten our dark souls; he can warm our cold hearts; he can put new life into us; he can bring out new feelings and draw forth new affections, and elevate our lives with the lovely graces of the gospel.

But we must be brought to him. The little plant could not get to the sun itself. That is what your pious parents, your minister, your Sabbath school teachers are trying to do for you. They are trying to bring you to the light. That is what we, in our humble way, are trying to do for you—bring you to Jesus the divine Redeemer, the Sun and Light of the world. And is there nothing for you to do? As the little plant opens its leaves and stretches itself towards the glorious sun which is blessing it, so, my little ones, must you open your feelings to your loving Saviour, and stretch your desires after him. Lift up your voice and pray, "Oh, blessed light, shine into my soul. Oh, heavenly sun, melt my hard heart and warm me with thy love." H. C. K.

THE TWO APPRENTICES.

Two boys were in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading. The other liked fun best. He went off with other boys to have "good times."

"Come," he often said to his shop-mate, "leave your old books; go with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

"If I waste these golden moments," was the answer, "I shall lose what I can never, never make up."

While the boys were still apprentices an offer of £500 appeared through the newspapers for the best plan for a state-house, to be built in one of the eastern states. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After careful study he drew his plans, and sent them to the committee. I suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize; still there is nothing like trying.

It was not long before a committee of gentlemen arrived at the carpenter's shop, and asked if an architect by the name—mentioning the boy's name—lived there.

"No," said the carpenter, "no architect. I've got an apprentice by that name."

"Let's see him," said the committee.

The young man was called, and sure enough his plan had been accepted, and the £500 were his.

he then said he must put up the build-
 employer was so proud of his success, that
 e him his time and let him go.
 carpenter's boy became one of the first
 or country. He made a fortune, and
 the esteem of everybody; while his
 e can hardly earn by his daily labour
 himself and his family.
 youth of improvement, loses the best
 h a boy can make in life.—*The Child's*

THE HABIT OF PRAYER.

tried to persuade a good little boy to
 No, no; I *cannot*," said he.
 why?" they asked.
 swered the boy, "because if I do, I shall
 ll out to God by mother's knee to-night."
 hey said, "in that case you had better

ect of boys better brought up than them-
 nings than they can practise. But you
 le the *habit of prayer* puts on a little
 acknowledges God's all-seeing eye, God's
 God's care, God's goodness, God's pity,
 , God's *right* to us. It is *remembering*
 on we sin so is because we *forget* him.
 ng daily to mind his adorable character,
 is to be, and what he wants us to do, and
 ng; for prayer, like a chain let down
 th one end in our hand, twitches us from
 us towards heaven.
 lden moments are those when a pious
 her little ones about her, and teaches
 say their prayers," but to open their
 penitence and trust and love to the
 died for them. *Then* is the time, in
 for the Spirit of Christ to enter in and
 ls into his likeness. Mothers, see to it
 this, and do not hinder.

THE BAKER'S BOY.

nselt to drive a bread-cart. The baker
 n, and the boy found himself in good
 n Sunday came, he found the cart went
 und as usual, carrying brown bread to
 . It went against the boy's conscience.
 elieve in Sunday work. His mother
 n the Bible that God said, "Remember
 , to keep it holy: in it thou shalt do no
 thy man-servant." That meant him;
 rrvant. Some *necessary* work, he knew,
 but he did not think driving the baker's
 streets was necessary. He saw it could
 Saturday night. He spoke about it to

the bakers. They laughed at him. "Everybody does
 so," they said. "Everybody does not make that *right*
 which breaks God's laws," said Thomas.

The bakers said he must settle it with the master.
 Thomas tried it a while longer; then he went to the
 baker. "Sir," said Thomas, "I shall have to leave
 you."

"Why so?" asked the baker; "I find no fault with
 you."

"I find fault with myself, sir," answered the boy.
 "I cannot feel right about driving round the bread-
 cart on Sabbath morning. It's against the principles I
 was brought up in. At home they remember the Sab-
 bath-day to keep it holy."

The baker did not like it. "You may go," he said
 in a short, quick tone; "be off."

Thomas went to find another place. He sought
 about two or three days, when one day in the street he
 heard somebody call him. Turning round he saw his
 old employer. "Thomas," he said, "I want you back.
 Come to my house, and you shall work on your own
 terms. I think I shall give up my Sunday cart."
 Thomas of course was glad to go.

Boys! *stand by* your Bible principles. They must
 govern you if you ever expect them to govern the world.

"I WON'T."

THE other day a little boy burst out a crying in school,
 and he cried as if his heart would break. Did another
 boy pinch or hurt him? No. Was his spelling lesson
 too hard? No. What *were* those tears for? His
 teacher called him to her side, and asked Freddy what
 the matter was. "I want to go home. Oh, *do* let me
 go," sobbed Freddy. "What for, my dear child?"
 asked the teacher in her own kind way. "Oh," said
 Freddy, "I said 'I won't' to my mother before school,
 and I want to go home and tell her how sorry I am,
 and ask her to forgive me."

They were *penitent* tears, then, the best tears a child
 can shed. But then you must remember,

'Tis not enough to say
 We're sorry and repent,
 And still go on from day to day
 Just as we always went.

Repentance is to leave
 The sins we loved before,
 And show that we in *earnest* grieve
 By doing so no more.

Yes, *no more*. I hope Freddy had no more "I won'ts"
 for his mother.

A MISSIONARY.

A POLICEMAN had a good many bad boys in his district,
 and how do you think he undertook to mend their
 ways? Not by shaking his heavy club over their ears,

or taking them to the police court, or threatening them with the "lock-up."

What did he do? He bought *picture-books* and showed them. There were pictures of the great giant David killed, of the bears which ate up the children who called names, and of God calling little Samuel. The boys were poor, ragged, ignorant little fellows, and never saw such pictures before, and of course they asked all sorts of questions about them. Their curiosity was excited. And how did the policeman answer them? He hired a room and got some teachers, and then he asked the boys to come there next Sunday and *hear* about those pictures. The boys went, and they had a Sunday school; and I should not wonder if it was the best and pleasantest time the boys ever had in their lives. Besides, it gave them something good to think of all the week.

Next Sabbath they went again, and the good policeman and his friends had more to tell them. They heard about God and his dear Son Jesus Christ, whom he sent down from heaven to be the Friend and Saviour of just such boys as they were.

And what do you think the boys call Mr. Lyon? for that is the policeman's name. They used to call him names, I dare say. They now say "Father Lyon," and they try to behave as good children ought to.

WHAT THE LITTLE GIRL WENT TO SABBATH SCHOOL FOR.

A MAN met a little girl hurrying along one Sabbath morning. "Where are you going so fast, little girl?" asked the man. "I am going to Sabbath school," said she. "What are you going to Sabbath school for?" he asked. "Oh, to find Jesus," said the little girl, hurrying on. To find Jesus! There is where Jesus certainly can be found. He says, "They that seek me *shall* find." So no Sabbath scholar will ever miss her aim, if that is it. And oh, what a blessed find it is!

My children, what do *you* go to Sabbath school for? Do you go to see your schoolmates? Do you go to get a library book? Do you go because you must? Do you go to play? No; I do not think many children go for *that*. Ah, there is something higher and better than all these to go for. *Jesus* is in the Sabbath school—Jesus who died on the cross. "Friend of sinners" is his name. Jesus is there, saying, "Come unto me." Jesus is there to open your eyes to the loveliness of being like him. He is there to open your ears to hear his word. He is there to take your heart, wash it from sin, and fill it with his love. He is there to make you happy, truly happy, by setting your feet in the road to heaven. Will you not then go to Sabbath school on purpose to find Jesus? Your teacher may not be there;

the superintendent may be absent; but neither we cold will keep Jesus away; neither sickness nor tri will hinder *his* coming. *Jesus will be found* the you truly seek him.

NOW, AND THEN.

THE path is narrow and the night is dark,
And my poor lamp is but a glimmering spark;
I stumble oft, and often lose my way.
Oh for the perfect day!

Down the dark valley to the river side
I followed thee, my earthly Friend and Guide,
And lost thee where the billows roll between;
But I shall find thee *then*.

And while I linger weeping on the shore,
His face who died for me I see no more.
Jesus, the doubts that keep me from thy love,
Then, *then* thou wilt remove.

Oh, joyful *then* that lights the gloomy *now*:
The vale is dark, but bright the mountain's brow
That joy is mine; to me the hope is given
To change this earth for heaven.

"BUILD HIGHER."

AN invalid was sitting by his window in a pleasant spring morning, watching the robins building their on a low bough near him. Patiently and joyously laboured, and as the invalid looked kindly and loved at them, he almost unconsciously exclaimed, "higher, build higher, foolish creatures; I wish you understand me. Your nest is so low, the cat will destroy it. You are labouring in vain, and spending strength for naught."

A year has passed away, and spring has come! The robins too are here, singing as they toil; but dear patient invalid who sat by the window one ago, watching them and listening to them, so anxious for their welfare, is not here. He has! his flight to a more genial clime where winter will come.

Perhaps amid the glorious companionships and employments of his new home, he now and then down upon us as he did upon the robins one year and seeing us engrossed with trifles, setting our tions on any thing below the sun, building our nest low, within reach of the destroyer, he says to us the birds, "Build higher; oh, build higher."

"He builds too low that builds beneath the skies."





DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVYLIAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

PART VIII.

IT is a trouble, certainly, about Hugh and the parish, and I don't think it helps me at all to try and think it is not. Because I have tried to persuade myself that we could be quite as happy and as useful elsewhere, and have succeeded again and again; yet it always comes back how dear home is, and how the people love "Master Hugh," how impossible it is for any one to be to them what he is to them, or for him to be to others what he is to them. That I have come to the conclusion that it is best to confess to Hugh and to myself that it is a trouble, rather a great trouble, and to confess this also to them, and then, with all my heart, to trust myself and to Him and to submit.

I have also felt much perplexed as to what submission is, whether we ought really to *like* all that happens, as well as to take it without complaining.

But Hugh says submission does not mean that we are to make all bitter things sweet, or to try to feel them so, but that we are to take them, however we dislike them, without a murmur, being sure that the bitterest are good because God sends them.

We are to yield up our hearts a *living* sacrifice to Him, he says, with all their joys, and sorrows, and fears, and hopes, just as they are; not dried into insensibility, frozen from a fountain of life and feeling to an icy domination of principles.

He says it is a good test to ask ourselves in any trial, "What could we take the choice out of God's will into our own?"

And I do find this test comforting, for if God were to give us this very day, "Choose which you think best," I feel sure both Hugh and I would say from our in-hearts, "Lord, we cannot see what is best. Do thou choose for us." And he has chosen for us without giving us the choice; and that, after all, is just the way as a very bright future that seemed to spread out before us, when poor Dr. Spencer died. We had so many to thank Hugh and I, for getting at every cottage in the

parish, and ministering to the sick and aged, and collecting the children to teach them, and inducing the men and women to come to church. I pictured the old church full of earnest attentive faces, such as we had seen at Gwennap Pit, drinking in the "words of this life" from Hugh's lips, and "in their eagerness and affection ready to eat the preacher," as Mr. Wesley said.

And Mother there too, and Father, and by and by Jack,—all in the old pew Sunday after Sunday, receiving help and comfort from Hugh's words!

But I must not think of it now. It is a great blessing Mother does not think so badly of the Methodists as she used, or it would have been a terrible sorrow to her to know that Hugh had lost the living because the patron had heard he had "a dangerous leaning to the Methodists."

Cousin Evelyn is especially indignant because the clergyman appointed instead of Hugh is her great-uncle, the Fellow of Brazennose, who has exchanged a living in the east of London for this. She says he is a mere dry scholar, and only looks on human beings in general as a necessary but very objectionable interruption to books.

Men and women, she says, begin to be interesting to him when they have been dead about a thousand years, and his sermons will probably be either elementary treatises on the impropriety and danger of stealing, and resisting magistrates, or acute dissections of the controversies of the Ante-Nicene centuries, which Betty will have to apply as best she can.

Hugh told me first of this appointment when we were alone. We had walked to our own dear old cave. The tide was very low, and we had wandered on over the sparkling sand almost to the very entrance of the little bay. The ebbing waves broke feebly on the shore as if they felt the struggle hopeless, and only continued it with a kind of sullen courage, as a warfare they had to wage whether it succeeded or not.

And as we paced up and down there Hugh told me of the change which makes all our future uncertain. But he told it me in such a way as made me feel, I

scarcely know how, a kind of sad pleasure. I felt it was the first trial we had had to bear *together*. And it is certainly a wonderful help in trouble to have some one else for whom we must try to lighten it.

Besides Hugh's presence is such an unutterable help and comfort, that it is only since he has left me that I have felt really what the trouble is.

After a little while he said,—

"Kitty, do you remember that evening in the ship on our way from Bristol, when I spoke of God's calling us to preach his gospel to those who had never heard it?"

I remembered it but too well, and the recollection seemed to benumb me; the three calls he had spoken of; the call in God's Word to proclaim it, of his voice in the heart, and the call of his providence. The last only had been wanting then. It flashed on me, only too clearly, that nothing was wanting now.

"So many can do the work at home, Kitty," he said, "and so few have health, or leisure, or means for the work abroad; and since the one place in the world which was home to us, to which we had ties it seemed wrong voluntarily to break is closed—what ought I do?"

"Oh, do not ask *me* to decide, Hugh!" I said, "only decide and I shall be sure it is right."

"It is a sacrifice we can only make *together*, Kitty," he said.

"I cannot leave Mother and Father alone, Hugh," I said, "now that Mother is so feeble, that we may wander about the world together."

"It would be little sacrifice to me, Kitty," he said in a very low voice, "if you would."

We did not speak for some minutes. I felt how truly the sacrifice was for us both, and how very great it was. At last I commanded my voice to say,—

"Hugh, I *cannot* judge what is right for you, because I cannot know what you feel; but if you do indeed feel that God is telling you to do this, then it is simply duty and obedience to do it, and it must, of course, be done. And my duty is to help you as much as I can. And I will, Hugh," I said, "and may God help us both."

Then Hugh said a great deal in my praise; I do not mean many words, but a great deal in a few words, about my being fit to be a great hero's wife, and about no man having ever been given such a brave tender heart to sustain and inspire him as mine.

And I am afraid I was foolish enough to believe what he said, not remembering how much I have always to put down to his love, and not to my excellence. For I did actually begin to feel myself quite a heroine, until Hugh went away, and I came into the kitchen and saw Betty polishing up one of the old oaken chairs Hugh and I had foraged out from the lumber-room for our home that was to be. And that broke down all my high courage at once and sent me to my chamber to cry bitterly, all by myself, and to learn what kind of a heroine or hero's wife I should make.

And that is a week since, yet I have never found courage to tell Mother of Hugh's purpose, or scarcely to

look at the rooms which were to have been *his* mine.

I have told Evelyn, however, and she *ent* with all the noble enthusiasm of her character Evelyn, indeed, would have made a wife for a heroine in her own person. She talks *bes* the wonderful joy of teaching the truth that heart free to the poor slaves in the West Ind preaching the life-giving gospel to the Ame nists who have never perhaps heard of it *er* faint echo of what their forefathers were taught are scarcely twenty clergymen, she says, i southern colonies, and many of those are men taken refuge there, because their character bad for them to remain in England any lon then, she says, there are the convicts, our outca men, working out their sentences beside the plantations.

"How they must *want* the consolations of t she said, "and what a glorious destiny to them."

Cousin Evelyn seems to feel for these people wants as if she had seen them. But it is difficult for me to feel anything like real love rest for masses of unknown people. If I ha of those poor slaves, had known the temptation of one of those poor convicts, it would be so And here at home I know every man, woman, and it was such a delight to think of Hugh te helping them all.

When the Bible says "God loved the world, that he knows and loves every individual ma and child in it, loves and pities each one accor needs, and character, and sorrows of each. When we talk of loving a whole mass of America, of not one of whom we know anyt does it mean? If half of them were to be swalk an earthquake I might be sorry for the rest; b not shed as many real tears as if anything i were to happen to Betty or Roger. And ou not beat quicker for hearing of their prosperit

To hear that thousands of them really rep had found forgiveness and peace through b our Lord Jesus Christ, would certainly give pleasure; but it would scarcely make my w glad as it would to know that poor Toby i able to rejoice in his Saviour, and was provi cerity of his repentance by doing all the good

I ventured to speak of this, a few days since I am afraid it is such a great defect in me not really to love a multitude of people I have i as other Christians seem to do. But Hugh di much troubled, he only said,—

"Kitty, our Father in heaven really loves titudes, each one of them. Our Saviour she over such, and really died for them all. Ar Him. Is not that enough to make you ca them?"

and that helped me; for I feel that is enough. It would have been reward for any toil or any sacrifice to see one look of joy to beam on the face of our Saviour; it was buffeted and crowned with thorns for us. He is the same, and the joy of pleasing Him the same, now.

She has told Mother Hugh's purpose of going as an evangelist to America. And she is not displeased. She has often wondered how it was that the kingdom of Christ has not seemed to spread for so many years; but it should be limited to one quarter of the world, and all the rest are still lying in darkness. She even thought that she would have thought it her greatest glory if a son of hers should have gone on such an errand to the outcast, and wretched, and lost.

Josiah Evelyn has been urging much that we should return with her to London. She says dear Mother has very delicate and suffering look, and she feels sure one of the learned physicians Aunt Beauchamp knows would restore her to health, since there seems nothing dangerous the matter. Moreover, change of air, she thinks, works wonders, especially with a little troublesome unconquerable cough such as Mother has.

Betty, on the other hand, is very much opposed to the move. She says it is a plain flying in the face of Providence. The Almighty, she says, knows what is the matter with Missis, and He can cure her, if she is to be cured, and if not, all the journeys from one end of the world to the other will do nothing but wear out her strength the sooner. Least of all should she expect any good thing to come out of London, which she considers a very wicked place, where people dress in purple and scarlet, and fare sumptuously every day.

She knows indeed, sure enough, (this in answer to her humble remonstrances) that we are to "use the means;" but she will never believe that it is using the means to fly all over the country, like anything would, after doctors. There is peppermint and horehound, and a sight more wholesome herbs which the Almighty has set at our doors. And there's a doctor at Falmouth who has blooded, leeches, and blistered all the folks for fifty years; and if the folks weren't all got better, there's some folks that never will get better if you blooded and blistered them for ever. She says also that there is plenty against doctors in the Bible, and nothing for them that ever she saw. King Aza got no good by seeking after them, and the foolish woman in the Gospels spent all her living time and was nothing better but rather worse. She says it may not be the same with Missis, although if true, she adds significantly, it is not Missis she should see, poor, dear, easy soul!

Nevertheless Evelyn has carried her point, and in a few days we are to start.

To-day Hugh and I went to bid Widow Treffry good-

bye. She was out, but we found Toby cowering over the fire in much the same hopeless attitude as Evelyn and I had found his mother. He had been to the Justices, he said, and given up the purse, but he was no better.

"Master Hugh," he said, in a hollow, dry voice, which made me think of the words, "All my moisture is turned into the drought of summer," "Master Hugh! I do believe that poor hand that clutched the purse was dead! They say dead hands do clench fast like that. But yet, I'd give the world to have that poor lad's body on the sands again, just to bring it up to the fire and chafe it as Mother did Father's when he was brought home drowned. All her chafing and wailing never brought Father's eyes to open again. And it mightn't that poor lad's. Oh, Master Hugh, the devils may say what they will, but I do think it wouldn't. But oh, I'd give the world to try."

"Toby," said Hugh, very gently, stooping down, taking both his hands, so that his face was uncovered, and he looked up. "Toby, you will never see that poor lad's face on the sands again."

"Don't I know that, Master Hugh?" said Toby, with almost a sob of agony.

"Suppose that poor lad was not quite dead," Hugh continued, "and you *might* have brought him to life, what would your crime be?"

"Oh, don't make me say the word, Master Hugh," said the poor fellow. "I can't, I can't, though the devils seem yelling it in my ears all night."

"It would have been *murder*!" said Hugh, very distinctly and slowly, in a low solemn tone.

Toby trembled in every limb, his eyes were fixed, and he opened his lips but could not bring out a word. Convulsively he sought to pull his hands from Hugh's grasp as if to hide his face from our gaze. But Hugh held him fast, and looked at him with steadfast kind eyes.

"It would have been murder!" he repeated. "But there is pardon even for murder. The thief on the cross had committed murder, I have no doubt, for he felt crucifixion no more than he deserved. King David had committed murder and meant to do it. Listen how David prayed when he felt as you do."

And Hugh repeated the fifty-first Psalm. As he spoke the fixed look passed from Toby's face. He was listening, the words were penetrating. When Hugh came to the verse, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," he said, "The hyssop was a herb with which the blood of the slain sacrifices was sprinkled on the guilty. That prayer is clearer to us, Toby, than it was to King David, for since then the Lord Jesus has really offered himself up for us, and his blood cleanseth us from *all* sin, and cleanses us whiter than snow, so that we may start afresh once more." And then he repeated on to the end of the Psalm.

"There is forgiveness, you see, even for murder. Sup-

pose it possible that the tempter is right, Toby, in whispering that terrible word to your conscience. Yet he is *not* right when he says 'there is no forgiveness for you.' That is the lie with which he is seeking to murder your soul. You must meet whatever terrible truth he says, by laying your heart open to God and confessing all to Him, and you must meet the devil's lie with the truth, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' There is nothing else that can, and I am sure if you do this the devil will flee, and you will overcome and be saved."

We knelt down and prayed together, and as we rose Toby gasped out, "God bless you, Master Hugh! You do think that there is hope!"

Before we went, Hugh found Widow Treffry's Prayer-book and set Toby to learn the fifty-first Psalm. When we left, he was sitting toiling at it, spelling it over as if it had been a letter written fresh from heaven for him.

"I hope I was not abrupt and harsh," he said, as we walked home, "but I felt the poor fellow's anguish was too real to be lightly cured, that the *only chance* was to probe it to the bottom. It is a blessing for Toby that reading is such hard work for him. Every verse he reads costs him more labour than carrying a heavy load up from the shore. The work will bring calm to his poor bewildered mind, so that he will be better able to estimate what his sin really is. And the words I do trust will bring peace to his poor tossed heart."

And Hugh and I were to have spent our lives in bringing such help and comfort to our neighbours in their sorrows and bewilderments! But I will not murmur. If I could see all the way instead of only a step, I should wish things to be as God orders them, so I will trust him who does see all the way.

A letter has come at last from Jack. It is short, and full of the most exuberant spirits. He has been in one or two skirmishes which he describes at some length. He is only longing for a battle. Hitherto his adventures have only brought him a scratch or two, a little glory, and some friends. He mentions one or two young noblemen as his intimate companions, at whose names Evelyn looked doubtful. She says they had the reputation in London of being very wild, and one of them is a notorious gambler. He finds his pay, he says, very nearly sufficient so far with prudence, and the kind *parting gifts* he received at home. A young officer, he says, and the son of an old Cornish house, must not be outdone by upstart fellows, the sons of cockney tradesmen; and if he is now and then a little behindhand, some good luck is sure soon to fall in his way, and set all right.

He has not yet made his fortune. But there are yet cities to be won, and after all, he remarks, there are nobler aims in life than to make fortunes. In a postscript he adds,—

"Tell Kitty that some of her friends the Methodists have found their way to Flanders. Some of these fellows have actually hired a room where they preach

and sing psalms, and make loud, if not 'long' prayer to their hearts' content. They are, of course laughed at unmercifully and get pretty rough usage from their comrades, which they receive as their portion of martyrdom, due to them by apostolical succession, and seem rather to glory in. But we must give even the devil his due, and I must say that one or two of the best officers we have, and our colonel among them, will not have them reviled. Our colonel made quite a sermon the other day to some young ensigns who were jeering at a Methodist sergeant. 'Keep your jests till you have smelt as much powder and shot as he has,' said the colonel, and as we were turning away, he continued, 'At Maestricht I saw one of them (poor Stamford) shot fatally through the leg; he had been a ringleader in vice before he became a Methodist, and as his friend was carrying him away, (for they stick to each other like brothers) the poor dying fellow uttered not a groan, but said only, "Stand fast in the Lord." And I have heard them, when wounded, cry out, "I am going to my Saviour!" or, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"' When Clements, one of their preachers, had his arm shot off, he would not leave the battle; he said, "No, I have another arm to hold my sword; I will not go yet." When a second shot broke his other arm, he said, "I am as happy as I can be out of Paradise." I saw the preacher, John Evans, laid across a cannon to die, both his legs having been shot off, and I heard him praising God and calling on all to love Him, till he could speak no more. I call that a brave death for any man. Indeed," said the colonel, "it might be better for all of us, if we were more like them. Drinking and dicing may be very gentlemanly amusements, but they don't make quite so good a preparation for a battle or an hospital-bed as the psalm-singing and preaching you despise. At least," he added, rather sarcastically, "not for privates and non-commissioned officers. It is easier at all events to collect the men from the meeting-house than from the tavern, and on the whole their hands are steadier. But however that may be, in my regiment I choose to have religious liberty." And," concluded Jack, "some of the young officers went away looking rather foolish, for there had been a little difficulty in our last affair, in collecting officers who were sober enough to lead the men. And we all know our colonel is not a man to be trifled with."

"I am glad Jack has such a commanding officer," said Father. "But as to those Methodists, Kitty, they seem to overrun the world, like the locusts."

To-morrow we are to start for London, Mother, and Father, and Hugh and I.

It is getting late, but I must write down a few words. Cousin Evelyn has just said, before I pack up my Diary, because they have made me so thankful and happy.

We had been speaking about dear Mother's illness, and about the journey.

n said,—
 member, Cousin Kitty, my being so
 idea of praying about a love-letter? I
 nce then, we may pray about *everything*.
 , Kitty, *nothing* seems too great to do or
 little for God to care for. Often I have
 wonder at seeing such majesty as His
 requests as mine. But since I have been
 continued, “I wonder at it less.”
 s at the condescension of God?” I said.
 ;” she said, “I wonder less and adore
 your home I have learnt more of what
 ever knew before. And I see that love
 hing. It is no wonder that love should
 are or rise to any sacrifice. The only
 re; that God should love us. But *He*
 explains all.” Then she took my hands
 red her large dark eyes on me with that
 which always goes so far into my heart,
 ‘Oh, Kitty, how much you have taught

n, Cousin Evelyn,” I said; “why you
 ights in a day than I have in a year.”
 foolish, wise, little Kitty!” she said, “as
 do people wise! Do you not know that
 power and more wisdom in one true lov-
 in all the wise heads in the world? Yes,
 he added, “for compared with love *things*
 ous; we really possess nothing except
 s us to use it, and compared with love
 selves are only the mere inanimate *things*
 l; whilst love is the wind, the fire, the
 and quickens all; the motive force, the
 or of the world.”

to London was like a holiday-trip all the
 ; Beauchamp’s coach met us at Plymouth.
 y the especial care of Aunt Beauchamp’s
 with a travelling larder of plum-cake,
 read, Cheshire cheese, Naples’ biscuit,
 cold boiled beef, with bottles of usque-
 merry brandy, cinnamon water, and strong
 were added sundry homely manufactures
 the shape of pasties and pies, and a
 f mother’s containing various wholesome
 herbs. Two old servants had been sent
 to guard us from the dangers of the
 Flemish cart-horses were added to the
 iage-horses to pull our massive machine
 ire hills, or out of the deep ruts in the
 ough the marshy grounds of Somerset-
 tion to our escort, Hugh rode beside us
 o pistols, and Father, inside the coach
 d a loaded cavalry pistol, so that we
 used a formidable front even to a com-
 mounted highwaymen. We met, how-
 adventure beyond being once or twice
 id,” as Roger would say, in the mud,
 ice being, as he would believe, “pisky-

led,” and missing our way, and being belated on the
 moors.

Mother’s conscience was rather disturbed by the pomp
 in which we travelled, especially when the landlords and
 landladies came bowing and courtesying to receive “her
 ladyship’s orders.”

“Kitty, my dear,” she said, “I really think I ought
 to tell them this is not our coach. I feel like an im-
 postor.”

She was consoled, however, by the reflection that but
 for a few accidents as to priority of birth, Father might
 have been riding, by his own right, in a coach quite as
 magnificent; wherefore for his sake she abstained from
 such confessions. And during our brief stay at the
 various inns she generally penetrated deep into the
 medical confidences of chambermaids and landladies, so
 that by the time we reached London her store of bitters
 and lotions had sensibly diminished.

We did not enter the city till midnight, by which time
 the street-lamps are all extinguished; so that we plunged
 into the deep puddles and ruts, in spite of our huge
 coach lanterns and two volunteer link boys, who terrified
 Mother by flaring their torches at the windows. Once
 or twice her terrors were increased by encountering
 some noisy parties of gentlemen returning drunk from
 various entertainments, and showing their valour by
 knocking down the poor old watchmen, or wrenching off
 the street-knockers. One of these parties actually sur-
 rounded our coach, armed with pistols, bludgeons, and
 cutlasses, with hideous yells and demoniacal laughter;
 when Father (Hugh having left us), taking them for
 highwaymen, presented his cavalry pistols, with some
 very strong military denunciations, at the head of one,
 demanding to know their names, whereupon the whole
 company decamped, leaving Father in great wrath at
 the constables, the king’s ministers, and the whole
 “sluggish Hanoverian dynasty.”

At length we arrived at Great Ormond Street, to
 Mother’s unspeakable relief. She recommended me to
 add to my devotions selections from the Form of Thanks-
 giving after a Storm with that after Victory or Deliver-
 ance from an Enemy; “for certainly, Kitty, my dear,”
 she said, “at one time I thought we were in the jaws of
 death, and gave all for lost—our goods, and even our
 lives. And now being in safety, we must give all praise
 to Him who has delivered us.”

Hugh and I had more than one quiet talk by the way.
 The last was one evening when we had arrived at an inn
 early in the day, and were taking a walk in a wood near
 at hand, when the first primroses were beginning to dart
 up little golden flames through the earth. We were
 speaking of Jack’s letter, and I was saying how his
 principles about money troubled me, and especially his
 delusion of imagining it is generosity to spend more
 than you have, and then beg of other people.

Hugh said, “It is very difficult for people to be con-
 vinced of faults which go with the grain of their charac-
 ter. If a man of tender feelings says an unkind word,

it rankles in his conscience for days ; while a hard man inflicts a score of wounds in a day on his family and dependants, and never has a reproachful pang. A truthful person will not be easy until he has repaired an accidental inaccuracy, whereas a man who habitually boasts and exaggerates, tells a hundred lies or conveys a thousand false impressions in a day, and never feels a weight on his conscience. I suppose a miser who has been grinding as much out of every one as he can all his days, living for nothing but to make his hoards more and more, and safer and safer, lies down at night pitying his foolish extravagant brother, and thanking God that he has not the love of money which led his poor tempted neighbour to forge a bank-note. It is easy to repent of the sins which some temptation has led us into *against* the current of our character ; but it does seem as if nothing but Almighty power could make us feel the sins which go *with* the current of our characters. And yet this is exactly what constitutes *our sin*."

"I am so afraid, Hugh," I said, "that Jack actually prides himself on being an open-handed, generous fellow, just on the strength of what seems to me his most selfish acts. And what is to awaken him?"

"Only One Voice can," he replied, gravely, "and no one can say how. Sometimes people are aroused to the sense of their habitual sins by falling into some sin which is against their habits ; sometimes by a revelation of the true excellence of which their fault is the parody."

"But," I said, "what you say about our ignorance of ourselves is really fearful. How can we ever know ourselves really?"

"I do not know that we ever can," he said, "any more than we could heal ourselves if we did. There is one prayer which seems to me the only fathoming-line for our hearts,—'Search me and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.' God hears us, and with his dews and his storms he does search our hearts, and sweeps and cleanses every corner. Our poor brooms," he added, "only transfer the dust from one corner to another, and often blunderingly remove the soil with the refuse. But God's rains and winds make the ground fruitful as well as pure. That very primrose, Kitty," he said (pointing to one which was springing out of the cleft of an old tree), "a trim gardener would have broomed away the soil on which it has found board and lodging, and impoverished the world of a little world of beauty. Ah ! no eye but God's is true enough to search the heart, and no hand but his is tender enough to probe it. Therefore, the strongest weapon which we have with which to help each other is prayer."

It always gives me so much hope to talk these troubles over with Hugh. The mere bringing one's fears into the light is a help, and how much more his faithful counsel ! It will be very hard to separate ; but he has obtained Father and Mother's consent to our marriage when he has made one or two of his missionary voyages to America. And after all, it will not be

more difficult for me than for the betrothed of a sailor or a soldier. So why should we venture to call it a sacrifice ?

Aunt Beauchamp was at first full of the most sanguine hopes of curing Mother. She had herself (she declared) experienced unspeakable good from a concoction called "angelic snuff," which cured (at least for a time) the most agonizing headaches, the most distressing attacks of vapours ; indeed, all and each of the various contradictory and inexplicable maladies to which her sensitive nerves were liable. She knew, moreover, an incomparable doctor who had effected cures that could only be called miraculous, although the ordinary physicians and surgeons, in their bigotry, were narrow-minded and envious enough to ridicule him. This benefactor of his species, after driving about the provinces in a coach and six, attended by four footmen in blue and four in yellow liveries, and followed everywhere by the tears and blessings of the grateful multitude, had settled in London on his fortune ; but still at the entreaties of those who knew his worth, consented to practise in private for the benefit of a few friends of distinction. "He one day showed me," continued Aunt Beauchamp, "a patent from the Sultan of Egypt, a medal from the Emperor of Persia, and a certificate from the King of Bantam ; but this was only as an especial favour. The excellent creature has not a particle of vanity in his composition, and sedulously avoids all display."

This gentleman, after many entreaties, at length consented to undertake dear Mother's case."

Feeling her pulse, as Aunt Beauchamp said, "in that inimitable manner of his, at once tender and scientific," and asking a few questions (evidently, Aunt Beauchamp declared, only for form's sake, since he had already anticipated all the answers), he drew from the silken pocket of his laced azure coat a pill-box, which he said he had placed there that very morning, and which contained precisely the one only sovereign remedy for Mother's ailments.

Such penetration and prescience combined Aunt Beauchamp declared to be nothing short of inspiration.

But these laudations he modestly disclaimed as extravagant. "The medical faculty," he admitted, "like the poetical, like beauty (and he bowed profoundly to Aunt Beauchamp) could not be made or called up at will. The gift was congenital ; it was incommunicable by inspiration. Beyond this he humbly disclaimed any merit.

Then, after minutely describing the nature of Mother's symptoms in English which sounded like Latin, and which delighted Aunt Beauchamp as much as it bewildered me, he took his leave, assuring Mother that with time, the pills, and reliance on himself, her cure was as good as accomplished.

But whether because Mother's reliance is not perfect, or because she is not a lady of sufficient distinction to

sublime and sovereign remedies, or whether Betty's cal views are right after all, I cannot say; she is rather than better, the noise of the streets disturbs her, and Aunt Beauchamp is becoming every day annoyed with her for not recovering, and so doing as to those marvellous pills; and accordingly it is led that we are to move to Aunt Henderson's town.

do not find the household in Great Ormond Street same as when I left. Evelyn has more to suffer at than she ever hinted to me; not, indeed, exactly ecution, but little daily annoyances which are harder ear—those little nameless irritations which seem to be like flies on any creature that is patient and s, as Evelyn certainly is.

oor Aunt Beauchamp has become fretful and irrit- and keeps up a continual gentle wail against dyn and her eccentricities. Cousin Harry, from his culine heights of the race-course and the gaming- le, treats her "Methodism" with a lofty superiority i feminine peculiarity.

nde Beauchamp alternately storms and laments. was very seriously annoyed at her refusing the labouring Squire, whom she mentioned in her letter me, and since then has absolutely forbidden her anding any of those "canting conventicles," as he s the preachings at Lady Huntingdon's, the Taber- le, or the Foundery. Moreover he actually made *auto-da-fe* of all her religious books. But this dyn considers to have been rather a help than a drance, as at the particular time when her further uaintance with this literature was arrested, it was ing deep into fiery controversy concerning the Cal- istic and Arminian doctrines; and she says she finds ore profitable to draw the water of life from the ce, before the parting of the streams. By the time streams are open to her again, she hopes they will e met once more, and each have left its own deposit and behind.

but although I have seen her face flush and her lip ver often at many an unjust and bitter word, she by no means be pitied.

"I am so sorry for you all," I ventured to say to her day; "I wish you understood each other. You e many things to suffer, dear Evelyn."

I am no martyr, Cousin Kitty," she replied, with ething of her old scornfulness, though it was turned herself; and please do not try to persuade me I am. f my troubles are no doubt brought on by my own lness, or want of tact, and the other half are not h calling troubles at all. I think we sometimes miss meaning and the good of little trials, by giving them long names. We bring a fire-engine to extinguish adle, and the candle probably burns on, while we brenched in our own shower. We take a sword to et a thorn, and drive it further in. It is a great ; to know at what page to look for our lessons,

because if we look for the multiplication-table among the logarithms, we shall probably persuade ourselves we are advanced scholars, yet not be clear about two and two making four."

"But, Cousin Evelyn," I said, "we must not, I think, on the other hand, call God's chastening rod a trifle, because I suppose he means it to hurt us, if it is to do us good. And all the time, while we are setting our faces not to show the pain, he knows it is hurting us, and perhaps He is only waiting for us to be humbled and to sob out our sorrow at His feet, to lay it aside and take us to his heart. At least, Cousin Evelyn," I said, "I think I have found it so sometimes."

She coloured, her lip quivered, and after a little struggle with herself, she looked up with her eyes full of tears, and said in a broken voice,—

"It does hurt me, Kitty, oh, so much, so terribly! Perhaps after all it was pride and not humility that made me try to think it did not. But I was so afraid of flattering myself that I was a martyr, and that I was suffering for my virtues and not for my faults. If you had been in my place, Kitty," she said, "I have thought so often you would have made them all love you and religion together."

"Dear Evelyn," I said, "perhaps I might have made them content with me, it is so natural to me as to all creatures without horns, and hoofs, and stings, to creep out of difficulties. And perhaps I might have persuaded myself that, in escaping reproach I was recommending religion. But our blessed Lord did not make every one pleased either with religion or with Him. And when we have really painful things to take up and bear, unless we glide out of the way to avoid them, I think it ought to help us to remember what He said about taking up our cross."

"But Kitty," she said, "the cross! think what it was to him—shame, agony, death, worse than death. Shall I call my little discomforts crosses?"

"Jesus said, Every one who followed him was to take up his cross," I said.

"He did," she replied thoughtfully. Then looking up with one of her bright looks, she said,—

"Well, Kitty, nothing on earth shall persuade me I should not get on better with every one, if I were better! But perhaps some little portion of my troubles could not be avoided; and if this is my cross, it certainly makes it feel lighter to call it so. Remembering that if it hurts me so much, it is not so much because it is so heavy, as because I am such a child, and so little used to bearing it. So, Kitty," she continued, "by no means draw my portrait as a meek-eyed maiden bowed down under a picturesque burden beautifully fashioned into the shape of a cross; but as a foolish and awkward little child, stumbling along under a load which other people could lift with their fingers. But, O Kitty," she said, her whole countenance suddenly changing into an expression almost of anguish, "what miserable selfishness to talk of my burdens! Think of the void, the pangs of those

who are dying from the hunger of their hearts for God, and will not call it hunger, but 'sensibility,' or 'repressed gout,' or 'the restlessness of youth,' or 'the irritability of old age, or the 'inevitable worries of life,' or anything but that great hunger of the souls God created for Himself, which proves their immortality, and proves their ruin, and might lead them to Him to be satisfied. How am I to help them to find it out?"

"You can pray, Cousin Evelyn, and show them your whole soul has found that rest in God; and the time will surely come when you may tell them how. Who knows how many of the bitterest words come from the sorest hearts? No doubt the writhing of his poor hands on the nails, and the very sight of the patience of Jesus on the cross beside him, made the reviling of the thief all the bitterer. But in another moment that patience had overcome: the railing was changed to—'We indeed justly;' the reviling to—'This man hath done nothing amiss;' the curses into—'Lord, remember me;' and the agonizing beginning of an eternity of anguish into the—'Paradise to-day.' Ah, Evelyn," I said, "who knows how near the joyful answer to your prayers may be? who knows your cross may blossom into a tree of life?"

She made no reply for some minutes; she had buried her face in her hands. But when she looked up again, it was with a look clear and solemn and awed and bright as a child's in prayer, and she said,—

"Kitty, I think I understand better. Henceforth I will not try to trip on under my burden as if it were nothing. I will confess to myself and to God when it wounds, and humbly ask him to lighten or to heal. But hope shall make my tread lighter than ever pride could. For who knows how soon my cross may blossom into a tree of life? It is in the nature of all crosses made from the fragments of His, is it not? Not *nothing*, Kitty. Our trials are not even trifles, they are the poor withering grains of a harvest of eternal joys; they are the fiery furnace of incorruptible graces for us, and, perhaps, for others too."

We are at Hackney, Father, and Mother, and I. This grave orderly household, too, is changed.

Cousin Tom is gone. I knew he had made a voyage to America, but until I came here I thought it was only on some business of his father's.

But when I asked Uncle Henderson for him, he scarcely made any answer, so that I felt something was wrong. And the first time I was left alone with Aunt Henderson, to my great amazement she sat down, and covering her face, burst into a flood of tears. I think I should scarcely have been more surprised if it had been the stone effigy of the lady in a ruff in our church at home, or more entirely at a loss what to do to help her.

"Ah, Kitty," she sobbed out at length, "Kitty, child, you loved the poor lad, you were always kind to him, and he loved you like a sister. And I must speak. Your uncle won't have his name mentioned. He calls

him an ungrateful wretch, an *Absalom*, not going to behave like king David in he will never have him under his roof a Tom, my boy, my only son!"

"But what has he done?" I asked; "very bad."

"No!" she exclaimed, passionately, deed, it's your uncle's hard, cold, mi that makes him judge the poor lad as Tom," she wailed again, "poor miagu known better before, he'd never have ru

And then she told me how he had confessed to his father one evening about the theatre and other amusements, and that he had contracted some debts, and Uncle Henderson him a liar and a coward, and had won more sins he would confess now he had Tom had grown crimson, and had said not been for his Cousin Kitty and J would never have confessed what he believed they had true religion, and they sin of deception, and the little religion them was what had given him courage truth now. And then Uncle Henderson than ever, and said John Wesley was a Jacobite, and Tom was a thief and Tom grew very white, and said if he had he would be one no more, that he would in those Pharisaical meeting-houses any more to do with a religion which he for the returning prodigal; and then U purple with anger, and had ordered him sence, and dared him not to enter his house he could come on his knees and say I and sorry, as such an ungrateful wretch

"I could say nothing, Kitty," Aunt continued, "and I was humbled and bewildered did not know what to think; but I returned next morning to the poor lad's chamber to soothe him. But when I went, oh, I broke out sobbing again, "he was gone. The bed was cold—he had been gone. The chest was there, but not a thing was there except one change of linen in his little table was a note to me. I have kept it ever since."

She gave it to me to read.

"Dear Mother," it said, "we shall be trust my clothes and books will pay my will sell them. (Here follows a list of what I owed—not large). You will not grieve at my going, for I have been a poor creature; I shall write when I have anything good to say. I am going to the American colonies, yet live to show Father I am not such a thankless child, and to be more of a son to you than I have been.—Your poor son,

"Ah, Kitty," she said, "he hoped I should

lad, if he had only known how I loved him! I could only see him for a moment to tell him. I thought I made the house too dull for him, Kitty, but I thought I had kept him so close to temptation, and oh, I used to glory in my part over poor Sister Beauchamp. I have little glory in now, and little to comfort me except Wesley's sermons, which I attended first for his dear fellow, and a talk with Aunt Jeanie and our mother. They tell me very good things he said, cry together over him. They loved the lad; kind lad, Kitty; all the servants loved him. He might have won him, it might have been so difficult. But it is too late now. Your uncle has taken him out of his from Glasgow into partnership, a hateful, demure man, who never laughs or looks in his face. And this stranger sits at our table sumptuously every day, while our Tom is for aught I know for a crust of bread."

Aunt Henderson! I had little comfort to offer, but I said it was a comfort to speak of him to one who loved him, as I do.

Henderson is indeed much changed in many ways. He is softened and humbled; and even more so, her heart seems to have opened and grown.

She has become a devoted disciple of Mr. Wesley. Her mother would not say her example is altogether calculated to commend Methodism to dear gentle Mother, who, seeing how far trouble and a more humbling reverence altered her, sees only the rather controversy, and the self-assertion which yet remain. Her conviction that whatever she did, and believed, was the one standard of right, having been that as regarded her domestic life and plans, has fled in her religion. She is vehemently perceptive that Methodism is not only a good thing but a good thing; that Mr. Wesley's arrangements for societies and bands, class meetings, prayer, and dress and demeanour, are the sole model of Scriptural piety; that his Arminianism is the truth, the one truth, which all Christians receive in every detail if sin did not unhappily blind their eyes. And since no conviction remains in her mind, not only does she lay aside every vestige of the corrupt world, but she has her duty to bear plain testimony on the subject around her. Gold and pearls and costly array she declares, plainly prohibited to women profligate, and she glances significantly at the diamond brooch encircling a lock of Father's hair, which Mother clasps her neckerchief. The one direction for females she vehemently and positively asserts is a meek and quiet spirit. And her own meek and quiet spirit has certainly been tried by these attacks against the cherished which was her one bridal gift, and is her one

Aunt Henderson's chief controversies, however, are with the cool and demure Scotch nephew, who she declares to be at once a red-hot Calvinist, a lukewarm Laodicean, and a frozen Antinomian. She attacks his doctrines with bitter and fiery assertions of the universal love of God; and he meets her with cool and irresistible logic about the eternal predestination and final perseverance of the saints, until between them the texts of the Scriptures fly about more like bullets than the sweet dews of life. The Bible seems to become no more than a book of arithmetic, men and women the figures, heaven or hell a kind of sum total, God himself a mere term, and eternity a cypher to give value to the figures.

Aunt Henderson's favourite doctrine, however, is the perfection of the saints in this life. She is very indignant with the Moravians for denying this, and declaring that to the end of life we remain "poor sinners," in daily need of pardon, and only safe in distrust of self. She has several lamentable stories and very severe sayings against this "poor sinnerism" of theirs and its consequences; although, from what Hugh told me once about the Moravian settlement at Herrnhut, and their self-denying labours among the slaves and outcasts abroad, if by creed they are "poor sinners," in life they seem to be great saints.

But this favourite doctrine of perfection is unhappily precisely the one against which dear Mother thinks herself bound in conscience to do battle. How the love of God to every human being is combined with the election of grace and the perpetuity of faith in the elect, is, she says, a great mystery which she cannot fathom, and will not discuss. But it is no mystery at all to assert that any poor sinful man or woman can ever in this life get beyond the need of confession and daily absolution. Aunt Henderson admits that she herself has never lived under the same roof with one of the "perfect," although she has had many pointed out to her as such in the pews at the preaching-house.

The effect of all this controversy on Mother is to make her cling more than ever, "like a bewildered child" (she says) to the arms of her dear mother the Church. At every Lent she and I attend morning and evening prayers in a church close at hand every day, to which Aunt Henderson, as a disciple of Mr. Wesley, cannot openly object, although she drops many strong hints about depending on external ceremonies.

Both Mother and I find the quiet of the old church and the calm lowly devotion of the old prayers very great refreshments. It does seem to me a blessing to have a set of beautiful fixed prayers, which cannot be turned by the party spirit of the moment against some other section of Christians. Because, when the makers of the Prayer-book itself had to make prayers *against* people (as against the Papists, in the service for the Gunpowder Plot, and against the rebels, in the Restoration service) they did make them so very bitter, they sound very much like curses.

But the controversies recorded in the Prayer-book

were finished so very long ago that the bitterness has faded out of most of them for us, and in general there is very little controversy in it except with the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Yet I cannot help seeing that rougher and less melodious words seem needed to startle people out of their slumber, so that they may awake and learn to pray at all.

It is rather a relief sometimes when Aunt Henderson's warfare is turned from all the misbelieving Christians against "poor sister Beauchamp's quack doctor," as she irreverently calls that benevolent gentleman who failed to cure Mother.

Aunt Henderson has on this subject a theory of her own. She says it is evident folly to imagine that medicine can be anything but nasty, and the process of being cured anything but difficult. And this theory she has carried out by inflicting on the patience of Mother such a series of unpalatable nostrums and irritating applications, that yesterday Father rebelled on Mother's behalf; and Aunt Henderson, after expressing her mind very plainly on the consequences that ensue when people presumptuously refuse to use the means and expect, ("like the Calvinists,") to get well, by an irresistible decree, or, ("like the Moravians,") by "sitting still and doing nothing," has subsided from a very severe physician into a very tender nurse, overwhelming Mother with beef-teas and jellies, and sick-room delicacies of every description; sparing no trouble or expense in behalf of her infatuated patient.

It is in this matter of expense that I see the greatest change wrought on Aunt Henderson by Cousin Tom's flight and Mr. Wesley's preaching.

With Tom she seems to have lost the object of saving. "Why," she says, "should I hoard up for that Antinomian Scotchman, who is a Jacobite into the bargain, I have little doubt, if he had the manliness to confess it." And Mr. Wesley's teaching is no mere mysticism, contemplating the heavens from a height only to be climbed on Sundays; and no mere bristling fence of prohibitory rules. If it is anything it is "*spirit and life*," inspiring labours of love, opening the heart, and the hand, and the purse; it does not sell the trinket to change it into bank-notes as a better investment; it does teach and inspire to give abundantly and cheerfully, it creates a link between rich and poor, the golden link of common faith working by love.

The most pleasing change in Aunt Henderson's house is in the kitchen, where the servants are now recognised, not as a kind of animated brooms and cooking machines, but as "sisters in the society," and where the sick and aged are bountifully provided for, and hospitably welcomed and fed.

I have watched Uncle Henderson very closely, and I am not sure he does not feel Cousin Tom's departure almost more than Aunt. He is so very silent, and he

goes so much less to business; and when his nephew brings him home tidings of the money-market, and the state of trade, and the prospects of his ships, he listens with a kind of forced and languid attention, so different from his old keen though repressed eagerness about loss and gain.

And then what makes him so peculiarly tender to me? He was always kind. But now, when I bring him his pipe or a footstool for his gouty foot, his voice almost trembles as he thanks me. And he said once to Mother that a *daughter* was a good gift from God.

And his hair has grown so white!

Oh! Cousin Tom has done so wrong, has made such a terrible mistake. I am sure he will never find any real peace or good, nor really learn what the love of God is until he humbles himself and comes back, however hard it may be, and submits.

Unless indeed (for I must not presume to make predictions as to the way in which God in his wonderful love may lead any one), he should learn *first* the love and forgiveness of our Father in heaven, and then come home to confess and amend, and learn the love of his father on earth. For if he only did learn that, he would learn the rest, I have no doubt.

And then we have a little secret hope of our own, Hugh and I (for Hugh is gone; he went a week since; but I am not yet able to sit down and write about our parting, it was so *very* hard). We hope Hugh and Tom will meet, for he knows all about Tom; and although America is a very large place, it is not so full of people, Hugh says, as Cornwall. And there is more chance of people finding each other on our Cornish moors, I think, than in this crowded London.

But it is not to chance Hugh and I trust. It made it a little easier for me to part with Hugh, to think of this plan of rescuing poor Cousin Tom. It makes me feel as if he were safer—as if that loving plan were a kind of shield thrown around him.

Yet I know he has a better shield than that. And I do not really believe God will take care of him because he has this one good work to do, but because God loves us both—oh so tenderly!—and because we trust and love Him.

Of all the people Mother has seen in London, she likes Aunt Jeanie best of all. Whenever I miss her, I always know where she is; and when I go across the garden to dear Aunt Jeanie's bed-side (she does not leave her bed now), there I find Mother sitting beside her, singing a hymn of her beloved George Herbert's, or perhaps reading one of Aunt Jeanie's beloved Scotch psalms, or, oftener still, the Bible.

Those two have taken a wonderful love for each other, which it is very sweet to me to see.

One day dear Mother was expressing to Aunt Jeanie her great perplexities at all those controversies and divisions of which we have been hearing so much.

"My dear Mistress Trevelyhan," said Aunt Jeanie,

think if we could see back through all the years, we should find it had always been just the same. The little Paul was sorely tormented with the good people's time, and their bit notions and fancies. One might think the resurrection was past already; and a queer fancy than that has, I consider, never yet possessed any crazy brain among poor sinful mortal men. It is less difficult, surely, even to fancy ourselves or to be perfect, than to fancy ourselves raised from the dead; though I'll not say it's less dangerous. But my dear aunt," continued Aunt Jeanie, who, from the height of her threescore and ten, sometimes seems to condemn Mother and me in one generation—"my bairns, I think it would be a wonderful help in quarrels among Christians, if, instead of trying to find out how bad each other's mistakes may be, they would try each to find what the other really means. Now, as to this 'perfection,' Mistress Henderson bewildered me not a little when she began about it. But then I thought Mr. Wesley is a good man, and no doubt has his reasoning; not so very far out of the way, perhaps, if we could find it out. But he's a man of a strong will, or he has not had done and foregone what he has; and perhaps his will has got mixed up with his faith, and he says more than he would, if people had tried to understand him right at first. And so, after pondering it over, I came to think that may be Mr. Wesley has seen too much of people talking of forgiveness, as if it were to make sin easy, instead of making holiness difficult, which is, no doubt, its true end—as if their hearts could as little be helped as the rain or sunshine. If Mr. Wesley saw this, I can conceive his honest heart rising against it, and his saying, 'You are not called to keep sinning and repenting; you are called to *be* perfect.' And what God calls you to be, means you to be, and will enable you to be.' And that is what I think Mr. Wesley must mean by 'perfection.' The rest followed when he began to cut and divide his desires into a doctrine, and to send it out shining at all points, to fight its way through the world. It alters a house awfully when it is turned into a home into a fortress, as I've seen done in my day; when the nurseries are turned into ammunition-rooms, and the fire-side into a guard-room; and great guns bristle out at the windows, where the children's seats used to smile, and the garden fences are spiked with palisades. And it fares sometimes just as ill with nations when they have to take to the wars. You would scarcely know them again."

"His was a very long speech for Aunt Jeanie; but it comforted Mother greatly, and as also what she said one about the great Calvinistic and Arminian controversy. God forbid," said Aunt Jeanie, "that I should think truth so low or so small as that I could see to the bottom or to the top of it. But I have sometimes

thought a great part of the difficulty springs simply from people getting out of God's presence. In the Gospels it is mostly '*I*' and '*ye*' and '*now*.' But when men write theology, they make it '*he*' and '*they*' and '*then*,' which makes all the difference. The Lord says to us, 'Come now,' 'Come ye;' and our now is *to-day*, but His is eternity. I would like to hear John Wesley," she added, "and George Whitefield, and my early friends of the Covenant, and yours, good Mr. Herbert, and the others on their knees—not *together*, Mistress Trevelyan, in a public prayer-meeting, for the prayers in public are apt to freeze into sermons; but alone before God. I think we should find the prayers wonderfully simple, and wonderfully alike."

"Perhaps," said Mother, "before long it may be given you to hear such prayers and to join them, where prayers in the company of the great multitude will be as simple as that in solitude; and where we shall learn all we are to know by looking, not at the past or the future, but on the face of God!"

But when Aunt Jeanie and dearest Mother begin to talk about heaven, it is almost more than I can bear; their faces light up, and their voices grow deep with such an intimate and reverent joy, that it seems as if they must be very near it, and it always makes me tremble.

For Mother does look very wan and thin, and does not improve as we hoped, in spite of all the doctors, and all the care and change.

But Aunt Jeanie says I am one of those who always want to be living on "a land like the land of Egypt, which is watered by the foot." "And very wisely you would water it all, my poor bairn, no doubt," she said. "But the Lord will not have it so," she added, taking my hand in her dear thin old hand, and smiling on me with her old tender smile. "The Lord will not have it so for any of us. He will have us live in 'a land that drinketh of the rain and the dew of heaven.' And although you may have to prove hunger and drought thereby, my poor lambie," she added, solemnly looking upward with a far-seeing look, as if she saw into things invisible, "you'll be sure to find it best in the end, and one day—one day, my sweet bairn—I shall hear you say so. And we shall turn it into a hymn together, you and yours, and I and mine; and it will be a hymn to which all the holy angels will delight to listen. And as far as they can they will join in it, *as far as they can*," she added, rising as she did now and then when very deeply moved it seemed almost unconsciously into prayer, "For, O Lord, thou tookest not on thee the nature of angels; and it is we, it is *we* only who can say, 'Thou hast led us all that long way through the wilderness, Thou hast humbled us and suffered us to hunger, and fed us with manna. Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood.'"

IN MEMORIAM.—PROFESSOR MILLER.

DIED JUNE 17, 1864.

"He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The Day cometh also the night."



WHAT of the night?
Great Watchman of the House of
Israel,
Who holdest forth the Light,
And, slumbering not, art watching
on the Hill

Through all the ages; answer from the Height,
What of the night?

"What of the night?
Dear Lord, I seek a double boon from thee,
I seek the light
Of God's fair Dawn, my soul from shadows free;
But for my weary hands and failing sight
I seek a Night.

"What of the night?
I would be patient, I will work and wait,
Thy stars are bright,—
But in the End, when watching hours grow late,
I pray not only, Lord, let there be Light,—
Let there be Night.

"What of the night?
I stand upon the shore of the great Sea,
And my dim light
Is flickering in the night-wind;—answer me
Watchman above me on the distant Height,
What of the night?"

—
"This of the night
Tired Pilgrim through the shadows and the mist,
There shall be Light,
The fair Dawn cometh shortly up the East:

—Also, for toilworn hands and failing sight,
There shall be Night."

* * * * *
It is the Night;
The Pilgrim lays him down at last to rest
Among the lilies white,
Rest for the toilworn hands and anxious brow
In those dim shadows underneath the Height
In the still Night.

It is the Night;
He sleepeth well beneath those soft grey skies
After the fight,
The Night is come upon him, and he lies
Wrapped closely from all earthly sound or sight
In God's still Night.

It is the Night,
And God has given His Beloved sleep,
The stars are bright,
And, as he lieth in those shadows deep,
The Watchman bendeth o'er him from the Height
And guards his Night.

* * * * *
It is the Day;
The Pilgrim gets him up unto the Height,—
All shadows fled away—
To the broad sunshine of Eternal Light,
Unto the face of God, which shines away
In the glad Day.

It is the Day;
No more sad watchings by the midnight Sea,
—No twilight grey,
But, crowned with light and immortality,
He stands from henceforth, triumphing away
In God's own Day.

July 1864.

R. M.

"BLACK BUT COMELY."

Song I. 5.

THESE are the words of the spouse, and, like many of her other expressions, seem to indicate that this precious little book is a spiritual allegory, for in actual life what beloved bride would so describe herself to her companion? But though they are of the great body which constitutes the Lamb's wife," they are equally its utterance of every individual member. In a crystal the unity of the mass is composed of an infinite number of smaller crystals, of which is identical in figure with the whole which it helps to build up; so is it also the Church. The Church is composed of an infinite number of individual saints; and the members of the Church differ from each other not in kind but in magnitude. The Church is but an enlarged believer and the believer a miniature Church; and equally on the platform of a dispensation and on the platform of a solitary human heart are the forces waging their gigantic struggle, the ebbings and flowings,—and all like tending toward the same assured

perhaps, the very deepest conviction the Holy Spirit produces in every soul by his teaching, is that of its own frigidity. No word whatever does the saint have a fuller assurance of its truth than *“I am black.”* The unconverted man, nay, every Christian has no conception whatever of the self-loathing which fills the soul that is in the light of God's presence. Ah! if he will keep his good conceit of himself, let old Adam say, “keep the Holy Ghost in your heart.” For he shows us that our life is one wholly “alienated from the world” (Eph. iv. 18), being “filled with all unrighteousness” (Rom. i. 29); and that even our good counts its very righteousnesses are only *“filthiness”* (Isa. lxiv. 6). Others, as well as every saint, confess freely that they are

sinner; but oh how different their felt apprehension of personal vileness! For while the world acknowledges itself unclean, defiled by careless walking, it has the feeling that greater watchfulness might have kept it clean, and that even yet, with due effort, it could make itself at least a little fairer. But the well-instructed saint knows better. He has consciously done his utmost, and it has all worse than failed. He has watched against falling into his besetting sins, and, by seeming success perhaps, has fallen into pride. He has striven to destroy the publican within him, and has only succeeded in strengthening the pharisee. He has always been—

“Worse for mending, washed to fouler stains;”

and slowly but surely has he learned that it is not merely dirt on the skin that disfigures him, but that the skin itself is the jet black skin of a negro. All his washing with soap, and nitre, and snow-water, has only made him more conscious of his *“blackness.”* Blessed depths, out of which to cry unto God, for it is down among them that the soul most easily finds that gracious Saviour, who came to seek and to save the lost, and who always brings the birth of heavenly hope out of our utter self-despair.

Yes, “I am black,” is the universal cry of the true heaven-born soul. Therefore, says Abraham, “I am but dust and ashes.” “Less than the least of all thy mercies,” says Jacob. “Behold, I am vile;” “I abhor myself,” says Job. “I am a worm,” says David; “a beast,” says Asaph; “more brutish than any man,” says Agar. “Woe is me, for I am undone,” says Isaiah. “I am not worthy to bear his shoes,” says the Baptist; “not worthy that he should come under my roof,” says the centurion; “a dog,” says the Syro-Phœnician. “I am the chief of sinners,” says he who was nothing behind the very chiefest apostles; for every member of the bride is taught to feel *“I am black.”*

And it is so still. “Much broken under a sense of my exceeding wickedness, which no eye

can see but thine," says M'Cheyne. "The vilest dunghill worm that ever went to heaven," says the dying Baxter. "I think I am the most vile, ungrateful servant that ever Jesus Christ employed in his Church," says the amiable Pearce. "All that I am is odious in thy sight," says Pascal. "O what a horrid depth of pride and hypocrisy do I find in my heart," says A. Fuller. "I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite," says Edwards. "I think I grieve the Lord more than any other; I have a harder, blinder, and more carnal heart than others," says Frazer of Brea. "I know that I am everything that is bad summed up in one, and that I deserve ten thousand times over the hottest place in hell," says Payson. "For my part, I feel the most vile of any creature living; and I am sure sometimes there is not such another existing on this side hell," says Brainerd.

And so on; for just in measure as each soul is truly taught of God, *it abhors itself*, and confesses, "I am black," till the world wonders at what it counts extravagance, and often suspects the self-loathing one to be guilty in secret of awful sins. But nay, O world! be easy on this score. The evils that cast down the spiritual man to the belly of hell in penitence and shame are evils thou never dreamest of—evils in thy estimate so infinitesimally small that thy microscopic search could never detect them in thee. What thou countest thy *virtues* are the very things that break the heart of thy weeping neighbour.

But though thus black, O with what boundless joy does the believer add, "I am comely," or I am beautiful, as the same word is rendered in chap. vi. 4; black in myself, but beautiful in my Saviour; black as the dingy tents of the Kedar Arabs, but beautiful as the snow-white draperies of the most tasteful of monarchs. For God "beautifies the meek with his salvation," Ps. cxix. 4; yea, he makes such an one "perfect in beauty through his own comeliness, which he puts upon him" (Ezek. xvi. 14). Surely the soul that has the "beauty of the Lord" upon it cannot but be "satisfied with his mercy" (Ps. xc. 17, 14).

But for this comeliness the believer goes even out of himself to Christ as "the Lord our righteousness" (Jer. xxiii. 6). He "puts on Christ"

(Rom. xiii. 14). And so adorned, no wonder that even among the "brightest and best of the sons of the morning," he wears "the best robe" (Luke xv. 22), for there are no angel garments like the garments washed "in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. vii. 14); and no seraph's beauty like the beauty of the soul made "whiter than snow" (Ps. li. 7). For faith's righteousness is the righteousness of God (2 Cor. v. 21); and the wonder-working hand which has begun to adorn her shall never cease till she be presented worthy of her Lord, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, all glorious *within*, and having her clothing *without* of wrought gold (Ps. xlv. 13).

And the blackness and the beauty are now both present. Her cry is not, "I was once black, but I am comely now"—it is, "I am black now, and yet I am comely too." Just like Paul in his last and ripest days on earth, who yet says, "Sinners of whom I am chief." For faith never gets rest in self, and never sees anything but hideous blackness in self, blackness ever growing more hideous as her eyes in the light of God's presence grow increasingly keen to discern it. And so driven out of all confidence in the flesh, she rejoices simply in Christ Jesus (Phil. iii. 3). And drawing near, "accepted in the Beloved," she keeps herself wrapped in this "linen clean and white," and can feel without terror that the eyes of flame are searching her through and through, for she knows that the laver of blood has made her clean "every whit," and that in Christ her head she is "perfect in beauty."

Ah, my reader, what do you know of this dealing with God daily and hourly in the name of his Son? It is well to know all the theory of God's way of peace, to be able to explain it to others—but how do you find yourself able to use Christ, not before men, but before God in the Holy of Holies. It is by thus dealing constantly with God in Christ Jesus, by thus dwelling within the veil, that we are taught to utter in other fashion than most of us do, "I am black but comely;" and to realize in a fulness of power that few enjoy, God's amazing grace that has stooped to such a depth to raise creatures so guilty to such a height.

When the Holy Spirit trains a soul, he teaches it both these branches at once. The one is needed to check the abuse of the other. What God has

joined together, let not man put asunder. alas, it is often done, but always to the real loss of those who do it. If we dwell exclusively on the blackness of self, and some thing it, we lose the spirit of adoption, and given away out of God's warm and life-giving ice into the cold, dismal, chilling regions of bondage, where we are benumbed with fears doubts, and joy and strength die out, and life is all but gone. While again, if we dwell exclusively on the beauty and the privilege in Jesus, and some are doing it, we forget

what we truly are, and lose the deep, deep humility that becomes us before God, and the tenderness and graciousness that becomes us before men. But the Holy Spirit keeps us under the power of both these needed truths, humbled always but not depressed, happy always but not intoxicated; most reverent when we are brought most nigh, most confident when we are laid most completely in the dust, humbly, happily singing ever, "I am black but comely."

J. D.

June 24, 1864.

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, AUTHOR OF "MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK TO PALESTINE."

HAMATH AND THE NORTHERN BORDER OF ISRAEL.

FROM Dan to Beersheba" was in olden days the popular expression for "all Palestine." "The throne of David was set over Israel from Dan even to Beersheba" (2 Sam. iii. 10); "The king said to Joab, Go now through all the tribes of Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, and number the people, that I may know the number of the people" (xxiv. 2). The phrase has become a world's proverb; and yet I have reason to believe that it is often sadly misunderstood by Biblical students; and I know that it formed the basis of one of the grossest blunders in Bishop Colenso's unfortunate work—that in which he compares the numbers of the tribes with the extent of Canaan. Dan and Beersheba were the northern and southern limits of the country allotted to the twelve tribes by Moses, and actually possessed by them. Two other landmarks are also mentioned by the sacred historian. Joshua took all that land . . . from the *mount Halak* which goeth up to Seir, even unto *Baal-gad* in the valley of the stream under mount Hermon" (Josh. xi. 17); and again, "These are the kings which Israel smote . . . *Baal-gad* in the valley of Lebanon even unto mount *Hermon* that goeth up to Seir, which Joshua gave unto the tribes of Israel for a possession" (xii. 7). Mount *Hermon* was in the parallel of Beersheba, and *Baal-gad* is identical with *Banias*, four miles east of Dan. These were the limits of what we may call "the land of promise." "The land of promise" was much larger. Its boundaries are defined in the words of the Lord to Abraham:—"In the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abraham, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river,

the river *Euphrates*" (Gen. xv. 18). The promise was renewed to Israel in the desert,—"*I will set thy bounds from the Red Sea even unto the sea of the Philistines, and from the desert (of Sinai) unto the river*" (*Euphrates*). This wide territory, extending from Egypt on the south to the banks of the *Euphrates* on the north, was promised upon conditions; the people were on their part to be faithful and obedient to their God,—"*If thou shalt indeed obey his voice, and do all that I speak, then . . . mine angel shall go before thee and bring thee,*" &c. (Exod. xxiii. 22-31). Israel did not fulfil the conditions, and, therefore, the whole land was not given to them; "And the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he said, *Because* that this people hath transgressed my covenant which I commanded their fathers, and have not hearkened unto my voice, *I also will not henceforth drive out from before them of the nations which Joshua left when he died,*" &c. (Judges ii. 20-23; compare Josh. xxiii. 13-16).

These facts were unknown to Bishop Colenso; or, if known, they were unfairly overlooked, and hence the force of one of his most telling but most sophistical objections to the truth of divine record.

Before the death of Moses a distinct revelation was given to him of the boundaries of the country which Israel was to occupy. It is a singular fact that these were different both from those in the Abrahamic covenant, and those of "the land of possession." On the south the border line reached from *Kadesh* to the river of Egypt (Num. xxxiv. 4, 5); while on the north it is thus described:—"This shall be your north border; from the *Great Sea* ye shall point out for you *Mount Hor*; from *Mount Hor* ye shall point out unto the entrance of *Hamath*; and the goings forth of the

border shall be to Zedad; and the border shall go on to Ziphran, and the goings out of it shall be at Hazar-enan" (verses 7-9). Dan, as has been stated, was the northern limit of "the land of possession." Hamath is one hundred and twenty miles north of Dan. The ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, the valley of Coele-Syria, and the plain of Hamath, lie between them. This fact explains Joshua xiii. After the division of the country "from Dan to Beersheba" among the tribes by Joshua, a large part of the territory promised to Moses still remained, and is minutely described. The section lying on the north is as follows:—"The land of the Gibletes, and all Lebanon toward the sunrising (Anti-Lebanon), from Baal-gad under Mount Hermon, unto the entering into Hamath; all the inhabitants of the hill country from Lebanon unto Misrephoth-maim, and all the Sidonians" (verses 5, 6).

It will thus be seen that the country given in covenant to Abraham extended from the river of Egypt to the Euphrates; that promised to Moses extended from the river of Egypt to the entrance of Hamath; while the phrase "from Dan to Beersheba" only embraced the territory actually divided by Joshua among the tribes.

"A land of promise" is still in store for the ancient people of God. Ezekiel in prophetic vision gives its boundaries, which correspond at all points except the east with those of Moses. It is only with the north I have to do at present; and Ezekiel defines it as follows:—"This shall be the border of the land toward the north side, from the Great Sea, the way of Hethlon, as men go to Zedad; Hamath, Berothah, Sibraim, which is between the border of Damascus and the border of Hamath; Hazar-hatticon, which is by the coast of Hauran. And the border from the sea shall be Hazar-enan (xlvii. 15-17).

These northern marches do not lie in the usual route of travellers. Comparatively little has been written about them. Yet among them were laid the scenes of some of the most tragic events of Jewish history. In addition to holy and historic interest, therefore, a visit to the leading places may have the charm of novelty.

HAMATH.

Hamath is a quaint old city. If one could fancy Pompeii restored and repopled with the men and women whose mouldering bones are now being dug up from its ruins, it would not present a greater contrast to the modern cities of the west than Hamath. For thirty centuries or more, life has been at a stand-still there. Everything is patriarchal—costume, manners, salutations, occupations. The venerable elders, who, with turbaned heads, flowing beards, and flowing robes, sit daily in the gates, might pass for the elders of the children of Heth who bargained with Abraham in the gates of Kirjath-arba; and the Arab sheikhs, who ever and anon pass in and out, armed with sword and spear, are no unworthy representatives of the fiery Ishmael. There is no town in the world in which primeval life

can be seen in such purity as in Hamath. The people glory in it. No greater insult could be offered to them than to contrast Hamath with the cities of the infidel.

The site of Hamath is picturesque. It stands in the deep glen of the Orontes, whose broad rapid stream divides it through the centre. The banks are lined with poplars, and the queer houses—an odd compound of mud and marble—rise like terraces along the steep slopes. Four bridges span the stream, and connect the two quarters of the city. The remains of antiquity are nearly all gone; the citadel is a vast mound of rubbish; the mosques are fast falling to ruin; and the private houses, though in a few cases splendidly decorated within, are huge shapeless piles of mud and timber.

But the great curiosities of Hamath are its Persian wheels, numbers of which are ranged along the river side, turned by the current, and raise water to supply the mosques, houses, and gardens. Like everything else they are old and crazy; and as they turn lazily round they creak, and groan, and squeak, now in deep full bass, now in sharp shrill treble, and now in horrid concert of jarring sounds. In the still summer evening when the shadows fall upon the river banks, hiding the rippling water and the labouring wheels, and when silence reigns over the streets and houses of the old city, these strange sounds swell up from the gathering gloom, and echo through the valley, as if the spirits of evil had broken from their prison-house, and were filling the air with shriek and wail.

Hamath takes rank among the oldest cities of the world, having been founded by the youngest son of Canaan, some four thousand years ago (Gen. x. 18). It was already the capital of a kingdom at the exodus. During the warlike rule of David it was forced to yield allegiance to Israel (2 Sam. viii. 9); but at a later period Hamath had attained to such power that Amos distinguished it by the name "great" (vi. 2); and the Assyrian monarch spoke of its conquest as among the most celebrated of his achievements (2 Kings xviii. 34). When the kingdom of the Seleucidae was established in northern Syria the name Hamath was changed to Epiiphania, in honour of Antiochus Epiphanes, but on the overthrow of Greek power the Greek name disappeared; and we have to this day the old Hebrew appellation retained in its Arabic form *Hamah*.

Hamah has still 30,000 inhabitants. It has for many centuries been the residence of a remnant of the old Mohammedan aristocracy—a race now distinguished by poverty, pride, and fanaticism. They are the determined enemies of all change alike in religion, literature, art, and social life. The age of Mohammed is their golden age; and the literature of the Koran the only literature worthy of the name. Wherever one meets with or sees them strutting through the dingy streets, sitting in the gates, or at their devotions in the mosque, he is immediately reminded of the Pharisee's prayer, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are."

I once met a distinguished member of this proud race

he house of a learned and liberal Moslem friend in *nascua*. The conversation turned on the wondrous progress of art and science in Western Europe. Railways, steam-engines, printing presses, the electric telegraph, and many other triumphs of modern discovery, were spoken of. He listened with perfect calmness and indifference; and as he haughtily stroked his beard he again muttered a few words, among which I detected the not very complimentary *kalferin* ("in-lie"). A beautiful copy of the Koran, a gem of the pig press, was put into his hand. He opened it; it is printed," he exclaimed, throwing it from him, wiping his fingers as if the very touch was pollution.

I drew his attention to the comparative state of England and the East, both in ancient and modern times. He vowed him that there must be something wrong in the latter—some grievous defect in its government, and in its faith—when such a fatal check was put upon the progress of art and civilization. His reply was singularly characteristic of the state of feeling among all orthodox *hammedans*. It explains also, as I believe, the true reason of Turkish misrule, "The Franks," said he, possess the wisdom and the power of *jannus* (evil spirits); but Allah has reserved for us alone the true religion. *Lillâh el-mejd*, glory be to God!"

THE LAND OF HAMATH.

Emerging from the glen, in which the city stands, we found ourselves in an open undulating plain, bleak and bare. A patch of grain here, a shepherd and his flock there, and a party of Arab horsemen hovering on the horizon, are the only objects that break the monotony of the dreary ride across it. The little excitement of the journey almost feels to be a relief here. Shade there is none, and green grass, except it happen to be the rainy season, is nowhere seen. The Orontes is hid in deep bed some miles to the eastward.

Three hours sharp riding along the line of an old Roman highway brings us again to the brow of a ravine, looking down the steep, rugged bank, we see the river shooting along far below, between rows of rocks that stoop to kiss its murmuring waters. A bridge of ten arches, and bearing the marks of Roman, Syrian, and Turkish architects, spans the channel. Climbing it and clambering up the southern bank, we descend amid the ruins of *Arethusa*, an ancient episcopal city. Traces of walls, and gates, and streets, and orchards, and fields surrounding them are here, all now ruined and forsaken.

After wandering for a time among the ruins I discovered a poor gipsy crouching in terror beneath a shattered wall. He was the only living being in *Arethusa*, and his tale was sad enough. The day before he was rich and happy, the head of a numerous family and an attached tribe. Now he was alone, and a beggar. The tents of his people had been pitched on the banks of the Orontes; their camels and goats were feeding on

the plain. A troop of *Anezeh* came suddenly upon them and swept them all away, camels, goats, tents, women, children. He with his two sons escaped by plunging into the river and swimming across. His sons were on the track of the plunderers, and he was lurking here in the hope of being able during the night to effect the release of his family, and perhaps also to recover his flocks or a sufficient equivalent. Property is as insecure still on the borders of the Arabian desert as it was in the days of Job (Job i. 14, 15).

About three miles east of *Arethusa* is the little village of *Zifrün*, probably identical with *Ziphron*, which Moses mentions as one of the border cities of "the promised land" (Num. xxxiv. 9).

I was anxious to visit the village, so as to make a full survey of the northern "marches;" but the *Anezeh* were reported to be encamped near it, and the whole plain was scoured by their horsemen. My servants and guide refused to accompany me. They even refused to travel to *Hums* by the east bank of the river, for they said the Arabs would be sure to see and plunder us. There is a path along the west bank, but it is very long and very bad, and I determined not to take it whatever might happen. Seeing that arguments were vain, and that the sun was getting low, I spurred my horse and dashed away along the direct route. My servants reluctantly followed. We met only two *Anezeh* cavaliers, and they thought it prudent to let us pass. The *muezzin* was calling the "faithful" to evening prayers when we entered the gate of *Emesa*.

EMESA.

The Arab *Hums*, and Roman *Emesa*, has little of historical or antiquarian interest to attract the traveller. It is a clean, compact, bustling town of 20,000 inhabitants, surrounded by old walls barely sufficient to repel a sudden foray of *Bedawin*. It was celebrated in classic times for a magnificent temple dedicated to the Syrian sun-god, whose priests were princes of the land. One of them became Roman emperor, and is usually called by the name of his deity, *Elagabalus*. *Emesa* was unknown in history before the days of Strabo; but it is just possible that it may be identical with the Biblical *Zobah*, which was situated between Hamath and Damascus (1 Kings xi. 23; 1 Chron. xviii. 3), and which King David conquered when endeavouring to gain for Israel the whole land embraced in the Abrahamic covenant. Such I take to be the meaning of 2 Sam. viii. 3; "David smote also Hadadezer, son of Rehob, king of *Zobah*, as he went to recover his border at the river *Euphrates*" (compare Gen. xv. 18).

Not a vestige of the Roman *Emesa* is now visible except a few marble and granite columns scattered about the streets, and built up in the modern walls. The great mound on which the citadel, and probably also the temple, once stood, is like an immense rubbish heap, and reminds one of the mounds of Nineveh and Babylon. Like them it might richly repay the labour

of excavation. There are many other similar mounds on the neighbouring plain. This measures a quarter of a mile in circuit and upwards of a hundred feet in height. From its summit, which is crowned by a white cupola, I got a most commanding view of the "land of Hamath." It is a vast plain, stretching on the east and north to the horizon, and shut in on the south and west by mountain ridges. It embraces a circuit not less than fifty miles in diameter; and through it from north to south winds the Orontes. A short distance west of Emesa is Bahr Kades, a lake eight miles long, partly, if not entirely, artificial, formed by a great dam drawn across the bed of the river. The water thus raised is conducted by canals to the gardens and orchards of the town.

What a noble plain must this have been in the days of Syria's prosperity! Teeming with an industrious population; thickly studded with towns and villages whose sites are now marked by shapeless mounds. A rich soil, abundant water, a genial clime;—"all the gifts that heaven and earth impart" are here. But they are all wasted. The land of Hamath is desolate; the cities of Zobah are forsaken.

"THE ENTRANCE OF HAMATH."

Standing on the top of the ruined citadel, I saw on the western side of the plain a great opening or pass through the mountains. On its southern side the ridge of Lebanon rises abruptly to a height of ten thousand feet; and on its northern, the lower ridge of Bargylus terminates in a bluff promontory. Between the two lies the only opening from the land of Hamath to the coast of the Mediterranean. This is unquestionably "the entrance of Hamath," mentioned repeatedly by the sacred writers as one of the landmarks on the northern border. "This," said Moses, "shall be your north border. From the great sea ye shall point out for you Mount Hor. From Mount Hor ye shall point out your border unto the entrance of Hamath" (Num. xxxiv. 7, 8).

Afterwards, both when sailing along the Syrian coast, and when standing on the plain of Phenicia, I saw, with still more distinctness, this remarkable pass. I saw then how graphic was the description of Moses. He states that the western border of the land was "the great sea." Then he adds, "From the great sea (the Mediterranean) ye shall point out for you Mount Hor." The Hebrew is *Hor-ha-har*, "the mountain of the mountain;" that is, emphatically, "the great mountain." It was there before me—the majestic northern peak of Lebanon, the loftiest mountain in Syria; its glittering crown encircled by a halo of silvery clouds.

"From Mount Hor ye shall point out your border unto the entrance of Hamath," that is, "the entrance" from the great sea. There is but one, and it cannot be mistaken. That pass between Lebanon and Bargylus is the only opening from the coast into the land of Hamath. I have been told that to this day it is called

by the people of Tripoly *Bab Hamah*, "the door of Hamath."

From "the entrance" the border line was drawn north-east toward the city of Hamath; then south-east by Ziphron, Zedad, and Hazar-enan (Num. xxxiv. 8, 9). Ziphron we have already seen in the distance; and we shall now visit the other two.

A NIGHT MARCH TO ZEDAD.

During one of my visits to Emesa I met with a Jacobite priest from the "desert village" of Sudud, the ancient Zedad. I felt a deep interest in him and his flock. The Sududtyeh are all members of the Jacobite Church, and constitute the only remnant of that ancient sect in Syria. They are poor and oppressed, but industrious and brave. In their desert home they live in comparative comfort, notwithstanding the tyranny of the Turks, the exactions of the Bedawin, and what is sometimes more severely felt than either, the unceasing enmity of the whole body of their fellow-Christians. It is unfortunately the case that the various Christian sects in Syria hate each other with a bitter hatred, and often use their influence with Turkish rulers to oppress and spoil their brethren. The Jacobites of Sudud had suffered much in this way; and it had been my good fortune to secure for them relief from cruel wrong. They were now profuse in their expressions of gratitude. In the name of his people the priest gave me a pressing invitation to Sudud, and I gladly accepted it.

Zedad lies eight hours south-east of Emesa, across an open, desolate plain. We left the city a little before sunset, on a beautiful evening in autumn. The air was fresh and balmy; but after five long months of cloudless sky and burning sunshine, no wonder "the heaven seemed as brass and the earth as iron." I found my friend the priest and some ten or twelve of his people, mounted on mules and donkeys, waiting for us outside the gate. I was struck with the venerable and even noble appearance of the old man; and I thought he might be regarded as no unworthy representative, so far at least as outward aspect was concerned, of the Syrian *episcopoi* in primitive times. His eye was bright, his cheek bronzed, and his flowing beard white as the snow-drift. He wore a black, high-crowned, circular cap; a close under garment of crimson satin, bound round the waist by a girdle; and over all was thrown a long loose robe of black serge. He rode a stout mule, whose well-padded saddle and housings were ornamented with numerous red and black tassels, cowries, and silver charms.

A ride of an hour and a half brought us to Meskinet, a little hamlet occupied by a colony from Sudud, and forming one of the outposts of habitation on the plain of Emesa. Here we halted to await the formation of the caravan and the light of the moon. The road from Emesa to Sudud is very dangerous during the autumn. The Anezeh and Beni-Shemal are then encamped around the fountains of Kuryetein and Salemtiyeh, away

toward; and their horsemen scour the plain up y gates of the city, stripping stray travellers, y caravans, and driving off flocks and herds. I told me that they have spies in Emesa, and scouts along the leading roads, who give due the tribe of every favourable opportunity for The poor villagers suffer severely. Their f grain are closely watched, and not unfre- re hard-earned gatherings of a whole year are in one raid.

does not the government protect you?" I

government!" he exclaimed with surprise; rument does nothing but collect its taxes!" ue was the picture which the old prophets Syria's future! "The spoilers are come upon places through the wilderness: for the sword d shall devour from the one end of the land e other end of the land: no flesh shall have hey have sown wheat but shall reap thorns; put themselves to pain, but shall not profit; shall be ashamed of your revenues, because of anger of the Lord" (Jer. xii. 12, 13). "They their bread with carefulness, and drink their h astonishment, that her land may be desolate hat is therein, because of the violence of all : dwell therein" (Ezek. xii. 19).

the moon rose the order was given to march. an was much larger than I expected. There ut sixty Sudidiyeh, all armed with guns, be- lozen or two of traders from Emesa and and the animals—camels, mules, and don- y probably have numbered two hundred. st, and the sheikh of Sudud who rode a good k the lead, and asked me to join them, after rict orders to all strangers, as they valued ty, not to leave the main body for a single d not to speak above a whisper.

ped. Our pace was somewhat slow, but Not a voice was heard, and the only sound the detect was the dull muffled tread of men and n the dusty soil. The pale moon shed her ht on the grey plain, half revealing, half con- nd the long compact body of men and animals, oiselessly over the bleak waste, had a strange ok that almost alarmed one.

untry was at first perfectly flat; but after some hours it became more and more und- d broken by wadys and dry torrent beds. of these we descended, and marched for a ore. I saw that the sheikh was now all nd watchfulness; and that my reverend o for a time had been nodding on his careful sed himself and addressed a few words to the concluded that this was a dangerous part of and my thoughts were soon rather unpleas- ized.

eikh after the words of the priest trotted

ahead, and was soon out of sight. We went on as before; but, as I thought, somewhat slower. The sheikh had not been absent more than fifteen minutes when he came back at a canter, and, pushing on to the very centre of the caravan, cried in a deep earnest whisper, "*Hauwelu!*" (halt). The caravan stopped in a moment. So still and statue-like did the whole become, that one could have imagined his voice had turned them to stone. A moment more and I saw that every gun was unslung, and that the leading men gathered round their chief. Galloping up to the group, I demanded what was wrong. "*Arabs,*" was the reply, and it was enough to explain all.

The sheikh, who was well mounted, now unslung his rifle, examined the priming of his pistols, and told his people to remain steady and quiet while he went forward to reconnoitre. I joined him. After riding a quarter of a mile or so we came to a sharp turn in the valley, where it appeared to open into a great undulating plateau. Here we stopped, and my companion, touching my arm, pointed to a rising ground in the distance on the left, and said, "*Sháf?*"

"Those are trees," I said; but that instant my horse, with the true instinct of his race, pricked up his ears, raised his head, and gave a low angry snort.

"They must be Arabs, and mounted," I now added.

"Your horse tells you that."

"Can we not get nearer them?" I asked.

"No. If we advance a yard beyond this rock their sharp eyes will detect us. The Arab has the eye of the eagle when on a foray."

I had fortunately my double field glass slung at my side. Taking it out and turning it on the party I saw them distinctly, and, greatly to the surprise of my companion, told him their numbers and equipments in a moment.

"There are seven horsemen armed with spears. They are advancing slowly this way in line."

"Are there only seven? Can you make out no more?" were the eager questions of my companion.

"None; not another man," I replied, as I examined them closely again with the glass. "But stay—what is yon on the crest of that rising ground away further to the right? More Arabs, as I live! A large body—some on horseback, some on dromedaries. I see their spears glittering in the moonlight."

"What's their number?" demanded the sheikh.

"Forty, at least; and each dromedary carries two. I see their outline distinctly against the clear sky."

"It is a *ghuzu* of the Beni-Shemál," said the sheikh, sadly and bitterly. "God help my poor people; we are all lost!"

"May we not escape yet?" I replied. "See, the main body is going southward, and must cross the valley at least half a mile ahead. If your people keep quiet they cannot be seen in the valley."

"True. But these—look at these," the sheikh said, pointing to the Arabs we had first seen, and who still

continued slowly to advance, "will not they discover us?"

I turned my glass upon them, and then said: "They are coming down straight upon us. Come in closer or they will see you, for they are evidently keeping a sharp look out."

At the place where we stood a jagged limestone rock, some eight or ten feet high, projected from the northern bank. The side next us was deeply excavated, and formed a kind of natural cave. Round it the valley turned at a sharp angle. We were thus completely hidden from all in front, while about a hundred yards behind us was another bluff, and a slight curve in the glen, serving in a great measure to conceal the caravan even from us. The danger that threatened, and the critical nature of our position, made me examine carefully and minutely every feature of the glen. I now saw that from the main body we had nothing to fear; and should the others pass in front of the rock we had every chance to escape their notice also; but should they come round it nothing could save us.

"Go you back to your people," I said to my companion, "keep them close and perfectly still. I shall remain here to watch the Arabs. If they pass this rock, or in any other way discover the caravan, you may rely on me either to be with you or give you due warning. Meantime, have your men prepared; and should the worst come you have sixty muskets."

He was off in an instant. I then dismounted, and drew my horse close in under the projecting ledge. Through a rent I had command of the advancing party and the whole valley. The Arabs came straight towards me. Already I could hear their voices. They were splendidly mounted. When about to descend into the glen they turned to the left to avoid the steep bank and some broken ledges. "We are safe!" I inwardly exclaimed. The nearest of them was not more than twenty yards distant, and just as he reached the bottom his horse suddenly started and neighed. My horse was about to reply, when by a check of the bridle I silenced him; and the wise creature seemed to know my danger. The whole party halted. "What's here?" they cried, and they looked all round. The man next me wheeled round and advanced. It was an anxious and a critical moment. The lives of many seemed now to hang upon a thread. The Arab was on one side of the rock, and I on the other. I saw the point of his long tufted spear a few feet above me; but I could not see the man, as I dared not raise my head. Should he move forward another yard, or should my horse make the slightest motion, we were lost. With my foot in the stirrup, and my hand on the horse's neck, I stood like a statue, prepared, should he pass the rock, to make a bold dash forward, which I knew would drive him back to his companions. I can never forget that moment of suspense. It was soon over. I heard a call from his companions, then the ring of his horse's feet on the stones in the dry torrent bed. I put up my head

again, and saw the whole party ascend the south bank, and in five minutes they were out of sight. I mounted and followed cautiously, and had the intense satisfaction of seeing them and their friends ride off at a quickened pace away across the desert.

After half an hour's halt the caravan again started, and we reached Sudud just as the first dawn of morning appeared in the east. So ended my night march. I have described it here for a twofold purpose:—to serve as an illustration of modern life on the borders of the Syrian desert; and to show how true was the Bible picture of the Ishmaelite, "His hand will be against every man;" and how true the predictions of the disturbed state of Palestine, "No flesh shall have peace."

ZEDAD.

Sudud is still a large village; though it does not contain a single vestige of antiquity except a few fragments of columns built up in the mud walls of the modern houses. It is surrounded by gardens and cultivated fields, irrigated by a stream from one of those strange subterranean aqueducts, which one sees so frequently on the plain of Damascus. The people are all Christians; and though their ecclesiastical language is Syriac, they speak and understand Arabic alone. The priests showed me some old Syriac manuscripts, one or two of which were on vellum; but they were poorly written, and of no literary value.

The name of Zedad has not been once named in history since that time when Moses defined so minutely the northern border of Palestine. How strange to find it still here, after an interval of more than three thousand years, with its name little changed!

HAZAR-ENAN.

"The goings out of it (the border) shall be at *Hazar-enan*." This *Hazar-enan*, or, as the word signifies, "Village of Fountains," stood, therefore, at the north-west corner of the promised land; and consequently east or south-east of Sudud. Three hours south-east of Sudud is *Hawarin*, a small village with some ancient ruins. The name might possibly be a corruption of *Hazar-enan*; but there is no fountain there, as I am told, for I did not visit it, and this fact appears fatal to the identity.

In my way back from Palmyra to Damascus (see *Family Treasury* for July) I arrived on the evening of the second day at the large village of *Kuryetein*, which stands in the centre of that long valley described above as running westward from the desert city. It is twenty-two hours march from Palmyra, about the same from Damascus, and six south-east from Sudud. Here are copious fountains,—the only ones of any note in the whole of that vast arid region. The Hebrew word *Hazar-enan* signifies, as I have said, "Village of fountains;" and the Arabic word *Kuryetein*, "two villages." The ruins scattered among the lanes and gardens show that *Kuryetein* was once a place of im-

; and the name, in conjunction with the old church, enables us to identify it with the Greek city of *Koradea*.

since my visit I have been convinced that this ig-lost Hazar-enan, mentioned by Moses as the stern landmark of Israel (Num. xxxiv. 9); and el as lying between the borders of Hamath and (xlvi. 17; xlviii. 1). If this be so, the north-er line is now pretty fully ascertained.

It's border is so far identical with that of Moses, this point it varies; Ezekiel includes the king-Damascus; Moses excludes it; and therefore draws his line westward from Hazar-enan to and then south through Coele-Syria to the Jor-aphan, the next point after Hazar, is unknown; must pay a visit to Riblah.

RIBLAH.

My visit to Riblah I have elsewhere described (ears in Damascus," vol. ii.); my second dates ee years later.

My Sudud with the dawn, accompanied only by servants and a guide, I crossed the dreary plain (three hours). It was rather a hazardous ride, after the experience of the "night march." I was in safety, however, greatly to the surprise of my friend the Aga of Hasya, who assured me Bedawin were keeping the whole country in on, and had made the main road to Damascus de.

After two hours rest, and a substantial breakfast in the spitable castle, I mounted again and set out for

My route still lay in the plain; but the north-ers of Anti-Lebanon now rose up, bare and stern, on my left. In an hour I passed through a gap intersects the ridge near its termination; and after hour's gallop brought me to Riblah.

Riblah retains its ancient name, though scarce a frag-the ancient city is visible. Its houses are poor in, but the site is splendid. The Orontes flows deep, lazy river; and a plain of unrivalled fer-etches away for miles on each side. Has my ver remarked the accuracy of Biblical topo-ven in the minutest details? Moses speaks of

"*Riblah on the east side of Ain;*" or of "the fountain," as the Hebrew signifies. Ten miles west of Riblah is the great fountain of the Orontes, which I also visited, and which is to this day called by all the people in the neighbourhood *el-Ain*, "the fountain."

After the battle of Megiddo, fatal to good King Josiah, Pharaoh-necho, continuing his march toward Assyria, encamped at Riblah, and here settled the suc-cession in the Jewish monarchy by putting Eliakim on the throne (2 Kings xxiii. 29-34). Here also, on this noble plain, Nebuchadnezzar appears to have remained in camp while his general besieged and took Jerusalem. To this place the Jewish monarch was brought a captive, and his eyes put out immediately after witnessing the cruel murder of his sons (2 Kings xxv. 1-7).

On the blood-stained site I sat, and read from my Bible the few incidents of Riblah's history; and then looking upon the wretched village, and out over the rich but desolate plain, I could not but see that a curse was there, and I could not but feel that it was deserved.

Other thoughts, sad and solemn, were also forced upon my mind by the scenes around me. The whole land was God's gift to His people. He gave it in cove-nant to Abraham; He gave it in promise to Moses; He divided it in part to the tribes under Joshua; and He gave it in all its length and breadth,—“from the river of Egypt even unto the great river, the river Euphrates,”—to the nation under David. But the people forgot the Lord's goodness, and they rebelled against His authority, so that by their own deliberate acts they brought upon themselves and upon their land the threatened curse. Now upon the northern border, as before upon the eastern, the southern and the western, with my own eyes I witnessed the literal fulfilment of the prophetic curse,—“I will bring the land into desola-tion: and your enemies which dwell therein shall be astonished at it. And I will scatter you among the heathen, and will draw out a sword after you: and your land shall be desolate, and your cities waste. Then shall the land enjoy her sabbaths, as long as it lieth desolate, and ye be in your enemies' land” (Lev. xxvi. 32-34).

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST,
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The Fourfold Life and the Four Biographers.

BY REV. W. G. BLAIRKIE, D.D.

No. IV.—JOHN THE DIVINE.



One can be at much loss to perceive the reasons that have attached to the writer of the fourth Gospel the title of "*St. John the Divine*." It is in connection with the Book of Revelation, no doubt, that this title is usually given; but it is almost equally applicable to the writer of the Gospel. The "*Revelation*," indeed, is as much a continuation of St. John's Gospel as "*the Acts*" is a continuation of St. Luke's. Both the Acts and the Revelation are in some sense *histories* of the Church; but the one is a history of the Church in its *earthly* aspects and relations; the other in its *heavenly*. It is in a similar way that the Gospel of St. Luke differs from the Gospel of St. John. The one makes prominent the human or earthly aspects of the life of Christ; the other gives prominence to the divine. There is hardly less of heaven in the Gospel than in the Revelation of St. John. If in the Gospel we are not so sensibly lifted up to heaven, heaven is very sensibly brought down to us. If we are not borne away by the Spirit to the region of the rainbow-encircled throne, He that sits on the throne is brought to dwell with us. Of the four symbolical beasts, thought by many to represent the four evangelists, John is by general consent the eagle. He is the bird of heaven, that soars nearer than any of the rest to the light that is inaccessible and full of glory. If the first pages of the Bible show us Enoch walking with God, its last pages show us the beloved disciple soaring with him. If the earliest record tells us of one "who was translated that he should not see death," the latest record shows us one who dwelt in so intimate fellowship with "the Life" as to verify his own saying, and "never taste of death" (John viii. 52). If, in reading of the translation of the patriarch, we feel that such a privilege can never be ours, in the pages of the Apostle we discover a path by which we may reach heaven almost as if by a translation, and the hope full of immortality leaps in our heart as we read, "He that believeth on me shall never die" (John xi. 26).

A very inadequate view of John's Gospel has sometimes been given. It is known to have been the last of the Gospels in point of date, and probably the writer, unlike the other evangelists, was acquainted with what had been written by the rest. Hence it has been thought by some that he simply set himself to gather up some of the things which they had omitted, and that, therefore, his Gospel is but as it were a supplement or appendix to theirs. No doubt, in one sense, it is sup-

plementary to theirs. It does dwell on things they have for the most part omitted. It is at the least an appendix or collection of complete treatise, with one grand definition in view from first to last, and nobly well true that John goes very little with the people of Galilee, where the rest chiefly record his doings. It is true that he dwells most on conversations in or near Jerusalem, conversations often more intricate, more subtle, more profound than the discourses he delivered to the people of Galilee. It is true also that he tells of Christ's miracles, and several of these he does so on account of the conversations they gave rise. But all this has been deliberately and on purpose. These particular conversations have been selected because they illustrate the *DIVINE PERSON* of Jesus; they show John's great object to show, the fulness of Christ dwelling in that human form. It is not to give us anything like a complete Life of Jesus that he tells us plainly that there was a whole world of mighty acts done by Jesus in the presence of those who are not written in this book. He seizes on those things that bring out the *Jesus to the Father*, and that show *how* Jesus received by men. His gospel, (as it has been called by Mr. Westcott) is more like an Epic History. The Word made flesh and dwelt among men is ever the central figure. In the book, before the presence of the Incarnate Word, very opposite states of mind appear, those among whom he dwelt. On the rise and progress of *faith* on the part of the disciples, from the first curious questionings of them whom the Baptist pointed out to them (John i. 38), onward to the scene, when the most doubting of them all, faith shouted, "My Lord and my God!" (John xx. 28) is the side, we see the rise and progress of a dark unbelieving hatred and fury, beginning with the question put by the Jews after the purging of the temple, "What sign showest thou unto us, seeing thou doest these things?" getting more and more decided, as their prejudices and practices were reprov- ed, and at last culminating in the "Crucify him, crucify him!" And yet the object and the plan of St. John are the

me of the other evangelists, his book is surely the same record, the same testimony as "It is not like any of the three that precede it, (Costa), and, nevertheless, it is one and the testimony with them to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who came into the world, crucified for sin, and gone into glory. It is the same testimony; but, like the sun in the sky of Italy or Greece, brighter and more glorious than as it appears in any of his fellow-wit-

ness, we now try to follow the Apostle, in the first of his modes of showing us the glory of Jesus Christ of God, come into the world to save sinners; and, only, in some of the practical teachings which the truth is made to press home.

Let us sum up the substance of the doctrine of St. John's Gospel as may be stated in such words as these:—Jesus is the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world; *one with God the Father and God the Holy Spirit*; the work of redemption which he came to accomplish makes all men who believe *one with him*; and the grand aim of his heart is fulfilled, when there is between him and his people, corresponding to not identical with the union between the Father and the Son; *oneness with God through union*; in this is the grand salvation; without this union, salvation cannot exist at all.

The first words of St. John's Gospel (as we have seen, the case of other evangelists), are the keynote of the whole. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." All through the book we meet with similar expressions. At v. 18, the Jews seek to kill Him, "because he said that he was his Father, making himself equal to God." At v. 23 all men are called "to honour the Son even as they honour the Father." At chapter viii. 19, he says to the Jews, "If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also." In chapter x. 30, "I and my Father are one." And so, also, all through the book. The oneness with the Holy Ghost is either affirmed or implied. "He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. This spake he of the Holy Spirit which they that believed on him should receive." At v. 16 we read, "When the Comforter is come, whom I have sent unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." He speaks ever as one, who, though he is lower than the angels for the suffering of the cross, is nevertheless the equal of the glorious God; and in the lowest depth of his humiliation, he continually appeals to his Father, to glorify him with the glory which he had with him before the world was.

The essential glory of the Son of God being thus revealed to fill our eyes, the amazing truth is further pressed upon us, that "the Word became flesh and dwelt among us." In the human form of the son of Mary, the eternal Word condescended to dwell. The temple

of his body was the dwelling-place of Deity, and the divine Light and Glory were ever there. The reverence thus due to the person of the Incarnate Word is a reverence far more profound than even that of the Jews for the Holy of Holies, where of old Jehovah dwelt. There, the presence of Godhead was indicated by a blazing light; in Christ, it was indicated by a blaze of grace and truth. The Holy of Holies showed forth the material glory of God; but the Word made flesh exhibited his moral or spiritual glory. It was God's knowledge, God's truth, God's love, God's goodness, God's holiness, God's peace, that streamed out through the words, and the looks, and the actions of the man Christ Jesus. He was not merely a godlike man, he was God manifest in the flesh. The Baptist was a godlike man, truly a bright and a shining light: among them that were born of woman there had never appeared a greater; but Jesus was quite different from the Baptist. Observe how differently he speaks of them in his opening verses. "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." All through John's Gospel, the person of Jesus is viewed in this light. Not merely on the mount, but through his whole life, he is transfigured before us; a heavenly halo encircles him; wherever he appears, the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

There are two great purposes, specially dwelt on by St. John, for which the Word thus became flesh. The one was, to reveal God to men; the other was, to impart God to men. In reference to the one, Christ is called the Light; in reference to the other, he is called the Life. As the light of the world, he came to show us the Father. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father also." Hence, too, he is called "the Word" and "the Truth." And what a blessed thing it is, that in Jesus we have the revelation of the Father, the image of the invisible God! The words of Jesus, the thoughts of Jesus, the feelings of Jesus, the miracles of Jesus, the prayers of Jesus are the manifestation of the Father. Ascribe them to the Father, suppose them to be his, and you will learn what sort of Being the Father is! How different from what our prejudices represent Him! "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee!" Blessed revelation! He with whom we have to do is manifested to us in "the Word made flesh." "God is love!"

Impressed so deeply as John was with the conviction that Jesus was the Word, the Light, the Truth of God, it is no wonder he had the profoundest veneration for what Christ taught, and the utmost horror at those who treated it with disrespect, or called it in question. There is a well-known tradition that in his extreme old age, finding, on entering a public bath, that Cerinthus a heretic, was there, he rushed in consternation out of it, calling to his companions to make haste, lest the

house where such a man was, should fall down and bury them. And this is quite in accordance with the vehement language used in his Epistles by this Son of Thunder regarding those who rejected the truth. "If there come any unto you and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed; for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds." Though he was the Apostle of love, he felt such boundless reverence to be due to Him who came from heaven to reveal God, and the truth of God, that no language could be strong enough for the guilt of those who dared to question or contradict what he had been pleased to say.

But Christ came not only to be the Light, but also the Life of the world. The Apostle has great delight in setting forth this truth. We are constantly meeting with it both in word and deed. In the conversation with Nicodemus, the great topic is the necessity of a new life, and how that is to be got is clearly and beautifully set forth. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have eternal life." In the conversation with the woman of Samaria, the same great thought is uppermost. "If thou knewest the gift of God and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee *living water*." Further on, he is the Bread of God that cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world. His word is the word of life, that heard by those who are in their graves, causes them to live. At the grave of Lazarus, he is the resurrection and the life; in the allegory of the Good Shepherd, he giveth his life for the sheep; in his farewell address, he assures his disciples, "Because I live, ye shall live also." That Jesus Christ is thus "the Life" is, if possible, a truth still more delightful than that he is "the Light." In fact light without life would but aggravate our misery. A light that should only reveal our wretchedness and show the unapproachable distance that separates us from God, would only fill us with despair. But when that light is in immediate union with life; when he who proclaims our misery, has the power and the will to scatter it for ever; when his touch dissipates guilt, subdues corruption, kindles hope, and clothes with beauty, the blessing brought to us is infinite, and we who dwelt in dust awake and sing!

II. The lessons flowing from the grand view of Christ's person continually presented to us in John's Gospel are rather implied than expressly laid down. But all through the Gospel a clear and powerful light is thrown on such practical truths as these:—

1. *The depth of Christ's humiliation, and the corresponding value of his work of atonement.* This Gospel is full of Christ's essential glory, as we have seen, but it is also full of his humiliation. In the very first chapter we find the two wonderfully combined. In that very chapter, where it is said, "We beheld his

glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," these words of the Baptist are also found, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" The Eternal Word is also the sin-bearing Lamb. That holy frame, in which the Godhead dwelt, is the frame that is to be crushed for sin. All through the Gospel, the sacrifice of Jesus is seen. Nicodemus is told how the Son of man was to be lifted up. The Jews are told of his flesh to be given for the life of the world: and the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. In the account of the crucifixion, no circumstance is more specially recorded than that from the pierced side of Jesus there flowed blood and water, emblems of atonement and purification. Silently, but very powerfully, the glory of Christ's eternal Godhead is made to deepen the marvel of his sacrifice, and exalt our sense of its value. In the lowest humiliation of the Lamb of God, we are never allowed to forget that he was the Word made flesh. And this combination of the two things—the height of his glory, and the depth of his shame—re-appears wonderfully in the last of St. John's writings: "I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb, as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes." It is through the meeting of the greatest extremes that ever met—the greatest height of glory, and the utmost depth of weakness and humiliation—that the glorious salvation has come to us, which, in Christ, we all are invited to accept!

2. *Special light is also thrown in this Gospel on the way in which God is glorified in the work of Christ.* Far less prominence is given by St. John than by some of the other evangelists to the works of mercy which Jesus wrought for men. What John ever appears in this Gospel intent upon is, to bring out the glorious excellence of God, as revealed and unfolded by Christ, and get his creatures to give him the love and reverence, the trust and admiration which are his due. The thought that God was to be glorified appears in John as Christ's greatest consolation. When the traitor went out, his comfort was, "Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him." When his soul was troubled, and he was about to pray, "Father, save me from this hour," he recovered himself, and presented the petition, "Father, glorify thy name," and then came a voice from heaven, saying, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." When the last scene of all was drawing near, his comfort was, "I have glorified thee on the earth;" and his prayer was still, "Glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee." The grand object nearest to his soul was, that God might get from men the glory due to his name—that unworthy thoughts of God, and unworthy feelings and actions toward him might all vanish; and that, admired, loved, and honoured by redeemed men to the utmost limit of their ability, He should reap a harvest of affection and confidence, in place of the torrents of hatred and rebellion.

3. *The privileges and the duties of Christ's true people* are placed in a singularly striking light in this Gospel. *he ground or basis on which they rest is most remarkable—union to the Son of God.* "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Spiritually they are one with him *he is personally one with the Father.* Being one with *us,* they receive power to become the sons of God. *they share in his standing as Son before the Father.* *they share in all his grace here, and in his glory hereafter,*—"Because I live, ye shall live also;" "Peace I have with you, *my peace* I give unto you;" "These things have I spoken unto you that *my joy* might remain in you, and that your joy might be full;" "The glory which thou gavest me, I have given them." In his close fellowship with Christ, they are bound to bear much fruit. Branches drawing nourishment from such a vine-stock, must not be cumberers of the ground. Especially they must abound in the fruit of love, sacrificing themselves, as Christ did, for others: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

It is very wonderful, that while the transcendent glory of Jesus is most fully brought out in this Gospel, he is yet seen in closer, more loving, more familiar fellowship with his people, than anywhere else. His very first miracle—at the marriage-feast of Cana—seems to have been designed to foreshadow the manner in which he was to bless and sanctify the social fellowship of his people. What heart has not thrilled in reading John's account of the last Supper? What more tender proof of intimacy and brotherly feeling could have been given than the washing of the disciples' feet? What could be more touching than the consolatory address? What more exquisite than the intercessory prayer? Is it too much to say that in these scenes heaven appeared

upon earth, and the vision of the Apocalypse was anticipated: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." Not only, in John's Gospel, is heaven brought to earth, but the children of earth are raised, in Christ's prayer, to heaven: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory;" "I in them, and thou in me, that we may be made perfect in one."

4. Lastly, the guilt of rejecting or of neglecting Christ is seen, in the light of this Gospel, to be very awful. It is absolutely measureless. The Incarnate Word himself, the partner of the divine glory, is treated with contempt. Fellowship with the Son of God, getting a share of all his grace and glory, is despised and rejected, for the sake of farms and merchandise. The yearnings of divine, unutterable love, the sacrifice even unto death of God's Son, the opportunity of recovering a lost life, of having one's nature renewed, and the great ends of one's being attained, are all disregarded. What spark of reverence can there be in such a heart? what gratitude? what goodness? What shameless indifference must there be to all that is good and holy, to all that should arrest the notice and impress the heart of guilty man? No wonder though we find these awful words in this Gospel: "*He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.*"

From this guilt and from this woe, may God, of his infinite mercy, save us all!

And may the great end of this Gospel be fully realized in us: "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and that believing, YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE THROUGH HIS NAME."

A CHILD'S VICTORY.



I.

ON a sultry summer's day, seven hundred years ago, a little girl stood at a street door in one of the close, narrow alleys of a Flemish town. Her dress indicated poverty, though not neglect. Other children were playing near; she heard their voices, and looked at them for a few moments with curiosity and interest in her large blue eyes, but apparently with no wish to join their sports. Far more earnestly did she gaze to the right, where the long alley terminated in a broader street, from whence there poured a stream of intense vivid sunlight, illuminating a corner of the shaded alley, with the Madonna in her niche, as well as the quaint carvings that adorned the house of rich Messer Andreas, the weaver. What would little Arlette have given to see

one figure that she knew turn from the sunshine into the shadow! Young as she was, she had already learned one of woman's saddest lessons—the meaning of that word *watching*.

"Child, where art thou?" moaned a faint voice from within.

In another instant she stood by the bed-side of her dying mother. All too surely had Death, that great king, sealed those wasted features with his own signet, that the purpose might not be changed concerning her; yet, to judge by the calm that overspread them, he was in this instance no king of terrors—no king, but a servant rather, a herald of the "King immortal, invisible," sent from His presence to summon one of his children home.

"Thou seest no one, child?"

"No, mother. To-morrow—perhaps to-morrow he will come."

But childhood's faith in to-morrow failed to communicate itself to the dying woman. "No one," she continued, without heeding the words of Arlette; "no one—and it is well. Though long and sore has been the conflict, I can now say it is well. My child, when he comes, tell him we shall meet above;—tell him that I waited—waited just to look in his face once more, and to say good-bye; but now the call has come, and I must go. As for thee—" She paused, and a look of exhaustion passed over her face. The little girl, who did not weep, but maintained the quiet self-possession of an older person, held to her lips a cup containing some simple cordial.

"Arlette, I must ask thee a hard thing; wilt thou do it for me?" She raised herself slightly, and fixed her dark eyes earnestly on the sorrowing child.

"Mother, I will do anything—anything!"

"My child, listen to me, look in my face, and tell me that if I grow worse, as it must be, thou wilt not fear."

"Fear what, my own mother?"

"Fear to stand thus beside me quite alone—thy hand in mine—none other with us save the great God above who is with us always."

Arlette did not speak, her face was very pale and her lips were compressed.

"Promise me, child of my heart, promise me that, happen what may, thou wilt call no one, bring no one here."

Arlette looked up quickly, "Save our good neighbour, the Vrow Cristine, who hath been so kind and helpful to us?"

"No, child, not even Cristine. Thou canst not understand. And yet perchance thou canst, for sorrow hath been thy teacher, and she teaches well and quickly. If Cristine comes to sit beside me when I lie senseless she will say within herself, 'Now I can fetch the priest and make all right for my poor neighbour,' and he will come and pray his blasphemous prayers, and pour his useless oil upon my brow; and then, Arlette, we shall have touched the accursed thing, and when thy father knows it, it will break his heart."

Arlette did not answer immediately. She stood pale and motionless, her eyes fixed on her mother's face; at last she said in a low resolved tone,—

"That shall never be, mother." And as she spoke, the self-command so unnatural for her years gave way, and with true childlike sorrow she wept and wailed, "Mother! mother!"

"Poor child, poor little one," said the mother soothingly.

The child soon conquered her tears and sobs, and sat down quietly in the dark corner beside her mother's couch, but her frame still quivered with suppressed emotion. What a long, long day it was, and how unlike any other day in her brief experience of life! Her mother slumbered uneasily from time to time, and would then talk of strange things that she could not under-

stand, sometimes speaking to the absent father were near her, and again wailing feebly that not come. But happily for Arlette, these wailings which filled her with terror, did not continue long. The dying woman lay calm and at last sleep came, not like the feverish slumber of day, but quiet and restful, "as if upon the distillation of some healing balm."

The little watcher kept her place, for some hours, she had only moved to smooth her pillow, or to bring a cooling draught to her lips. Now she feared to disturb her by a motion or a word.

The kind-hearted Cristine, wife of their neighbour, came to the door with inquiries, which were answered in a low voice.

"She sleeps, sayest thou?" said the hard-natured Vrow in a tolerably loud whisper, at the door a little more open. "Poor child, so lonely and afraid? Let me come in and sit awhile."

In her heart Arlette longed to accept the companionship, but mindful of her promise she refused it firmly though gratefully.

"Is there nought I can do for thee? Wouldst thou have me call the leech? He is a good man, friendly to the poor. Bless thee, child, if thou fearedst to summon him because she had little money. Messer Franz would rather leave a mark behind such as thou, than take it from thee."

"He hath been here," returned Arlette; "he came this morning, and said there was not much that he could do now."

"Ah, I see," and as softly as she could the man stepped into the room. When she looked at his white still face on the pillow, the expression changed, and she sighed and shook her head. She turned again to Arlette, but without looking at her. "One, it were well, methinks, to fetch the priest, that he may pray beside her, and do what is good for her poor soul. There, there," seeing that Arlette was pale and frightened, "I did not mean to frighten you, but we must think of the soul that has departed."

"My father is coming home," said the child; "we must wait for him."

"Thy father!" repeated Vrow Cristine in surprise. "God grant he may come, but, my poor child, there is one night that will not wait for him about to add, but unwillingness to terrify Arlette, she was silent."

After making her promise to call her if she needed help, she withdrew, to consult with her husband. They might not take her to their own home, but short hours had made her an orphan.

Meanwhile the light of the long summer day faded, and in the dusk Arlette trembled with terror. All the familiar objects in the little room appeared strange and ghastly in the uncertain twilight.

he turned from them to gaze at the dear face on the pillow, gleaming white through the darkness, *that* too seemed changed. Was it indeed her mother—her own mother, that she loved, and from whom she had never been separated? Would she not speak to her, look at her again? Was she—she could not for worlds have uttered the word that was in her thoughts; her heart almost stood still in its terror, and she bowed her head, and hid her face in the coverlet, not in sorrow only, but a fear—an awful fear that seemed to oppress her like a heavy weight, and stifled in its birth a cry that had almost passed her lips unawares.

Beyond utterance was the sense of relief with which he heard footsteps, and supposed the kind Vrow Kristine was coming once more to offer help and companionship. Surely, just for a little while, she might stay. "But no," she thought immediately, "it is a man's footstep—belike it is the fuller, Cristine's husband." Any one would have been welcome now, any one save perhaps a dark-robed priest.

It was neither priest, nor fuller, nor physician. A few hasty strides brought into the room a tall gaunt man, long robed, and with wooden sandals, to whose arms Arlette sprang with a passionate cry,—*"My mother!"*

II.

On the evening of the next day, Robert the Wanderer (for such was the name by which Arlette's father was generally known), sat in that little room, as silent and early as motionless as the form that, draped in spotless white, lay on the couch before him. His eye might have rested at the same moment upon the treasure God had recalled and the treasure He had still left him; for Arlette, worn out by watching and by tears, had sunk to sleep beside her mother, the warm cheek of the living almost touching the cold features of the dead. Life and death, though so often intertwined in this strange world of ours, do not often, in the outward and visible signs of their presence, come into contact so close with each other. Yet it was a fair picture, for the dead face, though sharp and wasted, had its own sad beauty, and wore besides that expression of repose like nothing else on earth, that expression which seems to say, "Nothing more can trouble me now. Though I look so near, I am infinitely far away; the link uniting me to earth is severed." And though that look so filled the watcher's eye and heart that they scarce had room for aught else, yet even he might have turned to the lonely child, lying where she had sobbed herself to sleep, her golden hair half shading the innocent face, so soft and round, though unnaturally pale with sorrow and anxiety. Robert *did* look on her long and thoughtfully; in mourning for the dead he mourned also for the living. Bitter self-reproach mingled with his sorrow, and it may be there was some ground for the feeling, though not so much as in the anguish of his first hour of bereavement he fancied. In explanation of this, it

will be necessary to sketch his past life, and hers who has just been taken from him.

Robert the Wanderer was the son of a prosperous tradesman of Ghent; his father destined him for the Church, and being naturally studious and thoughtful, he gladly acquiesced in the plan. He had nearly completed the necessary course of preparation, when he formed the acquaintance of a stranger from southern Germany, an earnest, eloquent man, resembling in his dress a wandering monk, yet with some differences, in his manners simple, austere, and grave, and speaking of invisible realities as one who had felt their power. With this friend (who in truth belonged to the sect then called the *Cathari*), young Robert held long conferences, and finally borrowed from him his most precious treasure, a manuscript copy of the Gospels, which he usually kept concealed beneath his robe of dark serge. In his lonely chamber the student perused this volume, and often he wept and prayed over its contents in sorrowful perplexity until the night was far advanced. For all the ideas of his childhood and youth had received a mighty shock; from the conversations of his friend and the lessons of his book he began to suspect that the vast superstructure which he called "the Church" was built upon a shifting foundation of sand. God gave him courage and honesty, (it was no small gift), not at this point to close the book and to stifle the misgivings that tortured his soul, but rather steadfastly to resolve that he would sift this matter to the bottom, that he would follow on to know the truth and then abide in it. Thus the distinguishing tenets of Romanism—purgatory, penance, image-worship, invocation of saints, justification by works—were one by one loosened and cast off from his spirit, "like worn out fetters."

But then arose the question, So much cast away, what should he retain as truth? Was *all* faith superstition? Was certainty impossible to man? Was he indeed doomed to doubt and perplexity, or might he somewhere discover a "great rock foundation," upon which he might safely build his hopes of immortality?

It has been truly said, that "when the mortal, in the moment between his first sigh and his last smile, between the lightning of life and the thunder of death, finds his Christ, he is already at the goal and has lived enough." Some such feeling, though he could not have so defined it, filled the soul of Robert, when the light from the sun that never sets broke over him at last, or in other words, when he found in the person of Christ all that his nature needed—truth to satisfy his intellect, love to fill his heart. He accepted Christ as his Saviour, his Guide, and his Teacher, relying on the promise, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life;" and thus following, he was taught to choose the good and to refuse the evil, *good* meaning with him that which sprang from Christ as its centre and led to Him as its end, and *evil* being all that came from self or terminated in self. His friend aided him by his counsels

and his prayers, and rejoiced with him when he found light and peace. "And now," he said, as Robert joyfully confessed his faith, "what wilt thou do, my friend?"

The young disciple was not prepared with an answer to this inquiry; it had not indeed occurred to him that any particular course of action was a necessary consequence of his change. But as he pondered, he felt that it would now be impossible for him to live as he would otherwise have done, and that he must choose his part, or else prove a traitor to Him whom he loved and desired to serve. Kneeling in his chamber, he prayed,—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and events, which Pascal calls "masters sent to us from the hand of God," answered the question for him. His absence from the rites of the Church brought him under suspicion; he was questioned by his family, and felt himself obliged to avow his faith. "Heresy" was then a new and strange phenomenon to the good people of Ghent, but they regarded it with vague horror; and, to save his life, the suspected one was forced to fly. In company with his friend the German missionary, Robert quitted his native city for ever, and determined to devote the remainder of his life to the task of imparting the truths he had found so precious. "As a son with a father," he laboured with his aged companion in the gospel; passing from town to town and from village to village sowing the good seed "here a little and there a little."

After some years he chanced to become acquainted at Bruges with a man who proved to be a native of his own city, and also a fellow-craftsman and friend of his father's. While travelling homewards with his family, this man had been detained at Bruges by an infectious fever,—one of those pestilences which so often walked on their silent deadly way through the ill-cleansed and ill-ventilated alleys of the mediæval cities. His wife and two sons fell victims to the disorder, and not long afterwards the broken-hearted father followed them to the grave, not however until, through the teaching of Robert, he was enabled to rejoice in a hope full of immortality. A fair and gentle girl was thus left the sole survivor of the family. Friendless and unprotected in a strange city, what could she do but weep and pray that if the prayer were not a sinful one, she might soon be permitted to rejoin her parents! She had, it is true, some relatives in Ghent, but the short journey was then more formidable, more impracticable for a lonely girl, than a voyage to the ends of the earth would be in the present day. Robert showed unwearied kindness, and sought in every way to aid and comfort her, and from the compassion that prompted these efforts the transition to a different sentiment is proverbially easy. He might, if he had so desired, have found means to send her safely to her friends in Ghent, but another course of action occurred to his mind, which he so far preferred that he found no difficulty in persuading himself that he ought to adopt it. No vow bound him, the

laws of Rome forbidding to marry he regarded as vain traditions of men, and considered the strongest ties of human affection by no means inconsistent with his calling as a labourer in the vineyard of the Lord. Would that he had remembered, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, that although all things were lawful to him, all things were not expedient. There has been controversy enough in the Christian Church over the words of warning and advice addressed by the same inspired writer to believing men and women, but, like all other Scripture words, they are simple and plain to those to whom they are addressed; and it needs only a due consideration of times and circumstances to elucidate what seems difficult and obscure. Robert, the wanderer and the outcast, who knew not and must never know, the true meaning of the word *home*, needed no other commentary upon the declaration, "such shall have trouble in the flesh," than that supplied by the short sad life of her who lay before him in her shroud. True, if those pale lips could once more have been unclosed, they would have said that the missionary's wife had been happier even in distress and danger, in manifold perplexities and anxieties, than had she possessed all the wealth and enjoyment that earth could give; true, that sometimes when his heart was cast down within him, he had been told so with loving words and looks, of which the remembrance almost brought a tear to his burning eyelids. At another hour he would feel and understand that this was indeed but the simple truth, but now his heart was too sorrowful to be just to itself; and forgetting the joy they two had had together, and even the blessed knowledge he had been privileged to impart to his beloved one, he only remembered the perils into which he had drawn her, and the many cares she had endured for him, which perchance had shortened as well as embittered her life.

And the living link that still remained between him and the dead, his child,—his precious beautiful child,—as he gazed on her sleeping form his trouble "did not pass but grew," the clouds of sorrow waxed darker and darker around him. Arlette, the missionary's child, was not wanted in the world! Well would it be if she joined her mother in that home where there are "many mansions," for elsewhere there seemed to be no place for her.

The kind Vrow Cristine, when she came into the darkened room that morning to perform the last offices for the departed, had indeed more than hinted that the child was welcome to share the home and the bread of her little ones as long as her father wished; but how could he consent to this? How could he surrender her to the care of those who professed a self-destroying faith, of those whose mistaken kindness would lead them to induce her to submit to influences which he regarded with abhorrence the most intense? Rather a thousand times would he see her laid in the grave beside her mother than thus peril the interests of her immortal soul. Another alternative remained;

ed it long and anxiously, and finally resolved God's good help, he would embrace it.

"O my child, awake; thou hast slumbered long."

A sleeper started, and looked up; it was her father that spoke, and her father's form that bent over her. Her first sensation was one of joy and peace.

She thought, "he is here indeed, the long-remembered, the beloved; he will not leave us again, now in his care—*We'll*!"

But all the anguish of the past came over her, and she knew too surely that her mother was no

more! "mother!" was the cry that arose from the father's heart, as weeping, sobbing, shivering, she fell upon the dead. Tenderly and silently he raised her, clasped her in his strong arms, and drew her close to his heart. There at last the past grief spent itself, and she grew calm though austere; she began to observe his dress, the shadows on the wall, and in a weary half-listless wonder why he did not weep too. With an effort she raised herself a little, and looked up in his face as white and rigid, and terrible as the face of a specter. She had seen a horror he can never reveal and tell. Years must go over Arlette ere she could comprehend the great agony he had passed through, and entered that chamber four and twenty hours

ago. He spoke to her, and in a low quiet voice, the father's heart, as weeping, sobbing, shivering, she felt vanished quite away before the dear presence, which seemed gentler than ever. He said, "and-by I will bring thee to thy friend Vron; thou shalt stay with her to-night."

"O, father? I would rather stay with thee." "Now, my child. I have—I have work to do." These words were spoken with an evident effort, and the father trembled.

Well to Cristine and to thy little playfellows, and to-morrow thou shalt go hence with me."

He ended up with surprise and interest.

O poor child, God has left us two alone in the world, with his good help nothing but death shall

visit thou take me with thee to the strange place thou goest, my father?"

"No,—it will be a rough uncertain life for such as thou art, if love and care can make it easy to thee, as they shall not fail. Thou art my sole joy," and a burning tear fell on the child's cheek. With childhood's art she answered by a kiss. Instructed in the Scriptures, it was not unusual that the story of Ruth should occur to her at that time.

"O thy Ruth to thee, father," she said softly. "Thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will."

"And thy father's God shall be thine, my precious child."

"There is more in the verse, father, let me say it all. 'Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried.'"

"God forbid!" escaped almost involuntarily from the lips of Robert. But he added a moment afterwards, "Yet His will be done, He knoweth what is best for thee and me."

After a short interval the good-natured face of Cristine appeared at the door. "So please you, neighbour, I have come for the child," she said, "and my husband hath summoned thy friend as thou desiredst. He will be here anon."

"God reward thee, my kind friend," replied Robert heartily, as he took her hand.

The good woman hesitated for a moment, and then said in a tone of mild, almost deferential expostulation. "I know well, master Robert, that thou art a wise man, and I am only a simple woman. Still the neighbours will talk amongst themselves even if I keep silence, and in good sooth, master, 'twould be hard to disprove what they whisper, when never a priest—"

"No more of this now, good Cristine, as thou pitiest my sorrow," Robert interrupted. "But ere I leave this place, for leave it I must to-morrow, if I may I would fain talk for an hour with thee and thy husband."

"And right welcome, neighbour. Now, my pretty one, come with me, the children have wanted thee all day."

"Father, dear father," whispered Arlette, "may I not stay?"

"It cannot be, my child; go now with Cristine, I will come for thee very early to-morrow, I promise it."

Thanks to the strong habit of obedience, Arlette almost instinctively and without a perceptible effort put her hand within Cristine's, and quietly left the room. Had she guessed *why* they wished her to go, not so calmly would she have turned away without even one last look at the face of the dead. Yet it was better thus—better that she should be spared the agonizing farewell, the bitter parting with the precious dust, even though the empty room looked so strangely cold and desolate next morning, and the sad surprise cost her more tears than she had ever wept before.

III.

All through the long summer day the rain poured heavily and without intermission. Not far from what was even then the flourishing city of Cologne, but in a very lonely spot, which could be reached only by intricate by-paths, stood a deserted and partly ruined barn. Its desolate appearance, and the silence that reigned undisturbed during the day-time, together with the unfrequency of light streaming through its windows in hours of darkness, would have given rise to no suspicions that it was used as a dwelling-place. Such, however, was the

case, although on the day of which we are about to speak its only occupant was our little friend Arlette. She is one year older than when she watched beside her dying mother; but if we "measure not by months or years," but by that "life of the soul" which some thinkers tell us not only measures but constitutes time,* it may be said that an age has passed since then over that young child's head. She has mourned her mother, not alone as some children mourn, with sudden sharp gushes of sorrow, but also with quiet inner thoughts and silent tears, an utter loneliness stealing over her sometimes amidst her play, or when she looked at beautiful scenes or places, or even when she felt very happy. For she was still a child, and not seldom a happy and playful child. Her father's watchful love had shielded her as much as possible from the dangers and hardships of their wandering life, and for a thoughtful and imaginative nature like hers, that life had its own peculiar and exquisite enjoyments. Even the necessity of passing whole days in solitude did not press very heavily upon her; there were weary and sorrowful hours, but there were many bright ones too, for she belonged to that class of children who can surround themselves at pleasure with a fairy world of their own creation. As she sits on a bench in a corner of that strange and rude dwelling, she busies herself with a goodly heap of field flowers, gathered on the previous day before the rain had begun to fall. She does not merely arrange them, nor does she throw them aimlessly about as children so often do; they are rather her playfellows than her playthings, she talks to them, with them, for them, invests them with ideal characters, makes them the heroes and heroines of a little drama, which, to judge by her earnest face and kindling eyes, she is acting out with intense interest. Very heroic, in truth, are some of the thoughts and doings of those imaginary men and women, for through all the wanderings of Arlette's fancy there runs, like a golden thread, a line of pure and lofty feeling. Childish and incongruous as the forms in which it is expressed may sometimes be, still the idea is never absent, that there is a good and merciful Saviour waiting to be gracious to all that come to Him, that the world knows Him not, and is perishing for lack of this knowledge, which those who possess must seek to impart at the risk, or even at the loss of life itself.

Suddenly recalled from her imaginary world to that of reality (though the one was to her nearly as unreal as the other), Arlette threw the flowers from her lap and rushed to the door. Two men, with dark serge robes and sandals, stood outside in the drenching rain. She admitted them at once, though with a look of disappointment soon followed by an eager question,—

"Where is my father?"

"He cometh anon, my little one," answered the elder, kindly. "Stand aside, child, lest we make thee as wet as ourselves."

* "Time is the life of the soul. If not this, then tell me what it is?" —LONGFELLOW'S *Hyperion*.

"Ah, Father Heinz," replied the little girl, "I would I might have kindled a fire ere your return, but I durst not."

"Right, my child; it is not for such as thou to meddle with flint and fire."

"Not so," returned Arlette with a look of intelligence. "Oft have I kindled a fire; but my father said he feared the light might betray us."

"True, Brother Robert is always prudent. He would not have us venture the fire."

"Except in cases of necessity," said his companion, who stood yet upon the threshold wringing out his drenched garments.

"Cold winter nights were worse than this. What we bore then we can bear now," returned Heinz, betaking himself to the same employment, whilst Arlette hurried within to make what little preparations she could for their comfort.

"On such a night as this the flame could scarce be seen," rejoined Wilhelm, the younger of the two, "and we know not of any special cause for alarm."

Heinz shook his head. "Better to suffer wet and cold for a few hours, than to fall into the cruel hands of the townsfolk of Cologne."

"Better neither," said Wilhelm, who was still a young man, light-hearted and sometimes rather imprudent.

"Wait at least for Robert and for Father Johan, and let us hear their minds," said Heinz.

"Nay," returned his companion, "let us do it at once if it be to be done at all."

Heinz was accustomed to permit Wilhelm to take the lead in trifling matters, so after one more doubtful remonstrance, he allowed him to follow his own course, and the fire was soon blazing cheerily. If indeed there was danger, it seemed but alight and distant, while the comfort was present and very real. It must be confessed that Wilhelm did not like discomfort; he would have borne torture and death without a murmur, rather than sacrifice one iota of what he believed to be the truth; but he felt keenly, and did not always so uncomplainingly endure, the lesser trials of his wandering life, the daily privations that had nothing in them sublime or heroic, and which he sometimes forgot, were just as much ingredients in the cup appointed for him as the dungeon or the stake. Are there not many like him amongst ourselves?

They had not stood long drying their garments at the fire, and talking over their missionary work in the streets and alleys of the great town and the more secluded hamlets around, when the watchful Arlette sprang once more to the door, and joyfully admitted her father with the aged Johan, the missionary who had been the means of his conversion at Ghent, and who was in fact the patriarch of the little band. Quick to observe the changes of the face she so loved, the little girl thought her father looked unusually grave and sad. He kissed her affectionately, but was very silent,

king until their frugal supper was over, and all seated beside the fire. Arlette was Heinz sat nearest to him, and they soon versed in a low voice.

"You heard aught new to-day, brother?"

Turned Robert, "save that the townsmen were not intended that Arlette should hear the townsmen said, for her father leant over to his companion and spoke in a whisper.

"I thought they have discovered our retreat?"

"No alarm was visible in the speaker's face.

"No," said Robert quietly. "Yet it is possible

that then to abandon it without delay, and to find a place of refuge."

"So is my mind; for should they continue as they appear to have begun it, I have no doubt they can fail in tracking us hither. At least, I hope so."

"Safe nowhere until the grave receives us," replied sadly. But his countenance brightened as he rather should I say that nowhere are we safe, since our Father reigns in heaven, and with him is his."

"But amidst our life of constant peril does thy faith fail thee, Robert?"

"No, I have been sometimes, 'forsaken'

And consider, friend, what comforts are there in the midst of sorrow and disquietude. The joy of bearing glad tidings to those who are in sickness and the shadow of death. Brother, my footsteps trod for the first time the threshold of hell, one of the meanest in yonder great city and there alone, lying on a couch of straw, in a room bare of comforts than even *this*, a poor man death seemed to have already laid his hands on her with sympathy and compassion, loneliness, and asked if she had no friend to her side. She said her sister tended her, but to spend the day in earning daily bread for her family knew there was time for me to speak and listen, and I sat down beside her. I talked of bodily disease, of her symptoms and her fate that I might unlock her lips and win her peace.

Then we spoke of that other malady—the disease of the soul—and to my surprise and pleasure understood me at once. God had shown her the reality of sin, already He had taken her by the hand and led her into the darkness after which the light came. But she was seeking rest in prayers, in fasting and in all the munneries of Rome, and of finding it in vain. Thou knowest too, that I had invited to buy the good things of the world, 'without money and without price,' the awful fears of a soul conscious of unparadised and soon to stand in the presence of God, and of the sordid calculations, mournful to hear, of how many evils could be wrung from their deep poverty

to secure the good offices of the mass-priest. Silver and gold, in truth, I had not; but what I had I gave her. Yet not I—what was I but the cup, the 'earthen vessel,' in which God was pleased to convey the living water to her parched lips? I told her the Saviour pardoned freely, that the redemption of her soul indeed was precious, but that He had paid its price, even to the last mite; and that, therefore, He could give remission of sins to those that came to Him. Hope and joy lighted up her wasted features as she seemed to grasp the great truth, that all was done for her. God willing, I shall see her again to-morrow, for if I guess right she has not many days to live."

He stopped rather abruptly, for the eager Wilhelm was detailing an interesting discussion he had held that day with an intelligent tradesman in the city, upon the virtue of relics and the use of pilgrimages. Whilst her father spoke, little Arlette drank in every word, and gave childhood's quick sympathy to the poor dying girl in Cologne; but she had not the same interest in Wilhelm's controversies, and soon her head pressed Robert's shoulder more heavily, and she sank into a sound and dreamless sleep.

God preserve each and all of the happy children in our homes from such a waking as hers was destined to be. Unwilling to be disturbed, she heard through her slumber confused noises around, and more than one low whisper close to her ear. But she soon started into full and terrified consciousness. Strange men, with scowling faces and drawn swords, seemed to fill the room, and with a cry of terror she clung to her father for protection. The look with which he met her frightened gaze awed and silenced her; it brought her back in thought to the room where her dead mother had lain, and to her father's face as she had seen it then full of an anguish unutterable and to her incomprehensible. As in a dream she heard the rude voices of the soldiers, who poured in rapidly, and surrounded the little band of confessors.

"So we have stolen a march on ye at last, heretics," said one of the foremost among them. "Ye did not expect a visit to-night, I trow, or ye would scarce have kindled yon fire to guide us." She saw the unresisting Father Johan, his mild countenance calm as ever, seized and bound: she saw the impetuous Wilhelm almost throw himself amongst his captors, while with eager words he protested his readiness not to be bound only but also to die for the Word of God and the truth of the Gospel. She saw Heinz and her father standing side by side, with clasped hands, quietly awaiting the result, and as she looked once more on her father's face she saw—that *he* saw only hers.

Could they touch *him*?

Then in a moment the thought flashed across her mind that *this was martyrdom*. Many and many a time had she listened to stirring tales of those who for the Saviour's sake had borne and had patience even to the suffering of death; many and many a time did her

young heart beat quick and fast, not with fear but with kindling enthusiasm, as the thought arose, "and I, too, may be a martyr." And now the hour was come. Jesus would be with her, she knew. He had promised it, and she believed his word. Her father, too, would be there; she would hold his hand to the last. She had no terror therefore, none, save that these cruel men would let her live, would tear her away from him, and leave her alone in that desolate place. Yes, one of them spoke in a low voice, "And this babe, what can she know of heresy? We care not to slay children."

"Oh, sir, take me with my father!" cried Arlette.

Robert's steadfast heart was wrung with anguish for her. He knew not what fate to dread most; but it may have been he thought it best for her to accompany them to the city, and was not without a hope that her innocence might touch the hearts of their judges. So, held fast by him, she passed out into the darkness with the rest; after looking for one moment at the heap of withering flowers, for which an hour before she had cared so much. An hour was it? or a year, or many years? Or was it quite a different child, some little girl she had once known, but scarcely remembered now, who sat there in the barn playing with wild flowers. "I shall never play again," she thought, "for I am going to Jesus."

Then she was treading the long wet grass, the rain almost over, only now and then pleasantly touching her brow as if with a light cool finger. The way was dark as midnight could make it; but she felt quite safe, for was she not holding her father's hand? It was all so strange, a wondrous dream, but on the whole a happy one. "I am going to Jesus," still she thought; and although she felt vaguely that something very dreadful lay between—pain, death to be passed through, the river of death she had heard it called—she knew Jesus would bear her safely across, for was it not written, "He will gather the lambs in his arms?" Her ideas of suffering and death were indistinct and unreal, and her mind soon turned from them to the happiness and the glory beyond.

And now they are treading narrow miry lanes; Arlette is growing weary, but cares little for that; now they see lights gleaming through the darkness before them, they are drawing near the city; Robert stoops down and speaks a few words of soothing and comfort to his little girl, she likes to hear his voice, but has become too tired to answer. In a little while the lights are all around them, shining from many a casement in the high houses, and reflected back from the wet, uneven street. At last they pass beneath a broad dark archway, they climb a flight of steps, a door opens to receive them, then another door, which is closed and bolted as soon as they are admitted. They may rest, and not too soon, at least for one of the party, who is scarcely conscious of anything now save sleep. She is in her father's arms; is gently laid by him she knows not and cares not where; and in hardly more than a minute, hope and fear, joy

and sorrow, are all alike forgotten by her. No eyes save hers closed in slumber in that prison room.

Two or three days afterwards, a plot of waste ground just outside the gates of Cologne was the scene of an awfully impressive ceremonial. Thither the eager citizens crowded from every quarter of the town, some amongst them fierce and cruel, bigoted in their attachment to the Church, and rejoicing that the crime of heresy was that day to be purged with fire from their Catholic city; many without a distinct idea, simply wondering at all they saw; and many more—yes, they were many, though they were scattered here and there in obscure places, and not for the most part known even to each other—sympathized with the innocent sufferers; some, indeed, would have given their own lives to rescue them. In vain, the priests were then all powerful in Cologne, and they had their will.

Whatever the various sentiments of the dense crowd might be, there was a great silence as every eye turned to gaze on the victims, who were led bound towards the great pile which had been erected in the midst of the place. Their demeanour, fearless but perfectly quiet and gentle, prepossessed the spectators in their favor, and "God help them," "God have mercy on their souls," was uttered aloud or breathed low by many voices.

"Waste not thy breath in prayers for you heretic dogs," said a black monk to a woman near whom he stood, for alas! there were many women in that crowd.

"Heretics or no," she answered stoutly, "they were good men and kind to the poor. My dying sister"—

"I would pity them as thou dost, good-wife," interrupted a man, "had they been condemned by the council and the clergy for rash words uttered unawares, and without a chance for their lives. But the priests say they have each and all been offered a free pardon if they would but forsake their heresy; yet are they obstinate enough to prefer death of the body and the soul together, to leading Christian lives as good Catholics." "Thou sayest truly, friend," rejoined the monk,—"but what of thy sister, woman?"

"One of those clerks hath visited her, and spoken such good words of God and our Saviour that her heart was comforted within her. I trow it was yonder tall, dark man with—Blessed Saints! what have they the poor child among them for? They cannot—no, they surely cannot intend that she should die!"

For little fair-haired Arlette stood amongst these doomed men, pale and calm, in her place beside her father, her hand clasped in his. After all it might be said that he endured the martyrdom for both; for the draught of life that she put aside so quietly she scarcely yet had time to taste; and that other cup about to be borne to her young lips, how could she comprehend or imagine its bitterness? At most it would be but a brief hour of anguish for her, perhaps not even that, for does not the good Shepherd indeed sometimes carry the lambs in his arms, so that their feet do not touch the waters of the dark river?

And now the hour has come, the pile is lit, and not one heart in the steadfast group gives way. But there is a point beyond which our common humanity will not endure to have its instincts outraged. In that crowd here are fathers, ay, and mothers too, in whose homes are loved and tender little ones like the martyr's child. They cannot—they will not—see her perish. An indignant murmur rises, nearer and nearer press the people, and at last strong arms seize the child,—just in time,—and drag her from her place as the flames begin to spread among the fagots. "She is safe—thank God, she is safe!"

"Make the sign of the cross, poor child, and thank be Saints for thy life."

"I cannot, I cannot! Let me go to my father!" cried Arlette, while with all her little strength she struggled,—struggled for death as others might have done for life.

"Where he dies I must die also. Let me go, I cannot give up the Faith!" and an exceeding bitter cry accompanied the words.

"Back, back, good people! ye come too near the pile," shouted two or three of the officials, who were probably not unwilling to connive at the child's escape. But in the recoil that followed this order some confusion naturally occurred; and the man who held Arlette, being rudely pushed by a neighbour, raised his hand to

strike him. One moment's freedom for the child, and it is enough. With marvellous quickness she has seized it, she reaches the burning pile, she clasps her father's hand once more—yet once more—and now like a shroud the flames wrap them around. A few minutes and all is over.

So Arlette won the victory, and so those five faithful martyrs of Jesus Christ passed that day—

"From the desolate distress
Of this world's great weariness,
From its withering and its blight,
From the shadow of its night,
Into God's pure sunshine bright."

No fancy sketch is this; there has floated down to us on the stream of history, like a withered wild flower from a distant land, not the name indeed, but the true story of the child who died for Christ's sake at Cologne, seven hundred years ago, "not accepting deliverance" because of that better and heavenly country towards which her steps were bent. There is no rank, no age, no grade or type of character, from the prince to the peasant, from the old man to the lisping babe, from the mighty philosopher to the least and meanest of our kind, from which the Saviour of Man, when He makes up His jewels, will not take some radiant gem to sparkle in His diadem, and to which He cannot impart, as He pleases, grace and strength to do or to suffer great things for His name's sake.

July 1864.

D. A.

MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. XVI.—SOUTH AFRICA, CONTINUED—THE BECHUANAS.



EXT evening, George begged to be told more about the new people to whom Mr. Moffat was sent after leaving Africamer.

"Look at the map," said Mrs. Campbell, "and you will see that the Bechuana country is very extensive. This general name includes a number of tribes, as Batlapis, Barolonga, &c., and the language is called Sechuana."

"What kind of religion have they?"

"None at all."

"O mamma," said Anne, "I thought all heathens worshipped some kind of idols, or believed in a God."

"So we used to think, but alas! there seems no doubt now that the great enemy, who has led many nations to the senseless and cruel worship of a multitude of idols, has in the case of others, as with these South African tribes, removed every religious impression, and made their minds a perfect blank in regard to anything beyond this present life."

"Oh, how very sad! But then it will be easier for missionaries to teach them about the true God when there are no idols in the way."

"I do not wonder that you think so; but Mr. Moffat says we cannot imagine how great is the difficulty of conveying any ideas of religion to those who have never heard of such things. 'During years,' he says, of 'apparently fruitless labour, I have often wished to find something by which I could lay hold on the minds of the natives,—an altar to an unknown god, the faith of their ancestors, the immortality of the soul, or any religious association, but nothing of this kind ever floated in their minds. To tell them, the gravest of them, that there was a Creator, the governor of the heavens and earth, of the fall of man, or the redemption of the world, the resurrection from the dead, and immortality beyond the grave, was to tell them what appeared to be more fabulous, extravagant, and ludicrous than their own vain stories about lions, hyenas, and jackals. To tell them that these were articles of our faith would extort an interjection of superlative surprise, as if they were too preposterous for the most foolish to believe. Our labours might well be compared to the attempts of a child to grasp the surface of a polished mirror, or those of a husbandman labouring to transform the surface of a granite rock into arable land, on which he might sow his seed.'"

Mr. Campbell asked what was the general character of the Bechuanas?

"They are a bold, warlike race, resembling in this respect the Caffres rather than the Hottentots; and Moffat calls them 'frank and sociable,' yet deceitful, cruel, revengeful, and often practising the worst of vices. What else could be expected from those who believed in no 'judgment to come.' Each town or village had its chief, and each tribe one principal chief or king, whose power, though great, was controlled by the influence of the lesser authorities in their public assemblies and councils, somewhat like our own parliaments. It was common for the men to have each a number of wives, who did all the hard labour, while the lazy husbands looked on."

"Did women build houses there?" said Tommy.

"Yes, my dear, and sometimes the houses are as high in the roof as eighteen feet, and the poor women, having no ladders, would be scrambling up with great difficulty, while the sun was burning hot, and the men never offered to help in the least, or seemed to think for a moment that their wives and daughters might easily fall and break their bones. One day, Mr. Moffat says, when he saw a house making in this way, and the women trying to get up on the roof, he could not help saying to them that they ought to get their husbands to do this sort of work, as is the custom in England. The women laughed most heartily, and repeated it to the men near, and then they all laughed together, as if the idea was perfectly absurd. However, the queen of the tribe, who happened to be there—a sensible woman—said *she* thought it would be a very good thing, and she wished Mr. Moffat would give their husbands *medicine* to make them work."

"Were Mr. and Mrs. Moffat," asked George, "sent alone to the Kuruman?"

"Another missionary, Mr. Hamilton, was before them, labouring amid many difficulties, and he joyfully received them."

"Were the people kind?"

"They were not the contrary at first, at all events. Still it was sadly discouraging work compared with what that among Africaner's people had been. The only motive with the Bechuanas to pay any attention to their new teachers was the expectation of getting some reward, and when that was not given, they would become insolent and even threatening in their conduct. Here is what Mr. Moffat writes after five years of labour:—'I often feel at a loss what to say relative to the kingdom of Christ at this station. A sameness marks the events of each returning day. No conversions, no inquiry after God, no objections raised to exercise our powers in defence. Indifference and stupidity . . . the grossest ignorance of divine things . . . it is only things earthly, sensual, and devilish, which stimulate to activity and mirth. . . . O when shall the day-star arise on their hearts? We preach, we converse, we catechize, we pray, but without the least apparent success. Only

satiated their mendicant spirits by perpetually giving, and we are all that is good, but refuse to meet their demands, their praises are turned to ridicule and abuse.' He goes on to say, referring to the same period:—'Our time was incessantly occupied in building, and labouring frequently for the meat that perisheth, but our exertions were often in vain, for while we sowed, the natives reaped.' The women without scruple would turn off the missionaries' supply of water for their own use, and thus leave them 'on a thirsty plain many days without a drop of water, except that which was carried from a distant fountain, under a cloudless sky, when the thermometer was often 120 in the shade.' To remonstrate against any injustice, or make any opposition, was not only useless but dangerous. 'For instance, Mrs. Moffat, with a babe in her arms, begged, and that very humbly, of a woman just to be kind enough to move out of a temporary kitchen, that she might shut it as usual before going into the place of worship. The woman seized a piece of wood to hurl it at Mrs. Moffat's head, who of course immediately escaped to the house of God, leaving her the undisputed occupant of the kitchen, any of the contents of which she would not hesitate to appropriate to her own use. . . . On some occasions an opportunity would be watched to rob when the missionary was engaged in public service. The thief would just put his head within the door, discover who was in the pulpit, and knowing he could not leave it before a certain time had elapsed, would go to his house and take whatever he could lay his hands upon.'"

"Oh, what patience a missionary among the heathen would need to have!"

"Yes," said Mr. Campbell, "such as only 'the God of patience' can bestow. And more than patience, he must have much faith, love, and hopefulness, else he will soon droop and fail, and discourage the hearts and weaken the hands of his brethren. A Christian who desires to serve our Lord among those who are still in heathen darkness, should 'count the cost' well, and see whether he has received from the Master the peculiar gifts and graces needful in such 'foreign service.'"

"The greatest enemies to the missionaries," said Mr. Campbell, "were the rain-makers."

"Mamma," said Tommy, "I thought only God could send rain."

"Surely, my dear; but in these parts of Africa rain is often terribly wanted, and the people and cattle are like to die of thirst, and so a set of wicked, clever men pretend to be able to make it come, and often impose upon the people so as to get a great deal of power and riches for themselves."

"I suppose," said George, "they study the signs of the weather, like our Admiral Fitzroy, and can forecast when a change is to come."

"In some degree I have no doubt this is the case, but often they are quite mistaken, and meet the vengeance of the unhappy people whom they have deceived."

says that a rain-maker very seldom dies a th. "There is not one tribe who have not air hands in the blood of these impostors, first adore, then curse, and lastly destroy." ere the rain-makers such enemies to the ?"

Demetrius and his workmen were opposed stles in Ephesus, from foreseeing that if prevailed, their 'craft' would soon be set

Moffat gives a long account of a famous this kind, who in a time of terrible drought, incantations failed, used every effort to per-atives that the missionaries were the cause ; in the end he generously rescued from death ntercession in his favour. 'I pointed out,' e great crime of adding sin to sin, thus ehovah, by placing a man on his throne, and him, because he was unable to do what they to perform. I then pleaded hard that his e spared, and be allowed to return to his y in peace. . . . I was asked if I did not e was our enemy, and that if he had had should have been dead. They had often very silly and weak-minded, to persist in the same thing so often about "one Jesus," see a man labour to save the life of his what they could not comprehend. His life however.'

, as the drought continued, the people be- distracted with their sufferings, and after ail, sent a messenger to tell the missionaries ust leave the country. But Moffat replied, ctual violence should drive them away, as ch love and compassion for the souls of the anas, and desire to bring them to the know- sus. Mrs. Moffat, with a baby in her arms, cottage door while this important conference n. It ended by the chiefs looking at each aying, 'These men must have ten lives, that fearless of death ; there must be something ity.'

n the whole this very danger ended in

and soon after, Mr. Moffat was of the greatest : counsels and exertions, in helping his to repel an attack from another hostile as a time of terrible danger and distress, ult convinced the people that the mission- their true friends, and so their position- more safe and comfortable."

l the people not believe the Gospel ?"

. I must let you hear an interesting account ssion made upon Makaba, the chief of a wild Moffat visited.

embraced different opportunities of convers- e chief and his people on divine things, but success ; at least, he appeared as if he did word I said. . . . I felt particularly anxious

on the Sabbath to obtain a hearing, and resolved to pay him a formal visit for the purpose. I had felt miserable at the prospect of leaving without the satisfaction of having told him what was the only object of the mis- sionaries, especially as he had professed his wish to have one. . . . Sitting down beside this great man, illustrious for war and conquest, and amidst nobles and counsellors, including rain-makers and others of the same order, I stated to him that my object was to tell him my news. His countenance lighted up, hoping to hear of feats of war, destruction of tribes, and such like subjects, so congenial to his savage disposition. When he found that my topics related solely to the great Being of whom, the day before, he had told me he knew nothing, and of the Saviour's mission to this world, whose name he had never heard, he resumed his knife and jackal's skin, and hummed a native air. One of his men, sitting near me, appeared struck with the character of the Redeemer, which I was endeavouring to describe, and particularly with his miracles. On hearing that he raised the dead, he very naturally exclaimed, "What an excellent doctor he must have been, to make dead men live!" This led me to describe his power, and how that power would be exercised at the last day in raising the dead. In the course of my remarks, the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. "What!" he exclaimed with astonishment, "what are these words about? the dead, the dead arise!" "Yes," was my reply, "all the dead shall arise." "Will my father arise?" "Yes," I answered, "your father will arise." "Will all the slain in battle arise?" "Yes." "And will all that have been slain by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles, again revive." "Yes, and come to judgment." "And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise?" he asked, with a kind of triumph, as if he had now fixed me. "Yes," I replied, "not one will be left behind." This I repeated with increased emphasis. After looking at me for a few moments, he turned to his people, to whom he spoke with a stentorian voice. "Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange news?" . . . Makaba, then turning and addressing him- self to me, and laying his hand on my breast, said, "Father, I love you much. Your visit and your pre- sence have made my heart as white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising! The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!" "Why," I inquired, "can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not 'add to words' and speak of a resurrection?" Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, I have slain my thousands, and shall *they* arise?"

"No wonder," said George, "that *he* was frightened to think of a resurrection! But when did the poor missionaries begin to make any converts?"

"In 1824, after the refreshment of a few months spent at Cape Town, the Moffats returned to their post, and found the country in a very unsettled and dangerous condition. God helped them through many trials and perils which it would take too long to tell you of. By this time, however, the tribe among whom they laboured looked upon them as real friends. The station was removed to a more favourable spot at the source of the river, by the help of a few Hottentot workmen from Bethelsdorp."

"Did this improve the missionary's prospects?"

"Not at first, for the trials and hardships were manifold. Mr. Moffat says, 'Our situation during the infancy of the new station, I shall not attempt to describe. Some of our newly arrived assistants would not submit to the privations which we patiently endured, but murmured exceedingly. Armed robbers were continually making inroads, threatening death and extirpation. We were compelled to work daily at every species of labour, most of which was very heavy, under a burning sun, and in a dry climate, where only one shower had fallen during the preceding twelve months. These are only imperfect samples of our engagements for several years at the new station, along with acquiring the language.'

"At last the long clouded sky began to brighten. The natives gathered in large numbers near the mission station, school and public worship were better attended, while another missionary and his wife were added to the little Christian band. Even after this we hear of great alarms and perils, but still on the whole there was encouragement; and now the language was mastered, and a spelling-book, catechism, and portions of Scripture had been printed and sent out from England. Meanwhile the faithful servants of Christ had been brought into a state of holy resignation and acquiescence in whatever might be his will. 'We could not persuade ourselves that this warfare was over, or that our faith had been sufficiently tried. . . . We had been taught by painful experience not to trust to our own understandings, neither to put confidence in an arm of flesh, but to trust in the right hand of the Most High; and therefore such was our state of mind, that we felt perfectly resigned to every distress, and even death itself, in the cause in which we were engaged. These were the chastened results of past trials. . . . One mission-house had been finished, another was raised as high as the beams, but through *we* had faith to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods, and to expend our lives, yet as the friends at home were beginning to despair of success, we did not like to expend any more money. I remember when it was signified to us, though not officially, that the abandonment of the mission was in contemplation, we felt our souls at once rivetted to the country and people, and even had our resources been

withdrawn, we were confident of divine interference in our behalf!'"

"That is a beautiful spirit," said Mr. Campbell. "When we find tribulations working patience, and the soul enabled in any case to say, 'Good is the will of the Lord,' we may rest assured that his blessing has been already given, and will be so yet more abundantly, though perhaps not exactly in the form we would prefer."

"But in this case, God rewarded the faith of his servants, and granted the very blessing they had so long desired. The attendance at chapel and school became more hopeful; and especially the introduction of hymns, though few in number, sung in the native language, appeared to make an impression on their minds. Some of the scholars were heard beginning to pray. At length hearts long hardened by sin and ignorance were fairly melted by the gospel of peace and love. Hear the missionary's joyful description: 'Shortly after this we were favoured with the merciful outpouring of the Spirit from on high. The moral wilderness was now about to blossom. Sable cheeks bedewed with tears attracted our attention. To see females weep was nothing extraordinary, it was, according to Bechuana notions, their province, and theirs alone. Men would not weep. . . . But now the simple gospel melted their flinty hearts, and eyes wept which never before shed the tear of hallowed sorrow. Notwithstanding our earnest desires and fervent prayers, we were taken by surprise. We had so long been accustomed to indifference, that we felt unprepared to look on a scene which perfectly overwhelmed our minds. Our temporary little chapel became a Bochim—a place of weeping. . . . The sounds predominant throughout the village were those of singing and prayer. Those under concern held meetings from house to house, and when there were none able to engage in prayer, they sang to a late hour, and before morning dawned they would assemble again at some house for worship, before going to labour.'

"Is it possible?" said George. "Can these be the same people who were so perfectly wretched and senseless a few years before?"

"It is wonderful to think of, yet only the fulfilment of God's own word—'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.' The change is more apparent in some cases than in others; but never forget, my dear children, that it is as needful, and must be as real, in regard to each of ourselves as for the poor Bechuana, if we ever to enter the holy house above. How seriously ought each of us to examine whether this blessed change, the work of the Spirit of God, has indeed begun in our own hearts!"

George was grave and silent, and Anne asked when any of the natives were baptized.

"In June 1829, after much anxious deliberation and prayer, the first six were openly admitted into the Church of Christ by baptism, and the same evening met down with their teachers at the table of the Lord, to

immemorate his dying love. 'Our feelings on that occasion,' Mr. Moffat says, 'were such as our pen would ill to describe. We were as those that dreamed, while we realized the promise on which our souls had often sung: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." The hour had arrived at which the whole energies of our souls had been intensely fixed, when we should see a church, however small, gathered from among a people who had so long wasted that neither Jesus nor we, his servants, should ever see Bechuana worship and confess him as their King.'

"And I must tell you of a very interesting circumstance at that time. Two years before, a friend of Mrs. Moffat's in England wished to send her a useful present, and begged to know what would be most acceptable. Mrs. Moffat asked for communion vessels and pulpit candles, having faith to believe that they could be wanted at last, although at that time there was not the least appearance of any conversions among the people. Well, the things were packed at Sheffield, and took a whole year to reach the Kuruman; but they arrived on the Friday before that first Bechuana communion."

"Oh, mamma, how very remarkable!"

"It was a pleasing arrangement of our Heavenly Father's providence, and must have been felt as a token for good."

"And did things go on happily afterwards?"

"Yes, the work of God went on and prospered. The converts had much to learn in every way, but the missionaries were only too happy to instruct them. One of the first things to be attended to was the supply of decent clothing. At the first baptism Mrs. Moffat had to supply two of the women with gowns from her own wardrobe. She then began a sewing-school; and describes the difficulty her pupils had even to *feel* a needle, being accustomed to heavy out-door work, or to dig in the ground with their fingers."

"Where did they get cloth?"

"You may well ask, for they were six hundred miles from any market; but they did the best they could with any materials at hand. They prepared the skins of animals so as to be almost as soft as cloth, and occasionally the visit of some adventurous trader allowed them to purchase British manufactures, by giving up their heathen ornaments. 'For a long period,' says Mr. Moffat, 'when a man was seen to make a pair of trousers for himself, or a woman a gown, it was a sure intimation that we might expect additions to our inquirers. . . . In the progress of improvement during the years that followed we were frequently much amused. A man might be seen in a jacket with one sleeve, because the other was not finished, or he lacked material to complete it; another in a leather or duffel jacket, with the sleeves of different colours, or of fine printed cotton. Gowns were seen like Joseph's coat of many colours,

and dresses of such fantastic shapes as were calculated to excite a smile in the gravest of us.' The men expected Mrs. Moffat to instruct them as well as the women. 'One would bring prepared skins to get them cut into dresses; another wanted a jacket; another would bring his garment sewed upside down, and ask why it would not fit. These efforts, however trifling they may appear, were the precursors of a mighty change, and the elements of a system destined to sweep away the filth and customs of former generations, and to open up numberless channels for British commerce, which, but for the gospel, might have remained for ever closed.'

"Another outward proof of the great change in their hearts you will hardly be able to guess, so I shall tell you—they began to *make candles!*"

"Mamma," said Tommy, "had they no gas?"

"Oh, how foolish!" exclaimed George; "*gas* at the Kuruman!"

"They might have done very well without gas, if they had had any other artificial light; but they never thought of lamps or candles; and when their fires went out, and there was no moon, the dismal midnight darkness of a Bechuana village, with the beasts of prey howling around it, was like an emblem of the spiritual and moral darkness of its inhabitants. They considered the missionaries quite foolish and extravagant in burning fat, instead of eating it, or rubbing their bodies over with it, like themselves; but now, Mr. Moffat says, when *books* had come with the gospel, 'they soon found to read in the evening or by night required a more steady light than that afforded by a flickering flame from a bit of wood. Candle moulds and rags for wicks were now in requisition, and tallow carefully preserved, when bunches of candles were shortly to be seen suspended from the walls—a spectacle far more gratifying to us than the most charming picture, an indication of the superior light which had entered their abodes.'"

"Mamma," said Anne, "what a number of good things Christianity seems to bring with it everywhere besides *itself*!"

"Certainly, true religion is 'profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'"

"Of course," said Mr. Campbell, "this is most apparent in heathen uncivilized countries, but it is true everywhere. Take the case of a poor drunkard in our own favoured land; think of the utter wretchedness, and want of all comfort in his miserable home. But let him and his wife become true Christians, and then, if you look in upon them even a year afterwards, what a blessed change you are sure to see in all things around! The grand remedy for all the evils of our world is the Gospel; and if all who profess to believe this were striving in earnest to make others know the glad tidings, surely the Lord would bless us, and we should see results such as now we can hardly imagine possible."

"Alas," said Mrs. Campbell, "it is so easy to say this, so difficult to act upon it! But we must get on

with Mr. Moffat's story. Meantime he had been teaching the native converts many useful things, as how to cultivate and irrigate the ground, how to work at a smith's forge, &c. In the end of 1829, two interesting visitors came to the station, sent by Moselekatse, king of the Matabeles, whom Moffat says, may be called the 'African Napoleon.'

"Then he was a great warrior, like Africaner?"

"Yes, the terror of all his neighbours. You see the Matabele country on the map, north-east from the Kuruman. Moselekatse's ambassadors were evidently nobles among their tribe. The missionaries and converts showed them much kindness and attention, and they appeared to be most favourably impressed by all the new and wonderful things which they saw. Mr. Moffat and some of his people returned to their own country with them to visit the king. This proved in every way a most interesting journey. They had to go through a wild, picturesque region, once well inhabited, but now turned to desolation by the wars of the native tribes, and only the abode of wild beasts or wandering men almost as wild."

"Mamma, were there lions there?"

"Plenty, and other fierce animals besides, and the lions had got so used to eat men that they were very dangerous."

Tommy begged for a lion story.

"I could easily tell you some; but it is too late now. And, indeed, though I am sorry to stop, I shall say little more about the Kuruman mission. We have been for four Sabbaths in South Africa, and I have so much to tell you of missions in other parts of the world, that I think we must leave Africa for the present."

"But," said Anne, "you said Mr. Moffat had visited Scotland more than twenty years ago. Why did he come home?"

"To give information about the missions, and to get arrangements made in London for printing the Bible and other books in Sechuana, and other things. At that time also he wrote the very interesting volume from which I have given you extracts."

"When did he return to the Kuruman?"

"In 1843, accompanied by other missionaries. The people received him with transports of joy, and all went on well till the Caffre war of 1846, which brought many troubles."

"That is a long time ago. Can you not tell us some interesting news since then?"

"I might tell you much, if we had not taken so long time already. Good Mr. Hamilton died in 1851, after thirty-four years of labour. Mr. Moffat, we trust, is still spared, an honoured veteran 'soldier of Jesus Christ,' and has seen the fulfilment of the hope he always felt, that when once a beginning was made, and some Bechuanas professed the faith of Christ, the good work would spread far and wide. Other missionary societies have entered the field now, and all are more or less enjoying the divine blessing. But recently Mr. and Mrs. Moffat have had sore trials, and need our sympathy and prayers. They have lost by death, within a very short period, their eldest son, and their eldest daughter, Mrs. Livingstone."

"You mean," said Mr. Campbell, "the lamented wife of Dr. Livingstone?"

"Oh," said George, "did Dr. Livingstone marry a daughter of Mr. Moffat, and was it she whose death we read of in the newspapers? Do tell us more of Dr. Livingstone. Is not he a great missionary?"

"He is a great and good man, a great Christian traveller and missionary pioneer. We hope he will be spared many years, and enabled to do more than ever for the missionary cause. But he has had much sorrow of late, from the loss of his beloved wife, and the failure, for the present, of the Zambesi mission, in which he was so deeply interested. I think his story is too *unfinished* for us to take up yet, till we see more clearly what is "the end of the Lord" in all these trials and disappointments. And now let me read to you a few sentences from Mr. Moffat's farewell address before leaving London in 1843:—

"Let any one ask himself, What part have I taken in these glorious conquests? Let each remember that great as is Jehovah's arm, and great as is the redemption purchased by Christ, he saves by means. These means are put into your hands, into mine, into the hands of the Church, and it is at our peril that we neglect to employ them. . . . Let us therefore labour, all that in us lies, and while we are pitying others, let us not neglect our own souls. God forbid that at the day of judgment there should be one in this assembly on whom heathens will then look with pitying eyes! It is written, that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in that day than for the unbelieving Jews; and it would be much better for you to have been born in the midst of Africa than to have lived in England, and died unconverted! Farewell!"



The Treasury Pulpit.

I AM A STRANGER IN THE EARTH, HIDE NOT THY COMMANDMENTS FROM ME."

PSALM cxix. 19.

BY THE REV. ISLAY BURNS, D.D., GLASGOW.



the first and most obvious sense of the words the truth embodied in the first clause of this text is apparent and applies equally to all—to the saved and the unsaved, to saint and sinner alike. We are all, whether we like to acknowledge it or care to realize the fact or no, strangers in the earth. For one thing, we are but recent comers. It is but as yesterday that we came here. The place in which we are sojourning is an ancient place, and the society in which we mingle is an ancient society, but we are amongst the newest of its members. It is as if we had just alighted from another and distant country in a place which till now knew nothing of us—a stranger in the midst of strangers. What is twenty, thirty, sixty years—the time we have yet been on the earth—compared with the continuance of the earth itself, not to speak of that eternity compared with which time itself is but as the twinkling of an eye? Then, we are to stay only for a little time. We pass away as a shadow, and continue not. We are only flying visitors of this world—passing travellers—here to-day and away to-morrow. We are like children in a village school, occupying for a few brief months or years the forms and benches which thousands have occupied before them—never looking upon that place as their home—never thinking of it as an abiding or fixed state, but only as a transition point in their progress from one stage of life to another; and the greatest and the most lasting works of men are but as the faint memorials which those tiny hands leave behind on the walls and forms to be effaced and covered over in turn by others. And then, once away we shall never return. Our visit to earth is a first and a last visit. We shall never again, while time endures, return to retrace those scenes with which we are making our first acquaintance now. It very often happens that in the course of the briefest possible sojourn in a spot to which we were before utter strangers, we may form associations and acquire friendships which may endure all our days; and so this first flying visit may be only the precursor of a long succession of other happy visits to a place which becomes every year more and more a home of the heart. When we leave any spot of earth, it is but seldom that we feel quite sure that we are leaving it finally, and that we shall never have any more permanent connection with it, than that which now exists. But when we leave this earthly scene of our sojourning, we leave it for ever. When once summoned away, we

depart with the absolute certainty that we are bidding it a last farewell. We shall never look on that bright sun, those fair fields, those dear and happy homes of earth again, until time shall be no more, and the broad daylight of eternity shall have dispelled for ever the visionary dreams of the night. Yes! by that solemn gateway by which we pass from amid life's stirring scenes into the silent land, no traveller returns; and all the footprints on that crowded road are turned the same way.

How true is it then, looking at the matter even thus superficially and in its mere outward aspect, that we are strangers in the earth. We came but yesterday; we shall be away to-morrow; and we shall never, till time is done, return again. But the statement is true in a far deeper sense than this. Not only are we in our outward circumstances strangers, but inwardly, and at the very centre of our being, we feel strangers. The heart is not at home,—the soul is not at rest. Even those whose spirit is most thoroughly worldly—whose portion is in this life, and who desire nothing higher, do not and cannot feel themselves wholly at home in earthly things. They are restless, unquiet, unsatisfied. They are pursuers only, not possessors of an ultimate and all-sufficing happiness; they never *are*, but only *to be* blessed. They are as men that have wandered from their true home, and have not yet found another. And so, indeed, it is. Our souls were made for God, and they are restless evermore until they find him. We have forsaken the Fountain of living water, and hewn out unto ourselves broken cisterns,—but all in vain. They hold no water; they never can hold any. It is only a part of man's nature that can find satisfaction in earthly things,—in eating and drinking, buying and selling, gathering and spending, lusting and sinning; and all the rest,—all that is truest, deepest, and most divine in his being,—all that is infinite and everlasting,—remain homeless and unsatisfied still. It is so in this earth; it would be so anywhere. The universe is but one wide homeless waste, to the creature that is cut off from its Creator,—the soul that has forsaken and is forsaken by its God. The hungry heart must still cry out for bread till that divine sustenance for which it was created, and on which alone it can live, is found. Even natural men feel this now and then more or less. They feel that they have been chasing a shadow, following a mirage. The world has not been to them what it promised. Its dazzling bubbles have burst; its day-

dreams have dissolved. They have grasped its flowers, and they have found them dust. There is a painful feeling of hollowness about all sublunary things, and even when they are most solid and satisfying, they seem to us rather but the earnest and the promise than the actual fulfilment of our destined good. They are either mere empty chaff, or at best a few green ears of a future coming harvest. And so the deep heart remains still discontent; and a still small voice keeps whispering within, and now and then makes itself heard in such accents as these,—“After all my home is not here. Surely I was made for something better than this weary round of vanity. Here I grovel like a worm in the mire. I was not made to be a worm; I was made to have wings, and to mount on high yonder beyond the stars. I am a stranger in the earth,—a stranger even here where I am most at home, and where I have been all my life long striving to make my home for ever. O that I had wings like a dove that I might fly away and be at rest.” But these thoughts are for the most part slight and transitory,—quenched and forgotten almost as soon as born amid the nearer and more exciting objects of the passing hour. The worldly man knows of no other or better portion than earth, and therefore he strives to make his best of it while it lasts, and leave the future to provide for itself. It is otherwise with the child of God. He can, in a far deeper sense, adopt for himself the language of the psalmist, “I am a stranger in the earth.” It is true of him not negatively only but positively. He has not only found out, as even the worldling does in time, the vanity of earth, but he has discovered the glory of heaven. He has not only detected the lying cheat, but he has found the eternal substance. He has been taught not only to say, “Who will show us any good?” but “Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.” He is not merely one who has no true home here, but who *has* a true home elsewhere. Therefore his heart is far away; his thoughts are absent, abstracted, often wandering on before to other climes, to other scenes amid which he hopes to dwell for ever. His conversation is in heaven, his father-land is beyond the skies. His chief joys are there, his dearest friends are there, his brightest hopes are there. “Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee. My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.” Happy souls who can indeed take up that language! In their lips the confession of the text is not so much the language of sad complaint as of a calm and pensive thoughtfulness in which is the deepest kind of joy. “For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country; and if they had been mindful of the country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned, but now they desire a better country, even an heavenly, wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he prepared for them a city.” To their eyes time is passing, but eternity is drawing

nigh; earth is fading into darkness, but heaven is ening and nearing day by day; the stars are in the sky, but the eternal sun is about to rise before they go on in their pilgrimage, pensive in serious-hearted, yet with an undercurrent of tranquil joy, for they know that they are home—to their home in heaven, to their home “Blessed are they whose hope is in thee; their heart are the ways of them; who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also pools, they go from strength to strength; even them in Sion appeareth before God.” And are strangers in the earth.

Perhaps the most vivid of all possible pictures of the pilgrim state of the child of God on earth is to be found in the position and the feelings of the countrymen who are every year leaving our temporary sojourn in the burning climes of the east. The Briton in Hindostan is the very type of the Christian in this world. There engaged in the toil, whether in private commerce or in the service of their Queen and country, with near growing affluence and honour opening before them, surrounded meanwhile with all the comforts and conveniences of a high and brilliant civilization, they settle fairly down in their adopted land, and make themselves at home. There they sell, marry and are given in marriage, plant vineyards and are visited by one another, and form circles of intimacy and friendship, just as they are formed, as indeed in many respects they are, as a distinct society of their own, apart from the country. Calcutta, and Bombay, and Madras are each their own separate world of busy human life, with all its daily ongoings and familiar incidents of sorrow, toil and care, just as London, or Edinburgh, or New York. Still it is not *home*. They never think of such. In the customary forms of daily life they are in England, not India, that bears that sacred name to a resident of twenty or thirty years, to say nothing of the adopted country is still only to “go out,” to say nothing of “go home.” Children born on the banks of the Ganges, and who never knew any other dwelling but that land of the banana and the palm, are taught to call not it, but the little island of England, west, their home. Nor does any one, however prosperous his life may have been for years, think of ending his days there. The loftiest sphere of usefulness and honour, the land of sojourning, is regarded by its possessors as only a provisional—as only a transition point on the way towards the real and fixed end of his life amid all the toils and struggles of his great career, upheld by the hope of that future day when he shall reap the ample fruit of all his labours, and with all the earned honours thick upon him, he shall go home, and close his days in the land where his home and his treasure are. Meanwhile a constant

is kept up between the distant colony and the parent country. Thousands of letters pass and repass daily across the intervening ocean; and every day, too, some are arriving from, and others departing for the common home of all. There are happy greetings on the shore, like those that welcome the little stranger that is born into the world; and there are sad and wistful partings, as with those whose pilgrim work is done, and who depart for another country, another sphere "which is far better." Even such, then,—in every respect almost as the very letter—is the position of the Christian in his world. He is at home, and yet not at home. He is a resident, and yet a stranger. His work is here, but his heart is yonder. He labours and toils day by day to heap up riches, and lay up in store for the time to come, but it is with the view of settling finally not in this land, but in another and a better. He keeps up continual intercourse and traffic with heaven; fresh arrivals and fresh departures day by day, daily baptisms, daily funerals, remind him that here he has no continuing city, and that he too shall soon be taking his farewell and going home. Meanwhile the friends of his youth have been dropping away; parents, brethren, beloved companions in work and warfare, the wife of his bosom, perhaps his own little children are already gone before him, and every day he lives his ties to earth are slighter, and those to heaven stronger. But the more he longs for home the more strenuous is his labour here, that so he may the sooner get his work done, and having fulfilled as an hireling his day, be ready to enter on his rest.

So in every sense and in the best sense he is "a stranger in the earth."

Hitherto we have been occupied exclusively with the complaint, or rather the confession which the Psalmist here makes in regard to his condition here below. It is now, however, high time that we should proceed in the second place to glance briefly at the prayer, which in conformity with those circumstances he here presents.

That prayer we may be disposed to think at first slight rather vague and general. We might have expected it to have had a more direct and manifest reference to the special circumstances and feelings which prompted it. Had it been our case it would probably have borne this character, and might have shaped itself in some such form as this: 'I am a stranger in the earth; Lord, raise up friends for me:' or, 'I am a stranger in the earth; Lord, be thou my companion and my comforter:' or, 'I am a stranger in the earth; spare me a little that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be no more:' or once more, 'I am a stranger in the earth; open to me brighter hopes beyond when earthly ties are breaking and earthly joys are drying up. Lead me and guide me through this dim, tangled waste, lest I lose myself and perish forever.' Such, I say, is the language in which probably

you would have prayed in circumstances and under feelings like his. But such was not his language. Instead of any or all of these particular requests, we have but the general cry of felt helplessness and need, "hide not thy commandments from me." And such, I cannot but think, is the language of nature—like the strayed child crying for its mother through the wildering drift or the thick darkness. The intensest utterances of true prayer have ever been thus brief, quick, sententious—glowing sparks darted out from the bosom of the burning heart—the soul's swift bolt, shot by a strong hand straight to its mark. "Lord, help me!" "Lord, save me, I perish!" "Lord, remember me!" &c.—these are some of the mightiest prayers ever offered in this world, and have formed the model to countless other similar suppliant cries in every age and land. And just such was the prayer of the text—short, sudden, ejaculatory; in a sense, too, general, but that not from vagueness and dullness of feeling, but from concentration—the suppliant soul as it were condensing therein its whole case—gathering up the whole tale of its wants, weaknesses, sorrows, longings, and infinite hopes and fears into that one strong cry for divine succour and help. "Hide not thy commandments from me!" Was not that enough? Did it not include the whole case? Was not that petition in truth comprehensive of every other, and so far deeper, more thorough, and exhaustive of the whole case, than any more specific detail of wants and desires could have been? Praying thus, did he not seize with his strong grasp the very root and stem, of which all other more specific blessings are but the separate sprouts and blossoms? If we have this we have all—every element of true consolation in time, and of hope for eternity. God's commandments—his own divine saving word—the revelation of himself, of his salvation, of his kingdom and glory—laid open before my eyes, and not hid from my heart, to be a light to my feet and a lamp to my path, all the long night through, till the day dawn and the day-star arise,—what more does a pilgrim soul need than this? Having this, is he not thoroughly equipped for the way—ready for all events—prepared for every emergency that can lie between the present hour and the end of all.

Let us, however, examine this prayer a little more carefully, and try to analyze the main elements of the complex emotion which it expresses.

And (1.) It was a cry of *loneliness*: 'I am far from home. I am a stranger in the midst of strangers. I have few friends here—few that love me or that understand me, and those I have are dropping one by one away. The circle is daily lessening of those with whom I used to take sweet counsel in former days, and whose congenial society and converse sometimes almost made me forget that I was a stranger. If I remain here much longer I shall be alone altogether—companionless, without a friend. Lord, pity me. Hide not thy commandments from me. If I must remain yet a little longer an exile and a wanderer on the earth, take not away from me all me-

grace is not yet set, to be up and doing ; to make your calling and election sure ; to be crying mightily to Him who is the source of all saving light and strength : "hide not thy commandments from me." Lord, show me thy way. Teach me thy statutes. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me, for thou art my God. Let my

soul live and it shall praise thee, and let thy judgment help me. Show me my work, and give me strength and grace to do it—faithfully, diligently, strenuously—that when the time of my summons comes, I may have nothing more to do, but to depart and enter into the joy of my Lord!

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

(Concluded.)



VIII.—CANTICA CANTICORUM.

THE auditorium at Clairvaux was no silent and unfrequented place. Day after day it resounded to the preaching of Abbot Bernard, in those seasons during which he was suffered to remain at home. Unable to join his monks in their severe bodily labours, he occupied himself in meditating and preaching a sermon to them almost daily. This was a part of the day's work which none of them cared to miss. Indeed, it is alleged that one thing, which above all others allured young men to become monks of Clairvaux, was these daily sermons of Bernard. I should not wonder if it were the case. The time was hungry. There was a famine of spiritual food. Awakened spirits crowded eagerly around any one who could speak of divine things with the freshness of an actual experience of them. Any living voice rang far and thrillingly through the silence of a Church almost wholly dead. And then the preacher was Bernard. The same nameless power by which he swayed the hearts of princes, and swept the listening multitudes whithersoever he would, was put forth to charm and spell-bind his monkish auditors. The treasures of spiritual experience from which he drew day by day were rich and rare. Above all, as one feels, after reading through his sermons but a little way, he was mighty in the Scriptures. From their cells, or more likely from the field, brown-handed and with the sweat of honest labour on their brows, they came trooping into the auditorium to wait with breathless eagerness till their abbot stood up to speak. Then he rose, the keen-eyed earnest man, with those thrilling tones, and that flow of solemn speech as of one to whom these spiritual things were so real that they made all else a dream. At this day you may read the golden words, not the very words he spoke perhaps, but still, however abbreviated, so golden and precious that you do not wonder that men counted it a thing worth giving up anything for, to hear Bernard preach.

In the year 1135, he began his sermons on the Song of Songs. He continued them at intervals till the time of his death. They are eighty-six in number, and the last one is unfinished. In these eighty-six sermons he carries on his exposition of the Song only to the first

verse of the third chapter. Bernard the expositor has risen as near as uninspired man could reach to the high level of the writer of the matchless Song himself. I do not claim for him any critical exactness in his interpretations. They are uncritical in the extreme, and are made still more loose by the fact that he had before him only the Latin of the Vulgate. He calls to his aid the false symbolizings of the mystics, and mixes up spiritual truth now and then with very crude speculations. He is more taken up with individual expressions than with the sequence of clauses or the continuity and unity of the book which he is expounding. And yet, vague, or harsh, or crude at times, there is a depth of spiritual insight, and a strain of high and holy thought, which could only be found in one to whom the lofty imagery of the Hebrew king was scarcely imagery, but the most appropriate expression of his very heart and life. It is a feast of fat things—the wine of the sanctuary in chalices of gold. This haggard eager man had been in the mount with God. If the light was not on his face, on his lips at least there was the very language of heaven. That I may not speak of him without letting him speak for himself, hear how he runs on in Sermon thirty-third concerning the *noon* which is spoken of in the seventh verse of the first chapter of Canticles, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." "That was morning, and a dim one, to wit, the whole conversation of Christ on the earth, until setting and rising again, with the clearer light of His sunbright presence He scattered the greyness of the dawn, and night was swallowed up in victory. For we read, 'Very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.' Was it not morning indeed when the sun rose? Yea, He took a new lustre from His resurrection and a serener than His wonted light, because, 'though we have known Him after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more.' It is written in the prophet, 'The Lord reigneth, He is clothed with majesty: the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith He hath girded Himself;' because He scattered the weaknesses of His flesh as the clouds are scattered, putting on the vestments of glory. Then, indeed, did the Sun ascend on high, and pouring His rays over the world, grow gradually to a greater brightness everywhere, and a more fervent heat. But, how-

ever much He burn and brighten, however much He multiply and spread abroad His rays through all the course of this our mortal state (for He shall be with us even to the end of the days) He shall not attain yet to that meridian brightness, nor be beheld now in that plenitude wherein He shall be afterwards beheld by those who are counted worthy of the beatific vision. O truest noon-day, plenitude of warmth and light, the sun stayed in the midst of heaven, the shadows gone, the marshy places dried, the unwholesome airs driven away! O ever-enduring solstice, never-shortening days! O noon-day brightness, O spring-time coolness, O summer beauty, O autumnal fruitfulness, and [that nothing be omitted] O winter rest and holiday!" And so the stream flows on, not of argument or dogmatic teaching, but of pious meditation, sometimes deep and still, sometimes broken and leaping up in spray of jubilant adoration and gratitude, or of passionate longings after the unseen and eternal. In the dark age and corrupted Church, it is strange and suggestive of many thoughts, to find such unmistakable pulsations of spiritual life, and such unshackled liberty of pious thought and speech in the auditorium at Clairvaux.

IX.—THE SECOND CRUSADE.

The twelfth century stands alone among all the centuries in this, that it saw Jerusalem the seat of a Christian kingdom. In the days of Godfrey of Bouillon and the two Baldwins, the first and the second, this kingdom flourished greatly and extended itself through all Syria, and was a terror to the followers of Mahomet. There is something very glorious in that even to our nineteenth century imaginations. No wonder that it took so strong a hold of the Christendom of seven hundred years ago. The wild strong hearts of the mediæval warriors thrilled to it. Men could fight for a principle or a truth in those old days as stoutly as they do now for a commercial advantage. The Eastern kingdom, however, began to suffer from internal dissensions. The sons of the conquerors of Palestine whose names are so familiar in song and story, were not equal to their fathers. They attempted to establish feudal lordships like those which they had left behind them in Western Europe. They fell into fierce jealousies of each other. The result was, that the hands of the Christians grew weak, while the hands of the Infidels grew strong. At length there arose a mighty Emir, Zenghis by name, who rallied round him the fragments of the Ottoman power. After various lesser conquests, he made himself master of Edessa, the seat of a Christian principality. It was retaken by the Christians after the death of the terrible Zenghis, but fell a second time before his son Noureddin in 1144.

Edessa fallen, and Antioch threatened, a cry of dismay rang through broad Christendom. And then there came from the Eastern kingdom earnest supplications for help. The old enthusiasm which had hurried their fathers to Syrian battlefields swelled high in the hearts

of the new generation. There needed only so leader to head the popular movement, and a quick voice to give it utterance in words. Louis VII. was on the throne, the son of the corpulent Louis. It was his duty to do something tremendously wicked, and he was seized with the bitterest remorse. At once he would put the whole inhabitants of a city to death at another, the cries of his victims would be heard, and he would do anything to quiet his conscience. These evil tidings from the East forced upon him a fit of penitence for some crime of unusual enormity. His resolution was taken at once. He was at once at the Holy Sepulchre. He would make atonement for the slaughter of too many good Christians by slaughtering a proportionate number of infidels. The reign of Eugenius III., signified his approval, and Bernard to preach the new crusade. Bernard was fifty-five years of age, but prematurely old. He consented very unwillingly to this new task which was imposed on him at a time when he thought he ought to rest.

On an Easter tide, in the year 1146, an immense multitude of people was gathered at Vezelay. The King and Queen of France were there with a brilliant retinue. The slope of a hill was covered with a dense multitude of human beings. Then stood up Bernard, on a scaffold of wood which had been erected, his bright eyes shining from beneath his monk's cowl, and amidst the haggardness of his face—his voice rolling far and wide over the hushed multitude its words of irresistible power. His words were swayed before him as the heart of a giant. He had not spoken long, till the cry arose, "Crucifixus, crucifixus," and he had to scatter among the people the badges of enlistment in this holy war. Then Louis spoke like the stout warrior he was, calling to his brave men and true knights to follow him to the East, "which were of old trodden by the feet of the Lord in which He suffered death, and which were worthy of His corporeal presence." From Vezelay Bernard passed through France and then into Italy preaching the crusade. The enthusiasm was everywhere. The monkish chroniclers will have it that he wrought many wondrous miracles as well as many wondrous sermons. The sermons taken in connection with the esteem in which Bernard was held at all times, and with the wave of popular excitement which he was borne on, produced all the effects which he produced without the aid of miracles. He had some difficulty in carrying out this pious enterprise the Emperor Conrad III. had, however, after Bernard, in the midst of a war service, had with his usual boldness addressed the people personally, laying upon him this work in the name of his consent was won, and Louis and he set about organizing their respective hosts to pour a new tide of Christians over the Eastern land.

orth in the year 1147. Conrad started first, in the month of May; Louis somewhat later. They landed at Constantinople, where they threw themselves into the hospitality of the Emperor Emanuel. Here they found a pomp and luxury unequalled in the Western world. The wily Greek liked his friends less than his Mohammedan enemies, and tried every art to get them out of his own country at any rate. Of the Germans he had much to complain; they plundered on every hand. He gave them a beautiful park or garden in which he dwelt, and which he had adorned in the costliest manner, in the wilderness. He took a fearful revenge. He sent from him an escort of guides, who led the French far into the deserts of Asia Minor, where they could find neither food nor drink, and were at last overtaken by the Turks, and almost exterminated. The Emperor escaped with difficulty to Nice, where he awaited the arrival of Louis. At Nice the French had behaved better than they had at Constantinople. Louis, in his simplicity, was no match for the crafty Emanuel. Certain of his counsel, he was deceived by the deceit of the Greek emperor, and sent Louis to secure his retreat by taking refuge at Constantinople. He was too generous to pass on with his army to meet a fate different from that of Conrad, in the Phrygian mountains. He was attacked at a disadvantage among the mountains, and, in spite of all that mere prowess could accomplish, it was with the greatest difficulty that he fought his way with a diminished army to Attalia. Here once more he was at the mercy of the scoundrel Greeks. Treated as friends by the cunning Franks, they subjected them to every spoliation. After procuring a few ships, with the greatest difficulty and expense, Louis, with a remnant of his army, went on to Antioch, and thence to Jerusalem. He intended the rest, weakened by sickness, to follow him; but he was no more than they were given up by the traitorous Emperor. The mercy of the Turks, and so perished most of them. Louis and Conrad reached Jerusalem little more than simple pilgrims, having lost their armies on the way. They could pray at the Holy Sepulchre, if they could find satisfaction in them. They could do no more than that. The Second Crusade left mankind in a worse state than they were in before. The Christians were dismayed, the infidels doubly emboldened, and from Western Europe, robbed for ever and bravest, depopulated almost for the time. Its widows, and mothers, and fatherless children arose to heaven a cry of bitter, inconsolable wailing. Bernard, the preacher of the ill-fated Crusade, became the object of the fiercest indignation. He was reproached as the author of all these miseries. Men shrieked against him as the murderer of their fathers, or brothers, or betrothed husbands. He was the author of their reproaches. His faith in God thus

rudely shaken; the banner of the Cross trampled under foot of the heathen; so many brave warriors smitten, as with the shafts of the Destroying Angel; the awful guilt of Christendom, that merited a chastisement like this;—it was all mere horror and despair. His heart was broken; he had received a blow from which he never rallied.

X.—DE MUNDO AD PATREM.

In the year 1153, at the age of sixty-two, Bernard died. The friends he loved were gone before him, and he had no wish to remain. After a life of extraordinary and ceaseless activity, he entered into rest at last. Busy with a thousand things, in the high tide of his vast influence and ceaseless activity, death found him, and stole the light from his eyes and the strength from his hand. He lingered awhile, and imputing his partial recovery to the prayers of his monks, he besought them no longer to detain him, but to let his chained spirit go free. From his death-bed he gave them many wise exhortations and took many tender farewells. His ties to the earth made him feel their strength when they were about to be broken for ever. Like the holy apostle, he was in "a strait betwixt two." "Weeping with those who wept beside him," says Abbot Godfrey, "and raising to heaven his dove-like eyes, and with his whole soul entering into the spirit of the apostle, he testified that he was in a strait betwixt two, that he knew not what he should choose, and that he left all to the will of the Divine mercy." And so, with a sweet calmness before God, and an entire submission to his will, he died on the 19th day of August, and was buried beneath the floor of the convent church. One Adam of St. Victor wrote for him a wretched punning epitaph, which I shall not distress the reader by translating, even if it were translatable, which it is not. The point of it consists in a childish play on the Latin word *clarus*, which enters into the composition of Clara Vallis, or Clairvaux. But it is with a sense of its peculiar fitness that I quote this sentence of Abbot Godfrey—one of many jubilant ones with which he mixes up his unavailing regrets: "O happy change! from labour to refreshment, from the expectation to the reward, from the contest to the Lord's 'Well done,' from death to life, from faith to knowledge, from the pilgrimage to the city of habitation, from the world to the Father!"

Bernard was a zealous Churchman to the last, and yet withal an unconscious Reformer. The corruptions of the Church to which he belonged were mercilessly rebuked by him. To the pretended successors of Peter he ever used a freedom of language which could not be pleasing to papal ears. Little as he dreamt of such a thing, the life that was in him, and the larger spirit and freer handling of the truth of God which he imparted, gave a severer shock to the Church of Rome than that of all the heresies of Abelard and the rest which he fought against and put down—being himself what he

calls Augustine, a very *malleus hæreticorum*, or hammer of heretics. During those ages that were yet to elapse before the Reformation, wherever spiritual life appeared, we find that it nourished itself, next to the Bible, on the writings of Bernard. The pious mysticism of these ages calls him father. His sermons on the Song of Songs rank with the "Confessions" of Augustine, and the "Imitation of Christ." Let us judge him fairly. He had his own work to do, and he did it well. He was not Luther or Calvin, but Bernard, living and dying in the Roman Church before its worst days had begun, and when there lingered about

it somewhat of the vitality and fragrance of the apostolic and post-apostolic times; set there by God, that the darkness might be crossed by gleams of light, and that there might be reserved, even in the mystic Babylon and Egypt, a people to come out of her at last. They call him saint not without reason. The children of God will find him reading the riddle of their history—will listen with refreshment and appreciation to his voice from afar—will be constrained to own, that among the names of the most eminent of the followers of the Lamb, there is no whiter name than Bernard of Clairvaux. Cs.

The Biblical Treasury.

THE DRUNKEN CITY.

[From a little volume, "Christ at Sychar" (London, James Nisbet & Co.), by our esteemed contributor, the Rev. N. L. Walker of Dymock. An exposition of the 4th chapter of John's Gospel, notable for its quiet thoughtfulness and practical judgment.]



"T is worthy of notice," says a writer on the geography of Palestine,* "that whilst Capernaum and the other opulent cities on the shores of Tiberias, in which the ministry and the mighty works of Christ were rejected, are now in ruins, and these so greatly effaced that it is impossible for the traveller to ascertain their sites, Sychar, where our Lord was kindly received, is still a flourishing town." It is here assumed that the modern Nablûs occupies the spot on which stood that city of Samaria in which Jesus Christ abode for two days; and upon this, indeed, almost all topographers agree. But there is at least one notable exception. It is Dr. W. M. Thomson, who, in his "Land and the Book," argues thus: "The abundant supply of water, close to the town, seems to prove that Shechem was not the Sychar mentioned in the fourth chapter of John. It is incredible that the woman of Samaria should have gone two miles away from these delicious fountains to draw water out of an immensely deep well. If we admit the identity of the present well of Jacob with that mentioned by John, there can be but little doubt that Sychar was a small Samaritan town not far from that spot; and there is a village north of it now called Aschâr. This is so like John's Sychar, that I feel inclined to adopt it." The reader will, doubtless, feel that there is something exceedingly off-hand in this method of dealing with the question. For generations the site of Sychar has been undisputed. Sober thinking men have seen nothing incredible in a superstitious woman going some distance to a well, to the water of which she ascribed, perhaps, some sacramental value. And if, as many suppose, the ancient town extended on one side further down the vale than its modern repre-

sentative, a journey of not more than one mile might have been necessary. We refuse, then to abandon a time-honoured belief on ground so inconclusive; and in following the footsteps of the Saviour, as he goes to be the guest not of one sinner merely, but of a whole community of outcasts, we shall pass up the beautiful valley which so many travellers have lovingly described.

"The sun was beginning to set in the west," says Mr. A. Bonar,* "and was pouring his beams directly through the valley as we approached. A fine grove of old olive-trees extended for about a mile to the east of the town. Through this we passed, and then under the northern wall, till we came to a grassy spot on the banks of a winding stream, where we pitched our tent, on the west side of Sychar. We had often read of the verdure and beauty of this scene, but it far exceeded our expectations. The town, with its cupolas and minarets, is peculiarly white and clean, and is literally embosomed in trees. In the garden beside us we saw the almond-tree, the pomegranate, the fig, the vine, the carob-tree, and the mulberry; orange-trees also, with golden fruit, and a few graceful palms. The singular prickly pear is the common hedge of these gardens. Sitting at our tent door, we surveyed calmly the interesting scene. Mount Ebal was before us, rising about eight hundred feet from the level of the plain. It appeared steep, and rocky, and barren. A few olives were sprinkled over its base; but higher up we could observe no produce save the prickly pear, which seemed to cover the face of the hill, much in the same way as the prickly furze on many of the hills of our own country. Viewing it from another point further to the west the next day, it appeared entirely without verdure, frowning naked and precipitous over the vale. Mount Gerizim was be-

* Dr. Wylie: in "The Modern Judea."

* "Narrative of Mission of Inquiry to the Jews."

l us, rising to a similar elevation. Although pretensions in many parts, it has not the same sterile and my appearance which Mount Ebal has. It has a stern exposure, and therefore the mid-day sun does wither up its verdure with its scorching rays. On sides of one of its shady ravines we saw fields of corn, res, and gardens, giving it altogether a cheerful appearance. In our evening worship, we read John iv. h feelings of new and lively interest."

There is, however, too much reason to think that, visively to Christ's memorable visit to Sychar, the character of its people was by no means in keeping with the beauty of the surrounding scenery. It seemed true re what a poet has said of another land: "All, save the spirit of man, was sublime." That licentiousness prevailed, we can scarcely doubt, with the story of the man of Samaria before us. But the name of the town suggested the idea, that another and a kindred vice is prevalent also—the vice of *drunkenness*. "The range from Sichem to Sychar," says Andrews, "is supposed to mark the contempt of the Jews toward the chemites, the latter word meaning the *toper city*, or the *heathen city*. It is not to be supposed that this range was made by John in his narrative, to express his own dislike; or that, as said by Stier, it was an intentional intimation of the relation and position of things between Judea and Samaria. Unless the name Sychar was in common use, we can scarce suppose him to have employed it." "The town," says Stanley, "was called *Sychar*, by a play on the word Shechem, in allusion to the *drunkenness* (Shicor) of its inhabitants." And the same writer refers his readers to a passage in the prophecies of Isaiah, which helps to throw a curious light upon the peculiar tendencies and temptations of the whole district. "Woe to the crown of pride, to the *unkards of Ephraim*, [this tribe possessed most of what was afterwards Samaria,] whose glorious beauty is fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys; them that are overcome with wine. . . . They have reeled through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way: the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment." It would appear from this description that the possession of rich valleys and hills crowned with vineyards had not been an unqualified blessing to the descendants of Joseph; and we gather from the gospel history, that the heritage which the Samaritans now enjoyed had had its perils also for them. Intemperance was the characteristic vice, it might be said, of the district, and the people of Sychar had practised it with such peculiar assiduity that they had earned for their town the unenviable title of *the* *er*, or the *Drunken City*.

Even into such a place, however, the Lord did not deign to enter. "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." He came to call out the righteous, but sinners to repentance." And

in pursuance of this blessed work, he condescended to spend two whole days in the very bosom of a community which bore in its way even a worse reputation than Nazareth itself. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" was the doubtful if not despairing question of Nathanael. "Can there any good thing come out of Samaritan and Drunken Sychar?" might have been asked with even greater pertinence. But Christ did not look upon the place so hopelessly, and the result showed that he was right. The diversion from his direct route, which he consented to make, was not made in vain; "MANY MORE BELIEVED BECAUSE OF HIS OWN WORD."

"He abode there two days." We are not told who was the Zaccheus or the Martha who received him into his or her house. Not a single name is mentioned throughout the whole of the narrative. Even the "woman of Samaria" has come down to us in this way undistinguished from the crowd. But the grand fact remains outstanding—illustrating the largeness of his heart, and the greatness of his grace, and the catholicity of the gospel—he was for two days the guest of outcasts and sinners.

Two days of the personal ministry of Jesus Christ! What an honour!—what a privilege! And how nearly had they missed the benefit. He was passing by at a distance from their town. An hour later and he would have been gone. But one of their number had providentially met with him at the cross road, and their own earnest prayers and entreaties had now brought him into their midst. What a lesson all this teaches to us! It seems to us as if, in these days, news were often brought to us, that Jesus is "passing by" at a distance—visiting this city and that town and the other village with his Spirit. We might reach him on such occasions and arrest him with our supplications, if we tried; but, alas! we want the simple, earnest, confiding faith of the people of Sychar, and he journeys on, leaving us unblest. Why should this always be the case? Why should we not send after him, even now, the cry of Bartimeus: "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me?" He will belie his own gracious nature, if he leaves such a prayer for ever unattended to.

No particulars are given of Christ's labours in Sychar. We are only told this much, that he preached in its streets, and preached successfully. *He preached successfully*; we can have no doubt about that, because it is not only said generally that many believed on him, but a confession of the faith of such as did believe is particularly reported. They said to the woman, we are told, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

Perhaps it was after the Saviour had taken his departure, and when those who had undergone the great change were telling their experiences one to another for their mutual encouragement and edification, that this second class of converts thus addressed themselves to

the woman, who, just as a nation makes a marked man of him who has saved the state, would long be regarded as occupying a conspicuous place in the infant Christian church of Sychar. And observe what they say about their faith.

First, they proclaim *its origin*: "We believe, not because of thy saying: *for we have heard him ourselves.*" It sprang from, and rested on, *Christ's word*. Would the woman object to this confession as implying a reflection on her own report? No, verily. To induce the men of Sychar to come and hear for themselves had been the express object of her hasty visit to the place after her first interview with the Lord. "*Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?*" And now, therefore, that they had done as she had asked, she would not merely be willing to let her "*saying*" be forgotten, but would receive from their very word strengthening and confirmation for her own faith. And this will ever be the feeling of those who may have been employed of God to tell people about Christ. Their most earnest desire will always be to induce men to "*Come and see*" for themselves. Instead of wishing to interpose between sinners and their Saviour, claiming, like the priests of Rome, to be indispensable as mediators, their single aim will be to bring them to speak, as it were, face to face. And nothing will give them greater satisfaction than to hear those whom they have been addressing say, after a time, with the converts of Sychar, "*Now we believe, not because of thy saying, [or thy preaching:] for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.*"

But the *strength* and unreserve of their faith is not less noticeable than its basis. "*We know,*" say they, "*that this is the Christ.*" We "*know*" it. It is not to us a matter of doubt or uncertainty, but a matter of fact. It is a point, not of speculation, or of hope, or of probability, but of knowledge. What a testimony this is to the power of Christ's *word*! It does not appear that any collateral or external evidence of any kind was put forward by Jesus in support of his teaching. If he had done any mighty work, or even "*laid his hands on a few sick folk,*" it would certainly have been mentioned. He relied for making an impression simply on his own powerful and penetrating word. And its convincing power was irresistible. By the minds of these unsophisticated, though sinful, Samaritans, it was received with such full assurance, that all doubts were dissipated like

light mists before the sun; and in at least one community in Palestine the claims of the Messiah were cordially and unreservedly recognised.

Notice further, however, what was the *matter* of their belief, the subject of their confession. "*We know,*" they say, "*that this is the Christ, the Saviour of the world.*" He was to them "*the Christ.*" In common with the Jews of that period, the Samaritans were eagerly looking out for the coming of that "*Prophet like unto Moses,*" whom even the portion of the Scriptures which they possessed led them to expect. On the advent of this Deliverer, as we may learn from what the woman said at the well, they, like the Jews, had built many hopes. The perplexities connected with their ecclesiastical position would then, for one thing, be completely removed. "*He will tell us things.*" And we can imagine, therefore, that it was with something like a feeling of exultation that they felt themselves warranted to say, "*We know that this is the Messiah—the Promised One—the Christ.*" But they hailed him not only as the Christ, but as "*the Saviour.*" In trying to determine the value of the faith thus expressed, we labour under this disadvantage, that we do not know what Jesus said to the people of Sychar. If we take, however, his conversations with Nicodemus, or with the woman of Samaria, or with the disciples going to Emmaus, as samples of the kind of instruction which he might be supposed to give on this occasion, it is certainly not too much to infer that his special character as a Deliverer from *sin*, and *guilt*, and *wrath*, would be plainly disclosed, and that, therefore, those who now proclaimed their confidence in him as "*the Saviour,*" did so in the sense in which we would understand the title. Yet once more, however,—Jesus is to these Samaritans "*the Saviour of the world.*" They had already got above the narrow, sectarian distinctions which had hitherto made up so much of their religious life. They had no wish to confine the benefits of Christ's services to themselves—they had no fears that these benefits would be restricted to, and monopolized by, the Jews. They looked above Gerizim and Jerusalem, and away beyond the bounds of the land of Israel altogether; and, seeing a whole world lying in wickedness and crying for a Deliverer, they rejoiced to believe that the Person who had brought such happiness to their own hearts was destined to bless humanity, and to bestow the treasures of salvation upon all of every race who would but come unto the Father in his name.



THE RIGHT END OF THE SKEIN.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.



MRS. MORRIS had passed a delightful Sunday. It had closed a week, every day of which had been devoted to special religious offices by the Church to which she belonged, and each day, by its prayers, its sermons and hymns, had lifted her as by successive wave on wave, to a higher and still serenest height of religious enjoyment. Now seated now in the calm twilight of the Sabbath, she reviewed the week as from some serene height as a traveller looks over an evening landscape. The world of common interests and petty cares; all that ever distracted or wearied her, seemed to lie far below her feet, as a faintly-remembered dream. There seemed no longer to be any trouble she could not endure, any cross she could not easily carry. The year had been marked with disappointment and bereavement; but now the earning of bereavement was still; a celestial light seemed to gild even that distant grave over which she had shed so many tears. "Yes," she said to herself in a sort of inward rapture, "at last the mystery of sorrow begins to explain itself, and God's will and my will have become one. This great peace is worth all it cost."

In the midst of all this peace she was conscious of a sort of shuddering aversion at the thought of Monday. Mother of a large family, assailed with a thousand daily and hourly calls, she felt the repugnance to pass from the serene spiritual regions of tranquil thought to the coarse common-place life. Then, too, she was a woman of sensitive nerves, quick to feel a jar and shock of thought that was jarring. Ah, she sighed, if it were only my duty to listen and to adore, if the calmship and services of a holy week like this might be perpetual, if I could be in some serene, quiet retreat where selected souls worship perpetually; surely, I might almost live without sin for ever.

But Monday rose—bright, positive, sharp, deadly Monday—most Martha-like of all days

of the week; and with it came burned toast and washy coffee for breakfast, to the manifest discomfort of the masculine head of the family; and when inquiry was made into causes, came back the message, "Cook says she is not going to get the breakfasts on washing days any more. Them as wants it must get it themselves."

The second girl in the staff, from whose unpractised hands originated the defective articles, was sure it wasn't her place to get it, and in general the week was ushered in, in as uncomfortable a manner as possible; and Mrs. Morris, being thoroughly discomposed, lost patience, and spoke several sharp words all around;—the celestial peace was broken. The domestic trouble was after a while smoothed over and arranged, but she was vexed with herself, and somewhat vexed that she should be met in the very outset of the week by such a mortification.

In the course of the forenoon came in Miss Martha Brightbody, the general factotum of all the benevolent arrangements and sewing societies of the church, to hold a consultation with Mrs. Morris—and as is very apt to be the case with these excellent people who gather a handful of seed out of everybody's vineyard, she dropped some grains of strife here and there among her good seed.

"Do you know, Mrs. Morris," she said, "Mrs. Brown said she thought you hadn't shown good judgment in buying those calicoes? She said you gave too much a yard by three halfpence. I stood up for you. For my part I think Mrs. Brown always wants to lead in everything herself; and then Mrs. Simpkins said you didn't do your part in having the society meet at your house; and I put 'em in mind how you'd been afflicted, and all that. I always stand up well to 'em, I can tell you;" and then came another half hour of talk, and the good soul went away, leaving the sting of two nettle strokes to inflame in her listener's heart.

"Why should I mind it?" she said to herself

a dozen times that day ; but she *did* mind it. It came between her and her peace, and often hung on her with a vague sense of something disagreeable, even when she put it out of her mind.

It would seem as if the week, so inauspiciously begun, was fated to poor Mrs. Morris. Her cook was in one of those surly periods to which the minds of most human beings are often subject, and nobody can say why cooks shouldn't be allowed their ill-humour sometimes, as well as their betters ; at all events, Mrs. Morris' head woman had such phases, which were only borne in peace because of her general honesty and ability. The second girl, a new hand, was well meaning, but blundering, and succeeded on Tuesday in breaking an elegant glass dish, which had come down as an heir-loom to Mrs. Morris, from her mother's family. Had it been the death of a child, Mrs. Morris would have borne the stroke like an angel, but as it was only her best glass dish she thought she did well to be angry, and was angry, accordingly. In short so many mischances happened this luckless week, that when Sunday came again she seemed to herself like some chilled, shipwrecked mariner, who crawls, shivering, on to a rock to dry his wet garments and look about him. What a difference between this Sunday and last.

"How am I ever to make progress in religion?" she said to her old Aunt Martha, who came to spend the day with her. "I really think if I had nothing to do but attend on the means of grace; if we could have constant Sabbaths, and prayers, and hymns, I might endure; but each week's cares seem to wash out what Sunday does."

"Daughter," said Aunt Martha, "you haven't got hold of the *right end of the skein*. It won't unwind as you are doing it."

"Do tell me then what is the right?"

"The right way is to call your crosses and

your cares your means of grace. They are better than prayers, and psalms, and hymns, when you take them in that way. Your means of grace, this week have been your servants' ill-temper; the breaking of your glass dish; your children's heedlessness; the little unjust, provoking things people have said of you. Call these your means of grace, accept, value, use them as such, and you will grow faster in religion than if you went to church every day of the week."

Mrs. Morris was silent. A whole new vein of thought was awakened within her.

"Now," said Aunt Martha, "have you told your Father in heaven all these things you have been telling me?"

"These things! On no! It has been my object to keep such trifles out of my mind in my prayers."

"Better let them in, and show them to him."

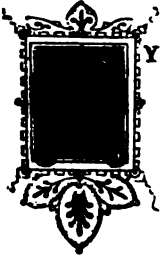
"These little foolish things?"

"It seems they are great enough to hinder your peace; to stand in the way of your Christian life; if they can do that they are not little things. Call them your lessons; take them into your prayers; speak freely to your Father of them; look at them as the daily tasks he sets you; believe every one of them has an appointed meaning, and no church or sermon can do so much for you. My child, I had not been alive this day if I had not learned to do this."

Mrs. Morris knew that her aunt had been through the long trial which only the wife of a drunkard knows, and yet the peace of God was written in every line of her face, and these few words showed the secret of that peace. She resolved that the next week she would try and begin the skein at the right end. Good friend, if your life skein will not wind smoothly, try the same experiment."



MISSIONARY SUCCESS.



Y uncle, an old Indian, told me before we sailed that he knew full well that it was no use to attempt the conversion of the Hindus. My answer to him was something like this,—He might know more about India than I did, but he could not know the power of God to convert any whom he chose, if he maintained the opinion that it was useless to at-

tempt the conversion of the Hindu. However, upwards of twenty years' experience has since convinced me that my uncle, the old Indian, probably took no interest in missions; knew nothing of the Indian languages; never, during his residence in India, took the trouble to visit a missionary station; and knew about as much of what was going on regarding the conversion of the natives around him as worldly men know of the real state of religion in their own neighbourhoods in England. For instance, what does Squire So-and-so, a thorough worldly gentleman, know of the pious people in a parish twenty-five miles from his residence?

I can imagine a good-meaning sort of man living at the military station of this province (Palameotta) for many years, enjoying good health, taking his morning and evening rides, perhaps every day past the mission church and bungalows, exchanging calls with the missionary of the station, and yet perfectly ignorant of the number of native Christians that worship God in Tamil in the same church wherein he himself worships God in the English language. Should he however have heard of the number of native Christians who frequent the same church as himself, and even read the statistics (which any one in England can do) of the number of native Christians in the same province of which he is collector or judge, yet he may never have conversed with those Christians; never seen one in a hundred of them, and is altogether as ignorant of their character as if he had lived all his life on the bank of the Thames. He never visits the country missionary stations, in fact, he especially avoids them; and yet, if we heard him talk among his friends, we should hear him say that he knows all about mission operations in India. It is true that an occasional native Christian comes before him officially as witness, or plaintiff, or defendant, but in the majority of such cases, they are only persons who have recently placed themselves under Christian instruction, and have been so long in the habit, as heathen, of telling and maintaining all kinds of falsehood, that it would indeed be a miracle if they were free from the deeply-rooted practice of deceiving and falsifying. The baptized and more advanced Christians he seldom finds at his cutchery; and, in short, the really spiritual-minded Christians scarcely ever come before his cognizance. How is it possible, then, that such an old Indian

can know the extent of the success of a missionary or the mission, even in the very province in which he is judge or collector? As to military gentlemen, unless they themselves visit the missionary stations and the Christian villages, it is quite out of the question that they can know anything about the matter. Friends at home are as ignorant of the value of such old Indians' testimony as those very old Indians are of the mission operations and success in India.

There are, however, pious gentlemen who have not been afraid of visiting a missionary at his station, or inquiring about and conversing with native Christians. The testimony of such is most valuable, and with the exception of missionaries themselves, the only testimony that is really worth credit among Europeans in India.

I invite European gentlemen to come, and see, and hear, and examine for themselves the extent and nature of mission success at Panneivilei. Let them not listen to the smooth-tongue, respectable-looking heathen officials of their cutcherries, those hostile gentlemen (Hindus), who know that missionary instruction is always against their receiving bribes by thousands of rupees (as it is well known they do), and therefore, when opportunities occur, they hesitate not, in a most subtle manner, to make all sorts of false statements regarding missionaries and their converts.

With regard to the duty of a missionary, actual success in his work is no rule of action. It may be that he is called simply to be a witness for Christ, and bear his testimony in sackcloth and ashes (Rev. xi. 3), or to preach the gospel as a witness to the nations (Matt. xxiv. 14), or it may be that he is made an instrument of saving many souls. Whatever be his position in the Church of God, his duty is one—to preach and teach the gospel. And if it be the missionary's duty, it is also the Church's duty to send and provide for him. In my own mind, at the time of leaving England to enter upon the mission work, I had come to the conclusion that if, after a life of toil, and perhaps of persecution, I at last was so far successful as to be the instrument in God's hands of the conversion of one heathen to Christ, I should be more than amply rewarded for all weariness, patience, and trouble in the Lord's service. But fortunately actual success has greatly raised my expectations for the future. In order to let old Indians know that missionaries are sometimes, through God's sovereign grace, the means of bringing heathen from their superstitions to the profession of Christianity, I give the following statistics of the Panneivilei district:—

In 1844 I entered upon the charge of the Paneikullam and Panneivilei districts. At that date there were in the Paneikullam district 400 native Christians, and in the Panneivilei district 800 native Christians. In 1853 I delivered over the Paneikullam district to Mr. Whit-

church, with about 1500 Christians, and now there are 2500 in the Panneivilei district. By these statistics it will be seen that during my residence in India I have received from heathenism and Romanism 3100 souls.

Heathen in various parts of the district have been persuaded to destroy upwards of forty devil temples and all the idols in them. I have been permitted at different times to establish sixty schools for the instruction of Christian, heathen, or Mohammedan children, and I

have built sixty-six churches, of various dimensions, during my residence in India.

I have thus given the Committee the statistics of my success (outwardly), because so much has been written lately in newspapers about the want of mission success. Moreover, here I am, and in this district are to be found the native Christians according to the numbers above mentioned.—*From Letter by the Rev. J. T. Tucker of Tinnevely, in Church Missionary Intelligencer.*

GOD'S FRUIT-TREES.

BEFORE our boyhood's home, stood a stately pear-tree. The branches of that broad beautiful tree used to be bent down—nearly every September—to the very ground with the overload of luscious fruit. It stooped its golden store of ripe pears to the reach of us hungry boys, and patiently allowed itself to be plundered by our eager hands. Through the warm nights we used to hear the heavy thump of some monster pear which had silently unloosed itself from a topmost bough, and came rustling down through the branches—perhaps knocking off two or three more by its fall. That tree was a wonderful bearer; it was to us, in childhood, a favourite type of Christian fruitfulness; we thought of it when we heard the minister read, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear *much fruit*."

I. Great stress is laid here upon the word "much;" but *how much* is it? The word is comparative. What would be much with one person would be very little with another. The single hour which the overworked seamstress snatches from her ill-paid labour to devote to her prayer-meeting or her tract distribution is more than whole days devoted to God's service by the monied man of leisure. And her shilling—given at the cost of a supperless night's rest or a fireless room—really outshines the hundred pounds which the millionaire flings into charitable treasuries from his enormous heap. The thorough teaching of a mission-school class by some pious mechanic is a full match, in God's sight, with the delivery of one of those great sermons with which even Chalmers used to "make the rafters roar." It costs quite as much labour for one to teach three boys as it did for the other to teach three thousand men.

"Much fruit" means simply the giving to Christ the best we have got. It is the lading of every bough on life's tree—be that tree a giant or a dwarf. He who, in the humblest walk of life, walks according to the Bible, employs his time, controls his words, directs his choices, and regulates his conduct so as to glorify his Saviour, and make his religion clear and legible to all about—such an one bears much fruit. Sweet "Daughter" of the Isle of Wight's poor "Dairyman!" in thy lonely sick-chamber thou didst yield ripe clusters of grace that have refreshed many a dweller in lordly mansions and

in college halls! She "did what she could." Fellow-Christian, when you have done as much as that, Christ may say to you, "Herein am I glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

II. When a Christian is well grafted into Christ, he will bear a great variety of fruits. Paul tells us that the choicest yields of the Spirit are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance and faith." A healthy Christian will yield all of these in full measure. Others will excel in some special grace. We know of certain church-members who are so completely under the cold shade of the world, that the half-dozen sour dwarfish apples they yielded are not worth any man's gathering. We know, too, of others so laden that you cannot touch the outermost limb without shaking down a golden pippin, or a jargonelle. Such trees make a church-orchard beautiful. They are a joy to the pastor who walks through them. Every stooping bough and every purple cluster that hangs along the walls bespeaks the goodness of the soil, the moisture of the Spirit's dews, and the abundance of God's sunshine. In glorious seasons of revival, we realize old Andrew Marvel's description of his garden:—

"Ripe apples drop about our head;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine."

III. We have but one other thought to offer in this brief paper; it is this: Living to God in small things, and living to God every day, is the secret of large spiritual growth and fruitfulness. A pear-tree does not leap into a bounty of ripe fruit by a single spasmodic effort; an orchard does not ripen under one day's sun. Every sunbeam and every raindrop does its share. A Christian character is a *growth*. "To finish it on a sudden," says one, "by a mere religion of Sundays and birthdays and revivals and large contributions and special reforms," is never to be done. A man may be converted suddenly; but he must ripen gradually. Every prayer that is breathed, every cross that is carried, every trial that is well endured, every good work for Christ that is faithfully done, every little act that is conscientiously performed for Christ's glory, helps to make the Christian character beautiful, and loads its boughs with ripening fruit.—*T. L. Cuyler.*



The Children's Treasury.

"LET ME SLEEP ON!"

MOST of our young readers, I suppose, have at one time or other seen the sea. You know the appearance of the shore, near your homes now, or at places which you have visited in happy summer holidays. You know the "Black Rocks," only to be seen when the tide is far back, and only to be reached then. You know the joy of getting out to them, over the wet

and slippery stones, on a summer afternoon, and as long as possible, till the waves were beginning to run between you and the shore, and the oldest wisest of the party were hurrying you off, to get a good time to the dry beach again.

Just then, if you discovered that one of your companions was lying on the highest rock, and fast asleep, surprised you would be! How you would all surround him, and feel it kindness even roughly to rouse him, telling that in a few minutes the tide would be too deep for him to wade through to shore. And if he replied, "Let me alone; let me sleep on;" would not you think he must have lost his senses; and oh, with what heavy hearts, to save yourself, you would leave him to his fate, or rush home to seek more powerful help!

As I will say, This can never happen; no one but a madman would go to sleep on the Black Rocks at the ebb of the tide, or at least would not be thankful to those who awakened him. Perhaps you are right; but, my young friends, the ministers and servants of God often see a sadder and stranger sight than even this. They see souls in the deep sleep of sin, and they cannot rouse, although they tell them that if they sleep on they must soon fall into everlasting death slavery. In vain they try to awaken such sleepers; for young, too often they will not believe the warnings they are perfectly indifferent to it.

"Let me alone, let me sleep on!" were the last words of a dying young Englishman, a few years ago, to his Christian friend who was seeking to awaken him to seek for his soul's salvation. He lay far from home

and friends, in the public hospital of a foreign land. No tender mother or sister was near to smooth his pillow, and speak words of hope or comfort to his heart. But a pious Moravian missionary often visited that sad place of suffering, telling of the Saviour's grace and love, and of the way he has opened for all who trust in him to the good land where pain and sorrow are unknown. The missionary observed this stranger, and wished to converse with him, but noticed that when he came near his bed he always seemed to fall asleep. Suspecting that this was intentional, he could only hope that the words addressed to others might be made suitable to this case also. But one day he saw on the English patient's countenance such a change as convinced him that death must be near. He, therefore, disturbed his pretended sleep, and gently asked if he were prepared to pass from time to eternity? In an insolent tone the invalid replied, "I prepared myself for that long ago."

"The tone of your voice," said the missionary, "makes me almost doubt that. Have you sought and found forgiveness of sin?" He moved uneasily, and replied, "It is useless to say so much about it. I am quite prepared." "It is not a good sign, I fear," said the missionary, "that you have no desire to speak of the Friend of your soul, who paid so great a price to redeem you from eternal woe. If you were really prepared to die, you would be glad of an opportunity to extol the mercy and grace of God, revealed to you in the forgiveness of your sins."

The dying man was evidently agitated. But he covered his face with the bed-clothes, and hurriedly exclaimed, "Do let me alone; let me sleep!" With a sorrowing heart the Christian visitor turned away, and soon after heard that he had indeed awakened,—in eternity.

This is a sad story, every one must sigh as they read. It made me think of a sleeper on the Black Rocks, refusing to awake, although told that the waves were fast rushing on to overwhelm him. My young friends, let each of you learn a lesson from it, and ask your conscience a serious question. Is your soul still asleep,

careless of "the great salvation?" Have you never, as a sinner, gone to Jesus for pardon and peace? Then this story is to you a solemn call, bidding you awake ere it be too late. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life."

Or does conscience reply that by the grace of God the Spirit you have been roused from sin and folly, that you do know and love the dear Redeemer, and are striving to walk in the way of his commandments? Then "thank God and take courage," and when you see others around you who "care for none of these things," pray earnestly for them, and try to do or say something which God may bless as a means of awaking them from spiritual slumber.

"The time is short," the youngest and strongest among us may be the nearest to an eternal world. That solemn thought need not be an awful one to ourselves, if we feel that He is our Friend, who holds "the keys of death." But it is a very awful thought in regard to those who we cannot help fearing are unconcerned, unprepared for the great change which may come so speedily.

J. L. B.

A BAD AND A GOOD SORROW.

"If you do wrong and are found out, is it a *good* kind of sorrow to be sorry *because* you are found out?" that is what a little boy asked me. Let us see.

There was a boy named Andrew who studied arithmetic. He did not like study very well. He did not like to sit down and patiently work out his sums on the slate; but he liked to have the answers right, because he wanted a good mark; so what did he do? He used to steal "a Key" from the master's desk, and copy the answers. "A Key," you know, is a book which has the answers in it. Andrew was found out, and the master talked to him very seriously. The boy said he was sorry. His school-mates twitted him with it. They used to call him "Old Key," and Andrew felt troubled at that. Did Andrew now go to work and get his answers himself? No. He got another Key, and hid it at home in his red trunk where nobody could find it, and he used to copy the answers and bring them to school. Andrew's sorrow, you see, was on account of being *found out*. The sin of stealing and deception he cared nothing about. It was a sorrow which led to no amendment. It did not make him better, but rather worse. He was only more sly and deceitful the next time. So when a child does wrong, and is sorry *because he is found out*, that "sorrow" is not a good sorrow; do you think it is? No, it is not.

A boy at school away from home had a plum cake sent him. He did not generously say, "I will share it with my companions." He ate four big slices all by him self, and put the rest in his trunk. It made him sick. His bedfellow was up all night with him, nor could he go to school the next day. "Oh," said Jerry to himself, "what a fool I was to eat so much of my

cake at once;" and all the time he lay in bed he was *so sorry*—not because he had been so stingy, but because his gluttony had made him sick. When he got well he ate his cake more slowly, but he ate it all himself. That, you see, was not a *good* sorrow; it led to no improvement. Like the first, it is sorrow for the *consequences* of our fault, and not for the fault itself. These kinds of sorrow, the Bible says, are "unto death;" that is, they make people worse instead of better; and if they go on so, they must die in their sins.

Eddy was on the pond skating. Eddy was a good skater, and could beat the other boys in skating matches, which he, of course, liked to do. One day his strap broke just as he was ahead of a dozen boys or more, and he had to stop. Eddy was angry with his straps, and he *swore*. He took God's name in vain.

"Oh, Eddy," said a little fellow near him, "what would your dear good mother say to that? wouldn't she feel sorry?"

"Yes," said Eddy after a minute, in which he had time to think, "yes, she *would*, and I would not willingly grieve my mother for a pound; no, not for a hundred pounds."

"She can't hear on this pond. How'd she know?" cried another boy.

"I promised my mother I would not swear," said Eddy, "and 'tis no matter whether she hears or not; I know whether I've kept my promise or not, and I know it would make her feel so sorry that I haven't. Eddy slung his skates over his shoulder and went off the ice. His fun was spoiled that day.

Eddy's "sorrow," you see, made him *consider*, and I feel sure he will *try hard* not to swear again. That was a *good* sorrow.

Now I will tell you about a better one still. A mother went by the bedroom of her little girl one night and heard her crying.

"Ellen, my child," said her mother, going in, "what is the matter? are you sick?"

"No, mother," said Ellen, "I am not sick."

"What ails you, my little daughter?" asked mother again.

"Oh, mother," said she, "I am afraid I have grieved my dear Saviour. When father told me to do things to-day, I had '*I won't*' in my heart. I did not feel like minding. Jesus never felt '*I won't*' in his heart. He *loved* to do his Father's will. Mother, I want to be more like Jesus."

Ellen's tears were the sweet tears of penitence. She was sorry with a *godly* sorrow—a sorrow that will bring her nearer and nearer to Jesus, and make her more and more like him. That is the best kind of sorrow—a sorrow that grieves over our faults *because* they displease the great and blessed God, and grieve the tender heart of the Redeemer.

This godly sorrow, or true repentance, the Bible says, "*is unto life*," because it leads to a constant desire to grow better. It is the very root of all true improve-

It draws us nearer and nearer to Jesus, who is *fe*. Children sometimes say they do not know what *tance* means. Repentance is sorrow for our faults *ins*. You see there are different kinds of repent-

I hope, my children, you will seek to have that the Bible says is "*unto life, never to be repented*" Strive above all things to exercise it.

H. C. K.

"BUT A LITTLE CHILD."

"I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in."—1 KINGS III. 7.

"I AM but a little child,"
Weak and easily beguiled,
Foes without and strifes within
Tempt my little heart to sin.
Look in pity, Lord, on me;
Let me trust alone in thee;
Let me on thy bosom rest,
Clasp me to thy loving breast.

If, forgetting thee, I stray
Into sin's enticing way,
Leave me not to perish there
In the tempter's cruel snare.
When I'm tempted to digress
From the path of righteousness,
Let me hear thy Spirit say,
"Little child, 'This is the way.'"

When in danger I shall be,
Let me quickly fly to thee,
Trusting in thy mighty arm,
Nought my tender soul shall harm.
If I faint or weary grow,
If I suffer pain or woe,
Let thy strength my portion be,—
Still sustain and comfort me.

Daily as I older grow,
May I more of Jesus know;
Meekly learning at his feet
Wisdom's lessons pure and sweet.
Let me have his blessed mind;
Make me gentle, meek, and kind:
Let my words and actions tell
That I love my Saviour well.

With a meek and patient mind,—
With a loving heart, and kind,—
With a temper sweet and mild,
Though "I'm but a little child,"
Christ will be my constant friend,
He will keep me to the end;
He will take me when I die
To my home beyond the sky.

THE BIBLE IN A COAL-MINE.

ANY one who has had experience of life among the rougher classes of society must have noticed the instinctive reverence often exhibited by ignorant or even vicious people for the Word of God, and for sincere Christians. The Rev. Charles Vince of Birmingham related the following incident at the last anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society:—

One of the auxiliaries of this Society is located in what is called the black country. There is the Hilltop Auxiliary to the Bible Society; and about fifteen months since they determined every Saturday night to send round two or three Christian men with packages of Bibles with which to visit the public-houses, and in that way to reach as far as possible the miners and puddlers of the district, catching them when they got their money, and asking them to spend some part of their wages in buying the Word of God. I was present the other day when the report was made, and these men told us they went into a public-house on Saturday night, and said to the men assembled there, "We have come to sell you copies of the Bible."

One of the men said, "Wouldn't it be a good thing for us to have a copy to read down in the pit at dinner time?"

This proposition met with general approval, and they agreed to buy a copy for the purpose. Of the first copy handed to them the landlord said the print was too small to read down in the pit, and if they would buy one with a larger type he would give a shilling toward the cost. The one with larger print was bought, and one of the men said, with great simplicity, "If we have the Bible at dinner-time we mustn't have no swearing." In their untutored way they made a law that if any man swore in the pit while the Bible was being read a fine should be imposed; and that fine was, that the offender should receive the vessel containing the beer for dinner, and might look at it, but must pass it on without touching it. You may think that there is something of a ludicrous air about this, but, after all, was there not a wonderful testimony to the power of the Bible? Is there any other book in the world that you could carry into the company of men and make them say, "If we open this, and begin to look at it, we must begin to put away some of our sins?"

THE USE OF A PICTURE BOOK.

GUSSIE never heard of Father Lyon, but I will tell you what he did. His teacher had only three scholars in her class, and she said to them one day, "Cannot each of you find a new scholar for this class? God wants every little boy to work for him, and it will please him to have you bring one poor child to the Sabbath school, where we can lead him to Jesus, and show him the way to heaven."

Gussie heard what his teacher said. "I will try, I

will. I want to please God," he said to himself. He told his mother about it, and she said she hoped he would, for it was blessed work. *Blessed work.* The little boy thought that sounded good. Gussie did not forget it after Sunday was gone. He thought of it Monday morning; and as he went round by a lane on an errand, he asked the first boy he met to go to his Sabbath school. The boy was a rough fellow, and he said, "Get out." Gussie asked the next boy, and the boy said—Oh, I cannot tell you, it was a bad word. This was a poor beginning, but it did not discourage Gussie, only he laid his plans a little differently.

Saturday afternoon he took some of his little picture-books with him, and when he met a poor, ragged boy who did not look like a Sabbath school-scholar, he sat down on a step and asked him to come and see his pretty books. The boy, thus kindly invited, went, and Gussie showed him the pictures. Then Gussie said, "If you will come to my Sabbath school, our teacher will give you a book, maybe, and she will tell you stories."

In this way Gussie got four scholars; two never went to Sabbath school before; and he brought them all four to the class the next Sabbath. How pleased the teacher was. And how many did the other boys get? They forgot all about it.

THE BORROWED BOOK.

ROBERT was one day looking over his things, and found a book which Helen had borrowed of Anne Grey. It was a book Helen was very fond of, and she had read it over many times. She had kept it a long, long while.

Robert took it to Helen. "Here is Anne Grey's book," said Robert; "you ought to carry it home."

"Oh, I always forget it," said Helen, "and I always shall."

"That is stealing, Helen," said Robert.

"Stealing is taking *without asking*," said Helen; "I asked Anne Grey for this book."

"And stealing is *keeping* without asking leave," said Robert. "You are neither more nor less than a thief, Helen, if you *keep keeping* a borrowed book." Helen did not like to be called a thief.

"I am *not* a thief, Robert," cried she; "you are cruel to call me so."

"Let us go and ask mother," said Robert. "I think it is stealing to keep borrowed things, because, don't you see, Helen, it is treating, as if it were your own, property that don't belong to you."

Is not Robert right? Borrowing things and forgetting to return them, amounts ere long to pretty much the same thing as stealing. How many libraries have been robbed that way. I have lost a hoe, a water-pot, and a trowel from my garden just so—borrowed and never brought back. People do not *mean* to keep bor-

rowed things, I suppose; but the worst of it is, they do not return them. They are careless, and careless habits make us regardless of the rights of others.

Helen was not willing to carry the matter to her mother, for she thought Robert might be right after all. At any rate, she saw it was best to carry the book straight home to Anne Grey, which she did; asking forgiveness for keeping it so long.—*The Child's Paper.*

MAMMA'S DIAMONDS.

"I am going to keep all my pennies," said little Kate to her sister. "I have fifteen in my bank, and by and by I can buy a diamond cross for mamma. She will look so pretty with it on her black dress."

"Oh, mamma does not care for such things," said Emma.

"But how do you know?"

"Because, the other day, when I asked her if she would not like to have a ring like that of Mrs. H—, so beautiful and shining, she kissed me a great many times, and said 'the only diamonds she wished for were those she saw in our eyes when we were good and happy.'"

"Well, then I will buy her some other present," added Kate, "for I love her so much."

"I think," said Emma, "that mamma does not care for presents; she would rather see us good. If we love her, we must try to obey her always and quick; that is what I mean to do."

"IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS," says Christ to his disciples.

A SMALL SABBATH SCHOOL.

I HEARD the other day of a Sabbath school which had—how many scholars do you think? *Three little girls*, and that in a pretty large village too. Some might not think that much of a Sabbath school; but it is much. Here are three little souls to be snatched from Satan, to be led to Jesus and helped on the way to heaven. They are to be taught to sing his praises and speak his love. For them there is a garment of salvation, and a robe of righteousness; for them there is the pearl of great price, and the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; for them there is the gospel armour, and the sword of the Spirit. These three little girls are to go all the way through life shedding the light of piety all around their path, and bearing good fruit to eternal life, a blessing to themselves and to others; or—look on the other side—they may be lost, for ever lost! and all this perhaps depending upon the fidelity of that Sabbath-school teacher. Oh is not *this much*?

Let us never feel that our field is small if there is one soul to save.



THE ARK AND THE DOVE.



Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, AUTHOR OF "MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK TO PALESTINE."

LEBANON.

"His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars."—CANT. v. 15.

LEBANON was the paradise of the Hebrew poets; and it is not strange that it should have been so. For grandeur of scenery, richness of products, and beauty of climate, it is not surpassed in the world. After Egypt's marshy plains, and Sinai's naked cliffs, and the parched desert of dreary Arabia, need we wonder that when Moses stood on Lebanon—its snow-crowned peaks towering heaven, its sides all waving with foliage—he should thus breathed forth to God the desire of his heart: pray thee let me go over and see the good land that yond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon" (it. iii. 25)?

How only can realize the luxury of shade and verdure here traversed under an eastern sun an eastern earnestness. Solomon, in the matchless imagery of his poetry, catches with all a poet's skill, and with all a poet's enthusiasm, the leading beauties of Lebanon. To the inhabitant of Jerusalem, parched with heat on a sultry summer's day, the heaven above his head brass, the white hills, and white rocks, and white hills all round him burning like a furnace, no fountain, river, or lake, no meadow, no cool shade in view, what could convey to his mind a more enchanting vision than the words suggested by the scenery of these mountains, "A garden bed is my sister, a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon" (iv. 12, 15)? His also upon the freshness of Lebanon's primeval forests, forests of cedar, and pine, and evergreen oak, and the grandeur of its outline, the poet king delineates the glory of the spouse by a single touch: "His countenance is as Lebanon" (v. 15). And then again, revelling in his vivid imagination in those green glades and vine-clad slopes, where the air is laden with perfume, he says of the bride, "The smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon."

How often have I myself luxuriated on banks of sweet myrtle, and in deep dells where the myrtle and honeysuckle breathe forth their odours, and in gardens where the damask rose and orange blossom fill the air with perfumes, amid

the heights of Lebanon! How often too, after days of toil and travel over trackless wastes, without the shadow even of a great rock, my lips parched with thirst, my eye-balls burning in their sockets, when at length I climbed those noble mountains, and felt their soft breezes fanning my fevered brow, when I quaffed their ice-cold waters, and looked on their snowy peaks glittering under a blazing sun, how often then have I realized in their full force and meaning the prophet's words, "Will a man leave the snow of Lebanon? or shall the cold-flowing waters be forsaken?" (Jer. xviii. 14.)

Lebanon was ever before the eyes of the ancient Israelite. From every hill top in Central Palestine, from the depths of the Jordan valley, from the lofty table land of Moab and Bashan, he saw, away on the northern horizon, those beautiful pale blue peaks with their glittering crowns. And when he traversed Galilee, or went down to the shores of its lake, then Lebanon and Hermon rose in all their majesty, appearing to him as visions of paradise. Can we wonder that prophets spoke and poets sung of the "glory of Lebanon?" (Isa. xxxv. 2; lx. 13.)

The name *Lebanon* signifies whiteness; and it is appropriate whether we look at the whiteness of its limestone cliffs, or of the snow upon its summit. It is a singular fact that the names of the highest mountains in most countries have the same meaning. Himalaya, Alps, Mont Blanc, Ben Nevis, Snowdon, Sierra Nevada, are all just "white mountains." The name Lebanon in Scripture is applied to two distinct mountain chains which run in parallel lines on opposite sides of the valley of Coele-Syria. The western range is Lebanon proper, and in Scripture is called by no other name; the eastern is distinguished as "Lebanon towards the sun rising" (Josh. xiii. 5), and its southern peaks are known by many names—Hermon, Sirion, Amanus, &c. Among the people of the country most of the old Bible names are still used; but more commonly "Lebanon towards the sun rising," the Anti-Libanus of classic authors, is called *Jebel esh-Shurky*, the "eastern mountain," while Lebanon proper is styled *Jebel el-Ghurby*, the "western

mountain." To Hermon is given the noble title *Jebel esh-Sheikh*, "prince mountain," and it deserves it.

To the grand scenery, waving fruit, and holy and historic associations of Lebanon proper I shall now endeavour to introduce my reader.

PHYSICAL FEATURES OF LEBANON.

The range of Lebanon is about a hundred miles long. It follows the shore of the Mediterranean, here sending out rugged roots far into the deep sea, and here leaving a narrow strip of plain bordered by a pebbly strand. This narrow strip of plain has a famous name and a proud history of its own. It is *Phanicia*, the England of antiquity; and on it stood the great cities of Sidon and Tyre, the cradles of the world's commerce. Lebanon looked proudly down on these her fair daughters.

From the green meadows of Esdraelon rise, in graceful undulations, the wooded hills of Galilee. The hills of Galilee swell up into the picturesque mountains of Naphthali; and these again stretch across the sublime ravine of the Leontes and tower into the majestic ridge of Lebanon. Commencing at an elevation of 6000 feet this ridge increases gradually to nearly 11,000, and then terminates abruptly in the valley called by Moses the "entrance of Hamath" (Num. xxxiv. 8).

The eastern declivities of Lebanon are steep and rugged; but the western are long and gradual, furrowed from top to bottom by wild ravines, and broken everywhere by white cliffs and rugged banks, and tens of thousands of terraces, which rise like stairs from the sea to the snow wreaths. These western declivities are the "roots of Lebanon," massive, broad, and far-reaching. One can see as he wanders over them how graphic and expressive was the language of Hosea: "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and strike forth his roots as Lebanon" (xiv. 5).

BEYROUT.

The classic *Berytus*, famous for its school of philosophy, and the modern *Beyrout*, has no place in the Bible. Yet it is now the capital of Lebanon, and the only real seaport of Syria. Western enterprise has given it an air of prosperity, while grim desolation is elsewhere brooding over the land.

The site of Beyrout is among the finest in the world. From the base of Lebanon a triangular plain juts into the sea, and round a little bay on its northern shore nestles the nucleus of the city, engirt by old walls and towers. Behind the city the ground rises with a gentle slope, and is thickly studded with villas of every graceful form which eastern fancy, grafted on western taste, can devise, and all embosomed in the foliage of the orange, mulberry, and palm. In spring time and summer Beyrout is beautiful. The glory of Lebanon behind, a mantle of verdure wrapped closely round it, fringed by a pearly strand; in front the boundless sea, bright and blue as the heavens that overarch it. Such is Beyrout.

THE DOG RIVER AND ITS MONUMENT

It was near noon on a bright April day when my favourite Nezik—one of the prettiest of Arab horses—at the gate of Beyrout. My muleteers were already hours in advance; as he champed the bit and impatiently pawed, he showed his eagerness to follow.

The mulberry groves and cactus-lined lanes passed. For a moment I drew up in the George, to take another look at the fabled patron saint's conflict with the dragon, whose fine old crown pieces have made English eyes. Then fording the sluggish Magoras, I reached a strand that here stretches for miles along the terranean. Loosening the reins an hour's game to the foot of the famous pass of the Dog.

One of Lebanon's great "roots" here stands and dips, a rocky precipice, into the bosom of the sea. Over the rugged cliff the Egyptian Sesostris centuries B.C., cut a zigzag road. Seven hundred years later the road was repaired by the Assyrian when on his march to the fatal plain of Libanus (xviii. 13, &c.) Then, after a still longer interval, the Roman Antonine, and reconstructed the road since his day the Turks and the French, have done little in the way of repairs, have at least shown their vanity by leaving a record of their presence.

The long history of the pass is written on its sides. Nine tablets are there, each as big as a banyan door. Three are Egyptian, and six are Assyrian, the latter distinguished by the quaint, stiff characters of cuneiform letters. The Roman tablets are of more moderate dimensions: plain, and more like the men who made it. The Turks flourish in their letters, as in their legs; the French, with characteristic modesty, have for their visit was subsequent to mine, appeared on the Egyptian panels.

How strange to see in one spot, at one place, scribed records extending back in succession to the time of Moses! To see there, too, evidence of one of the most remarkable events of Bible history—the expedition of Sennacherib—tablets on this pass are not surpassed in importance by any monuments in Syria.

Scrambling up the ancient road, and round a dizzy crag, the glen of *Nahr el-Kelb* opened before me. It was a scene of singular beauty. Away in the depths beneath dashed the white sheets of foam, over its rocky bed. Its banks were with oleander, now wet with spray, and glimmered by the bright sunbeams. Above rose jagged white limestone, crowned far overhead by a village.

On a former occasion I traced the river through rich Alpine scenery which gave the picture of "the glory of Lebanon." No

was different. I followed the deeply indented shore; and after an hour's hard ride cooled my horse's foaming sides in

THE RIVER ADONIS.

A few days before my visit heavy rain had fallen in Lebanon; and I had therefore an opportunity of seeing Adonis "run purple to the sea;" its waters tinged with the earth the swollen torrent tore from the mountain sides. The fable of Venus and Adonis is well known. The Greeks borrowed it from the Syrians; and the bank of this stream was the scene of the catastrophe. The story has a sacred, as well as a classic interest. Adonis was probably identical with the *Tammuz*, for whom Ezekiel represents the infatuated Jewish women as weeping (viii. 14); and our own Milton has thrown around the heathen fable and the prophetic vision all the charms of his matchless verse:—

—"Tammuz came next behind
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Tammuz, yearly wounded."

I rode slowly on, looking up at Lebanon, as peak after peak revealed itself;—now out over the boundless Mediterranean gleaming like burnished gold beneath the evening sun.

GEBAL.

I found my tent pitched under the crumbling ramparts of Gebal; and dismounted at its door just as the sun touched the water.

Jebel, the modern name of this town, is the diminutive of the Hebrew *Gebal*, which signifies "mountain." The city was the capital of the *Giblites*, or "mountaineers," the leading tribe of Lebanon in the days of Joshua (xiii. 5). The *Giblites* appear to have been an educated and an enterprising people in a very remote age. They were Solomon's chief architects when he built the temple; though unfortunately our English version in 1 Kings v. 18, conceals the fact, by rendering "*Giblites*" "stone squarers." They are famous, too, as ship-builders; for the ancients of Gebal and "the wise men thereof" were leading men in the dock-yards of Tyre (Ezek. xxvii. 9).

It is most interesting to observe how fully even incidental allusions of the sacred writers are confirmed and illustrated by the facts of ancient history and the results of modern research. During the wars of Alexander the Great the fleet of Gebal, or *Byblus* as the Greeks called it, was a formidable power in the Levant; and when, on the morning after my arrival, I proceeded to explore the ruins, I was particularly struck with the massive and splendid masonry of the ancient citadel. Some of its stones are twenty feet long, and in their size, style, and perfection of finish, they closely resemble those I

had before seen in the foundations of the Temple at Jerusalem. May it not be that the very same workmen were employed in the erection of both buildings?

But the glory of Gebal has passed away. Its massive walls are rent and shattered; its harbour is a ruin; its navy is reduced to some half dozen fishing boats; and its population now consists of about six hundred poor peasants.

TRIPOLI.

A pleasant ride of eight hours took me from Gebal to Tripoli. My road lay still along the shore: now winding over the brow of a stupendous cliff, now diving down a break-neck path into a wild dell, now treading softly the pebbly shore on which the ever restless waves made solemn melody. Little villages, and convents, and vineyards, and groves of figs and olives, tell of modern industry, and Lebanon's fruitfulness; but wide-spread ruins, and shattered battlements, and deserted harbours, tell still more expressively of departed greatness.

Tripoli is a picturesque town of thirteen thousand inhabitants, embosomed in gardens and orchards of orange, apricot, and apple trees. Its fruits rival those of Joppa and Sidon. The surrounding plain is a little paradise, covered with verdure, and sparkling with stream and fountain. A triangular promontory juts out from the town into the Mediterranean, and on its northern shore, a mile and a half distant, is the *Mina* or port of Tripoli. This promontory was the site of the ancient city—the *Tripolis*, or "Triple City" of the Greeks, which, tradition says, was so named because it was founded by three colonies from Tyre, Sidon, and Arvad. I traced the ruins of the old walls along the neck of the promontory, and around its shores; and I saw columns of granite and marble, with heaps of stones and rubbish, scattered over its surface. During the first Crusade, Raymond of Toulouse built a castle inland on the banks of the Kadisha, for the protection of Christian pilgrims; and around it the modern town has grown.

ASCENT OF LEBANON.

The sun had not yet risen over Mount Hor (Num. xxxiv. 7) when I set out for the Cedars. For nearly two hours I rode along the northern bank of the Kadisha, where it cuts its way through the lower spurs of Lebanon. Then the real ascent commenced. It was no child's play to climb that mountain. The road is a mere goat track; now in a rocky torrent bed, now on the brink of a fearful ravine, now over a slippery crown of naked limestone, now up rude stairs that seem as if "let down from heaven itself." Many a bad and dangerous path I have travelled in Syria, but this was among the very worst. Never before, not even when ascending Hermon—had the mettle and the steadiness of Nezik been more severely tested. I confess too that my own nerve was sometimes tried, when I found one stirrup ringing against the overhanging cliff, while the other was suspended

over a fathomless abyss. The path was often such as that which Rogers paints :—

"The very path for them that dare defy
Danger, nor shrink, wear he what shape he will;
That o'er the caldron, when the flood boils up,
Hang as in air."

But the scenery was glorious. Villages all round, clinging to the cliffs, or nestling away down in deep secluded dells,—convents, like feudal castles, perched on every airy crag and hill top,—vines springing from chinks in the rock, and sending their long branches in festoons down its jagged sides,—ranges of figs and mulberries covering terraces which the hand of industry has formed everywhere from the bottom of the deepest glen to the summit of the highest peak. Little isolated patches, and narrow, ribbon-like strips of green corn were there too. Art and industry in fact appeared as if triumphing over nature; while nature itself, in all its magnificent ruggedness, rejoiced in the triumph.

On crowning each successive eminence I looked down with ever increasing wonder and admiration on new scenes of mingled richness and grandeur. It is only under such circumstances, and after such experience, one can thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the prophet when he says, "It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing, the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it" (Isa. xxxv. 2); or of the Psalmist when he utters the promise, "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon" (lxxii. 16).

I spent the night at the village of Ehden, which for beauty might almost pass for an Eden. Beneath the shade of one of its fragrant walnuts I lay the long afternoon, gazing dreamily down the mountain side, and away out over the boundless sea. How sweet and fresh on that balmy evening, when the dew began to fall, was "the smell of Lebanon!"

The direct road from Ehden to the Cedars contains nothing of interest, so I rode down in the early morning to Kanobin, the most celebrated of the Maronite Convents of Lebanon, and the chief residence of the Patriarch. Its site is singularly romantic. A little above it the glen of the Kadisha contracts to a sublime chasm, its rocky walls rising perpendicularly a thousand feet on each side, and in places not leaving room for a footpath beside the stream that foams along the bottom. On a ledge of one of these stupendous cliffs—partly natural and partly artificial, stands Kanobin. Its church and some of its cells are hewn in the rock; and many a strange and stirring legend is told of the fathers who excavated and inhabited them. The Patriarch was absent, but I was kindly and hospitably received by the monks. In going round their shrines I could not suppress feelings of shame—almost of horror, at the parody of Christianity which is there exhibited. Except in name the church at Kanobin differs little from the shrines of Baal which

probably occupied the same place in the days of the old Gibriles.

The road from Kanobin to the Cedars passes through some of the grandest and richest scenery in Lebanon. It winds up the glen of the Kadisha, which gradually expands into terraced slopes, covered with vineyards, and the brilliant foliage of the mulberry. Picturesque cottages, and the mansions of hereditary sheikhs, here grouped together, there scattered singly among gardens and orchards, stud the whole banks. The cultivation is wonderful. Every little dell away down beneath overhanging cliffs, every nook and corner among the jagged rocks, every ledge and cranny on precipice side, which the foot of man can reach, or on which a basket of earth can be deposited, is occupied with vine, or mulberry, or patch of grain.

THE CEDARS.

At the head of Wady Kadisha is a vast recess in the central ridge of Lebanon. Round it in a semicircle rise the loftiest peaks of the range, their summits glittering with perpetual snow. The sides of the recess are smooth, white, uniform, and perfectly bare; and in its centre, on the top of a limestone knoll, far removed from all other foliage and verdure, stand, in strange solitude, the *Cedars of Lebanon*. Seen from a distance the little grove is but a speck on the mountain side; and the first feeling of the pilgrim who has travelled far to visit it is that of bitter disappointment. But when he enters all such feelings vanish. Then the beautiful fan-like branches, and graceful forms of the younger trees, the colossal trunks of the patriarchs, and their great gnarled branches stretching far out to embrace their brethren and the deep and sombre shade amid that blaze of sunshine, all combine to excite his admiration.

The grove is scarcely half a mile in circuit, and in some places is not dense. It contains only about *four hundred* trees of all sizes. A dozen of them are very ancient, one or two measuring upwards of forty feet in girth, and the others not much less; but their trunks are short, and are much hacked and hewn by the vandalism of travellers inscribing their names upon them. Thirty or forty others are of very respectable dimensions—three, four, and even five feet in diameter. The younger trees are mostly in the outskirts of the grove, and the patriarchs in the centre. The grove would increase were it not that the seedlings are either cropped by goats, or broken by shepherds. At present there are no very young trees.

This was my second visit to the Cedars; and the impression made upon my mind was even deeper than before, probably in part owing to the solitude. My former visit was during the annual feast, when the grove was filled with noise and riot. Now, not a living creature was there, and the snow wreaths still lay deep around the sacred trees. I had ample time to examine their grandeur and beauty, and to meditate on their long and wondrous history. And as I looked and por-

I could not wonder that the Hebrews regarded with almost religious veneration, and that their poets called them the "trees of the Lord" (Ps. lxxviii. 8), and the place where they grew "the garden of Eden" (Ezek. xxxi. 8). Nor could I wonder that poets selected such graceful foliage, and stately and colossal trunks, as emblems of pride, and strength, and power. "The day of the Lord of hosts," Isaiah, "shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low; and upon all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up" (ii. 12, 13). And Isaiah says, "Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in the plain with fair branches, . . . and of an high stature; . . . his height was exalted above all the trees of the field," &c. (xxxii. 3, &c.).

I sat there alone in the Cedar Grove, the Psalmist's magnificent picture of a storm was brought more vividly before my mind than ever it had been before. A branch of one of the oldest trees had recently been broken by a tempest, and in its fall had partly killed a younger tree. There it lay before my eyes, the ruin it had caused, as if to show the power of the storm, and to illustrate the words of the Psalmist. I read the words, looking out, as I read, upon those "great cedars" whence the voice of the storm came, and upon mountain sides up which it rolled, and upon cedars which it brake.

"The voice of Jehovah is upon the waters;
The God of glory thundereth:
Jehovah is upon great waters.
The voice of Jehovah is power;
The voice of Jehovah is majesty.
The voice of Jehovah breaketh the cedars,
Jehovah breaketh the cedars of Lebanon;
He maketh them skip like a calf."

(Ps. xlix. 3-6.)

A piece of the broken branch I afterwards obtained, and brought to this country; and I retain some of it in its natural state. Having read and heard many contradictory accounts of the quality and beauty of cedar-wood, I resolved to put it to the test. I gave it into the hands of a skillful workman, who made me an ornamental piece of furniture out of a portion of it. He pronounced the wood to be of the first quality—"almost as hard as oak, with a grain as close as iron." It takes a high finish, and the carving stands out perfect. In appearance it does not differ from pine; but its colour is deeper and richer. It emits its fragrance as fresh and strong as when first cut. Should any of my readers wish to see genuine cedar-wood from Lebanon, if they will favour me with a visit, I shall feel great pleasure in gratifying them.

THE TEMPLES OF LEBANON.

When in the cedars I turned southward, following a path I had travelled before, and have described elsewhere. It was now both difficult and dangerous, for

the snow lay deep, and the summer streamlets were converted into foaming torrents.

On the second day I reached the fountain of the Adonis at Afka. It bursts from a cave at the foot of a stupendous cliff, and its foaming waters rush down into a dark wild chasm. The ruins of the Temple of Venus, built, tradition says, on the spot where Adonis fell, lie strewn over a little mound by the cave's mouth, and some of the massive stones and granite columns are now in the bottom of the torrent bed.

Hence I rode along the flank of Jebel Sunmîn, which rose on my left, a spotless pyramid of snow. Passing the upper sources of the Nahr el-Kelb, and the chasm spanned by the natural bridge, I revisited the castle and temples of Fukra. One temple is in part hewn in the rock; another, simple, massive, and grand even in its desolation, is of the oldest type. These were doubtless shrines of Baal or Tammuz, built by the Gibrilites in remote ages.

Crossing another sublime glen, which sends a little tributary to the Dog River, I clambered up vine-clad slopes to the Greek Convent of Mar Elias, situated on the summit of a cliff commanding a wild and wide panorama of mountain and sea.

After a short stay I again mounted and proceeded to Bukfeiya, and received a hospitable welcome in the palace of the *Emir*, one of the hereditary princes of Lebanon. The site is charming. One would never weary looking down through the vista of the magnificent valley of the Dog River. The gardens, vineyards, fig and olive groves, that encircle the houses and clothe the steep slopes below, bear noble testimony to the fruitfulness of Lebanon. The peaks above the village rise so steeply, and bristle so with pointed rocks, that cultivation is absolutely impossible. Yet even there the brilliant foliage of the ilex, which springs out of every rent, contrasts beautifully with the white limestone; while away along the serried top of the ridge, where the sandstone crops out, are thickets of pines.

TEMPLE OF BAAL.

Deir el-Kulah is five miles south of Bukfeiya, but the road is so bad and tortuous that it took me nearly as many hours to reach it. The name signifies "the convent of the castle," and is descriptive, a convent having been built on the ruins of an old fortress. It stands on the crest of a narrow and lofty ridge, round whose base sweeps the wild glen of the Magoras. The stream is 1500 feet below, winding out and in among the dark foliage like a thread of silver. Eastward the eye wanders up the great valley of Metn among villages, and vineyards, and mulberry groves, and pine forests, till it rests on the snowy peak of Kenfseh. North and south extend mountain sides, rich and rugged, far as the eye can see; and on the west the plain of Beyrout is at our feet, with its wastes of white sand on the one side, and its bright city embowered in verdure on the other; while beyond is the boundless expanse of the Mediter-

anean;—not quite boundless, however, for when the glow of sunset mantles the horizon, the hills of far-distant Cyprus, overtopped by classic Olympus, rise in clear outline.

The ruins at Deir el-Kulah include an ancient village, a castle or citadel, and a temple. The latter is the most interesting. It is 106 feet long, and 54 broad. Its portico had a double range of massive columns, 6 feet in diameter; and some of the stones in the walls measure 14 feet by 5½. I saw, as others had seen before me, several Greek inscriptions. They are short and fragmentary, but fortunately long enough to throw light on the origin and object of the building. One contains a dedication to "BAAL-MARKOS, Sovereign Lord of Sports." Baal is often mentioned in the Bible. To him most of the "high places" in Palestine were dedicated. Among the Phœnicians he was the chief object of worship, and his worship was introduced into Israel by the infamous "*Jezebel*, daughter of *Eth-Baal*, king of the Sidonians" (1 Kings xvi. 31). In the Bible this deity is called by the different names, *Baal-berith*, "Lord of the Covenant" (Judges ix. 4); *Baal-zebub*, "Lord of flies" (2 Kings i. 2); and *Baal-peor* (Num. xxv. 1). So here we have a temple dedicated to *Baal-markos*, the "Lord of Sports." It was doubtless one of the great centres of Phœnician idolatry, where the kinsfolk and townfolk of Jezebel joined in their lascivious rites.

From time immemorial Lebanon has been a grand centre of superstition and idolatry. Temples crowned almost every height, and sanctuaries were consecrated in almost every grove; "On every high hill, in all the tops of the mountains, and under every green tree, and under every thick oak, they did offer sweet savour to all their idols" (Ezek. vi. 13). Time has not changed it. Professing a different faith, and called by a different name, the religious spirit of its people remains the same. Their convents are now as numerous as their idol shrines ever were; and could the old Giblites and Phœnicians again revisit their country, they would find it hard to distinguish the saints and angels that deck the Christian altars from the images of their own deities.

From Deir el-Kulah I descended to Beyrout, having thus traversed nearly the whole Maronite section of Lebanon.

THE DRUZES.

I have explored every interesting nook and corner in southern Lebanon, the home of the Druzes. I shall, here, however, give only a brief sketch of one short tour which led me through the cream of the country, and at the best season—the vintage.

I left Beyrout for Deir el-Kamr on a sunny afternoon, early in September. My only companion was my servant, a mountaineer, who knew every inch of the road as well as I did myself. The distance is five hours, and the path none of the best. The first hour is in the plain wading through deep sands under the shade of a

pine forest, and then winding among mulberry gardens. There are more palms here than one is accustomed to see in Syria or Palestine—not in groves like Egypt, but singly and in clumps of three or four.

The foot of the mountain is reached and the ascent begins by a track, more like the rocky bed of a winter torrent, than a highway to the capital of Lebanon. But as we mount the ruggedness is forgotten, and we are enraptured with the variety, the richness, and the extent of the views. We miss here, however, the close and careful cultivation of the Maronite district. The vines are not so well trained, and here and there are long reaches of mountain side, where the old terraces are broken and the soil waste. The Druzes are warriors rather than husbandmen. They delight in arms more than in vineyards. One notices this as soon as he enters their country. He reads it in their looks. The flashing eye, and haughty step, and calm demeanour, are not the characteristics of a son of toil. The trim beard, and spotless white turban, and long dagger proclaim the soldier rather than the peasant. Still the Druzes are not wanting in industry, and were they under a wise rule much might be made of them.

The costume of the women in this part of Lebanon, Druzes and Christians alike, is strange and striking. Here one sees at every fountain that most singular of all the singularities of female dress or ornament—the *tantûr*. It is a tube or horn, of gold or silver, from one to two feet long, and about two inches in diameter, tapering slightly. To the lower end are fastened a number of silver knobs by siken cords a yard in length. The horn is placed erect on the top of the head, strapped round the chin, and balanced by the silver knobs which hang down the back. Over the whole is thrown a long veil of white muslin, which at the pleasure of the wearer is either permitted to descend in graceful folds behind, or is brought round so as to conceal both face and figure. Such is the ordinary costume of the matrons of Lebanon; and whatever may be said of its absurdity, there can be no doubt that it gives a grace and dignity to the carriage worthy of imitation in more favoured lands. The *tantûr* is the first requisite of the bride; for maidens are not permitted to wear it. Its origin is unknown, and it is very questionable whether it is to it the Psalmist alludes (lxxv. 4).

A DRUZE WEDDING.

On approaching the large village of Ain 'Anb we were somewhat startled by hearing dropping shots, and seeing troops of horsemen galloping hither and thither along the mountain side. We soon learned that it was the wedding of one of the hereditary Sheikhs; and I was warmly invited to halt an hour and see the fête. I gladly consented.

The ordinary mode of procedure on the wedding day is this. Some Druze priests, accompanied by a few of the bridegroom's relatives, go to the bride's house, which

this instance, was in a neighbouring village. After giving up and reading the marriage contract, the bride, in her richest attire, and completely enveloped in a veil of white and gold, is placed on a horse covered with superb housings, and led off to her husband. A long train of relatives and friends, male and female, in holiday costume, follow her. When they get within half a mile or so of her husband's village, his friends and retainers—amounting in the present case to several hundreds—sally out, and a mock combat ensues. Both parties being armed, and well trained in mountain warfare, the scene becomes intensely exciting. From behind rocks and trees, from the tops of cliffs, from every point of vantage, volleys of musketry—blank of course—are poured upon the advancing troop. The horsemen charge and retreat. Step by step the bridegroom's party retire, contesting every inch; and at length amidst cheering and shrill cries of women, and salvos of musketry, the bride enters the village in triumph, and hurried away to the harim. There she is left alone, still enveloped in her veil, to await her husband who has never yet seen her face. After some time he enters, respectfully lifts the veil, takes one look, immediately replaces it, and returns to his guests. The revels go on thus for many days. . . .

The sun had long set ere I entered Deir el-Kamr.

THE MASSACRE OF 1860.

Deir el-Kamr is, or rather was seven years ago, a beautiful little town of seven thousand souls, built high up on the side of a wild glen, and encompassed by wooded vineyards and orchards. The castle, occupied by a Turkish garrison, crowns a cliff; and on the opposite side of the glen stands the beautiful palace of the Emir Beshir, the former governor of Lebanon. The deep and richly wooded bank leading up to it, the commanding site, the vast mass of picturesque buildings, and the wooded hill behind, all strongly remind one of the Castle of Heidelberg. For years the palace has been turned into a barrack; and the Turks are doing there what they have done everywhere; they are fast ruining its splendid courts, and marble halls, and gilt domes, to ruin.

Deir el-Kamr has suffered more from the hereditary rife of Druze and Maronite than any other place in Lebanon. Being an exclusively Christian town, in the midst of a Druze district, it has ever borne the first brunt of battle, and has repeatedly been burned to ashes. It was the most fearful tragedy, even in its sad history, enacted in 1860. At the commencement of the month of that year, the town was taken and plundered by the Druzes, who, after burning Zahleh, returned to complete the work of destruction. The unfortunate inhabitants resolved to defend their lives to the last, for they knew too well the fate that awaited them. The rest of the sad tale I shall give in the words of one who was all but an eye-witness. "The Turkish governor,

who had four hundred troops in the castle, while at Bteddin, half a mile off, there were three hundred more, told the people they had nothing to fear if they would give him up their arms; and he insisted on their doing so. They applied for an escort to Beyrout; this he would in no wise permit. Their valuables he made them place in the castle, and then ordered a great part of the population there. So men, women, and children were all crowded together in the palace, under his protection, on the night of the 20th. On the morning of the 21st, the Druzes collected round the town; one of their leaders came to the palace and desired to speak with the governor. A conversation was carried on in a low voice. . . . At last a question was asked to which the governor gave the answer, *Hepsi*, that is, 'all.' Hereupon the Druze disappeared, but in a few minutes the gate was thrown open, and in rushed the fiends, cutting down and slaughtering every male; the soldiers co-operating!"

Twelve hundred men were massacred on that fatal day!

SOUTHERN LEBANON.

At six o'clock I was again in the saddle, and in an hour drew up upon the brow of Wady Barûk, four miles south of Deir el-Kamr, and one of the richest and wildest glens in Lebanon. High up on its southern bank stands the village of Mukhtara, and the palace of the late Said Bey, the Chief of the Druzes. It is a building of great size, occupying a splendid site; but with no pretensions to architectural beauty. After a hurried visit to the Bey, whom I had known before, and who now insisted on sending a couple of horsemen with me, I continued my journey.

Our path lay along the terraced mountain side, often beneath the spreading branches of fragrant walnuts. We looked down into the lovely valley of Barûk, and away over a wooded ridge beyond it to the Mediterranean. Village after village was passed, and vineyard after vineyard. Ever and anon boys and girls came rushing out with bunches of luscious grapes that would have done honour to the vines of Eshcol, and prayed the Bey to accept their offering.

Leaving the vale of Barûk we struck up Wady Jezzîn; and passing a large village of that name, we ascended through a bleak and rugged region to the southern brow of Lebanon. The scene which here suddenly burst upon our view was magnificent. Four thousand feet and more beneath where we stood, was the deep, dark chasm of the Leontes, which intersects the range, carrying the waters of Coele-Syria to the Mediterranean. Over it frowned the massive battlements of the Castle of Shukîf, founded by the ancient Phœnicians to guard the road to the agricultural colony at Laish. On the east rose Hermon in all its majesty, its icy crown gleaming in the ruddy sunshine. At its base were the plains of Ijon (1 Kings xv. 20), and Dan (Judges xviii. 7-10), extending in vast green meadows to the Waters

of Merom (Josh. xi. 5). On the south lay the picturesque mountain chain of Naphtali, over which appeared on the horizon the pale blue hills of Samaria. And away on the right was the wavy coast line running along from the shattered battlements of Tyre to the distant Cape of Carmel. In fact the whole northern division of Palestine was before my eyes, every feature brought out in bold relief by the evening sun. It was one of those pictures which time can never efface from memory.

The descent to the banks of the Leontes was long and

toilsome. Crossing the stream by the old bridge of Burghos, we attempted to reach a small village near it, where we intended to pass the night; but we lost our way, and were obliged to halt under a large oak-tree. Tying my horse to a branch, I wrapped my cloak around me and was soon asleep. My companions followed my example; and next day we proceeded to Rasheya, whence I went to Damascus. Thus terminated my tour in Southern Lebanon.

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST,
July 1864.

DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVYLYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

PART IX.

April 1750.



HANK God we are at home again, which a month since I scarcely expected to be.

At Hackney on Friday morning, March the 8th, I was startled out of my sleep in the early dusk before dawn by a heaving and a jarring, which made me think in the confusion of waking that I was at sea again with Father and Hugh, and that the ship had struck against a rock, and was grating over it.

I sprang up instantly, with a vague fear of drowning; but I shall never forget the horror of utter helplessness which followed, when I perceived that it was Aunt Henderson's great crimson-damask four-post bed which was thus tottering—that it was the gigantic polished oak wardrobe whose doors were flying open, and the familiar white jug and bason which were rattling in that unaccountable way against each other.

It flashed on me at once that it was the *earth* that was moving—the solid earth itself heaving like the sea!

My first impulse was to throw myself on my knees by the bed-side. Then I committed myself to God, and felt there was something yet that "could not be moved."

Then followed another shock and jarring motion. The fire-irons rattled, the water jug fell and was broken, the wardrobe tottered and strained. And there seemed something more awful in the unwonted noises among these familiar things than there would have been in the roar of a cannonade or any other strange sound.

But besides these noises, and through, and behind, and underneath them, came a low distant rumble like thunder, which yet was not thunder; not above, but beneath, for it seemed quivering through the earth.

I sprang to my feet, and wrapping myself in my great cloak, rushed out to Mother's room.

The frightened servants were already gathered on the landing, crying that the end of the world was come, and wringing their hands and wondering what would become of mistress, who was gone to the early prayers at the Foundry. Uncle Henderson appeared in a night-cap and blanket, and then Father in a military great-coat.

All had rushed together with the instinct of frightened cattle. No one had thought of striking a light.

I crept to Mother's bed-side, and kneeling down, pressed her hand in both mine.

"My darling," she said, "I am so thankful we are together. If only Jack were here, Kitty! If only I could feel he was safe, whatever happened! Kitty, let us be still, and pray for Jack."

For Mother thought, like most of us, that the end of the world was come.

Another shock, and jar, and rumble of that awful underground thunder; and then a fearful crash above us, and a piercing shriek from all outside, with sobs, and cries of "Lord, have mercy on me!" Another crash, and another burst of shrieks and sobs.

And Mother said nothing, but solemnly clasped her hands in prayer.

Then there came a stillness and a hush in the voices outside, and through the silence we heard the wind rustling in the tall elm-tree close to the window, and saw that the dusk was slowly creeping into dawn.

And Mother said solemnly—

"It was to be in the morning, Kitty! At least I always thought so. And O child, it must be less terrible than death! If only I were sure about Jack! What are lightnings and thunders, and the rolling together of heaven and earth as a scroll, compared with the severing

dy, of husband and wife, of mother and hen," she said, as if that hope absorbed all other hopes, "*His appearing!* his ring! It is to come one day, and suddenly. Who can say when it may not

strange, the awful apprehension which any that night out of all their dreams of God to give Mother a calm and an assurance her express before.

times the question had been asked her, "me?" she would have answered, "I hope is very little; but I only trust it may be

at she thought He might indeed be at the foot of her short-comings seemed absorbed of Him. She never thought of her love. She looked for Him.

it all so distinctly, because, after that my own bed-side, I cannot think why, but it seemed to vanish, and almost my awe. I felt of myself, as if it were an irreverence, to feel the apprehension others did. But when the house trembled, it did seem to stand firm when that great crash came, I could not help it. It was like a chimney falling; for I heard the stones and mortar rolling down; my arm followed, I thought, "Now all that is to come down, and the danger is over." I was angry with myself for being so insensible, and not help it. I suppose it was because I had no imagination.

minutes I heard Father's voice rising in a command above the sobs of the maids, "Come, then, to bring him a tinder-box. Then was unbarred, and very soon Father returned with a light, and said—"The earthquake, but not very violent. I have felt shocks when I was on service in the West Indies; the chimney falling through the roof was the part of the house. The danger is over now, but it may recur; and we should be

ter, Aunt Henderson came back in her room in the Foundry.

that they were all assembled in the large hall, when the walls were shaken so violently all expected the building to fall on them. A great cry followed, and shrieks of alarm. But Mr. Charles Wesley's voice immediately above the tumult, saying, "*Therefore say though the earth be moved, and the hills into the midst of the sea; for the Lord is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.*"* ere, Aunt Henderson said, and observed

to her that "it would be worth while to have an earthquake a week, to see the hearts of the people shaken as they were then." "Evelyn is a strange girl, but there is more in her than I thought," she concluded.

And I thought, "how strangely we shall all be revealed to each other, when the Day really comes which will strip off all disguises and take the blinding" beams "out of all eyes!"

The danger was not over. One messenger after another continued to arrive with accounts of the tottering walls and falling chimneys they had seen, and with wild, incoherent rumours of the ruin and destruction of which they had heard.

At eight o'clock Aunt Beauchamp's coach drove up to the door, and she herself crept out of it with Evelyn, her grey hair streaming in dishevelled locks under her hood, her face wan and haggard with terror and the absence of rouge.

"My dearest sister," she exclaimed, throwing herself hysterically into Aunt Henderson's arms, "the chimney-stalks were crashing through the roofs in Great Ormond Street, the tiles raining like hail on the pavements, the people shrieking and crying, the streets full of flying coaches and men on horseback. I wanted to have escaped from the city at once, but Sir John said it was impossible for a day or two, so I have taken refuge with you for the night."

Poor Aunt Beauchamp was very tender and subdued. She was ready to listen to any amount of sermons, (provided she were in a safe place,) from Aunt Henderson, even when they descended to such details as hair-powder and rouge-pots; although she decidedly objected to accompanying her to Mr. Wesley's five o'clock early morning service at the Foundry.

"My dear sister Henderson," she sobbed, "you and Kitty, and Evelyn, and every one, have become so good! and I am a poor, foolish, worldly, old woman. I am sure I do feel I want some kind of religion that would make me not afraid to meet whatever might happen. If you really think it would make me safe. I would attend that Chapel at the Foundry, or Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle, or anything. But I cannot go back among the tottering houses now. It is too much to expect. If you could only find any one to preach in the open air, we might go in our chairs, and there would be no danger."

"My dear sister Beauchamp," replied Aunt Henderson, grimly, "we cannot go in our chairs to heaven."

"What do you mean, sister?" was the reply; "the Methodists do not recommend pilgrimages, do they? I am sure I have often wished we Protestants had something of that kind. Lady Fanny Talbot comes back from her retreat in Lent looking so relieved and comfortable, feeling she has arranged everything for the year. But the worst of the Methodists is, they seem never to have done."

Aunt Henderson's horror at this suggestion was so great, she seemed to have lost the power of reply.

* Vide Wesley's Journal.

And then Mother said very quietly,—

"Dear sister Beauchamp, the Bible and good men say religion is not only a shield against destruction, it is a staff in all the troubles of life, and a cordial which we *never want to have done with*. For, if religion does anything for us, I think it leads us to God, and that is our joy and our rest."

Tears gathered in Aunt Beauchamp's eyes, not hysterical tears; and she looked at Mother with something like one of Cousin Evelyn's wistful, earnest looks, and said very softly,—

"I am afraid I do not know much of that, sister; I wish I did."

On the following night Aunt Beauchamp insisted on whirling Father, and Mother, and me away to Bath in her coach.

She would not wait an hour after Sir John was ready; and we started at midnight. Link boys ran beside us through the dark and silent streets. The city seemed deserted. We met no noisy rollicking parties. Only in two places did we encounter a crowd. One of these places was Moorfields, where a crowd of men, women, and children had collected, weeping and lamenting with no one to comfort them; and the other was Hyde Park, where Mr. Whitefield was preaching to a multitude who had gathered around him in their terror, as little children round a mother's knee.

It was a strange scene, as we drove slowly on the outskirts of the crowd. Here and there the uncertain flare of torches revealed a group of awestricken faces, many of them wet with silent weeping; while the dense throngs beyond were only manifest from that peculiar audible hush which broods over a listening multitude, broken here and there by an irrepressible sob or wail, or by agonized cries, such as, "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner," or "What shall I do to be saved?"

We scarcely spoke to each other all that night, and it was very strange when the dawn crept up the sky to see the highways thronged with coaches, and horsemen, and pedestrians flying as from a doomed or sacked city, and to feel of how little avail it was to fly if, after all, it was the earth itself, the solid, immovable earth that was being shaken.

It was very pleasant to me to see what a kind of tender reverence crept over the manner of both Father's sisters towards Mother, before we left London.

Aunt Henderson as she packed up for us a hamper full of jellies and cordials, on the night of our departure (inserting one large phial of her favourite compound of snails and mashed slugs) said to me authoritatively, as if she were completing an act of canonization,—

"Kitty, my dear, your Mother and Aunt Jeanie are the best women I know. They are as good examples of perfection as I ever wish to see. They may argue against the doctrine as much as they like, but they prove it every day of their lives. You understand, my dear, Mr. Wesley only argues for *Christian*, not for *Adamic* or *angelic* perfection. He admits that even

the perfect are liable to errors of judgment, which, your poor mother also proves, no doubt, by her little bigotry about the Church, and Aunt Jeanie by two or three little Presbyterian crotchets. But your mother's patience, and her gentleness, and her humility, Kitty, and her calmness in danger I shall never forget. I should be very happy, Kitty," she concluded, decisively tightening the last knot of one of her packages, "with all my privileges, to be what she is. And how she attained such a height in that benighted region is more than I can comprehend."

"But, dear Aunt Henderson," I ventured to say, "the grace of God *can* reach even to Cornwall!"

The parting between Mother and dear Aunt Jeanie was like a leave-taking of sisters; and for keepsakes Mother gave a beloved old volume of Mr. George Herbert's hymns, and Aunt Jeanie an old worn copy of the letters of Mr. Samuel Rutherford.

We stayed three or four days at Bath, during which Aunt Beauchamp's spirits revived, and also her colour, and her interest in cards, "For, after all," she observed to Mother, "we have our duties to our children, and to society, and there is no religion, at least for us Protestants, in making ourselves scarecrows."

But on the morning we went away, when we went to her bedside to wish her good-bye, she said to Mother,—

"My dear sister Trevylyan, if ever I should be ill, for we are all mortal, and my nerves have been terribly shaken, promise me that you will come and see me. For I am sure you would do me more good than any one."

And nothing would satisfy her but to send us all the way to Plymouth in her coach, although the coachman vehemently remonstrated, and declared he would not answer for the consequences to the horses on those break-neck Devonshire hills, and Evelyn said such an instance of rebellion against that potentate's decrees had never been known in the family before.

And so we reached home again, and dear Mother thinks (as Evelyn says no doubt the sun does), that this is a very warm and genial world.

There was a strange tenderness in Aunt Henderson's manner as she took leave of Mother and me; and as we sat in the coach at Hackney waiting for the horses to start, she came forward again and took Mother's hand with a lingering eagerness as if she had some especial last words to say. Yet after all she said nothing, she only murmured, "God bless you both."

And when I glanced back at Cousin Evelyn when we left Bath, expecting one more of her bright looks, she was gazing at Mother with a strange wistfulness, and then suddenly she burst into a flood of tears and turned away.

Can Mother, and Father, and I, have been deceiving ourselves? She says she feels better and stronger, and so often on the journey, she used to plan how

would resume all our old habits, and she would rise up again. "There is such life," she said, "in the evening air at home," and I should bring her the cup of new milk as of old to the porch-closet, and "then, Betty," she said, "we will read the lessons for the day rays together; perhaps I have not sought the especial blessing promised to the *'two or three gathered together'*, as I ought. And you shall read me sometimes one of those hymns of Dr. Watts or of Mr. Charles Wesley. I am an old-fashioned old woman, and I shall never be able to understand why people cannot be satisfied with the Bible and the Prayer-book, nor how they can speak of their inmost feelings in those Bands and Classes your Aunt Henderson talks of, without danger. But I do like the hymns, and I am sure we ought all to feel grateful to the Methodists for helping the people no one else ever ought there was any hope of helping, or of teaching anything good."

And although dear Mother has not been able to begin the old ways just yet, that is no more than is natural. She is fatigued with the journey. In a few days it will all right.

And as to Betty, it is of no use asking what she thinks, or minding what she says, because it is her way always to take the dark side, especially if other people speak on the bright. And Betty's reputation as a protestant, moreover, is bound up with the ill success of the London expedition.

It was rather a sad greeting the night we came near home. It was growing dusk, and everything was very still, when a low chant broke on us from the opposite hill. Solemnly the measured music rose and fell, like a rise and fall of waves on a calm day, until, as we drew nearer, the hill side sent the sound back to us so early we could distinguish it to be the deep voices of men singing as they moved along the moorland. From the slow steady movement we knew too well what the dark procession must be. We did not say anything to each other. But when we were sitting at supper in the hall, Mother asked Betty which of the neighbours was dead.

"It was old Widow Treffry," said Betty, "and Toby joined the Methodists lately, and the members of the class carried her to the church-yard to-day, singing some of Parson Wesley's hymns as they went."

"It was very solemn and sweet," said Mother. "It does me think of the stories my father used to tell me, when I was a child, of the ancient Church, and the trials of the martyrs."

"Poor old Widow Treffry was no martyr, and not much of a saint," said Betty candidly, "though they do, poor soul, she changed latterly. Nothing would do her. It was spotted fever. Poor Toby takes on awful. He did all that could be done for her, and red wax, and they gave her sack, cold milk, and preserved plums, as much as she could

swallow.* But it was all of no use, as of course nothing is, when the Almighty's time is come for any of us."

"I wish we had returned a little sooner," said Mother. "I have a wonderful prescription for fever."

"So had the doctor from Falmouth," said Betty grimly.

Trusty's welcome was far more manifest. Having exhausted all his ordinary modes of expressing satisfaction with his tail, and gone through all his limited vocabulary, from a rapturous bark to a certain whine, he let off the remainder of his exuberant spirits in an eccentric excursion into the poultry-yard, causing great quackings and cacklings and flutterings there, by his rough extempore jokes; and finally spent the evening in a sober and intelligent way, snuffing about each of us, until he evidently felt satisfied that he had smelt out the whole history of our absence.

The contrast between Betty's deeds and words was even more apparent than usual on our return home.

Every little detail of Father's and Mother's comfort and even of my fancies, was remembered, on the supper-table, in our chambers, everywhere; the chairs set in the very corner we liked, the preserves and biscuits we preferred, a little fresh packet of Virginian tobacco for Father, and in Mother's chamber her favourite books placed on a little table by her bed-side, every corner of every room sweet and fresh with laborious sweeping and rubbing. Welcomes glistened from every white tablecloth and sheet, and gleamed from every bit of metal or polished wood in the house.

It was evident indeed that for weeks Betty had been revelling in a paradise of washing-tubs, scrubbing-brushes, wax and oil, and soap, uninterrupted by any of the hindrances interposed by the disturbing processes of ordinary life. But in words and manner she received us like a band of delinquents who, after vainly flying from home and duty, had at length perceived their folly, and were now returning in penitence and humiliation.

I knew there was much bottling up in Betty's mind to be uncorked on the first convenient occasion; and to-night the occasion arrived, as I was going to bed, when I took her out of my chest a beautiful copy of Mr. Wesley's collection of hymns bound in red morocco, as a present from Cousin Evelyn, with her affectionate remembrances.

"Good reason indeed, Mrs. Kitty, we have to remember Mrs. Evelyn," she said, "and are likely to have. However it's a mercy Missis has come back at all."

"The doctors all say she is better, and she feels so, Betty," I said.

"Poor, dear Missis," said Betty, "yes, sure, she's ready enough to feel what the doctors or any one else like to impose on her. However, after all the signs and tokens I have had, it's a mercy we're all together again, and I'll say no more."

"What signs and tokens?" I asked.

* See Wesley's Journal.

"I am not superstitious, Mrs. Kitty, my dear," said Betty. "Some folks be always looking out for wonders, and of course such folks see plenty; but I'm not one of them. I never see'd a ghost in my life, man, woman, or beast, though my mother did; and of course I've heard of many. But the house has been mortal wisht, I can't deny, these last days. The dog don't howl all night in that way for nothing. He was glad enough to see you all come back, poor fool; and no doubt he had his reasons. They do say beasts see more than we see at times. Nor do the birds come pecking at the window after dark without being sent; nor will the old white owl hoot himself hoarse only to please himself; nor the dishes tumble down from the dressers, where I set them as firm as a rock, nor the bells ring, without ever a hand going near them."

"There are mice, Betty," I suggested.

"There *be* mice, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty, solemnly; "but it's my belief no mouse or rat pulled missis' bell that way three times at midnight, leastways no mortal mice or rats; for what beasts there may be in the other world is not for me to say."

A strange chill came over my heart at Betty's words, and still more at her tones; and at length I said—

"But, Betty, whatever strange things or creatures there may be about us, the other world is God's world as much as this, and nothing can go beyond his will. There is no dark, terrible corner of the world left out of His presence, Betty; and where He is there is light."

"That's been my only comfort, my dear," said Betty. "No doubt there's no darkness with the Almighty; but there be a good deal that's not quite light and plain to me. Do you think, Mrs. Kitty," she concluded in an awe-stricken whisper, "that I'd have bided here alone all this time, with all these noises going on, and no one but Roger to speak to, and he with not as much sense as the dog, if I hadn't had the Almighty to look to, and if He hadn't taught me to *pray*? I'm not timorous nor fanciful, but the sweat has stood on my face like dew many a time; and I be cruel glad to see you all home again!" she concluded. And these were Betty's first words of welcome; and she left me to go to bed in her own room inside mine, but in a minute she came out again and said—

"Don't you take on about anything I said, my dear. You know it may have been only poor Widow Treffry after all; and anyway we must trust the Lord, Mrs. Kitty, my dear, we must trust the Lord."

But somehow poor Betty's attempts at consolation have made my heart fail more than all her signs and tokens.

I have always prayed so much that I might not blind my eyes, but look in the face whatever God sends, and try to bear it as it is. It always seems to me that we should meet troubles as Mr. Wesley says he likes to meet mobs: "I always like to look a mob in the face," said he. Yet we ought not to go *out of our way* to meet the mob. That would not be true courage. It would

be a nervous apprehension and fear, able to bear anything better than the suspense of *waiting to see what is to come*. It seems to me to require far less courage to rush at the enemy than to wait for him; and yet this *waiting courage*, this patience, is just what we, at least we women, seem most to need in this life.

Not a year since, as regarded those dearest to me, I could walk by sight rather than by faith; Mother, and Father, and Jack, and Hugh, all here together. And now Jack is in the army in Flanders, and Hugh on the Atlantic Ocean. At any hour I know not what may be happening to them. Mother, indeed, our precious Mother, I can be with every moment; I can watch her every look, I can anticipate her every want; and yet sometimes it seems as if Mother were even less within my grasp, less to be kept by any clinging touch of mine, than either Jack or Hugh!

I watch her night and day, and yet I cannot tell whether my fears delude me, or my hopes.

She has not, indeed, gained much since last year, but to-day she looks a little brighter than yesterday, and to-morrow she may be a little stronger than to-day; and so by degrees all will be will.

Yet it is just when I have reasoned myself into most hope that the old fears come back most powerfully.

And then, as now, I have but one resource—but one.

Thinking may drive away many cares and lighten many sorrows; but for suspense, for uncertainty, for anxieties whose issues we *cannot* know, it seems to me there is no remedy at all but prayer.

But, oh, how could we bear the overwhelming thought, "*Thou knowest*,"—the thought that there is a certainty somewhere,—unless we had also the conviction warm at our hearts, "*Thou lovest*,"—the certainty that the deepest certainty of all is the love of Him who orders all?

Yesterday afternoon, when Mother and I returned from a little walk to the entrance of our cave, where she had rested a little while on a rock, to drink in the air from the sea, which was as soft as milk, and made the heart glad, like wine when one is weary, we found the parlour occupied by our new Vicar, Cousin Evelyn's great uncle. Betty was talking to him at the door; and when he had greeted us, the Vicar observed in rather a nervous way to mother (Evelyn had not told us how shy and nervous he was)—

"Your servant, madam, seems a woman of shrewd sense and much observation; and I grieve to say she confirms the worst reports I have heard of the parish, as to wrecking and other lawless proceedings."

"Indeed, sir," said Mother, smiling, "we have lived here very peacefully for many years; and Betty does not always see the world on its brightest side."

"Madam, you relieve me considerably," he replied; "the accounts that good person gave were really appalling—I may say, without exaggeration, in many respects really appalling. A clergyman, madam," he resumed, after taking a pinch of snuff from his gold

has many things to discover on his first new locality, especially, I may say, I trust once, in a locality which has, at all events, attained the point of civilization on which we stand,—that is," he continued, qualifying his in a nervous way, as if he were correcting himself, "not in all particulars—not particulars."

assertion was, at least in that modified form, undeniable, Mother could only say—
"at, indeed, sir, find the contrast great."

"he replied, "I do; yes, I think I must

And then, fortifying himself with another puff, he rushed at once (as I have noticed people frequently do) at the point he had to

"he resumed, "I have been informed that *conventicle* held on Sunday evenings in this

flourished, and rose; but it evidently cost the much to make the assertion not to pursue it; rely on his own courage for a second charge, boldly pressed it. "Yes, madam, a conventicle is also perpetrated the further enormity of teaching. I was also informed that in this the most pointed allusions are made to the fact is spoken of as a great marvel that any good should be given to bishops or curates; and day evening it was actually stated, in the most manner, that it would be a good thing indeed as showed forth God's glory, either by their or by their living. Madam," concluded the vicar, I suppose, exhausted his ammunition, falling into his usual nervous and courteous manner, madam, a clergyman, a stranger, does not so believe. I would have preferred seeing my vicar; but since your servant told me he did not like to wait."

And Mother, who by this time had resumed her composure, "you have acted with true frankness. On the winter Sunday evening I have been in the habit of collecting our two servants, a few of our ailing and aged neighbours to church service to them and some passages from

"church service and the homilies? A very old praiseworthy custom, madam!" said the vicar, greatly relieved, "and only a few aged in the legal number, no doubt; not more than nine?"

"counted, sir," said Mother.

"at, my dear madam, no doubt; but you would be particular on that score. The times are bad, madam, and these Methodists seem to have even here. No doubt my informant was

"Mother," I ventured to suggest, "the informant was a dissenter. You always read the

prayer, 'Oh God, who alone workest great marvels, send down on all bishops and curates'—and last Sunday Father read the litany—and you remember 'both by their preaching and living.'"

"Exactly," said the Vicar, seizing at the escape, "the young lady's suggestion shows great acuteness. And my informant may himself be a dangerous person, a non-conformist, perhaps even himself a Methodist."

At this point Father entered; and over a bottle of claret, the unequalled greatness of Marlborough and the degeneracy of the times, the misunderstanding was finally adjusted, the only combustible element again introduced being Cousin Evelyn, on the mention of whose name and our relationship the Vicar observed that she was a young person of much ability; but with a tendency to dangerous opinions, a decided tendency to very dangerous opinions.

At last he left with many profound bows, saying,—

"Madam, such society and such hospitality as I have found under your roof have gone far to remove the unfavourable impressions previously produced by that good person, your housekeeper's statements. Her accounts of the moral state of the district were alarming, I may say appalling, to the highest degree."

"It is very strange, however," said Mother when the Vicar had left, and she related the interview to Father, "that any one should confound me with the Methodists, and suspect me of holding conventicles. It is very strange!" repeated Mother, in a tone of no little annoyance.

"Very strange, my dear," said Father with a mischievous twinkle in his eye; "but I have always observed it is the cautious people who get into the worst scrapes."

"But, Betty," I said this morning, "what did you tell the Vicar, to frighten him so about the parish?"

"Well, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty, "I told him pretty nigh everything I could think of; about the wreckers tying lanterns to horses' tails to entice the ships on the rocks, and murdering the crews, and firing on the king's men, and about the poaching, and the fights among the miners, and all the worst things that have happened these last thirty years. I was set on it he should know. What right had he or any stranger to come here a prying and spying into our country, and specially into our own town-place, and to turn away Master Hugh, who has got the hearts of every man, woman, and child in the parish? I only wish I could terrify the old gentleman out of the country."

Finding Betty in an approachable mood, I took the opportunity of asking what her opinion was on Mr. Wesley's doctrine of "perfection."

"Well, Mrs. Kitty," she said, "I've got my thoughts on that matter," and she began to elaborate the ornaments on the pie-crust in a way that betokened a long discourse. "In the first place, my dear, it's my belief that when a man's not a fool in general, when you do understand him, it's a wise thing to think he's not a

fool when you don't understand him, but to try to make out what he does mean. That's my way; some folks, Mrs. Kitty, go just the other way, however that's no concern of mine. Now, my dear, when I heard the folks say that Parson Wesley said there are some poor mortals on earth who've got beyond sinning, I said to myself, Parson Wesley's no fool, that's plain if nothing else is, and he must have *some* meaning. And so I said to some of the folks, 'Did he say *you* were perfect, and had got beyond sinning?' And when they said "No," I said, 'Well, least-ways, he's right enough there.' And that quieted *them* for a bit. So I was left to think it out for myself.

"And, Mrs. Kitty, it's my belief Parson Wesley means this. He has seen, maybe, some folks sit down moaning and groaning over their sins as if their sins were a kind of rheumatism in their bones and they had nothing to do with but to bear it. For *I've* seen such folks, Mrs. Kitty, I can't deny, folks calling themselves Christians, who'd speak of their tempers or their laziness, or their *flesh* as they call it, as if their *flesh* were not *themselves*, but a kind of ill-natured beast they'd got to keep, that *would* bark and snap at times, and no fault of theirs. Some folks, if you speak to them of their faults, will shake their heads and say, 'Yes, we're poor sinners and the flesh is weak, but when we get to heaven it'll be all right. We can't expect, you know, to be perfect here.' And if Parson Wesley ever came across such I can fancy his being aggravated terrible, for *they be* aggravating, and have many a time angered me. And I can fancy his going up to them in his brisk way and saying, 'You poor foolish souls, you'll never get to heaven at all in that way, and if you don't get sin out of your hearts *now* you'll find it'll be *death* by-and-by. Get up and fight with your sins like men. The Almighty never meant you to go on sinning and groaning, and groaning and sinning. He says you are to be *holy*, you're to be *perfect*, and what the Almighty says he means. Get up and try, and you'll find He'll help you. And if they do try, the Almighty does help them; and instead of keeping on sinning and moaning, they'll be singing and doing right. They'll be loving the Lord and loving each other. And," concluded Betty, "that's what I think Parson Wesley means by perfection.

"Some folks," she resumed after a pause, "seem to think going to heaven is a kind of change of air, that'll make their souls well all in a moment, just as other folks think going to London 'll make their bodies well all in a moment. But I don't see that changes of place make the body any better, and I don't see why it should the soul. Parson Wesley says eternity and eternal life, and forgiveness of sins, and holiness, and heaven itself, must begin in the soul, here and now, or they'll never begin there and then. And," she concluded, "Mrs. Kitty, my dear, it's my belief that's what Parson Wesley means by 'perfection'; and if he means anything else, or anything wrong, it's no concern of mine, my dear, for Parson Wesley's not the Bible, and it isn't at *his* judgment seat we've got to stand."

And so saying, Betty laid her pie-crust on put the dish in the oven, and finished the inter-

She seems to have arrived at much the same opinion as Aunt Jeanie.

Mother said this morning she thought all infection from the spotted fever from which poor Treffry died must be over, and that we might see how poor Toby was getting on.

"I cannot bear the idea of his being alone in a dreary place," she said, "with all those memories he had when Hugh and you went to and he must want many little comforts."

So Mother and I went off together, she on the pony, a basket full of "little comforts" hanging from the pommel of the saddle. We found the cottage close but no one within. The widow's donkey, now of old age, was standing with closed eyes and a vision of the most stupid repose near the door. I went a few steps from the cottage towards the stream and heard the sound of low singing broken by a hammering, and mingling with the plash of the waves which were creeping lazily up the sand at the calm of the summer noon.

In a few minutes we found Toby mending his shingle, the grey pony was turned loose to the short sweet turf near the cottage, the contents of the basket were disposed of within, and Mother and I seated ourselves on a rock beside Toby.

There was a look of order about the cottage, about Toby's dress, rather new to both, and which Mother commended it.

"Well, Missis," said Toby, after a shy pause, "there is a difference. There's something more like a comfort inside, I trust, than there was, thank you."

"You think Mr. Wesley and the Methodists are better for you, Toby," said Mother.

"Bless your heart, Missis, I *know* they did me, was not them only," he resumed with some pride, pulling his hair and making a shy nod at me, "partly Mrs. Kitty and Master Hugh. The first time I believe that did me any good was seeing him in a rage all along of the old donkey." And he went on to tell us how on that morning many months ago when I met him on the cliff, beating his donkey (as he said), and had spoken so sharply to him about it, he looked so kind and given him a drink of new beer, he had ridden on laughing in himself at the "foolishness" of young ladies, and wondering equally why they care about the beast being beaten or about being hungry.

But he said it was curious how my words had stuck to him. It seemed somehow to waken in him the thought that there was such a thing as right and that the right thing was kindness and he said that from that time he never lifted his hand against the donkey without somehow feeling a hand pulling him back; and in time, (it was

but he found the donkey went as well for good words as for bad.

Then Master Hugh used to go out with him in the boat, and in return for what Toby taught him of fishing and boating, offered to teach Toby to read. And Toby used to say in a surly way that "he didn't mind trying;" not that he or his mother saw much good in it, but he didn't like to vex Master Hugh. And Master Hugh made him learn many good words out of the Bible, and although he heeded the words little then, they came back afterwards, and often were just the end of the rope which kept his soul above water. But the great lesson that got into his heart from Hugh, Toby thought, was that goodness and mercy are not the mere softness and ornament of women, but the strength of men.

But all this time, his own life was rough and dark enough; their cottage had always been a refuge and plotting-place for wreckers and wild characters of various kinds. Often when Toby as a boy lay in bed in the inner chamber, on stormy nights, he has heard eager voices discussing the harvest likely to be reaped from the tempest, the chances of wrecks on various points of the coast, and the hope of prizes, as eagerly as if the poor tossing ship had been freighted with no human lives, and worked by no trembling human hands, but charged with a mere inanimate cargo of merchandise for their especial benefit. Toby said some of their words haunted him to this day. "She's making straight for the rocks," "Couldn't you help her, Granny, by a little friendly light in the window?" "She's on them!" "That's a bed she's not likely to rise from!" "She has gone down like a shot!" or "She makes a good fight!" "Fire your guns, there's no hand to help, the wind'll beat you!" "Never mind; the waves'll do the rest," "There'll be a Godsend for some lucky folks in the morning."

And then in the early dusk, he has heard mysterious rattlings of casks into the outhouse by his bed.

In time he grew up to take his share in the watching, the work, and the spoils, to look on the storms as his natural harvest-field, and to think with scarcely more tenderness of a wreck than of a haul of mackerel.

The crews struggled, he reasoned with himself, and he did the fish. Of course they neither of them liked ships; but ships he supposed were made most of them to be wrecked one day on some coast or other, just as fish were made to be caught in some net or other; and if some folks must be better for it, why not they! There was indeed a dull sense of the work not being quite as harmless as fishing, which prevented his ever speaking of it to Hugh. He knew there was *something* "up to London," which objected to such proceedings, and occasionally came down fiercely, in a blundering way, on some unlucky poor soul or other, although very commonly not on the worst man, or when he was doing the most work.

And he knew there was also *something* somewhere

up in heaven which shared these objections, and also in a blind blundering way (like a great water-wheel if you get entangled in it) came down every now and then on some chance offender and hurt or crushed him.

And he had also a dim notion that there was some mysterious connection between this great destructive and avenging something and the Ten Commandments.

There were moments, also, when the dull sense of all not being right with him, which made him afraid in passing lonely burial-grounds, or in the dark in strange places, or at any strange noises in familiar places, would be quickened into a sharp pain, when on the bodies of the drowned was found some linen marked by careful hands, or some little fond relic or locket containing a child's or a woman's hair, showing that the dead belonged to some who had loved them at home, a pain which became intolerable after the death of that poor drowned sailor-lad, whose face he never could forget.

"And then," he said, "came Parson Wesley, preaching on the downs not far away, and made him feel that the *something* which was against him in heaven was no blind machine, but the living God, whose eyes are in every place beholding the evil and the good, and searching to the bottom of every heart and every work; that the thing God is against is *sin*; that sin is in great part doing wrong to others, or *not doing them the good we could*; that there is nothing in the least uncertain in His ways, but the most absolute certainty that sooner or later, but in exact proportion to the sin, will come the punishment; that the most terrible things that can happen to wicked men on earth are nothing but the prick of a momentary gnat bite to the gnawing of the worm that dieth not; but as the tingling of a hand placed for an instant too near the fire, to being plunged in the heart of the flames which never will be quenched; '*the fire*' for all sinners, '*their worm*' for each; and yet that the most terrible agonies of hell are the agonies that begin *now*; the gnawing of hopeless remorse at the conscience, the sense of the presence of God, from whom we cannot escape, and whom we dare not approach, who holds us full in his searching gaze, and through His eyes, *which we cannot avoid*, looks down our eyes, *which we cannot veil*, into the black spot in our hearts, which He knows, and we know, which we cannot cover or wash out, and which he abhors."

"And that was how I felt, Mrs. Kitty," said Toby, "when you came to see Mother, and heard me moaning in the chamber inside."

"But that is changed now," Mother said.

"Yes, Missis," said Toby solemnly, "my sin is the same. I think I hate it more, it's seldom out of my sight. King David says, 'My sin is ever before me,' and I find him pretty right. And the eyes of the living Lord are on me searching me through and through, it seems to me deeper and deeper 'most every day; and I can't avoid them any more than I could, but thank the Lord, *I don't want to*. There's the difference,—I don't

want to. I wouldn't be out of the sight of His eyes for the world."

"And what helped you thus at last?" said Mother.

"It was mostly the hymns," said Toby; "first the Bible, and then mostly the hymns, for they are the Bible for the most part, only set to music, like, so that it rings in your heart like a tune. It was the hymns, and what they said at the class-meeting. Before I went to class, and heard what they had to say there, I thought I was all alone, like a castaway on a sandy shore under a great sheer wall of cliffs,—a narrow strip of sand which no mortal man had ever trod before, and which the tide was fast sweeping over bit by bit. To spell out the hymns in the book by myself was like finding footprints on the sands, and that was something. It made me feel my trouble was no madness, as poor Mother called it; no mad dream, but *waking up* from the maddest dream that could be. It made me see that others had felt as I felt, and struggled as I was struggling, and had *got through*. But when I went to the class and heard them sing the hymns, it was like hearing voices on the top of the cliffs cheering me up, and pointing out the way. Our class-leader is no great speaker, but he's got a wonderful feeling heart, and a fine voice for the hymns, and it's they that has finished Parson Wesley's work, and healed the wound he made:—

"'Depths of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?'"

That was the first which settled down in my heart. I couldn't listen any further, and I couldn't get that out of my head for days, until another took its place:—

"'Jesus! let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone."

"'For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow.
If thy bowels now are stirred,
If now I would myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone."

"'Look as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die
My Saviour gasped), "Forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
Oh, my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!"

"That hymn," Toby said, "seemed to put a new picture in his heart. Instead of the pale face of the poor lad lying lifeless on the sands, which had lately haunted him night and day, another Countenance rose before him, pale and all but lifeless, but with the hollow eyes, large with pain, fixed in the tenderest pity on him. He understood that "*God was in Christ recon-*

ciling the world unto Himself." He felt that it was the face of the Judge that looked so tenderly on him from the cross; that suffering beyond any he had ever dreaded had been borne for him by the Lord Himself, made sin for him. And he felt he was forgiven."

Then all day his heart seemed bursting with the joy of reconciliation, and he was singing,—

"Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day."

Everywhere that dying face of his Saviour seemed bearing on him in the fullness of pity and love, and those words, "'Tis done! Father, forgive!" filled all the world with music. He could see or hear nothing else.

"And now?" said Mother.

"Now, Missis," said Toby, "I see all things once more, as they are; but it seems as if everything were changed inwardly, though the outside is the same. The curse is taken out of everything. Even that poor dead lad's face, I see it now, and I am not afraid. For it seems to say, 'Not to me, Toby, it's too late, I want nothing; *not to me*, but to all the rest, for my sake.' And the two Faces seem to get mixed up in my mind, Missis, the poor drowned lad's and His; and still the words the dumb lips speak are the same, '*Not to Me*, all is well with Me; *but to all the rest, for My sake*.' And that," concluded Toby, "is what I live in hopes it'll be given me to do, before I die."

"How, Toby?" said Mother.

"Why, Missis," he said, "I watch for the wreck more than ever I did in old times. I watch for the crews as I never watched for the cargoes. And one of these days it's my belief the Lord'll give me to save some of them, and to see some poor lifeless souls wake up to life again up there by mother's fire. And then I shall feel those two faces smiling on me up in heaven, the poor drowned lad's, Missis, and the blessed Lord's himself. And that'll be reward enough for an angel, let alone that an angel could never know the shame, and the sin, and the bitter reproaches in my heart that make it like heaven to me to dare to look up in His face at all."

"And meantime?" said Mother.

"Meantime, Missis," said Toby, "Parson Wesley says that the end of all the commandments of God is love, and since I once saw that,—that what pleased the Lord is for us to be good and kind to each other, it's wonderful how many chances I've got of pleasing Him. There's hardly a day without them."

And as she rode home on the grey pony Mother said, "Kitty, our Saviour said, 'The last shall be first,' and I think I never understood so well what He meant as to-day. As I left that poor fellow's cottage, with the open Bible on the window ledge, it seemed to me as sacred as a church."

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

"It grieved Him at His heart."
 "Then said I, Lo, I come."

Over against His Dead
 silence : for the Earth was dead,
 lay upon her awful bier,
 round in darkness ; yea, her shroud was
 night
 and thunders : for the Earth had died,
 and at peace, as tired men die
 : evening ; but as one who dies
 at strength, by sudden smiting down.
 was dead, and laid upon her bier,
 Sole Mourner, watched her day and
 it—
 God a Watcher by the dead,
 er in the Universe for her
 een once so fair. The Angels sang
 that sad night when she lay dead,
 d sung the morning of her birth.
 aloud for joy, though one lay dead
 House which stood so far beneath
 en heights, with clouds and stars
 een.
 no funeral march, no song of Death ;
 of Life and Glory, and the Sea
 with all its bright waves, echoed back
 s to the starry shores of Heaven.
 er, for in the dark outer Room
 danced and sang for dreary joy,

Because God's so beloved Earth was dead,
 And must be shortly buried out of sight
 To perish.

Still,—over against His Dead
 God sat in silence.

But, behold there came
 One, treading softly, to the House of Death,
 Down from among the Angels, through the room.
 He came, as comes a King, unto the place
 Where lay the Dead ; and He laid His right Hand
 Of strength on her, and called her tenderly,
 Saying, " Arise, Beloved, from thy sleep,
 For I will ransom thee by Death to Life ;
 Arise and live." And He did raise her up
 By His right Hand, presenting her to God,
 All glorious, as one who hath been dead,
 But hath found life and immortality.
 And God, the Mighty God, did there rejoice,
 And rest in His great love ; for this His Earth,
 Which had been dead, was living in His sight.
 Therefore He crowned, with many crowns, His
 head
 Who had prevailed to ransom her from Death ;
 And also, laying joy upon *her* head
 For everlasting, He hath made her Bride
 Of Christ, the King.

B. M.

MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. XVIII.—SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—TAHITI.

7. AMMA," said Anne, as the family party
 next met, "you said we were to leave
 Africa this evening. But you have
 told us nothing yet about the poor
 negro slaves, and what any missionaries
 have tried to do for them."

"I must keep that subject in view
 for some future evening ; just now I
 am not prepared for it ; but I am glad
 of the suggestion."

ry to leave Africa," said George. "I have
 to look at the map, and think how much
 to discover there, where we see so many
 "

"Yes, there are many blanks indeed to be filled up,
 and the fate of many early explorers was so sad that it
 is almost wonderful to find the task not given up as
 hopeless. And then to think of the slave trade and all
 its horrors !"

"But," said Mr. Campbell, "recent discoveries have
 been of a more cheering nature. There seems no doubt
 now that great portions at least of the interior, which
 we used to imagine deserts of burning sand, contain in
 reality immense lakes, fine rivers, abundance of animal
 and vegetable life, and many inhabitants of various
 races of men. And although Dr. Livingstone's late
 expedition, intended to convey all the blessings of the
 gospel, along with British commerce, to these regions,

has failed for the present, we must not doubt that in the good providence of God it will be resumed and will prosper in the end. There is much cheering truth in a remark I have met with (Dr. Johnson's, I think)—*Difficulties make success*. The clouds seem beginning to break, which have so long darkly hung over this vast quarter of our globe, and we can now hope for a brighter future there than would have appeared possible twenty years ago."

"But we must say good-bye to Africa at present, and make a long voyage to new shores."

"Where are we going next, mamma? Is it to India?"

"No; the subject of missions to India seems so extensive and complicated that I am almost afraid to undertake it. At least, not quite yet. We shall embark at Port Natal, and sail right through the Indian Ocean, with Asia on the north, then pass between the immense island, or rather continent, of Australia and the island of New Zealand, and we shall find ourselves in the Pacific Ocean. And now, what a change of scene!"

"Yes, how curious! This map of Polynesia is not like any other in the atlas. It looks at first *all sea*; and yet it is quite full of names."

"These are the names of numberless islands, or groups of islands, scattered over the face of the deep, almost like the stars in the midnight sky."

"But are the islands very small, mamma? They seem mostly mere dots on the map."

"They are very various in size, though in this map that can hardly be shown, owing to the immense extent of ocean in proportion to the land. Some of the islands are many miles in extent, and contain mountains of great height, and most sublime or picturesque scenery. Others are more what we should call hilly, with soft gentle valleys; others, low and flat, covered with luxuriant vegetation. The greater number seem to have as their foundation masses of coral rock. You know what coral is?"

"Like Fanny's red necklace," said Tommy.

"That is one kind of coral, my dear, but not the most common. You have seen other kinds in the lobby at Uncle's house, which Cousin Robert brought home in his ship."

"Stone sponges, mamma, and bits of stone trees, a dirty white colour."

"Not a bad description. But you (turning to George and Anne), know that coral is found in immense quantities, and is the stony abode of myriads of little creatures who live in the seas of these warm latitudes, and who, by some wonderful natural process, enlarge their dwellings, as other kinds do their shells, till they reach the surface of the water, and then they die."

"But what an *awful* length of time it must have taken to make islands of coral!"

"Yes, the idea is overwhelming, and sends our thoughts back to the long ages of the past, before God

had created man upon the earth. But I have little doubt as to the fact. I think I can recite striking verses of a poem by the American poet, Sigourney, on this subject:—

'Toll on! toll on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the teasing and treacherous main
Toll on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up through the crests
You're a puny race thus boldly to rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone.
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king.
The turf looks green where the breakers roll
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary
As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders are
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the watery main,
While the wonder and pride of your works are

"But the mountains," said George, "are the work of the coral insects."

"No, of course; and most of them are volcanic origin. You will understand more year or two, when you study geology. The islands, both low and high, are generally surrounded by a reef or broad wall of coral rock, about a mile from the shore, which serves as a kind of bulwark against the storms of ocean. 'Against this wonder,' writes Mr. Williams, 'the long rolling Pacific are driven with terrific violence, and one vast sheet of water to an immense height, their foaming tops with a majestic power, against this rocky bulwark, spend their hoarse voice upon its surface. The spray, from the crests of these billows, frequently rises to so great a height as to present a beautiful marine rainbow. The lake, between the reef and the shore, is transparent, at the bottom of which, and on the sides of the banks that are seen beneath the water, a most enchanting picture presents for coral of every variety, of every shape, hue, is seen intermingled in rich profusion to the imagination the idea of a subterranean garden or shrubbery of exquisite beauty; the tortuous branches of the madrepore spreading leaves of other corals, the zebra of every colour and size, are seen gamboling in security.'"

"Mamma, how beautiful that must be!"

"Here is a description by the same mind of the mountainous or volcanic islands:—

"These islands are from two thousand to five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The

he said to be about fifteen thousand feet in the islands of this class, with but few exceptions splendid. The immense mountains rise from their base, till their lofty summits are in the clouds of heaven; some are broken into fantastic shapes; here a pyramid piercing the air, there a spire presenting its apex above the clouds by which it is girt; and then you see a rock lifting itself up in solemn grandeur, and like the mouldering battlements of some castle, over your head. The sides of these mountains are clothed with bright verdure of deep green. Beauty, grandeur, wildness, and sublimity so fantastically blended and contrasted, as to excite most varied and delightful feelings. Then the ocean beneath you, stretching away in majesty, until it appears to embrace the whole distance. At the base of the mountains and luxuriant valleys, intermingled with the bread-fruit tree, the banana, and many other productions, some of which are trees of gigantic size, the richest foliage, all equally beautiful, but with its own hue, from the darkest shade to the lightest tint. The plumes of the cocoa-nut waving the whole, and waving majestically to the breeze from the ocean, give an exquisite tropical landscape."

"A paradise!" said George. "And I know it is good too, for I have read about it in voyages." What a delightful place for missionaries! Different from frozen Greenland, or burning stormy Patagonia. But, to be sure, much different to the people; and I think I have heard of cannibals in some of the islands."

"Is that?" said Tommy. "Who eat one another,—who would eat you as if you were lambs or chickens."

George looked much dismayed.

"Dear," said his mother, "there are such dreadful things where the people know nothing of Jesus. We will never go there, mamma?"

"We need have no fear of that, unless you and when you are older, wish to become missionaries to teach the people."

"No, mamma!"

"Well, not unless you wish it; and yet many missionaries have gone, and willingly risked their lives to tell these unhappy savages about the Gospel. We shall hear some very interesting stories of them presently. But in the island we shall first see people were not cannibals, although they were wicked. Look, George and Anne, at the map. You see, when you examine it more closely, the islands are arranged in groups, something like constellations in a map of the heavens. Look about latitude 7 and longitude 150, and you will find the islands."

"Where they are."

"What is the name of the largest?"

"Tahiti. Is that Captain Cook's Otaheite?"

"It is. It was first discovered by a Captain Wallis rather more than one hundred years ago, and then visited by Captain Cook. It is a most beautiful island of the mountainous class, in the shape of two peninsulas; one half circular, about twenty miles round; the other sixteen miles long and twelve broad. I believe the population is now about 10,000."

"Had they any religion, or none, like the Bechuanas?"

"When the missionaries first went there the people worshipped all manner of idols, literally 'stocks and stones,' for they were made of both wood and stone. Besides these they worshipped various birds, fish, and even insects, and also the spirits of departed chiefs. They had temples and priests attached to the idols, and the worship was of the most cruel, degrading kind."

"Had they any sacrifices or offerings?"

"Yes, plenty; and often many human victims, captives taken in war, or others who could not defend themselves, or to whom the chiefs or priests had taken a dislike. Often an unhappy traveller or visitor would be murdered without the slightest warning, and his body carried to the idol. The number of such sacrifices is said to have sometimes been quite appalling."

"Mamma, then they must be a cruel people, quite different from what we would have expected in these beautiful parts of the world."

"Yes; before Christianity was introduced among them they were wicked to a degree we are shocked even to hear of now. The women were considered inferior beings, to be treated with every kind of degradation; and, as it has been well remarked, 'wherever woman is a slave, man is a savage.' And the poor babies were very often killed as soon as they were born."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Tommy, "who could kill the babies?"

"You may well ask, dear; and really it is such a shocking subject that I do not like to say more about it."

"But the babies would go to heaven?"

"Surely we may believe that, after what our dear Saviour has said about little children. But it is painful to think or speak of the dreadful things done in heathen lands. And somehow I think these sins must appear even more shocking and unnatural in such beautiful scenes as those of the South Sea Islands, than in the deserts of Africa among lions and hyenas. But it all shows us how truly the Bible tells us that the sinful hearts of men are by nature the same everywhere, 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'"

"Who sent the first missionaries to the South Seas?" said Anne.

"When the London Society was formed, the question of course arose where its first attempts at mission work ought to be made. And from the delightful accounts which recent voyagers had given of the islands in the Pacific, as to scenery and climate and the apparent readiness of the natives to treat European visitors well,

it was determined, after much deliberation, to begin with this field of labour, as being the most hopeful, and quite unoccupied. At this time, as I told you before, there was a deep interest for the heathen awakened among Christians all over Britain. Large sums of money were readily subscribed, and men and women willingly devoted themselves to the mission service. The London Directors purchased a vessel called the *Duff* for £5000; and Captain Wilson, a Christian officer, whose conversion and personal history had been very remarkable, offered himself as her commander, and was accepted. And on the morning of August 10, 1796, the *Duff* sailed from London, with a new flag bearing on a purple ground the device of three silver doves, each carrying an olive branch, hoisted at the top-gallant mast; while on the deck stood twenty-nine missionaries, several of whom had their wives by their side, all leaving home and friends to carry the glad tidings of salvation to far distant shores! The morning was fine, and after the last tearful adieus were given to friends on shore, all on board joined in singing a hymn as they slowly sailed down the river."

"Bravo!" said George, "twenty-nine missionaries! how different from Egede, or George Schmidt, or even poor Captain Gardiner! That was beginning a mission in the right way."

"We must not judge too soon of any new undertaking, especially in times of excitement. Some of these missionaries had not sufficiently 'counted the cost,' and were not found fit for the unknown trials and temptations that lay before them. We shall see this as we go on with their story. Captain Wilson intended to double Cape Horn and reach the Pacific by that way, but the winds were contrary, and he changed his route, sailing through the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, past Australia and New Zealand, as we have done. Thus the voyage was a tedious one. We can imagine the joy of all on board when at length the beautiful islands for which they were bound appeared in view. They approached Tahiti on a Sabbath morning, March 4, 1797. How eagerly must the mission party have gazed on the lovely and sublime scenery of their future home! Crowds of natives immediately came off in boats to satisfy their curiosity, and offer fruit and other provisions for barter. They were much surprised and disappointed on being told that this was a sacred day, on which no business could be done. A number, however, remained on board the *Duff*, and seemed much impressed by the devotional services at which they were present. Strange to say, there were also two European visitors, Swedish sailors, who were living in Tahiti, one having deserted his vessel, the other having been shipwrecked. They were wicked men, who proved in the end enemies to the mission, but at first were of use as interpreters, &c., having picked up a good deal of the native language and knowledge of their customs."

"And how were the missionaries received when they landed next day?"

"Most kindly; all the people seemed glad to see them, and the young king and queen met them on men's shoulders."

"Mamma," said Tommy, "were they both not able to walk?"

"No; it was the custom there to carry roy in this way, that they might not tread the ground common people."

"A most uncomfortable kind of locomotion for George; how funny they must have looked!"

"Almost everything seemed new and strange to the Christian visitors; some things funny, as the natives called them, others shocking and distressing. However, thankful for their kind reception, and surprised to find that a large wooden house had been built on the island, for an English captain, who had some time before, and whom the natives expected to return. This house the king willingly gave to the missionaries, and also a large tract of land to cultivate or build upon. In making these arrangements one of the Swedish sailors acted as interpreter. The whole affair was conducted at a public assembly. It is very doubtful whether the native chiefs really understood the promises they made. They were glad to get Europeans settled among them, in order to learn the arts which they were not able to perceive would be of importance to themselves and their people. But their conduct showed that they had no real desire to know anything of the new religion, which their visitors at once endeavoured to explain to them."

"Did all the missionaries remain in Tahiti?"

"No; but a large proportion did. Eighteen of them were married."

"Were they all ministers?"

"No, only four of them were ordained ministers; the others, pious men, able to work in many ways. One was a surgeon. It was then settled that they should proceed to some of the other islands. On sailing, the missionaries held a solemn service to the office of the ministry two of those going to the new field. A number of natives, Pomare, the father of the young king, was present at the time. 'At ten o'clock,' one of them writes, 'we called the natives together under some shady trees near our house, and a being placed, Pomare was requested to seat himself with the brethren, the rest of the natives sitting in a circle round us. Mr. Cover then read them from the words of St. John, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life," the Swede interpreting the sentence as he spoke. The Otahaitians were attentive. After service, Pomare took me by the hand, and pronounced the word of a blessing, "Myty, myty." Being asked if he had anything to say, what was said, he replied, "There were no s

are in Otaheite; and they were not to be learned at e, but that he would wait the coming of the Eatooa" d). Desiring to know if he might be permitted to end again, he was told, Yes. . . . About three o'clock : ordination solemnity of the brethren Kelso and rris took place. . . . The communion closed the se-e, which was to us all a most refreshing and cheering linance; and, for the first time, the bread-fruit of aheite was used as the symbol of the broken body of r Lord, and received in commemoration of his dying re."

"How interesting that first communion must have en! What is the bread-fruit?"

"It is the fruit of a beautiful tree which grows in all e islands of the Pacific. The wood furnishes valuable nber for all purposes; the bark is manufactured into kind of cloth; and a sort of gum, which flows from the e when pierced, is also very useful. But the fruit y be called 'the staff of life' for the South Sea anders. It is about the size of a small melon, with a ck, rough rind, growing on a short, thick stalk. hen ripe it is yellow, and as the leaves of the tree are a dark green, and quite glossy like our evergreens, an fancy how beautiful the golden fruit appears ong them. There are two or even three crops in the ar. The people never eat the bread-fruit raw, but pare it in various ways, chiefly by baking in an oven heated stones. When baked it has a spongy appear-ce, something like our loaf bread, and a sweetish te. It is a principal article of food with the natives, t they have also a great variety of other fruits and getables."

"Have they beef and mutton too?" asked Tommy.

"No; when the missionaries went, almost the only imal food was pigs and dogs."

"Dogs! how shocking!" was the general exclaima-n.

"We do not like the idea, but if delicately fed I ppose a young dog would be as tender as a pig; and ey did not make pets of their dogs as we do."

Little Fauny asked if they had no milk.

"You would not like to go where there is no milk, any? Well, the South Sea islanders get their milk m the trees, as well as their bread."

"From the trees, mamma?"

"Yes; at particular seasons there is a delicious juice te milk, in the cocoa nuts, which grow in great abundance there. One nut could give a large tumbler of ilk to a thirsty little girl or boy."

"But we could not break the hard shell."

"No, my dear, and so the milk is only there, at least much of it, when the shell is young and soft. I could tell you a great deal more about the remarkable trees

and plants which God has made to grow in those parts of the world, for the good of the people who live there. But we must speak about the missionaries now. Captain Wilson sailed to the Friendly Islands, which we see on the map to the west of Tahiti, and settled ten mission-aries at Tongatabu. Then he visited the Marquesas, to the north, where one missionary remained."

"He must have been a bold man," said George. "I hope he succeeded."

"We shall leave him for the present, hoping the best. Captain Wilson returned to Tahiti early in August, and spent a month with his friends there. He found all things prospering as well as could be expected; the people friendly, delighted with the forge, carpenter's shop, and such useful arts. Only one of the missionaries had lost heart and wished to return to England. I am sorry to say this was the doctor."

"Oh," said George, "he had not been a doctor of the right sort, like Richard Williams."

"Not like him, certainly. But the other missionaries, although more aware of the difficulties before them, and the terrible sins of the heathen around, were hopeful and cheerful, enjoying good health, and endeavouring to learn the language."

"Was it difficult?"

"Extremely so; every word ends with a vowel, and often one is so like another that it takes long practice to distinguish them."

"Then Captain Wilson would return to England in good spirits?"

"Yes; and he gave such a report that all Christians at home were filled with hope and joy. The London Directors appointed a day of thanksgiving, and then resolved to send out a new party of missionaries to the South Seas, as soon as the *Duff* could be got ready for another voyage. There was no want in those days either of men or money. But while this new party is getting ready, we must stop for this evening, and hope to hear more about them next Sabbath."

"This has been a delightful evening, mamma; such a pleasant story, such a good beginning! I hope it will continue the same."

"We cannot expect that," said Mr. Campbell; "and I believe we ought hardly to wish it. Remember this as a lesson through life, my children, that no really great undertaking was ever easily accomplished. And also be sure that we can never find our great Enemy off his guard, or take him by surprise, as he so often does with us. He was not asleep then at Tahiti, and no doubt we shall hear next Sabbath too much of his 'devices' against the servants of Christ, and the truths they were seeking to make known."

HEREAFTER.

From the German of Tholuck.

"Here all was far too narrow, too limited for thee,—
Now thou hast gone to God, is thy heart and spirit free?
Yes, liberty so boundless, so vast before thee lies,
Eternity must grasp it—Time never could suffice."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—Rev. xxi. 4.



THE journey on daily here through tears, and wants, and doubts, and pains, and sorrows,—it might seem as if mortal life were inseparable from this bitter inheritance; and yet each one feels in his inmost soul—"No, it cannot, it will not remain thus for ever!" Still, had the word of God not given us the testimony, we might not dare to trust the voice of our heart; for would not our hopes have been the offspring of our wishes? But now we know it true;—for all who have received grace to believe in the Son of God, a time is coming when the toils and tears of the days that are past shall be thought of no more. Arise, afflicted heart! whatever now oppresses thee, look forward to that future, when all sorrow shall sink as into the ocean depths! "The former things are passed away," says the prophet's voice,—the whole system of things to which pain and sorrow belong shall lie behind us like a morning dream, and nothing remain except those "peaceable fruits of righteousness" which spring from sanctified discipline.

But shall there indeed remain *no* species of sorrow, not even gentle sadness and longing (*Wehmuth und Sehnsucht*), those most tender buds on the tree of pain? Shall there be no further goal still to be reached, and therefore no longing desires after it? Shall there be no remembrance more of the way through the land of sin and tears, by which we have gained the land of freedom? and because no remembrance, therefore no *sad* memories of the past? Such and similar questions rise in the heart which looks by faith beyond the land of its pilgrimage. For myself,—I believe that indeed every kind of sorrow shall be ended, alike the sadness of remembrance and the sadness of desire.

Yet surely the journey through the tears and sins of earth we shall not forget,—how could we, since it was also the way through an ocean of *mercy*? Shall we then look back upon it with sadness, as if not quite satisfied, as if there were still the feeling that we would rather have taken another path than that which we have actually trodden? No; I consider, if a child of God here below has the right, on the bed of pain and death, to exclaim with undoubting joy, "Death is swallowed up in victory! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" and "He hath done all things well!" how much more shall we say this when, not by faith alone, but in reality, we behold the victory

won! When from the throne above, on which the Father shall make those sit with Christ who through him have become conquerors, we consider all the past journey in the light of heaven, then we shall exclaim without any doubt, "He hath done all things well!" We shall indeed say to ourselves that on the way we have done much evil; yet in the consciousness that where sin hath abounded grace hath much more abounded, none shall wish to have taken another path than his own. Oh, then, if anything whatever remain of the sadness which we feel here, while we see not the end of all, it shall only be in the deep humility with which we shall for ever give to God alone the praise and glory!

Then, where He is all in all, can there be any room for the feelings of want or desire? When the prayer of the Saviour when on earth for his Church has been fully accomplished—"And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me"—when all are made like unto the image of the Son of God, what can be wanting to them?—what can they yet long after? We shall see God, the perfection of good,—what can we more desire? "And his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever." This is the rest which "remaineth" for the people of God,—not indeed the rest of the grave, for that is death, but a quiet Sabbath rest, in which the true work of the soul begins. Oh, he who even here in the land of faith has learned how to look with the eye of faith,—he who has known the hour when that eye has gazed on its highest good without ever being "satisfied with seeing,"—he can testify that there is a rest in God, which is the highest and noblest action of the soul. But may not even the blessedness of this noblest spiritual enjoyment become weariness at last? So some have questioned; but he who can ask this has yet to learn how even on earth the soul by faith can behold God and rest in him. You fear monotony! (*Einerlei*) yes, that you might fear, were it but the continuance of a portion which cannot fill the soul, so that it must become weary, and long for some higher good. But how, when it is a possession which comprises all

when the soul is wholly filled and satisfied,
 weary?—how shall the time appear long?
 not rather experienced that the more this
 day, the more time seems to have acquired
 then, when all barriers shall be removed,
 years are past,—“there shall be time no
 all vanish before the fulness of sight and

never heard the story of Peter Forsche-
 ister brother?*

Father Forschgrund one day
 forth to meditate and pray;
 cloister walls he left behind,
 onward roved, with pensive mind.
 ; with her beauties filled the land,
 line and song on either hand:—
 “wondrous, Lord, thy gifts appear,
 hanging with the circling year!
 “has Spring her jewels spread,
 Summer in her steps will tread;
 all her gold rich Autumn pours,
 and his silver, crystal stores;—
 “things such as these we share,
 “a poor world of sin and care,
 shall it be upon Thy face
 throughout eternity to gaze?
 “it—for ever—*always* so—
 “not of the bliss oppressive grow?
 “thy! that awful word—
 “; not seem *too long*, O Lord?
 “Holy Spirit, to mine aid!”
 the good Father mused and prayed.

on such thoughts, he onward strayed
 through the dark firs and forest shade;
 looked, and lo! a wondrous scene
 met him, with myrtle bowers between;
 from a tree of beauty rare
 celestial music filled the air:
 “I had come from Paradise,
 “sang a tale of heavenly bliss,
 “yet, that when it caught his ear,
 “father could not choose but hear;
 “listening, his very heart
 “dissolved away by magic art,—
 “singing that soft, enchanting lay,
 “nature’s resurrection day,
 “Heaven a golden, healing dew
 “gave, and making all things new;
 “every bond and fetter breaking,
 “new life and light awaking,
 “the old clouds and shadows vanished,
 “the old sins and sorrows banished,
 “earth to heaven such praises bringing,
 “angels paused to hear the singing:—
 “sweetly told the heavenly bird.

from Schubert’s “Erzählung in Prosa.”

Transported, Father Peter heard;
 At length perceived the sun was low,
 And sighing, roused himself to go:
 “Thanks, minstrel, for thy soothing strain;
 Meet me to-morrow here again.”

He crossed the palm and myrtle glade,
 Then through the oaks’ and fir-trees’ shade,
 And quickly found himself again
 Within the convent’s old domain.
 Still flowed the stream and smiled each flower
 As when he passed that morning hour;
 But as the cloisters rose to view,
 Something there seemed of strange and new;—
 He crossed the threshold, gained the stair,—
 A youthful Brother met him there:
 “Friend, who are you, and whither come?
 A stranger, yet so much at home?”
 “Why, Peter Forschgrund should here,
 If anywhere, at home appear.”
 “Forschgrund!” cries the other; “well,
 That is a likely tale to tell!
 More than a thousand years ago
 He was a Brother here, I know;
 And still around our fire is told
 That legend of the times of old,—
 How the good monk, one summer day
 Went forth to meditate and pray;
 But long the Brothers watched in vain,
 And prayed, for his return again,
 For never more on earthly ground
 Was the lamented Father found,
 Some angel, doubtless, from on high
 Caught him, like Enoch, to the sky.”

A while the Father stood amazed,—
 Then eyes and hands to heaven he raised:
 “O God! how plain is now revealed
 The folly in this heart concealed!
 Thy sinful servant dared to deem
 Eternity too long might seem,
 Spent in the sunshine of Thy face,
 In showing forth Thine endless praise;
 And yet, when Thou didst condescend
 One heavenly messenger to send,
 Only a bird from Paradise,
 Singing of resurrection bliss,
 While hearing that enchanting lay,
 As if but half a summer day,
 A thousand years have passed away!
 What shall it be, what shall it be
 To know the blest reality?
 When my own eyes my Lord behold,
 My faithless heart no longer cold!
 Who questions how the hours fly past,
 When each seems brighter than the last?
 Unheeded by the saints above,
 In the full beams of light and love,
 Before Thine everlasting throne
 Time and Eternity roll on!”

H. L. L.



The Treasury Pulpit.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

BY SAMUEL MILLER, D.D., FREE ST. MATTHEW'S, GLASGOW.*

"Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—MATT. xii. 31, 32.

"Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewithsoever they shall blaspheme; but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation:—Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit."—MARK iii. 28-30.

"And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but unto him that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven."—LUKE xii. 10.



I were needless to deny the difficulty of these passages, and presumptuous to suppose that we could throw any new light upon the interpretation of them. The ablest divines, and those to whom "the Spirit who searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God," has imparted clearest spiritual discernment, that they "might know the things that are freely given to us of God," have, in "comparing spiritual things with spiritual," been careful to inquire with trembling what is here the mind of Jesus. We would therefore be ready to refrain from entering on the subject before us, did we not feel that we must seek "to declare the whole counsel of God," and must "keep back nothing that is profitable." Wherefore, as the passages occur to us in the ordinary course of lecturing, and as they have been to many sincere inquirers the occasion of much spiritual perplexity, we shall, with personal diffidence and with trust in the Lord's help, endeavour to unfold the doctrine and the lessons contained in them, in as perspicuous and simple a manner as possible; sedulously confining ourselves to Scriptural exposition, and altogether avoiding theological discussion and controversy.

But it may be needful, in the outset, to make two observations on the peculiar phraseology of these passages.

In Matt. xii. 32, we read that the blasphemy spoken of "shall not be forgiven, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Does this language give any countenance to the idea that sins, unforgiven in this world, may be forgiven in the next? By no means: this mode of speech seems to have reference to Lev. xxiv. 16, where we are told that, under the Law, every one who *blasphemed* the name of the Lord was surely to be put to death. It is plain, however, that such a blasphemer was not unpardonable before God in reference to his portion *in the next world*, although being stoned to death without mercy was his fixed portion *in this*. The divine law pronounced that the convicted blasphemer must die; but divine mercy was equally

explicit in the declaration that, upon repenting ere he died, he should find pardon of God—a pardon *enjoyed* in the world to come, though not *obtained* there. But for the blasphemer spoken of in the text, there is no such forgiveness. Just as if our Lord had said to the Scribes and Pharisees,—Ye know that the Law, of which ye are zealous, unpardonably punishes every blasphemy with death "*in this world*;" but I now tell you of a more fatal blasphemy, which is eternally unpardonable, and whose punishment is "*in the world to come*."

Again, in Mark iii. 29, we read that he who is guilty of this blasphemy "is in danger of eternal damnation." Does this soften down the meaning of the *previous* declaration that he "hath never forgiveness," making it only amount to the statement that he is in *imminent* danger of being eternally lost? No: this last statement is true of every unbelieving sinner, to whom there may nevertheless, both hope and offer of pardon. But the literal meaning of the expression "in danger of" is, that he is a subject of—that he is bound to—or, that he *has in him* eternal damnation. The same word is used in Heb. ii. 15, to designate souls already *under* bondage, and not merely *in danger* of becoming so, being rendered in our authorized version, "*subject to* bondage." And hence the statement that the blasphemer of the Holy Ghost is "*in danger of*," or is a subject of "eternal damnation," must be viewed as a strong and peremptory asseveration that he "*hath never forgiveness*," and must perish for ever.

There is no evading this fearful conclusion. It is uncompromisingly enunciated by Him who cannot lie. Such a blasphemer's doom is as sure as if it were already pronounced by the Son of man, seated on his great white throne, on the day of final judgment. A truth more terrible than the voice that spake in Sinai's thunder! Surely it may well prompt in each bosom the personal question, *Is this doom mine?* But how is this question to be resolved? First of all, by investigating what the doomed blasphemy is; and therefore to this inquiry we would now, with all caution and prayerfulness, proceed.

* This valuable Discourse has been long out of print, and is now reprinted by Dr. Miller's kind permission.—Ed. F. T.

Let us begin by insisting upon the one immutable principle of the Gospel, on which salvation is either lost or won.

And, blessed be God, this principle is not a matter of doubt or mystery; it is clearly and unequivocally laid down in numberless passages of Scripture. Take it, as given with all compendious simplicity by the Lord Jesus himself, in Mark xvi. 16: "He that believeth shall be saved—he that believeth not shall be damned." Now remember that to this principle the economy of grace knows no exception. It reveals how *all* the saved are saved, and how *all* the lost are lost. Concerning it the Lord Jesus says, "If it were not so, I would have told you." Yet some would fear that the text before us rests on an exception, and modifies the great Gospel principle to this extent at least;—Faith in Christ brings pardon to every sin, *except the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost*. A cunning device of Satan! He would make truth, that so he might keep anxious and unrepentant souls from believing the simple truth. God's testimony is that faith brings pardon to every sin; and, *any* sin be unpardoned, it is from lack of faith on the part of the sinner. Let every soul take its stand here. This is a foundation, impregnable as the Rock of Ages, on which "whosoever believeth shall not perish" (John iii. 16). This is no casual nor isolated statement; it is the one continued voice of the whole Bible. "Whosoever" is the comprehensive word: and be he the chief of sinners—the deepest blasphemer—if he believes, he shall be saved. And contrariwise, pardon is lost and damnation is made sure to any sinner, on the one hand, that "he believeth not."

But it is sufficiently clear that this very principle, taken on account of the breadth and universality of its application, must necessarily imply that, if there be any act of man which *irretrievably leaves him in unbelief*, this is then unpardonable. I say "an act which *irretrievably* leaves him in unbelief;" for, while every sin renders the heart to unbelief as well as arises from it, the soul is *retrieved* from that unbelief and brought to faith, it is saved; if not so *retrieved*, saved it cannot be. Now is there any act of man which *irremediably* leaves his soul in unbelief? There is: and the text tells it out.

For, how comes faith; how is unbelief broken and destroyed? Not by the exercise of the sinner's own will; not by the forthputting of his own power: it is the operation of God; it is a saving *grace*; it is the gift of God; more definitely still, it is the work of the *Holy Spirit*. We insist on this truth; though truly it is unnecessary to set about proving how cordially the Shorter Catechism expounds the doctrine of Scripture on this head when it says, "*The Spirit beareth witness to us the redemption purchased by Christ, by working faith in us.*" Yes, it is the *Holy Spirit* who, convincing, enlightening, and renewing our souls, both persuades and enable us to embrace *Jesus Christ*, "that is, to believe." The hearer of the Gospel is *invited*

to believe; the soul quickened by the Holy Spirit actually *does* believe. Hence, if that Holy Spirit be resisted and refused by any sinner, that sinner must abide in unbelief, for no other power can bring him out of it. And thus there is an act of the sinner which irretrievably leaves him to perish, because it irretrievably leaves him in unbelief.

This simple statement of Gospel doctrine throws a flood of light upon our text. We now see what interferes with the one half of the Gospel maxim, "He that believeth shall be saved," and clenches the other half of it, "He that believeth not shall be damned." We see that it is an offence or "blasphemy against the *Holy Ghost*," as our Lord declares,—that it is a continuous resisting of the Spirit of all grace, that Spirit who is the only worker of faith within us. The Spirit strives with the sinner to bring him to faith; the sinner's carnal and hardened heart strives against the Spirit, in resisting this blessed work. And oh, if the sinner should succeed in this fatal strife, he can have no faith; and, having no faith, he can have no forgiveness, but is shut up to the sure revelation of God's righteous vengeance.

This was just the doctrine so strikingly preached by Stephen before his martyrdom, when, in his faithful reproof of the unbelieving multitude, he thus searchingly unfolded the very reason of their unbelief: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, *ye do always resist the Holy Ghost*" (Acts vii. 51). The unpardonable crime is not simply resisting the Holy Ghost, but "*always resisting.*" He that resists may thereafter cease from such wickedness; he may submit, believe, and be saved; but continuance in resistance—"always"—is an effectual locking of the door of mercy by the sinner's own hand, and casting away the key; because it is not only a refusal of pardon, nor is it merely a refusal to believe in order to be pardoned, but it strikes still deeper at the root of the whole provision of grace, being a refusal decided, resolute, unyielding, of the only means by which living faith can be wrought in his soul, that it may be saved. And thus the one leading principle of the Gospel, viewed in connection with God's provision for carrying it out, even though there had been no such passages in the word of God as those which compose our text, must shut us up to the solemn conviction that there is an offence against the Holy Ghost, not very mysterious in its nature, and by no means of unfrequent occurrence, by which the soul that is dead becomes buried too, and "hath never forgiveness, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

II. We will arrive at the same conclusion by considering the essential nature of sin, in relation to its remedy as provided in the Gospel.

The chief malignity and guilt of all sins consist in their being sins against God. It was in this view of his iniquities that David mourned so sore: "Against Thee,

Thee only, have I sinned" (Pa. li. 4). And inasmuch as the Three Persons in the Trinity are one God, all sin and blasphemy are, in this general aspect of them, sin and blasphemy against the Father, and against the Son, and against the Holy Ghost alike. He that despiseth *the Spirit* (in the ministration of the apostles), despiseth *the Son*, and he that despiseth the Son despiseth *the Father* that sent Him. (See Luke x. 16, &c.)

But in individualizing (if we may so speak) the distinct persons in the Godhead, and in considering apart the offices of each in the grand scheme of governing and saving the lost world, we are of necessity also led to individualize the sins of men, and to contemplate them in relation to these Three Divine Persons, and as, in their most obvious manifestation, bearing against these offices severally executed by the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Thus—

1. The Law is peculiarly "the will of *the Father*;" and the maintenance of the honour and integrity of that Law may, in the language of men, be said to be the Father's peculiar province. How obvious is this in his moral government, and in the glorious plan of man's redemption! Now when a sinner breaks any—as he has broken all—of God's commandments, this sin, in its most obvious aspect, is peculiarly a *sin against the Father*.

But where is the remedy? In the Father? No. The Father indeed has graciously provided it; but the remedy itself is in *the Son*, who is the gift of the Father. It is *the Son* who has met the Law's demand, and who has "magnified it and made it honourable;" on the one hand, bearing, in the stead of his people, the Father's wrath and curse due to sin; and, on the other hand, fulfilling for them the Father's will, in working out a perfect obedience to the Law on their behalf. In a word, the *sin against the Father* has its remedy in the *work of the Son*.

2. The Son having brought in an everlasting redemption by his finished work, a complete and free salvation is thus offered to the sinner. But the sinner can only receive and possess this salvation, by receiving or possessing the Son as the Saviour. For the Son gives and offers no wisdom, righteousness, strength, &c., apart from himself, because he is himself the wisdom, righteousness, and strength of his people (1 Cor. i. 30). But here the poor sinner adds sin to sin. In addition to breaking *the Father's* law, he now refuses Christ *the Son*. He will not believe; and so this sin of unbelief is peculiarly a *sin against the Son*.

And where is its remedy? In the Father? No. He indeed has provided and promised it (Acts i. 4). In the Son? No. He indeed has graciously by his death made it sure, for, says he, "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you" (John xvi. 7). The remedy itself is in *the Spirit*. It is the office of the Holy Ghost in the scheme of grace to draw souls to Christ, to bring them under the Saviour's yoke, to unite them to Jesus, to destroy

their unbelief, and to work faith within them. You remember the Saviour's word, "He (the Spirit) shall convince the world of sin, *because they believe not on me*" (John xvi. 9). The Spirit quickens and draws:—the soul, quickened and drawn, believes: its unbelief is remedied by being destroyed and replaced by faith. In a word, the *sin against the Son* has its effectual remedy in the work of *the Spirit*.

3. And since the Spirit's province in the economy of grace is thus, in its initial stage, to quicken the soul to believe in Jesus, if the demented sinner should now, in addition to breaking the law of *the Father*, and refusing the gift of *the Son*, perversely and pertinaciously refuse to receive the quickening and submit to the drawing of the *Holy Ghost*, what can this be but peculiarly a *sin against the Holy Ghost*?

And where is its remedy to be found? Not in *the Father*. He indeed draws (John vi. 44); but it is by sending forth his Spirit to do it (Ezek. xxxvi. 27). Not in *the Son*. He indeed also draws (John xii. 32); but it is also by sending forth his Spirit to do it (John xvi. 7). Not in *the Spirit*. He indeed has it as his peculiar province to draw and to quicken; but the case under consideration is that which involves a total rejection of his blessed work. Where then is its remedy? Ah! the alternative is inevitable, and must be told: *remedy there is none!*

There is a most remarkable unity in the wondrous scheme of grace—a dovetailing (as it were) of one portion into another. For as it is most true that "he that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, (and this is by *the Spirit*,) he hath both *the Father* and *the Son*" (2 John 9); so the converse holds equally true, that the rejection of *the Spirit's* grace implies a denial of *the Son*; and a denial of the Son is a renouncing of *the Father* also (1 John ii. 23). He that runs may read this Gospel argument: The sin against the Father has its remedy in the Son; the sin against the Son has its remedy in the Spirit; the sin against the Spirit has its remedy—*nowhere!* There is no *fourth* person in the Godhead on whom to fall back when the other three are rejected.* God is altogether disowned. Father, Son, and Spirit, are alike set at defiance. Whither else can the sinner flee for salvation—unless indeed salvation can be found apart from God! Nay, but this sinner must perish, since salvation independently of Jehovah there is none; for "thus saith the Lord, I am, and besides me there is no Saviour."

Here then, we must again call attention to the fact how this simple statement of Bible doctrine throws a vivid light upon our Saviour's language in the text. When he teaches that "he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness," does he not just thereby certify to the appalling truth, that he who resisteth the Spirit till that Spirit is *quenched*—yes actually *quenched out*, like fire extinguished—can have no more light of life, and must of necessity abide in the "blackness of darkness for ever?"

* See Boston's Divinity, vol. ii. p. 139, edition 1792.

III. As intimately connected with the preceding remarks, let us attend for a little to the date in the dispensation of grace when our Lord spoke the words of our text.

In strict propriety of language, there are only two dispensations of the covenant of grace,—namely *the Law*, a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, and *the Gospel* itself. But, in consideration of these three grand epochs of time, viz., 1st, before Christ's coming—2nd, during Christ's personal ministry—3rd, after Christ's ascension, the development of the covenant of grace may be viewed in the light of three dispensations, or rather of *three ministrations*. In them all, it is true, the way of the salvation remains the same; being, as Paul declares, *Ac. ii. 18,*) access to *the Father*, by *the Spirit*, through *Jesus the Son*; each of these blessed persons in *Trinity*, during each of these three epochs of time, filling his peculiar place and executing his peculiar mission in the salvation of the soul. From the time of the first pair, till that of the last man, souls are *opened by the Spirit*, to believe on *the Son*, either *given or* *reconciled to the Father* and *glorified*. But still the development of grace itself, and manifestation of the means of grace, in the three present epochs mentioned, deserve our attention, as being three distinct *ministrations*, each having a special reference to the three persons of the Godhead.

The ministration of the Law—the Father's law—*bringing up souls to the faith of a Saviour to come* (*Gal. 3*), may be well characterized as peculiarly the *ministration of the Father*.

Our Lord's own personal ministry on earth, when, in his own voice, he cried, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," may surely be, with strict propriety, regarded as *chiefly the ministration of the Son*.

When the personal ministry of Jesus was ended, not till then, did the promises of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit begin to be realized (*John vii. 39*; *Ac. xvi. 7*; *Acts ii. 17*)—a ministration of grace which *subsists*, and which Paul himself designates "*the ministration of the Spirit*" (*2 Cor. iii. 8*).

Now observe, that the words of our text were spoken by our Lord, during the currency of the *second* of these ministrations. The scribes and Pharisees whom he addressed had already rejected the *first*, viz., that of the *Law*; "For," said he, "had ye believed Moses (or the Law) ye would have believed me" (*John v. 46*); and their coming to Christ proved their rejection of the Law schoolmaster ministering for that end. And now were high-handedly rejecting the *second*, in shutting their hearts against the Saviour's own call, and in blaspheming his blessed name. They were sinning *grace* with fearful perversity. They had already despised out of the three ministrations of it. And therefore rejected Jesus, in tenderest love to their souls, strikes at this critical conjuncture, with the awakening and saving appeal of the text; as if he had said—Oh, if ye

reject the *third and last* ministration, the *ministration of the Spirit* about to be accorded to you, as ye have rejected already that of the Father, and are now rejecting that of the Son, ye must perish for ever. If ye submit to that third ministration, and close with the grace ministered by it, your rejection of the other two, and your blasphemies against the Father and the Son, whose they are, shall be forgiven you. But, if not, know that there is no more means of grace; it is the concluding ministration of it. Another ministration is indeed to follow, but it is the ministration of judgment, the dispensation of vengeance, the ending of all hope of pardon in irrevocable doom.

It would seem that this view of the subject is necessary to the right understanding of that passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews (chap. x. 26–30), where the apostle, discoursing much in the same manner as our Lord in the text, speaks of a sin upon the commission of which "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." Now, see how this illustrates and enforces the Saviour's doctrine in the text. It is to be noticed, that, throughout the previous part of the Epistle, the apostle had been comparing and contrasting the several ministrations of grace. And it is especially remarkable that, in this chapter, after having contrasted the ministry of the Law with the personal work of the Son (as for instance in verse 9th), he adds in the 15th verse, "whereof the *Holy Ghost also is a witness to us*." Thereupon his argument appears to be, that this concluding witness was, when granted, the consummation of "the knowledge of the truth" ministered to the world; and that of necessity, when this was wilfully rejected (verse 26), there remained no more hope or method of pardon. Indeed he makes his argument so plain that no one can mistake it, when, in the one single sentence that follows (verses 28, 29), he places in a sunbeam of light the very essence of the doctrine which we have been endeavouring to present. For, observe what may be called the *climax* of the apostle. He begins with the statement, "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses;" in other words, behold first the rejection of the *ministration of the Father*. But he notices secondly the rejection of the *ministration of the Son*, which entails wrath still more—"Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot *the Son of God*, and counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing?" But even this is not conclusive of a sinner's unpardonable case, until it is added, in the third place, "And hath done despite *unto the Spirit of grace*." Thus the apostle proves, in a single sentence, that to such a sinner "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins," as he had previously declared: for, all the three ministrations of grace being rejected by him, his rejection of the third and last makes it manifest as the light, that there can be nothing else for him than "a certain fearful looking

for of judgment." Despising *the Father* condemns the sinner most righteously; despising *the Son* condemns him "much more;" despising *the Spirit* hopelessly leaves him in his condemnation to the "fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries." Yea, having thus spoken of the three despised ministrations of grace, the apostle would sum up his argument, by reminding us that the fourth and following ministration is one of judgment, when he adds (verse 30), "For we know him that hath said, Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord."

IV. A glance at the two-fold effect of the ministration of the Spirit in apostolic times, and as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, will confirm and illustrate still more the doctrine thus laid down.

1. As to the *gracious* effect of it, we find our Lord commanding his apostles, for guidance in their ministry after his own personal ministrations had ceased, to "begin at Jerusalem;"—plainly implying that they who had heretofore rejected both him and his Father were pardonable still, and should therefore be called upon to receive the witness of the Spirit. And it is very remarkable, in this connection, that the apostles were enjoined to wait and refrain from the exercise of their ministry until that Spirit should be poured out upon them, (Acts i. 4, 8). This was done; the Pentecostal effusion of the Holy Ghost took place; Peter began to preach a rejected and crucified Jesus;—and what followed? Three thousand of these Jerusalem despisers were, in one day, converted to the Lord! The very men who had all along despised Moses and the Prophets,—the very men who, in addition thereto, rejected Christ the Son, peradventure some of the very men who, as recorded in the text, asserted of Jesus, "He hath Beelzebub,"—or the very men who, on Calvary's awful summit, execrated and blasphemed him to the death,—these were also the very men who now, under the ministration of the Spirit, became obedient to the faith, and were "such as should be saved."

Nor is the effect of Peter's first sermon a solitary example of this. There are many such recorded for our instruction. Who were louder in their blasphemy of Jesus,—who were more determined in their rejection of him than the priests? and yet we are told that, under the ministration of the Spirit, "a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith" (Acts vi. 7). And what do we read in all this so plainly, as a corroboration of the first clause of our text, when taken in connection with the second clause of it; that is, that "all sin shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme," by the faith-working power of the Spirit of God, when they blaspheme not that Holy Spirit away?

2. Then, on the other hand, look at the *hardening* effect of the Spirit's ministration in apostolic times. There is a striking resemblance between the discourse of Peter, just noticed, and that of Stephen recorded in

Acts vii. But in their effects there was a equally striking; for, while the hearers believed and were saved, the hearers of Stephen upon him with one accord, and cast him out of and stoned him." In contemplating their refusal testimony, we have already seen that he laid guilt and danger of it, in thus describing their case *do always resist the Holy Ghost.*" It is true that at least one of his audience, Saul of Tarsus, repented and was forgiven; but it was just because he did not "always resist," or, as he himself in Acts xxi. 19. Had he so resisted, there had been no pardon for him; and it is very remarkable that the history of the ministry of this illustrious apostle brand plucked from the burning,—we have many biblical warnings that deterred blasphemers of Christ are ultimately left to themselves, for the Spirit will with indefinite forbearance, be resisted always. A stronger proof of this can we have than find our Lord taking away from them even the very grace, which are the instruments of the Spirit's ministration and striving? Yet look at the history of Stephen's preaching; for instance, at Antioch in Pisidia (Acts xiii. 45-47), the Jews opposed themselves to his preaching and *blaspheming*;" and thereupon this terrible sentence upon them: "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken against you, seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves worthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles, for so hath the Lord commanded us." Or at Corinth (Acts xviii. 5, 6), where Paul preached *in the spirit*," we find that when they opposed themselves and *blasphemed*, he shook his raiment unto them, *Your blood be upon your own heads*; from henceforth I will go to the Gentiles. Also, upon another occasion at Ephesus (Acts xix. 18), when, "for the space of three months," he preached to the sinners, we read that "when divers were *hardened* and believed not, but spake evil of that way, he separated from them, and separated the disciples." And strikingly to our purpose, at Jerusalem (Acts xxi. 17), he received the express commandment from the Lord, "Make haste and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem, for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me." And it is very memorable that Paul would, on this occasion, intercede with these despisers, citing his own case as that of the Gentiles; had, in the same manner as they, resisted the Spirit under Stephen's preaching, and had not withstood him, God would not entertain the prayer of the apostle, but commanded him definitively to "depart from thence" (verses 19-21). Just as if he had answered the objection had been urged by saying—Thou didst resist, but thou didst not resist always; they also will resist so continuously as to grieve my Spirit wherefore I will plead with them no longer, but will leave them to the means of gracious striving from them, and

thee to depart, and leave them alone to their base mind.

For, if the blessed instances of the conversion of sinners, under the apostolic ministration of, illustrate forcibly the first half of our text, examples of God's judicially leaving others to

impenitence, when they continued to resist that ministration, is an equally forcible illustration of the second half of it,—“He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is a subject of eternal damnation.”

(To be Continued.)

MR. SHARPLEY; OR, A TALE FOR THE OVER-THRIFTY.*

TWENTY years' absence from my native place had worked many changes both in men and things. When I came back to Powerstone I hardly knew either the people or the place. New houses had sprouted up, and old houses had tumbled down; middle-aged and elderly houses had clothed their faces with paint and plaster to conceal from curious eyes, and to hide the wrinkles that were beginning to seam the walls. Streets were widened and lengthened in that; the old gable-fronts disappearing, and the modern rivalry in architecture had already commenced even in this distant town. Omnibuses, those long boxes of human luggage, were noisily thronging the streets towards a neighbouring railroad. How unlike the quiet, sleepy Powerstone!

The people had also changed. Little prattling infants, whom I had tossed in my arms now matched me in age and those to whom I had given coral and gingerbread sent their children to get lolly-pops from my pocket to have a dance on my knee; the men of my acquaintance were now grey or bald, fast going down the hill; while a very little remnant of the old folks were seen tottering about and basking in the more genial sun of the little town,—some deaf, some half-blind, some infants again in understanding, the wrecked and maimed resemblances of their former selves, shuffling a few paces towards their graves.

On the other sides these changes in the outward world of Powerstone,—in men's looks, or the outward appearance of things,—there were inward alterations too; character changed, some for the better, some for the

Some that had been greedy of cakes and apples were now of greater things, and were elbowing their way into the world with a grasping, selfish spirit; children that had been noisy and quarrelsome were now quiet; in all the heats and angers and sharp doings of the old party; light laughing girls had turned into girls with care-worn looks and heavy hearts, and yet the same old faces softened and sobered by their afflictions, the same cross that had been laid on them having led them to Him who calls the weary and heavy-laden to

Himself; others on whom trouble had fallen had only become fretful and impatient, murmuring at their lot, and looking at all things with a sour, complaining mind.

But there was one of my old townsmen whom I found more altered than all the rest. This was Mr. Benjamin Sharpley. When I left Powerstone he was a man of about forty years old; he was now sixty. He was then a hard-working man—a bustling tradesman. He was thriving in the world, for he was slaving for the world; his whole heart was given up to business; he was looked upon as “a highly respectable” person, was honest in all his dealings; and, being a thriving man, had that sort of influence which increasing money and increasing prosperity are sure to give in this world. To my mind he was thoroughly, entirely eaten up with covetousness. He was at work by day-break, and you might see a light in his window late at night; he cared for nothing else but his shop; he talked of nothing else but business; he thought of nothing else. To get rich was his one aim. He lived very plainly; spent next to nothing; gave nothing away, except when it was “the respectable thing” to do, as on charity sermons, and on such like occasions; was of a cold, hard, selfish temper. Religion! what had he to do with that?—that was for the poor, or the sick, or the dying, according to his view; at any rate, he pushed all such things from his mind; his shop was enough for him; he could not attend to two things at once, and that was true. “It was all very well for people to be religious,” he used to say; “he did not object to it; of course it was very proper; he respected religious people;” but he himself had no heart for it. It is true he went to church once a Sunday; it was respectable to go to church, and he had a large high pew, for, alas, there were large high pews then in Powerstone Church. Such was Mr. Benjamin Sharpley, a man thoroughly for this world, prudent and hoarding. He was unmarried, as he had always dreaded the expense of marriage. His nearest relations were two nephews, wild and gay young men, who lived at some distance, whom he never saw and never liked. Of course, among the gossips of Powerstone it was often a knotty subject of debate what would become of Mr. Sharpley's money when he died.

The first Sunday after my arrival I most thankfully partook of the blessed feast of the Lord's Supper. It was a joyful yet an affecting hour. Twenty years had gone; twenty years of trial had passed over my head,

* abridged from No. 63 of “Tracts for Parochial Use.”

and many troubles had I been called to bear. "Here I am," I thought within myself, "once more in the old church, once more in the holy house of God, where I worshipped in my youth. How many have been stricken down since I last was here! How many knees that knelt at the altar are now mouldering in their graves! How many have gone to their account, and can no more pour forth their souls in the house of prayer!" Such thoughts passed through my mind during the pause that took place before the communion service began. When I knelt at the altar, I found one kneeling next to me whom I had little expected to find among my neighbours there: it was Mr. Benjamin Sharpley.

I soon found from the clergyman that Mr. Sharpley's was no mere formal change, nor formal religion. He told me that he was the first in all the good that was done, the kindest, the most generous, the most forward. Though he still attended to his shop, he found time to visit the poor, and to find out their real wants; he was the friend of the widow and the fatherless, always took orphans as his apprentices, felt a lively interest in the schools, and was now busy building an infant school for the benefit of the parish;—in short, he was as eager and anxious in toiling for others as he had formerly been in toiling for himself. His way of life was simple in the extreme: he spent little upon himself; everything looked the same in his house as it had done years ago; in the little parlour next the shop were the same red curtains with black velvet fringe, only faded and turning into a dingy orange from the wear and tear of twenty years; there were the same horse-hair mahogany chairs, only at the corners the stuffing was trying to peep through; the same round glass over the chimney-piece, only the gilding had become dull and worn.

Gladdened by the sight of such a change, I sought to become more acquainted with my former neighbour. Many a walk and talk we had on a Sunday afternoon after church; and all his heart seemed to centre upon one thing—a deep settled desire to serve his Saviour, and to be a faithful member of his Church. There was a good deal of reserve about him: he seemed to dread talking on religious subjects, and always spoke very solemnly; he shrank from religious talkativeness. As we became more and more intimate, I became curious to know the history of his change. The clergyman could not tell me; all he knew was that he had often sought his counsel, and often spoken in tones of deepest sorrow of his former worldly ways. One evening—it was at the close of the day on which the infant school was opened—he was unusually cheerful, and evidently grateful for having been allowed to bring so good a work to an end; he was also unusually unreserved; and as the evening wore on, I could not resist telling him the pleasure it gave me to find him spending his time and money in such good works as were likely to bring blessings upon himself and others. At last, as one remark led to another, I hinted at his former life, and expressed my surprise on my return to find him so greatly changed. "Well,"

he said, with a hesitating voice, "as I do not you ask me out of idle curiosity, I will tell you a strange and merciful event which led me to repent for my past great sin of covetousness and which gave me very deep views of the need of preparing for the life to come by the help of God's Spirit.

"I had been working and slaving harder than about Christmas-time ten years ago. I had accounts to make up; and I confess with shame stole some hours two Sundays running to spend my books of trade.

"On coming to the end of the job, I found to my delight, that I had had a most prosperous year absolutely gloat over the figures that told me how rich I was. The labour, however, that I had gone through had fairly worn me out, and when I leaned on my chair I felt great fatigue, and at last fell into a restless confused slumber, and I then had the most wonderful dream, which has exercised such influence on my life.

"I dreamt that I was dead, and yet saw everything that was going on in my house as though I were still alive. The day after my death I saw a gig drive up to the door, and two young fellows, my nephews, jumped out. One of them claimed, 'What, is the old fellow really dead!'

"'Dead as a door-nail, sir,' said the old woman, who was then my servant.

"'Well now for the pickings,' said the elder nephew, 'shall we be at first?'

"'Why first,' said the younger, 'let us have something to eat and drink; where's the key of the cellar, Sally?'

"'Here's the key, sir; I'll go and fetch you something to warm you this cold Christmas weather.'

"Off she went; but when she was half way down the cellar stairs she seemed to recollect something and scrambled up into my bed-room where my bed was lying; then she fumbled over the waistcoat drawers I had last worn, and ransacked them and found a loose silver they contained. Having done this she hurried again to the cellar, and took out three bottles of my best wine; one she put away for herself, the other two she brought into the parlour. After the feast my nephews began to turn over my goods. Then said the elder, 'he was an excellent fellow for his age, all the better for us; he grew the crop, and we'll have it.'

"'Aye, and spend it too, I hope,' answered the other, 'we'll soon give his money some other use. He has been like the green pool in a village, all stagnant and making no move now. They say he worked hard early, and wasn't in bed till midnight; it was not his fault of him; he was an excellent labourer for his age. He was a good faithful slave for those who are to be benefited by him. It must have been a great pleasure to have toiled so hard for us, and if he could be so now, it would be a great pleasure to him to see

ing hold of all he scraped together; his was the trouble, hers is the gain. I'm sure we're much obliged to him.'

"At this they both laughed aloud.

"I wonder," said the younger, 'whether he thought to carry away his money; he loved it so, it must have been hard to part; did he think he could pack up his ledgers and his bank-notes, and his gold and his goods? However, it's no use lining his coffin with bank-notes, and putting a bag of guineas in his hand.'

"No, indeed, there's no sending his money after him, and to say the truth I'm not disposed to part with it. He thought himself, I dare say, a very wise and prudent man. To my mind he was a fool, for what has he got?'

"Why," said the younger, 'I don't suppose his money does him much good now; he took a deal of labour; however, it's all the better for us. Just come and look at this ledger, made up to Christmas, I declare; beautifully written; excellently cast up; what hours he must have spent upon it! He didn't think we were going to pocket the result; well, Mr. Benjamin Sharpley,' he continued in a mocking tone, 'let's see what you made last year; you have been just like a banker's clerk, lots of money passing through your hands, but precious little for yourself. Let's see; here's the last line, £553, 2s. 5½d., very pleasant profits last year, and very pleasant pickings; thank you, Mr. Sharpley; you did pretty well last year; you must have worked hard; much good may it do you; we are greatly indebted for having it all copied out so fair; £553, 2s. 5½d., what say you to that? We'll toss up about the three things, we can't divide that.'

"They then proceeded to look over the shop; the shutters were closed for sake of decency, but they made fully fetch a light, and with that they inspected all my stock, searched all the drawers, rummaged every desk, and made themselves masters of the state of my affairs; by banker's book, my account of money in the stocks, and my business letters were in their hands.

"After all," said the elder, as they sat down to a good dinner in the parlour, 'we must not complain of their slaving, drudging, covetous dogs, as far as we are concerned; it is true they have a dismal life of it themselves, and what becomes of them afterwards it's better not to think; money isn't much good beyond, I should guess; this shrewd old fellow has outwitted himself; it appears he's got nothing in this world and nothing for the next, he has beggared himself by his savings and hoardings. However, he shall have a decent funeral; and as he never gave anything away here, or did any good that I ever heard of, I suppose after the job has stared at his coffin, nobody will think any more of Mr. Benjamin Sharpley.'

"I think we ought to put up a marble slab in the church.'

"Well, we can do that, and they may read it who like. Of course we shall say he died "beloved and respected," or "deeply lamented," and all that sort of

thing. I dare say the stone-mason will have a ready-made epitaph.'

"Oh, this great ledger," exclaimed the elder, lifting up the huge volume, 'this is at once his monument and epitaph; this would tell the truth if we could but get it nailed against the church wall instead of your marble slab, for I don't believe he had a thought beyond the debtor and creditor account.'

"At this point the ledger somehow or other slipped from his hands and fell heavily on the floor. I suddenly awoke, and found that by some unconscious movement of my arm I had really shaken the ledger from the table, and the noise had startled me; my dream was at an end; but the impression which it made will, I trust, never be effaced; every word pierced my conscience as with sharp swords; I saw the wretchedness and wickedness of my whole life; all the imaginary speeches of my nephews seemed so full of truth, that I was for a long time doubtful whether after all it was but a dream; they haunted my memory day and night; my shop, my ledger, my stock, all cried out against me that I was covetous; wherever I went in the course of my business, the words of the dream wrung in my ears; 'Too true, too true,' I would exclaim to myself, 'is the picture which I have thus seen of myself; 'Not a thought beyond the debtor and creditor account,' I keenly felt was a saying exactly applicable. I looked upon the event as a solemn warning; I considered my whole mode of living, my ends, my motives; and I found I was indeed beggaring myself by getting rich, gaining things I could not keep, and losing all that could be kept. I resolved at once to make a great effort to free myself from my sin; that very night I bent my stubborn knee, and poured such prayers as had never before risen from my soul; like the poor publican I was indeed conscience-stricken and self-abased. Besides using my own endeavours, I hastened to the clergyman; I told him plainly of my sin; I asked his counsel; I besought him to treat me as a child; I placed myself under his guidance. As a true ambassador of Christ, as a true pastor and holy friend, he dealt with me; I owe him, under God, more than I can express; he led me to search for the true riches of our Saviour's kingdom; he helped me in the search; and now, having taken up the cross, I purpose by the aid of the Spirit of grace to devote my whole life to His service, who in His great undeserved mercy did not cut me off in the midst of my sin. You see before you a poor penitent, a wanderer, a guilty wretch craving for pardon at the foot of the cross, and desiring to be remembered in your prayers. I have to-night been able to speak to you in this manner; I have never revealed this dream before; I shall never speak of it again; I look upon you as a friend indeed, for we walk in the house of God as friends. May we be friends on earth, and friends for ever in heaven."

My poor friend then burst into tears; for a long time he was too much moved to speak. I laid my hand upon his, and suffered him gradually to recover his composure.

When he had regained his self-possession, I took up the Bible and read a chapter aloud, as I had no heart to return to common subjects, and it seemed to calm his spirit. When this was ended, he rang the bell, and his apprentices and servants came in to join in family prayer. We all knelt down, and I trust that our souls were that night truly united before the throne of grace. It was then time for me to return home, and after a warm "good-night" I left the house. The memory of that evening remains with me as fresh as ever.

I have continued to meet Mr. Sharpley since, and have only found more abundant cause to be thankful for the friendship which has sprung up between us. The more deeply I see into his character, the more clearly I see his complete devotion to the Christian's true business; and though I have never had the same temptations to covetousness, I trust that I have learned from him a stronger desire to use my worldly means to the glory of God and the relief of my brethren.

Biblical and Theological Readings.

THE ETERNITY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENTS.



THE principal grounds on which I rest my belief of the doctrine you oppose are as follow:—

I. ALL THOSE PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE WHICH DESCRIBE THE FUTURE STATES OF MEN IN CONTRAST.

"Men of the world, who have their portion in this life; I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.—The hope of the righteous shall be gladness; but the expectation of the wicked shall perish.—The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death.—And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.—He will gather his wheat into the garner, and will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.—Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be who go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it.—Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven.—Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Gather ye first the tares, and bind them in bundles, to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.—The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth: then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.—The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that gathered fish of every kind; which, when it was full, they drew to the shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, and cast the bad away. So shall it be at the

end of the world; the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Blessed is that servant, whom, when his lord cometh, he shall find so doing: but and if that evil servant should say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming, and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken, the lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy lord. But cast ye out the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: then shall he also say unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.—And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into everlasting life.—He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.—Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy, for, behold, your reward is great in heaven. But woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation.—He that heareth my sayings and doeth them, is like unto a man who built his house upon a rock; and when the flood arose, the storm beat vehemently against that house, and could not shake it; for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth and doeth not, is like unto a man who built his house upon the earth, against which the storm did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell, and the ruin of that house was great.—God loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—All that are in their graves shall

seforth: they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.—Hath not the potter power over clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, rewarded with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath ordained to destruction: and that he might make known riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he afore prepared unto glory?—The Lord knoweth them that are his.—But in a great house there are vessels to honour, and vessels to dishonour.—Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth in flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.—That which beareth thorns and briers is reaped, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned. But, beloved, we are persuaded better things are now, and things which accompany salvation.”

Consider these passages as designed to express THE FINAL STATES OF MEN; which, if they be, is the same thing, in effect, as their being designed to express the time of endless punishment; for if the descriptions are given of the portion of the wicked denote their final state, there is no possibility of another state succeeding it.

That the above passages do express the *final* states of men may appear from the following considerations:—

1. The state of the righteous (which is all along opposed to that of the wicked) is allowed to be final; and no other were not the same, it would not have been, such a variety of forms, contrasted with it; for it did not be a contrast.

2. All these passages are totally silent as to any other state following that of destruction, damnation, &c. If punishment threatened to ungodly men had been but a purgation, or temporary correction, we might expect that something like this would have been mentioned. It is supposed that some, who are upon the foundation, may yet build upon it *wood, and hay, and stubble*; and that the party shall *suffer loss*; but *himself shall be saved*, though it be *as by fire*. Now the doctrine of universal salvation were true, we should expect some such account of all lapsed intelligences when their future state is described; but nothing is occurring in any of the foregoing passages, nor in other.

3. The phraseology of the greater part of them is inconsistent with any other state following that which is described. On the supposition of salvation being intended as the ultimate portion of those who die in sins, they have not *their portion in this life*; but equally with those who die in the Lord, *behold his likeness, and be satisfied in his likeness*. Their *portion shall not perish*; but shall issue, as well as *of the righteous, in gladness*; and though *driven in their wickedness*, yet they have *hope in their*

death, and that hope shall be realized. The broad way doth not lead to *destruction*, but merely to a temporary correction, the end of which is everlasting life. The chaff will not be burned, but turned into wheat, and gathered into the garner. The tares will be the same, and gathered into the barn; and the bad fish will be turned into good, and gathered into vessels. The cursed, as well as the blessed, shall inherit the kingdom of God; which also was prepared for them from the foundation of the world. There may be a woe against the wicked, that they shall be kept from their consolation for a long time, but not that they *have received it*. Those who, in the present life, believe *not* in Christ, shall not *perish*, but have everlasting life. This life, also, is improperly represented as the seed-time, and the life to come as the harvest, inasmuch as the seeds of heavenly bliss may be sown in hell; and though the sinner may reap corruption, as the fruit of all his present doings, yet that corruption will not be the opposite of *everlasting life*, seeing it will issue in it. Finally, Though they *bear briers and thorns*, yet their *end* is not *to be burned*, but to obtain salvation. To the foregoing Scripture testimonies may be added,—

II. ALL THOSE PASSAGES WHICH SPEAK OF THE DURATION OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT BY THE TERMS “EVERLASTING, ETERNAL, FOR EVER, AND FOR EVER AND EVER:”—

“Some shall awake to everlasting life, and some to shame and *everlasting* contempt.—It is better for thee to enter into life halt, or maimed, than having two hands, or two feet, to be cast into *everlasting* fire.—Depart, ye cursed, into *everlasting* fire.—And these shall go into *everlasting* punishment.—They shall be punished with *everlasting* destruction, from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.—He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Spirit is in danger of (or subject to) *eternal* damnation.—The inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of *eternal* fire.—These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved *for ever*.—Wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness *for ever*.—If any man worship the beast or his image, and receive his mark in his forehead or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels and in presence of the Lamb, and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up *for ever and ever*, and they have no rest day nor night.—And they said, Alleluia. And her smoke rose up *for ever and ever*.—And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are; and shall be tormented day and night *for ever and ever*.”

To the above may be added,

III. ALL THOSE PASSAGES WHICH EXPRESS THE DURATION OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT BY IMPLICATION OR

BY FORMS OF SPEECH WHICH IMPLY THE DOCTRINE IN QUESTION.

"I pray for them; I pray not for the world.—The blasphemy against the Holy Spirit *shall not be forgiven unto men*, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.—He hath *never forgiveness*, but is in danger of eternal damnation.—There is a sin unto death: I do not say that ye shall pray for it.—It is impossible to renew them again unto repentance.—If we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a fearful looking for of judgment which shall devour the adversaries. What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose himself, or be cast away?—Woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born.—Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.—Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they who would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us who would come from thence. He that believeth not the Son shall *not see life*, but the wrath of God *abideth on him*.—I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall *die in your sins*; whither I go ye *cannot come*.—Whose *end* is destruction.—He that sheweth no mercy shall have *judgment without mercy*."

If there be some for whom Jesus did not pray, there are some who will have no share in the benefits of his mediation, without which they cannot be saved. If there be some that never will be forgiven, there are some that never will be saved; for forgiveness is an essential branch of salvation. Let there be what uncertainty there may in the word *eternal* in this instance, still the meaning of it is fixed by the other branch of the sentence,—*they shall never be forgiven*. It is equal to John x. 28, *I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish*. If there were any uncertainty as to the meaning of the word *eternal* in this latter passage, yet the other branch of the sentence would settle it; for that must be endless life which is opposed to their *ever perishing*; and by the same rule that must be endless damnation which is opposed to their *ever being forgiven*. If there be a sin for the pardon of which Christians are forbidden to pray, it must be on account of its being the revealed will of God that it never should be pardoned. If repentance be absolutely necessary to forgiveness, and there be some who it is impossible should be renewed again unto repentance, there are some whose salvation is impossible. If there be *no more sacrifice for sins, but a fearful looking for of judgment*, this is the same thing as the sacrifice already offered being of no saving effect; for if it were otherwise, the language would not contain any peculiar threatening against the wilful sinner, as it would be no more than might be said to any sinner; nor would a *fearful looking for of judgment* be his certain doom. If the souls of some men will be *lost or cast away*, they cannot all be *saved*; seeing these things are opposites. A man may be lost in a desert, and yet saved in fact; or he may *suffer loss*,

and yet himself be saved, but he cannot be lost so as to be cast away and yet finally saved, for these are perfect contraries. Whatever may be the precise ideas of the *fire* and the *worm*, there can be no doubt of their expressing the punishment of the wicked; and its being declared of the one that it *dieth not*, and of the other that *it is not quenched*, is the same thing as their being declared to be endless. It can be said of no man, as the principle of universal salvation, that *it were good for him not to have been born*, since whatever he may endure for a season, an eternal weight of glory will infinitely outweigh it. An *impassable gulf* between the blessed and the accursed equally militates against the recovery of the one and the relapse of the other. If some shall *not see life*, but the wrath of God *abideth on them*—if those who die in their sins shall not come where Jesus is—if their *end* be destruction and their portion be *judgment without mercy*—there must be some who will not be finally saved.

To these may be added,

IV. ALL THOSE PASSAGES WHICH INTIMATE THAT A CHANGE OF HEART AND A PREPAREDNESS FOR HEAVEN ARE CONFINED TO THE PRESENT LIFE.


"Seek ye the Lord *while he may be found*; call ye upon him *while he is near*: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded—I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you; then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer. They shall seek me early, but shall not find me.—Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that shall be saved? And he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able. When *once* the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence you are. Depart from me all ye workers of iniquity—there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—While ye have the light believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light.—While they (the foolish virgins) went to buy, the bridegroom came, and they that were *ready* went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut.—We beseech you that ye receive not the *grace* of God in vain.—Behold, *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.—To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.—Looking diligently, lest any man fail of the grace of God—lest there be any fornicator, or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance,

ugh he sought it carefully with tears.—He that is just, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.”

According to these Scriptures, there will be no successful calling upon the Lord after a certain period, and consequently no salvation. Whether there be few that will ultimately be saved, our Lord does not inform us; he assures us that there are *many who will not be saved*; or, which is the same thing, who will not be able to enter in at the strait gate. None, it is plainly intimated, will be able to enter there who have not agonized. There will be no believing unto salvation, but

while we have the light; nor any admission into the kingdom, unless we be *ready at the coming of the Lord*. The present is the *accepted time, the day of salvation*, or the season for sinners to be saved. If we continue to harden our hearts through life, he will swear in his wrath that we shall not enter into his rest. If we *turn away from him who speaketh from heaven*, it will be equally impossible for us to obtain the blessing as it was for Esau after he had despised his birthright. Finally, beyond a certain period, there shall be no more change of character, but every one will have received that impression which shall remain for ever, whether he be just or unjust, filthy or holy.—*From Letter by Andrew Fuller.*

THE FIRST THEOCRATIC KING

 HERE were no disloyal mutterings heard in Israel when Saul returned across the Jordan from his first great military expedition. With almost incredible rapidity he had collected an army of more than three hundred thousand men, and, marching them swiftly and skilfully into Gilead, he had relieved Jabesh by inflicting on

Ammonites a defeat from which they did not recover many a long year. By this gallant act he was universally allowed to have “won his spurs,” as we say, and when the proposal was made that a fresh inauguration of him into the kingdom should take place at Gilgal, it was hailed with unanimous and joyful acclamations.

But the second year of his reign presents him to us in less attractive aspect. The possession of power and rank had already told unfavourably upon him. He who had modestly hid himself among the stuff when his election to the Hebrew throne was made known, had now got used to the dignity which he would then have rejected; and we see him not only moving about the country in royal state, with a body-guard of soldiers attending him, but ready in his pride of office to plunge the nation headlong into war. There is something unexplained about the way in which the peace was broken between the Israelites and the Philistines at this time. No doubt the Hebrews felt the oppression of their powerful neighbours to be as intolerable as their descendants did in later days the oppression of the Romans. But this fact did not justify either a treacherous breach of treaty on either part, or a hasty uprising having no reasonable prospect of success. And the sudden and apparently provoked attack which was made by Jonathan, of course by his father's orders, on a Philistine garrison, seems to have been one or other, if not both, of these. It is said that when news of this attack on one of their posts reached the Philistines, the assailants were held them “in abomination” in consequence. Such strong

language as this would not have been used if the act had been nothing more than one of the ordinary accidents of war. They appear to have heard of it with indignation—an indignation similar, perhaps, to that which we would feel if an Indian mail were to bring us the intelligence that the people of one of our annexed eastern provinces had rebelled without warning, and had signalled the occasion by utterly destroying some small and comparatively defenceless up-country station. The Philistines heard of it with indignation—and the feeling, we may be sure, helped to swell the ranks of the avenging host which was immediately collected. Never before had they been able to send such an army across their frontier. There were “thirty thousand chariots, six thousand horsemen, and people as the sand which is on the sea-shore in multitude.” If we allow that these chariots were not all engines of war, but many of them waggons brought up in the train of the invaders, partly to provide commissariat supplies, partly to bear away the spoil which it was intended to gather, the mass will not appear to us the less formidable. The impression, in fact, produced upon our minds as we look at the force thus thrown upon Israel, is that it was meant to be overwhelming. Probably the invaders did not calculate on being seriously opposed at all. Their single purpose was to take a terrible revenge upon their troublesome and treacherous vassals. Formerly they had beaten them in battle, and disarmed them, and put them to tribute. Now they will pass through their land with fire and sword, and strip them so bare of even the necessities of life as to leave them desolate and helpless. And, accordingly, they had no sooner got a footing in the country than they divided their army into three sections, and sent these north, east, and south, to harry and destroy.

Meantime what was King Saul about—Saul who had, if not treacherously at least inconsiderately, provoked this invasion? He *ought* to have counted the cost of striking the first blow, and perhaps he attempted to do

so, but if he did, he miscalculated fearfully. His little standing army of three thousand men was totally inadequate to roll back the tide that swept into the country, and if he expected that the people would rise *en masse* at his call as they had done when Jabesh-Gilead was threatened with destruction, he must have been bitterly disappointed. The terror of the Philistines was upon all the land. Jehovah gave no sign that this was a conflict, instigated and approved by him. And while the summons of the king was heard everywhere without a response, the royal body-guard itself began sensibly to melt away under the eye of its leader. Anxious and perplexed, Saul came down to Gilgal to wait for Samuel. From him as a prophet, or through him as exercising extraordinary priestly functions, he hoped to learn what steps were to be taken for the salvation of the country. Under the circumstances in which he was placed, he was naturally impatient to receive some information from God as to what was to be done; and we can very well sympathize with him in the trial to which his faith and submission were subjected while day after day passed by and no Samuel appeared. The fact was, however, that this was a crucial period for him as much as for the people. Jehovah was in no hurry, and needed to be in none. A hostile tide might be sweeping over the land, but when the time came for interposing, a word from him would send it back into its wonted channels. The seven days, therefore, which looked like a lifetime to Saul were just like all other seven days to the Sovereign Disposer of events. But while this was the light in which the crisis was viewed from the divine side, and Samuel, full of a quiet confidence that all was well, moved leisurely to the place of rendezvous, the king could not bring himself to look at things so calmly. He ought to have done so. If he had had the faith of a Gideon or a Hezekiah he would have done so. It was with the view of testing whether he had that sublime faith in God which specially became his office, that the delay at which he chafed occurred. And no doubt had he remained faithful his seat on the throne of Israel would have been made more secure. But when "the day of his tentation" came he was found wanting. It seemed to him on the seventh morning that to remain a single hour longer inactive would be to imperil everything. Jehovah must be consulted. The crisis must be met. And justifying his act by the plea of an over-ruling necessity, he intruded himself into the priest's office, offered up a burnt-offering with his own hand, and attempted to do for himself what he had been expecting Samuel to do for him.

How many have ruined themselves through suffering their confidence in God to break down at the last moment. They could not any longer "wait on the Lord," or as it has been rendered, "tarry the Lord's leisure." Just at the very instant when deliverance was coming their faith has failed them. They have scarcely had time to realize, therefore, the worthlessness of their carnal resources when they have been made to see the folly and vanity of their impatience. Such a case was that

of Saul. He had waited six days for Samuel. Other day's delay could possibly be before him: the very last his confidence gave way; and the punishment followed very quickly upon it. The sacrificial knife was still dripping with the victim, the smoke of the burnt-offering ascending from the altar, when the long-expectant presented himself in the camp. One can imagine the bitterness of Saul's regret when he saw his friend within the appointed time. He attempted to justify his conduct, but we can scarcely think that his excuses were sufficient even to satisfy himself; and he must have judged the punishment there and then upon him to be greater than his offence deserved. It would not be the verdict of his own awakened conscience. Nothing could be plainer, indeed, than that he proved himself unfit to be Jehovah's vice-gerent in the government of Israel. His want of faith in God—his daring disregard of his laws—his contempt of the established ordinances—these were features of his character which were utterly inconsistent with the position to which he had been called; and his thronement was the only sentence that could properly have been pronounced against him.

In any case Saul's intrusion into the priest's office this time led immediately to what the Israelites have regarded as a portentous result. A breach was placed between the two men on whom all the people in their extremity were depending. The prophet withdrew from the headquarters of the national army, and Saul the king was left to follow whatever course might seem wisest to himself. The event could not but add immensely to the gravity of the crisis. It was like the Church withdrawing its countenance from the State—the ecclesiastical religious element in the kingdom withdrawing from merely political. A spectacle like that could be viewed with alarm at once by the pious and the ungodly in Israel; and King Saul must at once have seen that if he could not in some way mend matters, he would soon be left without a follower altogether.

The expedient which he actually adopted under the circumstances is not in express terms described, but we can have no difficulty in explaining the purpose of the steps which he is said to have hastily taken. No sooner is Samuel away, than Ahiah the priest, with what is called "the Abiathar," occupies the place which the prophet would have filled; and we cannot doubt he was there by special invitation. The king—that is to say, he did not allow himself to be baffled. He would, he kept up appearances; and when one represents Jehovah as refusing to give him his countenance, he overcomes the difficulty by sending to Shiloh for another priest to agree, however, with those commentators who say that it was not the Ark of the Covenant at this time brought into his camp. It seems scarcely credible that such a very singular episode in

could have occurred without more formal notice. If it had been once brought out of Kirjath-jearim and put under the care of the High Priest, it is not very likely that it would have been returned to so obscure a resting-place; especially as we have some reason to believe that the Tabernacle was soon after this re-erected at Nob. The Ark, therefore, which we have at this time a passing glimpse of, as mixed up with the desperate fortunes of Saul, was probably some other sacred coffer, which Ahiah had brought with him from Shiloh, and which may have contained the Ephod and (since it was consulted as an oracle) the Urim and Thummim of the holy breastplate.

And now then that Saul had made an arrangement which rendered him apparently independent of Samuel, did things proceed more smoothly and happily with him? No! His way seemed as dark as ever. Nothing occurred to him, or was revealed to him, that he could do to roll back the tide of invasion; and fearing to remain any longer in such an exposed place as Gilgal, he retreated to a mountain fastness, from which he could mark the approach of danger, and be better prepared to resist the inevitable attack. He then is effectually vanquished. A King in name, he is a prisoner in fact. All his expedients have failed to achieve for him either honour or profit; and with his kingdom desolated before his eyes, there is nothing left for him but to look helplessly and despairingly on at the work of ruin.

But there is a divine King of Israel, who will not see his people trodden down under the feet of the uncircumcised. If the human king has brought trouble on the land, and has no power to remove it, it does not follow that the subjects of the theocracy shall be ruined through his sin. This, however, does follow, that the deliverer employed to save the oppressed shall not be the guilty cause of the oppression. When things came to their worst, Jehovah interposed; and in the face of all probabilities to the contrary, a crowning victory was gained by Israel. But the instrument through which this triumph was secured was not Saul, the natural leader of the host, but Jonathan acting under a private impulse; and it is remarkable that throughout the whole of the day, which saw the fortunes of the Hebrew commonwealth retrieved, Saul never interfered

save to mar and trouble. When his gallant son had, by means which would have been pronounced recklessly foolhardy had they not been employed in obedience to what we cannot doubt was a divine call—when Jonathan had introduced confusion into the Philistine army, and the invaders, under the influence of a panic, had begun to fly, the King, who from his elevated signal station had observed the retreat, joined with others in the pursuit. But by his ill-considered anathema pronounced upon all who might partake of food during the day—and by his monstrous proposal to put the deliverer to death because he had unwittingly come within the sweep of the curse, he made himself little better than a “troubler” in Israel. The campaign, therefore, though it ended well for Israel, brought no honour at all to him; and it was, perhaps, because he at last saw this—Jonathan not himself being hailed as the hero of the occasion—that he brought the pursuit suddenly to a close, and returned gloomy and dissatisfied to his delivered but desolated kingdom.

If Saul did not learn much from all this, regarding the right method of governing Israel, he certainly ought to have done so. God had given to his people a king, but he had not thereby resigned his own sovereignty. The viceroy whom he had anointed to represent him in the throne, was to be not a despot, legislating and governing according to his own fancy, but what we would call a constitutional monarch bound to rule according to higher laws. To provoke a war, without due warrant, was an offence to begin with. To intrude into the priest's office, in order to learn what ought to have been ascertained at the outset, was not to make atonement for an old sin, but to commit a new one. And the expedient of setting off the high priest against a protesting prophet, if it saved appearances, was only calculated, in fact, to aggravate the evil. Saul had still a place of repentance afforded to him; for it was not on this but on a later occasion, that he was finally rejected from being king; but it was already too plain to see that not he, but one man more after God's own heart, was destined to be the founder of a dynasty which might last through generations, and become a standing type of the spiritual kingdom of Jesus Christ.

N. L. W.



"BEGINNING AT JERUSALEM."*

WHY SHOULD THE GOSPEL BE PREACHED FIRST TO THE JEWS?



PART from any *sentimental* regard to the Jews as a nation, there are obvious reasons why we should first go to them with the gospel of God's love. The Holy Ghost has put it on record, that this order of proceeding is vitally important for the success of the gospel in the world as a whole: "If the fall of the Jews be the riches of the world, and their decay the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness! . . . If the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?" (Rom. xi. 12, 15). Here we pass over the matter of doubtful disputation about their territorial restoration to Palestine. We speak only of their conversion, their return to the true Canaan of everlasting rest in God's redeeming love. And we observe that this conversion of the Jews ought in reason to be regarded as an event, not only blessed and glorious in itself, but also most auspicious with reference to the conversion of the world. And that for such reasons a the following:—

I. They are the *nearest*, most easily reached. 1. In *place*. To the apostles elect, Jerusalem was literally the nearest point of Judea, and Judea of Palestine, and Palestine of the world. And even beyond Judea and Palestine, in every important city of the Gentile world there was a Judea and Jerusalem, a Jewish quarter and synagogue, more accessible and convenient for public religious teaching and discussion than any other quarter and temple. In the ruins of Pompeii, a city buried by lava in the life-time of some of the apostles, among the inscriptions scribbled on the walls, there has recently been found in Hebrew letters the Hebrew name of *Sirach*, silently showing to this hour that if an apostle or evangelist visited Pompeii in A.D. 79, a Jew was there before him. All over the civilized world, in the great cities, the emporiums of commerce, the radiant centres of civilization, wherever an apostle or evangelist went, the Jew with his synagogue was there before him. And so it has remained down to our day. Long before we had set foot in India or China, the Jew with his synagogue, from immemorial ages, had been there before us. This is one of his points of resemblance to the Scot: his nation, far more than ours, is the *ubiquitous*

nation; * all the world over, the Jew is *nearest* in *place*.

2. They are *nearest in mind*. I have said that even the heathen have some rudimentary ideas corresponding to the leading doctrines of the gospel, and that this is something to begin with. But the ideas are so deeply buried in corruption that there is deplorably little to begin with. A lady from India recently remonstrated with me for using the expression, "home heathen." We have, she said, properly speaking, *no* heathen at home: in our bright light of Christian civilization, the veriest outcast has ideas of the gospel, of God, of holiness, of truth and law, which gives us in dealing with him an incalculable advantage, by way of *fulcrum* or basis of operations, over the missionaries who deal with the true heathen abroad. In the true heathen, the ideas I have spoken of are either so utterly lost in falsehood as apprehended by the mass of men, or so ghostly thin when the falsehood is purged away by philosophical refining, as to be of exceedingly little practical avail. The wood has first to be hewn in the savage forest, and the stones to be quarried from the bowels of the earth, before the heathen mind can furnish so much as an altar for our faith to be laid on it. But in the mind of the Jew, the altar is built to our hands: the wood is there upon it, ready to be kindled to a blaze. In order to his "repentance and remission," all that is needed is "the lamb for the burnt-sacrifice," with the lordly fire-baptism of the Spirit. For wherever the Jew is, there is the synagogue; and in the synagogue the Old Testament Scriptures; and in connection with both, such religious habits as that of Sabbath observance and worship. By positive revelation of God, the leading doctrines of our religion have been impressed on the Jewish mind, from the infancy of the nation down to this, its dotting old age. The Jewish mind is therefore full of the God-given truth regarding the Messiah, only without the Messiah himself; Christianity—only without Jehovah's Christ. In order that the Jew may become a Christian, he needs only to recognise in Jesus of Nazareth the Messiah whom he looks for, "of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets spoke." And when we go to

* From a masterly discourse—"The Apostolic Commission—preached in the Free High Church, Paisley, 26th July, 1864, at the Ordination of the Rev. Andrew Moody, Missionary to the Jews at Pesth. With the Ordination Address." By the Rev. James Macgregor, Free High Church, Paisley. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. 1864.

* Mr. Charles Foster, in an elaborate dissertation, labours to prove that the Affghans are the lost tribes of Israel. Mr. Moody Stuart, travelling by railway on the continent, fell into conversation with a gentleman who professed to have been twice at Timbuctoo, and to have found that, in order to escape troublesome questions among the African tribes through which he had passed, the best disguise is that of an Affghan. Supposing the soundness of Mr. Foster's theory, the statement made to Mr. Stuart forms a very interesting illustration of the Jewish disposition to travel everywhere, showing that even in the broken remains of the lost ten tribes, the roving disposition still "runs in the blood."

with the gospel, all that he has learned from Scripture regarding the Messianic Son of God is not only a *modus operandi* upon him, but a schoolmaster to *bring him to the faith of the crucified son of Mary*. The value of this peculiar nearness and accessibility of place and mind has been abundantly illustrated by results of missionary preaching. In the first age of the Church, the vast majority of her members were born Jews. And in our own day, the estimated number of Jews who have entered the visible kingdom of God is not less than thirty thousand, that is, about the estimated number of Christians in the world at the last of the apostles went home to the Father. It is, then, in reason, in Christian tactics, for "being at Jerusalem." Regarding the five million Jews merely as so many units of the human family, in making the conversion of that family as a whole, we do not preach the gospel "to the Jews first." For a skilful fisherman will go first to the nearest and deepest of pools; the reaper will go first to the nearest and most fertile of fields. But the Jews are not to be regarded merely as a $\frac{1}{100}$ part of the sum total of humanity. Though numerically small, they historically constitute one of the two great divisions of the race, which, from a religious point of view, has been divided into Jews and Gentiles. And

they are, when found and saved, fitted to be the *precious*, as instruments of diffusing the gospel to the world. I have already referred to their lot of *ubiquity*, meaning that they are by position an army in actual possession of the world. I might add, that they have a *divine gift of tongues*, being familiar with the languages of all nations among which they are dispersed. We have seen that they have a theological knowledge derived from Old Testament revelation, such that they need only to know Jesus as the incarnate Word in order to be ready-made preachers of him in the gospel. Paul the apostle preaches nothing that was not, at least, familiar to Saul the persecutor: only as found in the New Testament the Messiah recorded in the Old, the living realization of those doctrinal ideas which every well-educated Jew drank in, so to speak, "with his mother's milk;" if it was in Christ he served God, it was thus "from his forefathers" (Rom. i. 3). Thus all the first preachers of the gospel were born Jews. Thus her Hebrew membership, with her clear doctrinal conceptions, and definite religious character and habits, formed the strong mould in which these Gentile materials of the primitive Church were

And in our own day, of the thirty thousand Jewish converts about one in every hundred is actively engaged in the public teaching of the gospel. It is only here that they thus shown a *disposition* to teach: their peculiar history has created in them a singularly *ability* to teach. It must be remembered that they are now, and even to the end of the world, the chief teachers of Christendom, that the human authors of the Bible, the prophets, evangelists, and apostles,

with probably not one exception, all were Jews by education and birth. And for this office God has qualified the nation by a wondrous course of discipline, dating from its call in Abraham, and educating it to be the educator of the race. The Pagan fable speaks of a harp of Orpheus, by which he wrought such miracles in the physical world as Jehovah has purposed to work in the moral and spiritual: "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all trees of the field shall clap their hands." This miracle is to be wrought by Jehovah's word. But for the utterance of the word he chooses and forms an appropriate instrument. And the instrument he has chosen and formed, the harp of God, which he has been perfecting for 4000 years, is the nation of the Jews.

For this end, first of all, he has revealed himself to the Jews as to no other people. Though the heathen had some idea of a Zeus or air-god, and an Apollo or sun-god, yet their knowledge of the divine omnipresence and omniscience, their knowledge of God as a living person, in personal intercourse with man, was dim, confused, inadequate, and practically inoperative. But the Jewish nation, from its first beginning down to this hour, has been ceaselessly pursued by the felt presence of Jehovah as the living, all-seeing, personal God. Even when they have most bitterly provoked him he has always been to them a reality: the pillar of cloud and of fire has never been absent from their view: the presence of God has always constituted the atmosphere they breathe: "in him" they have ever consciously "lived, and moved, and had their being." And one result of this discipline by his presence, perpetually brooding over the nation, has been a peculiar power and grandeur of soul, corresponding to the greatness of the thought, of the living eternal Jehovah, which has thus constantly occupied its mind and moulded its life. Thus, apart from divine inspiration, Moses the runaway slave has a presence more commanding and majestic by far than Pharaoh the King, his great soul is a vessel manifestly fitted to receive the treasure of God's revelation of law. David the shepherd boy needs only the occasion and the call in order to show himself as David the magnificent monarch, the poet whose words have sufficed to fill and move and express the whole heart of the Church in all ages and nations. The Roman civilization of law and disciplined force is vulgar and insignificant as compared with the spiritual greatness of the Galilean fishermen. And the vaunted Athenian civilization of intellect and taste is really narrow and mean in comparison with the true culture of Paul the tentmaker, the "babbling" blear-eyed barbarian from the east. Even on this account we see a peculiar appropriateness in the selection of "the seed of Abraham" for the home and abode of God's incarnate Word. And that peculiar grandeur and power of soul have never forsaken the nation, even in its lowest degradation. The horrible persecutions of Jews by Christians in the middle ages revealed in the persecuted an invincible power of passive

resistance. Their marvellous success in commerce and in politics now attest their skill and force in practical administration. But this general power manifests itself in a special aptitude to teach, a remarkable power of thought and expression. What that power may be for evil, is seen in the case of the Hebrew Spinoza, for two centuries the ruling spirit in that flood of philosophic unbelief, of pantheistic atheism, which threatens to overwhelm the religion of Christendom. What it may become for a true philosophy is shown by the Hebrew Jacobi, "the German Plato," the profoundest and most powerful opponent of the modern sophists, of that philosophical scholasticism which has overrun all Germany and Christendom since the days of Kant. And what, by the grace of God, it may become for the kingdom of Christ, is nobly illustrated in the magnificent Hebrew-Christian teacher Neander, probably the greatest of those who have striven in our time to roll back the tide of unbelief and death.*

But the gospel is peculiarly preached "to the poor," and therefore is most effectively preached by the poor.

* Mr. Wood of Elle has shown me a catalogue of Hebrews who have distinguished themselves among continental scholars in every department of learning, sacred and profane, from which it appears that, in addition to such princes of men as the above three, the nation can furnish an unlimited number of scholars of "first class abilities." And Mr. Moody Stuart has called public attention to an article in the *Spectator* (of 1862) on "The Political Influence of the Jews," from which I make the following extracts:—"The number of civic functionaries in France belonging to the Jewish communion is immensely larger than the proportionate Israelite population. M. Achille Fould at Paris is but the head of a cohort of Jewish notabilities, financiers, and *employés*, who are quite as numerous in the departments as in the capital. At Lyons, Marseilles, and other towns of the south, a large number of the higher government officials are Jews; and at Epinal, the chief city of the department of Vosges, there is the curious spectacle of the four most eminent civic functionaries,—the paymaster, the military superintendent, the president of the Court of Justice, and the keeper general of forests, being Jews one and all." The article goes on to point out the same phenomenon in the Austrian empire, in which, "Scarcely a century ago, the Jews were hunted like mad dogs, at the mercy of every monk or police-officer, and without the slightest security for life and property;" and then proceeds,— "More marked than even in Austria, is the rise of the Jews in Prussia. According to the *Kreuz Zeitung*, (a paper bitterly hostile to the Jews), nearly one-fourth of the number of *Wähler* (electors) chosen by the people of Prussia to elect the deputies was composed of Jews—a number about twenty times as large as is warranted by the population of the kingdom. At Berlin and other large towns the Hebrew preponderance was still more conspicuous, and in some of the ancient Polish provinces the descendants of Abraham had it all their own way. The *Kreuz Zeitung* consequently believes itself justified in speaking of the present chamber as a Jew-parliament. The article then refers to "the (parliamentary) discussion of the statistics of the higher Prussian schools for 1861, issued by government at the opening of Chambers. These statistics are curious indeed. On classifying the students of the universities and high schools, the startling result is displayed that the superior academies are attended by five times as many Jews in proportion as Christians." . . . "The proofs are, that the educated Jews form part in all revolutionary movements from the Ural to the Atlantic, and from Lapland to Sicily. They are as it were the yeast in the European fermentation. It was in vain that Czar Nicholas expelled every Hebrew soul from his capital on his accession to the throne: the yeast has returned under his successor stronger than ever, and is working now in full power wherever tyranny and oppression are rife. The Jew element is perceptible in the Gallician peasantry, in the Finnish malcontents, in the Servian progressist, and in the surging masses of revolutionary Poland. The whole east of Europe even more than the west is in violent ferment, and everywhere the Jew is the living yeast."

It is adapted and addressed to the condition of a sufferer. Jesus is "the consolation," the "the comforter." And the preacher of therefore needs not only greatness or power—tenderness of heart, so as to be a meet harping the tender heart of God: he must be a harp-strings, able to enter by intelligent sympathy experience of every heart of man, especially and afflicted. And in order to this qualification, he must have the discipline of experience of all the common lot of men, and suffering. On this account, perhaps, among in the selection of the apostles, so in God's providence through all ages, the mass of gospel have been called from the ranks of the poor, men whose personal acquaintance with man's specially its hardships and privations, has trained many-sided sympathy. In this respect their salvation was perfected by suffering,—not only in his righteousness as a priest, and revelation of God as a prophet, but also in his sympathy as a preacher. Having been in all points like as we are," he is able "to low feeling with our infirmities," and to speak of gospel comfort so as effectually to "succumb we are tempted." In order that in his hand there might be a meet instrument of man's tender love of God, he was not only a man, of sorrows, acquainted with grief,"—a poor carpenter, a carpenter's son, he was trained by of grief and pain to be the prince of preachers. Now, of this training for sympathy surely no nation has ever received so much and suffering nation of the Jews. Egypt, I Roman oppression to madness and death, persecutions by mediæval Christendom, the separation from Palestine, that home of Israel! Ah! what sufferings do these words recall! Where in our world could the "man of sorrow" find another kindred with natural experience own as in this poor prodigal son, whom God sent out of Egypt. The cup of suffering which they have tasted in some form the Jews have drunk from to the dregs; all God's billows of affliction rolled over them. And now, "lords of the land and wandering eye," they are distinctively a nation among the nations.

But through all that depth and duration God has been labouring, as in a furnace heated, for the perfection of his harp. Very long fallen by his iniquity, shall have returned Lord his God, he at least shall be a harp-strings,—among the nations he shall be "perfected by suffering," prepared for expression of the loving heart of God, and a healing balm of the gospel to every bleeding man. And if only this nation, with its 5,000,000, its lot of ubiquity, and gift of tongue

of outward revelation, and wondrous training by manifold experience, were savingly converted, it would constitute indeed "an exceeding great army" for the world's conversion,—the grandest army that our world has ever seen. When Jerusalem is reached, all nations are touched; when she is kindled with the Spirit's fire-baptism, she will prove "a hearth of fire among the wood," ready to kindle the whole world into a blaze. Therefore, even in order to the salvation of the world, let the gospel be preached "to the Jews first," let us follow the order, "beginning at Jerusalem."

III. They are *the worst*. They are the chief of sinners, peculiarly the children of the devil (John viii. 44). No other nation has sinned as they have sinned, so long, and deeply, and desperately, against the light of God's offered mercy,—first, in "Moses and all the prophets," then in the person of Jesus the Christ, and, finally, in the apostles and evangelists throughout the new dispensation of the Spirit. Therefore we ought to preach the gospel of salvation "to the Jews first." For, *first*, in so doing we act in the spirit of the gospel as a dispensation of healing mercy. We illustrate the abounding grace of the great physician, who hastens to go first with his remedy where the malady is deadliest. It is thus we interpret his words, "Beginning at Jerusalem"—"Now that I am risen, and redemption is visibly believed, preach salvation to all in my name, for there is salvation for all in my grace. But go first to the reprobate daughter of Sion, and say to her from me, Even for thee there is mercy yet. True, thou hast sinned as never mortal sinned before. Thy wicked hands have plaited for me a crown of thorns, and beaten me thy king with servile stripes. Thou hast pierced my hands and my feet with nails, and my side with an hireling's spear. Thy malignant tongue blasphemed me, thy malice slew me on the accursed tree. But with all this thou hast failed to conquer my love; for my love is stronger than thy deadly hate, and all will be forgiven, all will be forgotten, if only thou repent; yea, thou shalt receive free grace for repentance if only thou

look on me whom thou hast pierced. The pierced feet will make haste to welcome thy returning, the pierced hands will be stretched forth to receive thee to my bosom; the spear which pierced my side has opened for thee a way to God's love in my heart; that broken heart is a casket of precious balm for thy healing and renewing; a royal sceptre shall reward thee for the rods that beat me, and a crown of glory will I give thee in return for thy thorny crown of shame. So may all nations see that I am able and willing to save to the uttermost; when my gospel is preached first where it is needed most, when my abounding grace is first proclaimed to the very chief of sinners." Thus we see the divine Redeemer's heart! Although not one Jew were ever converted, the mission to the Jews must tend to the Church's revival and the world's conversion by the illustration it gives of the wondrous strength, the unconquerable devotedness of God's love to the lost, even the wickedest and worst, thus continuing to pursue them through all nations and ages.

And, *second*, When Jerusalem has yielded at last, and believed and repented for salvation, what shall her actual salvation be but spiritual resurrection to the world; for she will *love* much because she has been forgiven much—all her natural advantages of ubiquity, and tongues, and theological knowledge, and disciplined aptitude to teach, she will devote to the Lord, "teaching all nations" with an ardour and devotedness of love proportioned to the greatness of her sin in the past. And of the gospel she preaches by words she will always present a most impressive illustration in her person, pointing, like Paul, to the silent sermon of her own salvation by grace, and repeating the cry of that Hebrew of the Hebrews, "It is a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief." If we would save the greatest of sinners and gain the greatest of preachers, and see the noblest of sermons in her life, for the salvation of the world, let us always adhere to the order—"Beginning at Jerusalem."

THE IMPRECATORY PSALMS.*



HE imprecatory Psalms have ever been a serious perplexity to devout minds. The greatness of the difficulty here felt is indicated by the many elaborate ingenuities which have been resorted to in the hope of meeting it. Our first impression is that the passion of revenge, and especially revenge carried to the sternest intensity, must be immoral. Nature seems to say that this. We have instincts that prompt us to pity even an enemy when prostrate. The antagonism of such feel-

ings to not a little of the teaching of the New Testament seems to be very marked. Nor is the difficulty lessened by the fact that those breathings of vengeance often come up in connection with strong expressions of devout feeling.

It has been urged that the Hebrew language is defective in regard to the tenses of the verb, and that the rendering might be not a prayer that such things *may* come, but rather a declaration that such things *shall* come. But this plea is not really admissible in any case, and is of necessity precluded where the verb is in the imperfect and not in the optative.

Another expedient in dealing with these texts is to

* Condensed from the "British Quarterly Review."

account the Old Testament dispensation as inferior to the present, not only theologically but ethically, and to take these passages, accounting them as clearly immoral, as evidence of that fact. But this plan is as little tenable as the former. Moral principle being in itself always the same, what is in itself wrong in the circumstances at any time must be wrong in the circumstances at all times. It no more comports with just conceptions of the Divine Being to suppose that he could sanction the immoral in the Old Testament than to suppose that he could sanction it in the New. Both dispensations came from him, and though the ethical development in the one may be greater than in the other, there must be nothing ethically unsound in either. If both are from God, both must be worthy of him. The man must have been a very defective student of the Old Testament who does not know how large a portion of the Book of Deuteronomy is directed against the selfishness of the Hebrew mind, urging the most considerate treatment not only of the widow and the orphan, but of the stranger, the servants hired from other nations, and even of the Egyptian.

We cannot escape, then, from the conclusion that the imprecations in question had respect to real persons; and that the vengeance, at times the terrible vengeance which they breathe, was a vengeance which the writers would fain have seen come on those who had so roused their indignation. The question is, therefore, How are we to explain this fact consistently with the belief that the men who so expressed themselves were nevertheless truly inspired men. Can we then imagine the circumstances in which expressions of such a nature would seem to be justifiable? Let any one read the narrative of the fearful slaughter by Doeg, at the instance of Saul, of the innocent priests and of the multitudes of innocent people; let him picture to himself the unarmed priests as one by one they are cut down by their merciless destroyers; the harmless men of the city, as they fall by the same weapons; husbands and wives, mothers and tender little ones, butchered in the presence of each other; the infant and the man of grey hairs lying together in their blood before him, and declare whether it would have been any marvel if David, in composing an ode in commemoration of such an event, had heaped on the head of the un pitying bloodhound who had perpetrated that tragedy the heaviest of the curses to be found in the imprecatory psalms, converting him and his into a monument of terror that might serve to scare wretches of his sort from their purpose when disposed to do thus wickedly. It is vain, it is sheer imbecility to reply, It is written, "Bless and curse not," for it is also written, "He beareth not the sword in vain," and that in a judicial sense at least there are occasions when it is as truly human, ay, and as truly religious to curse as to bless—occasions such, for instance, as the one already named, where the wickedness perpetrated or the crime committed is of the most monstrous and enormous description. The instincts of injured humanity which come

forth under such circumstances to crush sin wrong and blood-shedding are instincts far too pervading in our nature, and too sure in the tions, not to have been lodged in us for the do. Such men have chosen violence as the the imperishable in man insures that they a that law. In reading history our moral feel us to expect that such monsters will in the en in their own snare and be destroyed by their pons. Even in fiction, where the man who evil his good is often introduced, the writers is expected of them, and that to allow a villain his fitting doom would be to offend against anticipations of their readers, and to cont general lessons of Providence. When the Macduff tells him the last sad news from So proceeds to say that his house had been ent regicide usurper, and that no mercy had t there either to wife or little ones, and who burst of agony goes forth:—

"What! all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop!"

who after that can doubt as to the fate of M as to the hand that will be swift to bring tl on him? What is here stated applies more to those social states that are but little in law and judicial forms, as is the normal c things in this respect in the East, and wa the case among the Israelites and the nati them three thousand years ago.

Let the feeling in such cases be analyzed, be found that though the foremost feature i punishment of a delinquent, the groundw feeling awakened is not so much a feel the delinquent as the feeling in favour of who have suffered from his hand. There basis of what is felt the elements of every rous and noble—pity toward the weak and safety of the innocent. It is seen that toward men who do thus wickedly must b cruelty, murder toward the unoffending. It society must be saved from the hands of su and that the only way of so saving it is to d What less than this could be due to tho fiends whose deeds will be associated throug with the names of Delhi and Cawnpore?*

* Dr. Duff, the celebrated Indian missionary, as never fully understand how the so-called imprecator, be consistent with the teachings of the New Testa Sepoy rebellion broke out with such terrific fury, as up filling the land with violence, shaking the founda and of government, threatening towns and cities wit and sword, murdering the innocent and defenceles unoffending Christians with especial malignity, making missionaries a sacrifice to brutal lust and deadly tor rolling back the tide of Christian civilization, that come in again like a flood, and heathenism with all i idolatry once more set up its seals in the land—not w it be properly realized, felt that there are times in the human passion and human enmity when the pleading vain, and justice, naked, pitiless justice, must draw i war of righteous self-defence.

resolves itself not so much into the hate of one man as the love of many. It is in human nature to pronounce that whoever dares to rise up thus against humanity should be crushed by humanity; that there must be something out of joint, something other than it should be, in any moral system where this as a rule should not be. The feeling here is not malignant, it is benevolent. Men, indeed, the culprit himself comes to feel this. The cases are not few in history in which the perpetration of some flagrantly wicked deed so haunts the perpetrator as to forbid that he should attempt to escape from the terrible penalty he has merited. He is often constrained not merely to surrender himself into the hands of justice, but to implore that its stroke might not be withholden from him. Shallow writings may make light of such moral phenomena, but have men trace in them the finger of God.

Such of the imprecatory Psalms as came from David may with entire fairness be regarded as not so much private as public and judicial in their character. Yes, and more, as being the utterances not merely of David as an offended king, but of him as the representative of Jehovah, the theocratic sovereign of the Hebrews, the King of kings, delivered against offences committed not merely against a private person or an earthly sovereign, but also against the Ruler of the Universe, once taking with them the double guilt of impiety and reason.

It will not be pretended, it is to be presumed, that the evils accumulated on the heads of those who are the objects of these imprecations are other than do often await such offenders in the course of God's providence. The wicked do often thus treasure up unto themselves wrath against the day of wrath. And who shall say but that inspired men may have been prepared in some cases to see the sins of the sinning, and the retributions awaiting him so clearly as to have been qualified and warranted for special purposes to pronounce the doom of such men in anticipation of the coming judgment of the Almighty? These Psalms denounce no more against the wicked than Providence actually visits upon them. They simply give forth the burden of the Lord against those men; and must we suppose it impossible that an inspired mind may become so much in sympathy with the divine mind in these respects as justly to say that the divine Being would do what it would be assuredly *righteous* in him to do, and what in his time *assuredly will* do? In this view the argument against the imprecatory Psalms becomes an argument against the moral government of God. In our own view it is

certainly a much easier and much ~~saf~~ thing to accept the imprecatory Psalms under such lights than to say with one breath that all the moral and religious teaching in the Bible is inspired, and with the next that those Psalm-writers were so liable to err in their morality and in their theology as to be in fact no authority at all in comparison to our own inner sense of fitness in regard to such things. If this be not the great principle of rationalism we know not what that principle is.

But the grand plea in this matter is that the Christian spirit is a forgiving spirit—that the language “love your enemies” is characteristic of it, and so on. Now it is not denied that lessons of this nature have a beautiful prominence in the New Testament, and that private, personal, petty, selfish revenges are disapproved. But lessons of another kind also are there, and such as are in full accordance even with these imprecatory Psalms. Did Peter sin when he indignantly exclaimed, “Thy money perish with thee?” or Paul when he said, “If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema, maranatha?” Do we not all remember the language in which the Saviour detects and foreshadows the awful doom of the Pharisees, a doom which, as in the case also of the woes denounced against Chorazin and Bethsaida, could have been none other in reality than his own judgment? So, too, in the last day, to make no mention of the fact that some of the severest utterances of the so called Messianic Psalms are regarded as his, it will be recollected that it is from his mouth that are to proceed those terrible words, “Depart, ye cursed,” &c.

Now it is in vain for men who profess to believe in the Bible at all to attempt to ignore these aspects of its teaching. The Christian revelation is not simply a revelation of mercy; it is also a revelation of justice. Its character of God discloses his compassion as a Father, but along with it his moral grandeur as a moral ruler. Whether to our liking or not, this revelation has its heaven and its hell, is designed for men who can believe not only that there is a God, but that there is a devil; that sin is a terrible reality, and visits upon its victims a doom as terrible as just. But may not that which is thus evidently right as an object of God's will, be also right as an object of prayer on the part of natures made to partake in a special degree of his mind? What it *must* be right in the Divine Being to do, it *may* be right in inspired men to pray him to do; and conceptions of law and retribution, which certainly have their place in *Providence*, may have their place also in *Revelation*.



THE STOLEN TESTIMONY.*

ACTS xix. 13-16.

(FOR MINISTERS.)



THE great secret of ministerial inefficiency—perhaps we might say, in these days of religious enlightenment, the most usual account of ministerial failure—is this, that men address themselves to the work not with the wrong talisman, but with a talisman not their own; not with an incorrect, but with a stolen testimony.

These sons of Sceva had stolen from Paul the talisman of Jesus' name; it was in no sense their own; they had never experienced in the depths of their own hearts its mighty soul-subduing power. They had never *themselves* come to the feet of Jesus in penitence and faith; had never discerned his suitableness as a Saviour and a Sanctifier to their spiritual exigencies; had never joined themselves in one communion and fellowship to the little body of his faithful people then fighting their way towards the establishment of a Christendom, through distresses, and persecutions, and fiery trials, sore to be endured; can we wonder that under such circumstances God should have accounted their employment of that holy name as an awful presumption, and visited them for it with an ignominious repulse? . . .

We need not refer so high as to God's Word in order to prove the probable unsuccessfulness of a borrowed testimony. All experience shows it to be a law of our nature that only those who are themselves penetrated by enthusiastic attachment to a cause or a person, can kindle up in other breasts the spark which glows warmly in their own. The same principle extends to all causes which may be advocated, to all persons of whatsoever character in whose favour our sympathies may be enlisted. It extends to the great gospel cause which we are going forth to advocate in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, to that divine and adorable Personage in whose service it is the chief object of our ministry to engage the hearts and the affections of our hearers. If we ourselves know nothing practically and experimentally of that Person, nothing beyond what we have learnt of Him from books, or preachers, or from the general religious enlightenment of the age—if of all the matter which we have read and heard concerning Him, there be nothing which our souls have taken in and assimilated and found it to be meat indeed, and drink indeed, life, and strength, and nourishment—if (in short) all that we are prepared to testify to our people be Jesus "whom PAUL preacheth," I ask not whether under such circumstances *God's word* warrants us in expecting, but

whether it be *in accordance with reason to expect*, that our advocacy of the cause of Christ will be practically influential with others. No! our preaching will be unreal; and let us be assured that our hearers will speedily detect its hollowness. Even to the mind of a spiritual man (endued as such an one is with Divine discernment) it will be an offensive jargon; how much more grievous then will it be accounted by Him who seeth not as man seeth, who trieth the very hearts and reins, and from whose all-penetrating eye no mask of profession can disguise the real and inward character! But if even a sound reason pronounce against the success of such a testimony, no less clearly and decisively does Scripture give sentence on the same side, "Behold, I am against the prophets that steal my words." How awful a thing to be encountered in the exercise of our ministry, not merely by corrupt passions and rooted prejudices, not merely by bad men and wicked spirits (this is the universal lot of *all* who preach divine truth in its integrity), but by the opposition of God himself! How awful to have him against us, of whom alone cometh our sufficiency for this work, in whose hand is that increase, the withholding of which will cause all our labour to be in vain, and whose presence with us, and blessing upon our ministrations, constitutes our one great resource of help and strength! Can we wonder if, under these circumstances, the Evil One refuse to surrender up his strongholds at our bidding, and baffle and beat us back at every avenue which promises success, if he overcome us and prevail against us in our ministry, and effectually repulse our every effort to dispossess him, if he gain ground and encroach upon that portion of the Lord's vineyard which we have so presumptuously taken upon us to cultivate? And I will add one word more. What wonder, if, not content with baffling our every endeavour to dispossess him from the hearts of others, he should put us to shame also in the eyes of those to whom we have ministered, and make visible to all the hollowness of our profession, and the inefficiency upon our own hearts of the sacred truths which we have preached; by a sudden burst of temptation (I tremble while I speak) he should carry us away resistless into the commission of some open flagrant sin, and so expose our spiritual nakedness in the sight of all men, and give us over to discomfiture and confusion of face! For as he dealt he with those seven dealt exorcists in the olden time—"The man in whom the evil spirit was, leaped upon them, and overcame them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded."

But if the Holy Scriptures afford us, on the one hand,

* From "Sermons preached on Different Occasions during the last Twenty Years." By the Rev. Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's. London: Rivingtons. 1863

awful warnings of the danger incurred by entering on the work of spiritual exorcism without a cleansed conscience and a sanctified heart; on the other hand, they abound with such great and glorious promises as may well lift up the drooping hands of every one who, under the blessed influence of genuine faith and love, addresses himself to this work. If the impression which divine truth has made upon our characters be—very far short, perhaps, of what we could wish it to be, but still—real and profound, then assuredly we may look for that assistance which our ascending Lord covenanted to his true ministers of every generation, “Lo, I am with you always.” What more can we need or wish for? If God be for us (in the exercise of our ministry), who can be against us? Men may oppose themselves and blaspheme, Satan may harass us and disturb our peace of mind; but if our testimony be a testimony of that which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life, assuredly it shall not be uttered in vain. All the perversity of the natural heart, all the devices and machinations of the Evil One, shall not prevail to rob us of those few (it may be humble) souls, who in the day of the Lord shall be our glory and our crown of rejoicing. The Lord shall stand by us, and strengthen us, and perhaps shall make his word fully known by that very instrumentality which seems to us to hinder its free course, shall cause the things which happen unto us (however adverse seeming) to fall out

rather unto the furtherance of the gospel. Only let us, in our personal spiritual course, reach forth to the things which are before. Only let us seek, in the devout and profound study of the divine word, in habitual self-examination, in diligent prayer, to deepen that impression which our own characters have already received. Let us stir up (so far as in us lies) the embers of our faith and love, ever too prone to die down in the chill ungenial atmosphere of this present evil world. For is it not a most undoubted truth, that in exact proportion to the depth of our own spiritual characters, and our diligence in cultivating the plant of grace in our own hearts, will our ministry be effectual upon the hearts of others?

Amid many outward calls upon our time, to which as ministers we are subjected, and amid the many distractions and perplexities which cannot fail to beset our path in these troublous times, God give us grace never for one moment to relax our diligence in those secret devotional exercises of the closet, without which even the most brilliant public ministrations are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal; and so, when we stand before Him in judgment, and contemplate in retrospect the proceedings of this day, and the whole subsequent course of our ministry, may he preserve us from the bitterness of that reflection which will enter like gall and wormwood into the souls of some; “They made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.”

Miscellanies.

“It is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee.”—LUKE iv. 10.

Knowing the repute in which this book is held, and that its majesty of thought and expression, inimitable by angels or men, gives an air of more than earthly grandeur even to perversions of its meaning, Satan has expressed the doctrines even of his own religion, Popery, in the language of the Word of God. By this means he has propagated heresies, established iron tyrannies, dissolved the obligation of virtue, and legalized in the language of David rebellion against God. Ignorant minds, confused in intellect from the first, and addled utterly by the chaotic horror and confusion of sects and systems appealing to a common standard for support to contradictory opinions, have fallen, naturally enough, into the dangerous suspicion that truth is unattainable. What are men of understanding to think of a system by which the oppressor, the unjust, and the unclean, are said, by awful perversions of the truth, to have each a pardon of sins, past and future, deposited in his bosom? By misquoting promises Satan makes men presumptuous, and by misquoting threatenings he drives them to despair. Misquoting, misstating,

misapplying the truth, he makes it, according to what the Bible itself declares, a “savour of death unto death.”

A warning against this danger and an example of its working are presented in the text. If it be compared with the original passage in Psalm xci. 11, 12, it will appear that the words, “in all thy ways,” are omitted. These mean, in all thy duties, and assures men of protection only when they are in the way of duty. The devil, however, does not say anything so gross as that providential protection is here promised to all men and in all circumstances, however reckless and wicked, but insinuates that the promise is made to God’s people as such. He virtually says, If thou be the Son of God, then the 91st Psalm assures you of protection in all circumstances; whereas the protection is connected, not with men’s state or general character, but with their living, according to the first verse, by faith, in the secret of the Lord, and their being, in the actual transaction in which the protection is expected, in the way of duty. Moreover, the verse is misapplied as an encouragement to sin, which of itself betrays the hand of Satan. Those who mark most closely the sentiments

even of believing people, can be at no loss for illustrations in actual life of this same perversion. If you challenge a heretical opinion or an immoral act on the part of an eminent man, the response in most cases will be, that he is a man of God, a good man. Virtue and vice are regarded as accidents of different states; and if men are in Christ, all those promises which suppose close walk with him in the way of duty are appropriated, even when men are living in neglect of all duty to God and man. How strongly do these principles inculcate the necessity of caution, and even of honest suspicion, when we are hearing the gospel preached! for they show how slight a perversion will serve Satan's purposes of destruction. Let us just consider how easily even an honest preacher might expound, and that very impressively, and yet so as to pervert the hearers, this same passage, Psalm xci. 11, 12. If the limitation be omitted, that it is only in the way of duty that Divine protection is afforded, then the faith and love of God's people might be described, and the covering of their souls with his feathers, and the guardianship of angels which they enjoy. When sentimental souls are softened into tenderness and poetic fervour at the certainty of the protection which is assured to them, how harsh would the interpolation look, that it is only in the rugged ways of duty, in crucifying this same finery of feeling, in stifling as a lust of the flesh the sweet emotions that presumptuous expectations have excited, that all this protection is obtained! Study hard, brethren, and that upon your knees, and bring to the severest tests of Scripture, every word you hear in the house of God. Demand even from the first doctor in Israel, not philosophic reasoning, or calculations of propriety, or even logical deductions from Scripture, but chapter and verse for all his statements; and then there may be hope that Satan's preaching shall not, unknown to all concerned, be palmed upon your credulity as the oracles of God.

Satan strengthened his temptation by insinuating that the sacredness of the place would afford protection.

The epithet "holy" is twice applied to Jerusalem. In one place it is evidently figurative; in another, Matt. xxvii. 53, it is said that, on the death of Christ, the dead "arose and entered into the holy city," it being suggested that the ceremonial holiness of Jerusalem ceased, in consequence of the entrance of the dead. The incident was of the same kind as the rending of the veil of the temple. Now, the use of the epithet in our text is equally significant. The devil wished to lead Christ into presumption and self-destruction. Had that been all, however, any of the crags, houses, or battlements of Jerusalem, would have served his purpose; but he wished, by the selection of the temple, to strengthen presumption by the exceeding holiness of the house. Where could the Son of God expect his Father's protection, if not on that hallowed spot where Abraham's mighty faith had received its grandest illustrations,

where God's presence was sensibly exhibited many ages, and where kings and prophets and years had received the divine command which made them such miracles of moral worth? The 91st Psalm was specially worthy of reliance on a spot as this, and the devil's treachery was feared than in the wastes of the wilderness, they had just returned. It is not possible the ecclesiastical buildings with which Pope-dread superstitions have filled the country, covering, independently of historical explanation, they have been planned on some such principle in the light of mere utility, these houses, too large to be filled by trumpets—with doing like imitations of the firmament—with recesses furnishing only echoes for the swell of musical instruments—are probably the erections ever heard of. But there are supposed lying in the stones—purifying influences, tastefully and awe-inspiring enclosures of earth, and these are supposed to help the work when committed to the Spirit of God! Indeed, betray ignorance, or very defective views, of the Spirit in the works of grace, and this is sought from everything that promises intimacy to men's feelings. There can be no question that the house of God should be as beautiful as that the vessels used in sacraments, and arrangements, should be modelled by the pattern, but although there is no religion in ugliness, none in beauty either. What is needed is that shall make frivolous creatures think of the issues to which their fluttering folly is conducted, which shall dissipate the delusions in which tunities are lost, and which shall reveal a Spirit that shall make them holy; and that shall be obtained by any mechanical arrangement of "righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit."

"Born of water and of the Spirit."—JOHN I

WATER is the most common emblem of the Spirit. It falls at night in the form of dew, without palpable moisture, and without being seen; it represents the blessed Spirit, who distills his influence by the observation of the soul that he revives in the other form of rain, quickens the drooping so faith, hope, and charity, with all the graces, spring up under the action of Showers do not last long; but water comes of springs, to teach us that the Spirit, who abideth for ever. If it be feared that the power will be confined to the margin of the text that the multitude of animal and vegetable shall exhaust it, the spring turns it flowing through many lands, and making it blossom like the rose; and this declares the vastness and wide range of the Spirit, who "springs up as a willow tree by the riverside."

nations." Finally, the vast extent of the grace which swallows mountains of provocations, is represented by the sea, which would sink a mountain range, without rising an hairbreadth higher upon the shore. Water, therefore, in all the forms it takes, illustrates the various operations of the Holy Spirit, in his converting, sanctifying, and comforting influence on human souls.

"Jews came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid."
—MATT. XVII. 7.

Since the day when Adam "hid himself among the trees of the garden," no flesh has been able to stand the near view of supernatural things. The Lord, in condescension to this infirmity of our natures, has made the chastisements of his providence to come in the common course of nature; and although spirits "minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation," they are mercifully commanded to keep out of sight, lest the feeble knees which they are appointed to support should fail entirely at the touch of such sustainers. And yet nothing is more certain than that all such feelings on the part of God's people are entirely groundless. It is plain that a being who is established in the favour of God, surrounded by the bulwarks of the covenant, and to whom life and death, joy and sorrow, are alike, has no cause for the slightest apprehension. His presence is a serious calamity and sin. Man has duties which are wholly incompatible with terror. He has to "come with boldness to the throne of grace"—to encounter, with strength of spirit, his heart-sins, the assaults of Satan, and the storms of temptation from the world. As easily could a crouching criminal face the king's throne, a shrieking coward do a general's part, or a woman safely keep the helm in a raging storm, as a soul palsied with terror could weather the dangers that daily burst on the path of acceptance. Our text vividly exhibits the remedy for these terrors. Our Lord only touched the disciples, and immediately we find them calmly conversing regarding the second coming of Elijah. Though He who touched them is now far away, yet his quickening Spirit is here, and he himself is in the only place where his intercession can prevail. He can touch you still, and bid your slavish anxieties depart. Rouse yourselves, therefore, from your melancholy musings, and look outward and upward unto him. Act faith upon his great name. Consider the greatness of God, and that forgiveness is the greatest of his works, and that there is no way in which you can so effectually glorify him as by accepting forgiveness at his hand. Try, "taste and see that God is good." It is by means of such believing apprehensions, rather than by such discoveries as this Transfiguration, that the people of God habitually live. The gorgeous scene upon the mount was soon over. Moses and Elias had departed, the veil is again closely drawn round the Redeemer, the cloud has melted into air, the "still small voice" is withdrawn, and the panoply of darkness again covers

the mountain-side. Thus perhaps you have found it this day. Many visions of righteousness may have come, but a spirit of terror or bondage may have chased them away. Yet, though the bright visions departed, the Saviour stayed behind; and although transporting views of Christ may in your case have been transient, yet, believer, Christ himself is with you still.

"I speak of the things which I have made touching the King."
—PA. XIV. 1.

It were a sad employment to take in our hands the principle which demands such profound investigation of gospel truth, and to go forth to examine by its light the actual conduct of gospel professors. In the melancholy investigation it would be found that the faculty of mere listening to the truth, when its expositions are not accompanied by adventitious circumstances, is but rare among the professed hearers of the truth. We do not find any such demand in regard to human interests. The heaviest tread of a physician on the threshold of a sick-room, and the ungainly literature of his blessed formulas, have music in them beyond the harmonies of the spheres. I never hear of an heir quarrelling with the tones and elocution in which the will that enriches him is read. But a messenger from God is telling perishing sinners a multitude of things which, if only believed, would lift the curse from the face of creation—of things which would raise crushed worms to the dignity of spirits in glory; and yet his hearers, poised and trembling on the dark abyss, are talking only of the speaker's accent, gesture, manner, totally regardless of the message which he has to carry. The devices of the earthen vessel are but ill engraved, and therefore the tempest-driven wanderer will disregard the light that guides and bids him welcome to his rest. To secure any measure of attention from such hearers, the truth must be decorated like a toy; and the time and skill which would be best devoted to profound exposition of the truth has to be wasted on what every hearer might accomplish for himself, to secure attention to the messages of peace and life.

Another thing which forces itself upon the attention is, that teaching, to be acceptable to hearers in general, must be very superficial—not only garnished like a toy, but so little in quantity, that faculties half asleep can easily comprehend it. In their case there must be no straining of the attention, no violent tension of the memory, no vigorous forth-putting of the thinking powers. The obligation to look deeply into the mystery is got rid of by referring to their warmth of feeling; and so men continue all their days the monotonous drudgery of "laying the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of the resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment," but never on this side of eternity acquire the faculty of making anything "touching the King."—*From "Discourses by the late Rev. Duncan Macnab."*

SUNSET OR SUNRISE?

"The years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—ECCLES. xii. 1.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—ROM. xiii. 11, 12.

FLOWERS along our pathway dying,
Graves of hope behind us lying,
Bleak and cold the waning day;
Poorer and yet poorer growing,
Losing in its downward flowing,
Thus is life to ebb away?

Even so,—this "fitful fever"
Lengthens but to darken ever, —
If this narrow life were all.
If the yearning soaring spirit
Had no portion to inherit,
Save the grave and funeral pall!

Nay, on earth so full of wailing,
Lived and walked the CHRIST, unveiling
Life and Immortality!
Pierced the darkness else unbroken,
Spoke the words by man ne'er spoken,—
"Trust in Me, and NEVER DIE."

Faith, victorious and far-seeing,
Makes the setting of this being
Dawn of everlasting day;
Bids a boundless prospect brighten,
And a gorgeous hope enlighten
Death and darkness and decay.

Let, then, earth grow wintry round us,
Loosed be every cord that bound us
To a world where all things die.
Shall our hopes not pass from hither
To the land where nought can wither,
To the treasure stored on high?

For if life be but a portal
To that grander life immortal,
We may hail its twilight gray;
As no evening beam that pineth,
But the morning light that shineth
More and more to perfect day.

Now is our salvation nearer,
—Ever waxing brighter, clearer,
As the lights of earth grow pale,
Shine the realms of fair perfection,
Where our LIFE and RESURRECTION
Waiteth us within the veil.

H. A. B.

August 16, 1864.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

HE went away sorrowful, the barbed shaft of pain sticking in his heart: did he ever return? Did he ever come back to Jesus, to pluck out the shaft, and heal him, and bid him live? Some think *No*. They see in him a companion to that miserable Felix, who trembled at Paul's preaching, and dismissed the preacher, and never trembled more. They see in him one who knew not the time of his visitation, and lost his opportunity for ever. They see him returning to the world, surrendering himself to its influences and enjoyments, the wound in his heart healing, the scar disappearing, the other world becoming ever less to him, and the present world more, his heart filling with the cares, the pleasures, the hopes, the desires, the loves, of this life, and then at last. . . . *ah what!*

Others, looking to the Lord's words spoken to the disciples after the young man went away, "*With God all things are possible,*" hope that he came back again, penitent and humbled. They cannot think that the Lords' dealing with him could be in vain. Surely the sorrow would fructify into true repentance; and having learned the plague of his heart, he would return to the Lord for mercy, and find the mercy he sought.*

But the book is silent, and the matter must remain among the secrets that await the disclosing of the great day. And the book by its silence says to us, Do not inquire of this matter; but "to-day, if *thou* wilt hear his voice, harden not thy heart."

What lesson shall we learn from the story? When the young man had gone away, the Lord looked upon his disciples and said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" For the love of the world is one of the subtlest and most powerful loves that can hold the human heart. Well does the Scripture speak of "the deceitfulness of riches" when loved, they lull the conscience to sleep, and stop the ears as with wool, and blind the mind, and nurture carnal security, and strangle every spiritual aspiration, and cheat men of eternal life, and lead them "into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown them in destruction and perdition." On one occasion, when Jesus was speaking to the people about denying his name, and being denied in the great day, about the sin against the Holy Ghost which hath never forgiveness,—the most solemn and awful mysteries of the kingdom,—a certain man of the

* In Smith's Bible Dictionary (*Article*, LAZARUS) the conjecture is hazarded, on what appears to be slender enough ground, that this rich young man was LAZARUS of Bethany, the brother of Martha and Mary. The writer points to the coincidence in age,—the likelihood that Lazarus might in comparative youth be a "ruler,"—the similarity of character—the almost identity of the Lord's words to the young man, "One thing thou lackest," with his words to Martha, "One thing is needful"—the use of the expression, "*Jesus loved,*" which is applied to this young man, and to the family of Bethany alone throughout the gospel history—and the probability that the Lord's dealing with this young man would ultimately prove his salvation.

1



And weakened in the way : I cannot go.
 What little strength I had is well-nigh spent :
 I cannot go." And he rose up and went
 With eager eyes unto the silent hills.
 He went to Christ, and I sit here alone ;
 Alone by the road-side. The afternoon
 Grows cold ; but I've no heart to rise and creep
 To my poor home across the dark'ning hill ;

I rather sit by the road-side and weep.
 I think there *must* have been some glory still
 Oh, would to God that I had seen it then !
 I sit and think of this with bitter pain,
 In the deep shadows and the falling dew,
 As the night falls. He told me I am blind,
 As well as lame : I think it must be true.

R. M.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FAMILY BIBLE-READING.

L—HINTS AND GLIMPSES IN THE BIBLE OF A CREATION BEFORE THE CREATION OF OUR VISIBLE WORLD,
 AND OF A FALL BEFORE THE FALL OF MAN.



A FEW things in the Bible are more interesting than the broken and (as it were) undesigned glimpses it gives into spaces and times altogether beyond our sphere, and also beyond its own ordinary scope.

These momentary glimpses are thus interesting especially for two reasons:—

Firstly, They show that the Bible is not a book of *discoveries*, but of *revelations* ; in other words, that the Hand which draws the picture is within the veil, within all veils ; that the Speaker knows far more than He tells.

Secondly, They indicate that the great object of the Book is *moral*, and its great subject (among created beings) *man* ; all collateral information, whether about the creation and physical laws of the natural universe, or about other orders of *personal* beings, being only given *by the way*, as far as these are connected with the moral history of man.

The interest of these glimpses arises from their *fragmentary* character, combined with their *harmony*. The veil is withdrawn at *far distant points* ; the revelations are conveyed at *different periods*, through human minds very *differently trained* ; yet all perfectly harmonize. They are not indeed *guesses*. They are not mere *glimpses* to the *Speaker* ; but only to *us*.

It is evident from one passage in Job (xxxviii. 4-7) that the creation recorded in Genesis had *witnesses*.

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ? declare, if thou hast understanding.

"Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest ? or who hath stretched the line upon it !

"Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ? or who laid the corner-stone thereof ;

"*When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ?*"

It is remarkable that these words are among the few spoken directly by the voice of the Eternal God Himself.

Not through the heart of a prophet, not by the lips of mortal man nor of angel, were these words spoken. Nor were they written on tables of stone ; not even with "the finger of the living God" was this glimpse into far-off worlds of holy and rejoicing life given us, but by the voice of Jehovah Himself.

Then the LORD (Jehovah) answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said.

Who, then, were these witnesses of the creation ? and with *what feelings* did they witness it ?

The *traditional* answer to this is very obvious ; but it is most important, especially in all references to the unseen world, to trace our belief to *Scripture* sources—to divest ourselves, as far as possible, of all the decorations which legend has gathered around the sacred text, and to draw the truth pure from the well-spring. Especially, perhaps, do we need to do this in reference to subjects on which Milton's great poem has set such a number of ideas floating through the English Protestant world, whose origin we scarcely think of questioning.

io, then, were these witnesses of the creation? The same Book of Job interprets for us the meaning of the expression, "sons of God." Job's sons assembled to feast together, "every in his day." Job knew how sin stains our joy, and he "sent and sanctified them," by burnt-offerings.

Then, suddenly the scene is transferred from earth to heaven, from the human festival to the divine.

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord. These are the human children, "the sons of Job," habited with the sanction of the human father; the heavenly children, "the sons of God," assembled before the heavenly Father.

Among them came an intruder, the lost son; of him we need not now think.

The "sons of God," then, may be concluded to mean, throughout the Book of Job, the holy angels.

The expression, "*the morning stars*," evidently refers to the same exulting company.

There is only one instance of a similar use of the word, or an equivalent expression. (The words in Hebrew are not the same, but, according to LXX, both mean *morning star*.) This is in Isaiah xiv. 12. In their mocking lament over the King of Babylon, the souls of the once living but now dead cry from Hades—

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Morning star, son of the dawn!"

Again, as in the address to Job, it is to be remembered that the speakers are within the veil.

The greatness of the fallen king, and the greatness of his fall, lead back their thoughts to the original Fall, when a "*morning star*," a "*son of the dawn*," fell ("like lightning," as has been revealed to us) "*from heaven*."

The epithet is founded on the terrible facts of the earlier history of decline and fall, well known to all ages, although its mighty echoes may but dimly reached our earth.

The sons of God, "the morning stars," therefore, who were witnesses of the creation, were the unfallen angels.

What feelings, then, did these holy witnesses behold our creation?

"*They all sang together*;" "*they shouted for joy*."

Consider how many distinct thoughts these few words give us about the holy angels.

Firstly, As to their nature. They are children of light, of Him "in whom is no darkness at all." They are light-storers, and light-givers,—stars. They are *morning stars*, heralds of day, sons of the dawn.

Secondly, As to their relationship to God. They are not only servants, although they delight to be this; they are sons, and thus our elder brothers, rejoicing at first in the birth of the new children of their Father and ours, as now when one of the lost children comes back to His bosom.

Thirdly, their joy.

I. Heaven is the home of joy. Joy is the normal state of God's creatures. All approaches to him are approaches to joy. It is the "hypocrites" who are of a sad countenance.

II. The capability of increase in this joy. Full as the sacred tide must always be, at times it overflows. Then at the creation. Now at the restoration of the lost.

III. The expression of this joy. They did not keep it silently burning within their own hearts. They sang, they shouted.

IV. Their sympathy with each other. They all sang together. That rejoicing host was not a multitude merely, each sending up his own strain of delight. It was a choir.

V. The spontaneous freshness of this joy, its freedom. Choir of eternity the angels are; they have sung together through countless ages. Yet their worship, while it has the reverent order of the Temple, has the spontaneous freshness of the home, the freedom of the field of victory.

There is something almost tumultuous in the outburst of this torrent of new joy. They "shouted" for joy, as the Israelites shouted* when the walls of Jericho fell; as the Hebrew nation shouted when it greeted its first king; as afterwards the army shouted under that king for battle with the Philistines.

Ah, of how many battles with principalities and powers was that angelic shout of joy at the creation of our world the precursor? Did "the sons of God" foresee as they sang what a mighty

* The word in the original is the same, *vide* Gesenius.

battle-field this earth was to become? Then most surely they foresaw *victory*, for that shout was no wail.

VI. The *cause* of this joy. The "laying of the foundations" of this material world. In *itself*, as their Father's work; as the work of the Son; for its own glory and beauty, they rejoiced in this visible universe. It is God's world, not the devil's. There is no Manichean horror of matter among those pure and holy ones. They looked round (following the eye of the Creator), on all He had made, and behold it was "very good."

Sun, and moon, and stars; earth, in the first freshness of her green fields, full of animal life; waters flashing with their countless tenants; air with its happy denizens, singing (as if they were the angels of the animal world); all was beautiful and good, and it made the angels glad.

But, chiefly, we may believe they rejoiced in

the world as the cradle of us, the younger children of the Family.

The deepest source of the angels' joy was love. Love was the inspiration of their song. Love gave the tone to that shout of joy. Love to the Father, Creator of all; love to the Son, "by whom and for whom (Col. i.) all things were created;" love to us—to men—who from the nursery and school of this lower world were to rise (through a Gate they knew not) to theirs, to be "like the angels, being the children of the resurrection."

So full was the universe of life and joy before our visible world began to be.

Such were the spectators, such was the choir; such was the joy with which the fabric of this glorious creation rose into being.

Such was the music to which the foundations of our world were laid. Was it not indeed meant to be a Temple?

E C.

A LOWLY LIFE-PSALM.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."—Ps. lxxlii. 25.



ALL gone, all gone, for this life gone
My days of health and strength;
Wearied and worthless, glad were I
To welcome home at length:
And yet I'm happier far in truth
Than e'er I was in buoyant youth;
For, Jesus, thou art more to me
Than health, and strength, and youth could be.

All gone, all gone, for this life gone
Dear hopes most fondly nursed;
They glittered long around my path
Till each bright bubble burst:
I wept—but oh, the blest despair
Has led me heaven's own joys to share;
For Jesus, thou art more to me
Than Hope's wild dreams fulfilled could be.

All gone, all gone, for this life gone
The heart's elastic spring;
Of vigour stript, I shrink aside,
A crushed and useless thing:
Yet this is gain—for thus I prove
Far more his patient, pitying love;
And sweeter, safer this to me
Than self-reliant strength could be.

And going fast, while most are gone,
Loved friends of early days;
The world grows stranger year by year
I lose but not replace:
'Tis well, I'm cast the more on One,
Stars scarce are missed while shines the sun;
And Jesus, thou art more to me
Than loved and loving hearts could be.

Dear Lord! with thanks I kiss the hand
That gently stripped me bare;
And laid me on thy tender breast
To lose my sorrows there:
'Twas bitter when earth's cup was spilled,
But now with Thee 'tis overfilled;
And Thou, Lord, hast been more to me
Than all earth's brimming cups could be.

What grace! to show to one so vile
Thy more than mother's care;
And lead through wreck of earth's poor joys
Thy joys with Thee to share:
What grace! that Thou to such hast given,
The foretaste now of feast in heaven,
A foretaste even now to me
More than a thousand worlds could be.

D.

AN INFIDEL'S PRAYER.



On leaving school to enter on the realities of life in a distant city, I was left very much to mine own inexperience for guidance; for I had just lost my last parent, and there was no one who had a special interest in taking charge of me. I was therefore suffered to fall into dangers which the slightest supervision might easily have spared me. Perhaps the very greatest of these arose from being thrown much among infidels in the lodging-houses in which my lot was cast. Among the first of these companions was a young man, many years, however, my senior, moderately intelligent, perfectly moral, so far as I knew, but very decided in his infidel views. His creed was a series of the most dismal and freezing negatives; and really it is a shocking thing to see a poor demented man, in his mournful insanity of heart, run wilfully away from the light, and love, and joy of God's evangel; flee from the Divine mercy that pursues him, as never hunted hare fled from the yelling hounds; seek a shelter from the tender love of Jesus in such a hideous region of utter nonentities and shadows. Thence any caricature, the creed of my unbelieving roommate might, in its findings, be fairly stated thus: do not believe in God, but I believe in man, and especially in myself. I do not believe the Bible, but I believe man's science and philosophy. I have no faith in the intelligence or honesty of Christians, and especially of Christian ministers, but I have great faith in the general excellency of man, and believe that the evil which he does is the result of his circumstances, acting through his organization; and that therefore he is scarcely to be blamed. I know nothing of the future, and seek to do only for the present."

With the zeal of his class, he sought to indoctrinate me with his own pestilent notions, and lost no opportunity of setting before me abundance of alleged contradictions in Scripture, and absurdities in doctrine. Of course a raw, inexperienced youth was no match on such questions for one who had studied his own side of the matter for years; but, above all else, the remembrance of my dear mother's death-bed, and of her most manifest experience of unseen spiritual realities, kept my heart least fixed in the confidence that God's sweet "story of grace" was a true story after all. But whatever might be the impression which my companion had been able to make on my mind by his alleged scriptural inconsistencies, it was soon far more than neutralized by the gross inconsistency of his own. And thus it happened: his occupation was one which exposed him to violent alternations of heat and cold; and one day he came home ill with some inflammatory disorder, for which he was to be bled, and otherwise pretty severely treated.

He was very quiet, and his spirits seemed to be low enough for the two or three days during which he suf-

fered. I said little to him. Alas! I could not; for though I could debate with him about such outside matters as evidences and doctrines, I could not even attempt to lead the dark and moody soul past the altar, and past the laver, and through the holy place into the holiest of all, opened up for believing sinners by the blood of Jesus, for I had not found out for myself this blessed road within the veil. And so, beyond proposing to him to read a chapter, which he declined, I could do nothing more.

On the third night of his illness I was awakened by a loud and continuous whisper on the pillow beside me, and became speedily aware that it was my poor bed-fellow in distress of soul pouring out his anguish in fervent prayer to God. It was one of the most earnest prayers I have ever heard. Feeling the impropriety of listening, and at the same time unwilling to disturb him, I turned away my head and tried to sleep again, but that earnest whisper compelled me to hear. He was no infidel now. He believed in God—believed and, like the devils, trembled. He believed the Bible, at least in its awful threatenings, without being in the least perplexed by its inconsistencies, or troubled about the hypocrisy or craft of men. He was troubled only about himself, and with words of severe self-condemnation he confessed his sins. His only entreaty was to be spared. Over and over again he lifted up his cry for another opportunity, just one more, and he promised, vowed, all but swore it, that if God would try him this once, only once, he would waste life no longer, but live as he had never done. And who shall say that this despairing cry for pity was not heard? Oh, how very gracious is the infinitely gracious One! Even the terror-extorted cry of an impenitent Ahab was heard (1 Kings xxi. 30); and in all ages, God "full of compassion" has often listened to the misery of men who only "howled upon their beds" (Hos. vii. 14). And so, perhaps, it was in answer to this prayer that when the doctor came he was able to pronounce the patient improving, and to relax his treatment. The sick man's spirits rose immensely, and his improvement went on rapidly. In the evening he was very cheerful and began to discourse of the perfect calm with which he had been able to look at death in the face, and to contrast it with the terrors of Christians generally, who in spite of all that was boasted about it, could seldom meet death with an equanimity like his. All this was too much for me, so I told him that it was a terrible thing to trifle with God as he was doing, and then I mentioned his prayer during the night. He was very angry, vehemently denied it, vapoured about his immaculate sincerity, whatever might be his other failings, and said that if he thought there was in his body a single inch that could act so deceitfully, he would take a knife and cut it out with loathing. Poor man! I saw perfectly what he was. All his past words were now to me but idle wind; and this was the first, though by no

means the last, case in which I have been indebted to the infidel for an "aid to faith."

This simple little narrative shows us, I think, the utter worthlessness of infidelity to meet man's urgent wants in the hour of his sore extremity. It may suffice for health—anything may be made to do then—but it can give no strength, and utter no words of cheer, to a dying heart. Alas! what pains do men take to lay up wretchedness and poverty for a death-bed, when less trouble would secure for it all the riches of God's love, and all the comforts of Christ's presence.

"The danger they discern not, they deny;
Laugh at the only remedy, and die."

What a melancholy thing it is to face an angry God and an undone eternity with a lie, or at best with nothing. A recent convert from the most virulent infidelity told me that in his soberer moments he had been often affected by the words of one of their female lecturers on her death-bed. Her friends had been urging her to hold on to the last, when the dying woman said, "Yes; I have no objection to hold on, but will you tell me *what I am to hold on by?*" Ah, there is the fatal want. Infidelity gives nothing to hold on by—no mighty arm to lean on—no gentle hand to grasp—no loving bosom on which to rest an aching head—no "mouth most sweet" dropping its honied words of comfort, and sweetening the bitterness of death with the blessedness of a heaven begun. No, no, infidelity has none of these, and offers no substitute for them. It mocks the needy soul by giving it simply nothing! Alas, that men can be found so insanely wicked as actually to prefer the cold and cheerless delusion to all the joyous realities of a heavenly Father's love.

This little narrative may also teach the young the folly of delaying repentance till a death-bed. A death-bed! What will a death-bed do for you? What did it do for this man? Its terrors only drove him into the most frightful self-deception; and its terrors might drive you too into a deceiving and constrained homage; but of itself, *of itself*, it can do nothing more. Oh, take the most urgent counsel of all who have had experience in such matters, and think not of running a risk so desperate with a stake so precious as your immortal soul. And why run it? Why struggle against the love of the Lord Jesus as men have never struggled against the cruel yoke of a tyrant? How mournfully are you meeting the wonderful grace of your Redeemer, when, so often as the alternative is presented to you of Christ or the world, you in every case choose the world and let the Saviour go; and it is only when at last the alternative is thrust upon you of Christ or hell, that you can bring your mind to accept of Jesus, but only as a something better than everlasting burnings! Oh, seek rather the happier choice of the saint, who searching through heaven and over earth, sees nothing in either comparable to Him whom his soul loveth, and cries out, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee."

And this narrative suggests to each of us most grave and profitable thoughts about the awful, I had almost said the infinite, deceivableness of the human heart. It is "deceitful *above all things*, and desperately wicked; *who can know it?*" Like the unsearchable depths of God's perfections (Job xi. 7), or the unsearchable riches of Christ's grace (Eph. iii. 8), the profundities of man's deceit can be fully fathomed by no eye but One (Jer. xvii. 9, 10). Oh, my reader, have you yet learned this fact, not in books only, not in the Bible only, but in your tearful experience of your own heart as well?

This poor deluded man was not the infidel he thought himself to be. He was only what Pascal calls a "mere counterfeit and hypocrite in atheism." In spite of himself, God had reserved in his inmost heart a witness for the truth, a witness that constrained belief, though this belief had in it no blessing, and wrought no salvation. He had tried to be wholly an infidel. He thought he was wholly an infidel. He professed the most sincere and whole-hearted unbelief. Yet it was not really so. And you, my reader, who have thought yourself to be a Christian, and have professed yourself to be a Christian, are you what you think you are, or is it not quite possible that like him you may be only self-deceived! We know from Scripture that there are in every age multitudes who think themselves to be believers, and who profess to be believers, but who, nevertheless, shall at last be found to be deceived. I know not a more mournful sign of many than the fatal facility with which they take this for granted. Will you then, beloved reader, put this man into your mental microscope, and examine most searchingly the enormous power of self-deception in his case; and will you then take the candle of the Lord, and with it, on your knees, search the innermost parts of your own heart to see if there be in you any similar root of bitterness. Would you trust your business or your money to an untried "ticket-of-leave?" And yet, how many are trusting their eternal treasures to the fancied sincerity of hearts which are more lying and deceitful than all the convicted criminals on earth.

"Alas, security, security is the bane and ruin of the most part of the world," says Rutherford; and had he lived now he might have mourned over a security quite as reckless as that of his own day. Men still as then are "taking Christ by guess." "Half conversions," says Baxter, "are the undoing of many thousand souls." And oh, how easily are men satisfied with half conversions! Not many are whole hearted and decided either in their faith or their unbelief. The most effect a miserable compromise between the two, and give up the tongue and the intellect, the sphere of professions and of opinions and of formal creeds to God and to his truth; while the holy of holies of the heart, and the main currents of the life are all surrendered to the most stubborn but unsuspected unbelief. Oh that God himself would strip off the self-deceiving mask from every deceived one.

It is not meant by all this to send you into your own art to seek a warrant for your comfort. No, but to lead you out of it, as out of a bridewell cell, to seek in every thing in Jesus. Trust in His truthfulness, trust nothing to your own. He that so little knows himself that he can yet trust in his own heart is still a fool" (Prov. xxviii. 29). You know the gospel truth in measure; it is well. Ah! but have you thought beyond this truth learned to know the Saviour? understand the way of life; well, but are you as a sequence humbly walking in it! You can explain the doctrines connected with salvation, but is your heart really eating the flesh and drinking the blood of Son of man? Unless it be so, his own word assures

you that whatever else you may have you have not life (John vi. 53). Look at yourself, look at your Saviour as God's word reveals both to you; and if you do, you will rejoice that while you cannot trust in men around you, you can trust in God above you; and that while you can trust least of all your own lying heart within you, you can put unlimited confidence in the least of the words of Him who is "faithful and true" (Rev. xix. 11). "Self-jealousy," says dear old Henry, "is the first step towards self-deliverance." Let us then deal with ourselves as with convicted deceivers who are habit and repute. So are we charged to do by Him who knows us best, "Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness" (Luke xi. 35). J. D.

September 1864.

A GAELIC CHURCH BEFORE OSSIAN.



THE oldest Celtic Church was probably that of the Galatians, a race of Celts which had wandered from Europe and settled in Asia some two hundred years before Paul wrote his famous Epistle. But these had probably lost their Celtic tongue. And the most ancient Gaelic-speaking Church of which we have any certain information is that of which we purpose to give some account in this paper—the Church of Lyons and Vienne, two cities in the south of France, a district long afterwards famous for faithful witness-bearing to the truth against the tyranny of Antichristian Rome. Ages before the papacy had overshadowed Christendom, a Christian Church was there, and gave a beautiful and noble exemplification of suffering for the truth at the hands of Pagan Rome. That this Church was Gaelic-speaking, we learn incidentally from Irenæus, who, in the introduction to his great work on heresies, written when he was Bishop of Lyons, apologizes for the "rustiness" of his Greek, on the ground that the language which he has long been accustomed to speak is that of the Celts among whom he labours. And her character and expenses are depicted by the Church herself, in a letter to the Christians in Smyrna and Asia, which is deservedly regarded as one of the finest memorials of early Christian antiquity. Though written in Greek, it is characterized by an Oriental profusion of imagery scarcely consistent with our Western feelings of severe good taste, and together incompatible with brevity. We will, therefore, with occasional illustrative quotations, present the materials it furnishes in a method and with words of our own.

The letter was transcribed by Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, about three hundred years after the resurrection of Christ. But it was written about A.D. 171, on occasion of a fierce persecution which in that year had tried the faith of the Church which sent it. It therefore carries us, so to speak, almost into the time of the Lord and his apostles. The adult mem-

bership of the Church at this date was separated only by one generation from the apostolic age; and of the persons mentioned in the letter, Pothinus, Bishop of Lyons, had been more than twenty years a contemporary of the last of the apostles, and Irenæus, then presbyter in Lyons, was a disciple of Polycarp, who had sat at the feet of John the divine.

In A.D. 171, this Church had not long been in being: among those who then suffered for the truth were some of her first founders. Her communion-roll illustrates the power of the gospel in re-uniting into "one body" the scattered members of the human family, surmounting every barrier wall of rank, and race, and language. Thus, as to rank: among her members we find Vettius, a gentleman or noble; Attalus, a Roman citizen; Alexander, a physician; and Blandina, a servant-girl, most probably a slave. As to race: while the mass of members were Gauls, Sanetus and Maturus, Latin by name, were probably Latin by birth or extraction, and Irenæus, Attalus, and Alexander were Asiatic Greeks. And correspondingly as to language: the judicial proceedings were conducted in Latin, the language of public business over the empire, a language spoken by some of the martyrs in their extremity, showing that it was the mother-tongue written on their hearts; the book of Irenæus and letter of the Church were written in Greek, the then language of the learned; while, as we have seen, the pastor spoke Gaelic, because Gaelic was the language of the mass of his flock. We are thus reminded of our missionary Churches, for example, in Calcutta or Amoy, in which some speak French, and more speak English, but the body of church-members speak the native tongue of the country in which the Saviour finds them. Lyons and Vienne, connected by the Rhone with the Mediterranean Sea, were among those marts of commerce to which men gathered for business purposes from all parts of the civilized world. And while civilization thus "prepared the way of the Lord," the gospel did His work of new creation, binding them together in heart for the great business of eternity.

The persecution by which this "little flock" was assailed began with the populace: "the voice of the people is" *not* invariably "the voice of God." In this case, as in others, the people may have been secretly instigated by their priests, for example, the Druids. But what appears on the face of our record is that the first overt act of violence proceeded from the "rascal multitude," assailing the Christians with angry cries and blows, dragging them about, robbing them of their goods, besieging them in their houses; in a word, subjecting them to every species of "rabbling." This mob-violence ought to have been put down by the strong hand of the law. But the civil and military authorities themselves caught the infection of popular fury, and shared in the crimes they ought to have punished. And first, because the Christians could not be put on trial in the temporary absence of the legate, they were in the meantime shut up like criminals in prison.

When the legate returned, the persecution assumed a judicial form. The letter here first calls our attention to Vettius Epagathus, who on this occasion gained the name of the "Christians' advocate" (paraclete), by boldly standing forth and pleading in their defence. He is described as "a young brother, of noble birth, and excellent character, who had the true Paraclete ('Comforter,' the Holy Ghost) in his own heart." His one plea for the Christians was, that they were *innocent of every thing atheistical and impious*. This plea is characteristic of that evil time. One of the most painful circumstances in the outward condition of the Christians of that time was the prevalence of cruel misrepresentations of their character and their religion. Because they rejected all the gods of the heathens, and had no *visible* object of worship, they were popularly regarded as atheistical in principle. And through an absurd misapprehension of some of their doctrines and laws, they came to be detested as impiously impure in their practice: from such expressions as "eating the flesh of the Son of God," it was concluded that one part of the "mystery" or sacrament of the Lord's Supper was devouring the flesh of children who had been murdered for that purpose; and the Christian profession of "brotherly love," sealed with the "kiss of charity," the impure heathen mind could understand only to be a cloak for crimes so abominable that, though familiar to the heathen, it would in a Christian land be almost a crime to name them. Hence the plea of Vettius, and of the whole series of Christian apologists down to Constantine the Great—"We are *not* atheists, we are *not* impiously unclean in our lives." However absurd in itself, the calumny served the purpose of the father of lies, who is a liar in order to be a murderer from the beginning. The misapprehensions universally prevailing were a perpetual source of murderous hatred to the Christians, from generation to generation, till the gospel had so far prevailed that the empire became Christian at least in name. Though the true Church of Christ must always be "a sect everywhere spoken against,"

surely, as compared with our martyr predecessors, "the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places."

The Pagan reply was no less characteristic than the Christian plea. Vettius was instantly met with the question, *Are you a Christian?* and when he had confessed that he was, was "numbered with the martyrs,"—seized and imprisoned with his brethren. After this interruption, the trial of the others was proceeded with. On the principle, "Smite the shepherds, and the sheep will be scattered," special pains had been taken to apprehend the leading members of the Church, among whom were some of her founders. These, when interrogated, all made a bold confession of Christ. But of the commonalty of members a few, ten in all, in that "time of temptation fell away." Their fall was a sore discouragement to their brethren, who feared, not so much the pain of the approaching torture to themselves, as the possible consequences of that pain to their Master, if from the feebleness of their flesh there should be wrung a denial of his name.

Those who had openly confessed Him before the magistrate were technically called *confessors*. These confessors, after the preliminary interrogation, were sent back to prison to wait a trial more searching and severe. And in this trial there appeared two peculiar aspects of persecuting malice. 1. (In violation, not only of justice, but of the then existing Roman law,) heathen slaves were put to the torture in order to wring from them some testimony against their Christian owners. From their suffering there was extorted false witness to the desired effect,—that the Christians habitually indulged in *Thyestean feasts* (eating the flesh of children), *Oedipean* (incestuous) *intercourse*, and other enormities which, says the letter, may not be named nor imagined. The consequence was that the popular rage was excited to a frenzy; even those who had been the friends of Christians now turned against them; and, the letter goes on to say, the word of the Lord came true, "The time cometh, that he who killeth you will think he doeth God service."

2. (A thing which had not happened in any previous persecution), the torture was applied to the Christians themselves, in order, if possible, to compel them to recant their confession and deny the Saviour. The persecuting rage was peculiarly directed against Sanctus, deacon at Vienne, recently converted, but strong in the faith; Attalus of Pergamus, "a pillar and ground" in the Church; and Blandina, the slave girl, "through whom Christ showed that things despised among men are made glorious by God." Young, ignorant, low in degree, the whole Church, and particularly her own mistress, feared that this poor sister could not sustain the trial of her faith. But she bore the torture unflinchingly, from morning to night, wearing out a succession of tormentors by her patience, until her body was all torn and gashed; and all this time she kept repeating, "I am a Christian, and we do no evil." Sanctus, in answer to all questions about his name, and

, and nation, would say only, "I am a Christian;"—him "Christ was all and in all." When the ordinary tures had utterly failed to move him, the tormentors took a burning plate of brass and applied it to the most sensitive parts of his body. But still he was refreshed and sustained by "the heavenly fountain of water which flows from the heart of Christ." And when his body was all wounded, and shrunk, and distorted, so as to have lost the human form, "Christ suffering in him showed that nothing is to be feared where there is the Father's love, nor to be lamented where Christ is glorified." At a later stage, when tortured a second time, he recovered his form and strength.

At this stage of the proceedings, a female Christian named Biblis, one of those who had recanted, was brought forward in order that her recantation might be publicly declared, and in the hope that she would disprove the Christians and their Lord. But, when asked to her sin and danger in denying the Saviour, she recanted her recantation, and made open confession to Christ, asking the persecutors, "How can they eat children's flesh who will not eat the blood even of beasts?" Astonished by the power of Christ in his people, the emperors resorted to a new device. The Christians were shut up in small, close, hot prison cells, with their bodies cramped in unnatural postures, and in an atmosphere laden with corruption. It was hoped that this desolate misery would gradually subdue the spirit which mere violence had been unable to break. Many of the Christians died of suffocation; the young and tender all died; the survivors remained true to their Master, and were able to sustain the courage of the brethren. Among those who were subjected to this trial was Pothinus, a bishop of Lyons, more than ninety years old, feeble, but all but breathless. But though weak in body, he remained invincibly strong in spirit. When he was dragged before the tribunal, the magistrates, soldiers, and populace raged against him, "as if he had been Christ himself." But, in the face of all, he undauntedly bore witness to the truth. When the legate asked him, "Who is God?" he answered, "You shall know if you are worthy." The people smote him with their hands and feet, and pelted and abused him in every way, till he, too, hardly breathing, was thrown into prison.

The record here speaks of an instance of the mercy of God. The apostates were thrown into prison, not (like the brethren) merely as professing Christians, but as their own confession) murderers and unclean:—having falsely borne witness that Christians were murderers and unclean, they themselves fell into the snare they had laid for their brethren. They were doubly punished, not only by physical pain, but also and especially by the sting of an accusing conscience, the felt anger of God, and the unconcealed contempt even of the heathen, who despised them and reproached them as unmanly cowards. Their misery visibly appeared in the gloom of their countenances. On the other hand, those who remained faithful were visibly sustained by "the joy of martyrdom, and

the hope of the promises, and the love of Christ, and the spirit of the Father." They welcomed death as a bride her bridegroom, regarding their chains as bridal adornments; and their countenances shone so that some of them appeared as if literally anointed with "oil of gladness." No one of them "admitted the suggestion of the devil"—to recant. And, as we shall see, to reward their faith, and in answer to their prayers, all the apostates at last returned to their confession, excepting those who had previously shown by their conduct that they never had sincerely believed and repented unto life.

In the concluding part of the letter, the historian points out some interesting illustrations of the personal character of the members of this church. Thus, first, we observe their *humility*—a grace which has not by any means invariably characterized confessors and martyrs. When lying in prison, about to die for the truth, they would not be called "martyrs" (witnesses): that glorious name they preferred to give only (in the first place) to Christ, "the faithful and true witness" (martyr), and (in the second place) to those whom He had finally sealed, by enabling them actually to endure the death agony for the gospel. "We," they said, "are but confessors, poor and lowly;" and they entreated with tears that continual prayers might be offered on their behalf. Second, their *philanthropy* (love to men); they apologized (that is, explained and defended their religion) to all, but accused none (of their enemies). Like Stephen the blessed martyr, they prayed for their persecutors, and much more for their brethren. But their great agony, of prayer and pains, was for the fallen apostates; "that the beast which had swallowed them might be made to disgorge them." And finally, their *soundness* of mind, sobriety and good sense, a whole world removed from every species of fanaticism, such as so early began, for example, among the Montanists, &c., to betray the advancing corruption of Christ's religion on earth. They showed themselves to be thoroughly sound in doctrine. And on one occasion they made a significant protest against asceticism in practice. Alcibiades, one of their number, had long lived as a practical vegetarian and teetotaller, and in prison went on in the same way. But it was revealed to Attalus (I suppose in 1 Tim. iv. 4), "that Alcibiades did wrong in not using the creatures of God, and in thus leaving a scandalous example" to others; and he, thus rebuked, began "to partake, giving thanks to God." And through all the story it appears that these excellent fruits, of humility, love to men, and soundness of mind, all sprang from the root of faith in Christ.

But of the religion of this church we cannot speak more in this paper. We have seen her as a *confessor*, at the judgment-seat and in prison. We shall next see her as a *martyr*, on "the iron chair" and in the amphitheatre, sealing her confession by death. And then we shall resume our acquaintance with those of her members who already have been introduced to us by name.

"DRAW ME, WE WILL RUN AFTER THEE."



N these words we again see the allegorical character of this most beautiful song. The "*me*" has a "*we*" in it. It is the cry, not of a person, but of a body, a body which is composed of individual members. But though the primary reference be to the body, yet all the comfort, warning, and teaching are quite as applicable to each individual saint. We must take care not to lose ourselves in the crowd. And we must equally take care not to overlook the body in our desires for our own personal blessing. Supplication in the spirit always includes supplication for *all* saints (Eph. vi. 18). For a truth we are but "one body" though made up of "many members;" and God hath "tempered the body together" "that the members should have the same care one for another" (1 Cor. xii. 12, 24, 25). And so constantly must we desire the blessing of the *whole*, that even when, like David, we draw near on an errand so specially personal as the weeping confession of our own sins, not *even then* may we forget to raise our cry on behalf of Zion (Ps. li. 18, 19). "This is the true communion of saints," says Leighton, "that every believer hath a share in all the prayers of all the rest; he is partner in every ship of that kind that sets to sea, and hath a portion of all their gainful voyages." Let us be ashamed, then, of that spiritual selfishness that looks only on its own things; and let us cultivate that enlarged spiritual benevolence that really prefers Jerusalem above our own chief joy.

"Draw me" is the fervent cry of every believing soul. For the appetite of the new nature hungers and thirsts for the living God; yea, for the nearest, fullest enjoyment of his presence. And though this is in measure enjoyed by every believer, yet such is the distance at which remainders of unbelief and corruption keep the longing soul, that alas! we have often to cry out of the depths, "Draw me." Says dear old Rutherford, "I have a dwining, sickly, and pained life for a real possession of Him; and am troubled with love-brashes and love-fevers, but it is a sweet pain." And so, too, felt David, when

conscious of distance, and conscious too of complete inability in himself to make that distance less, he could only lift up helpless hands beseeching help. "I am gone astray like a lost sheep, SEEK THY SERVANT" (Ps. cxix. 176).

The Hebrew word rendered "draw" means not only to draw to a place once for all as in Judges iv. 7; Ps. x. 9; but also expresses prolonged drawing; as the drawing out of a long blast from a trumpet (Josh. vi. 5); "draw out," that is, continue "thy loving kindness unto them that know thee" (Ps. xxxvi. 10, margin). And such is its force in this verse. Not only "draw me" once for all, but keep "drawing me." For, alas! even after the first great pull which snatched us out of the fire, we still need as much as ever the constant drawing which keeps us moving heavenward, else our loitering feet would soon stand still; nay, we would soon turn back again to Egypt. Like lingering Lot we need to be graciously taken by the hand and led in mercy forth. Oh, is there anything that could more mournfully indicate the total alienation of our natural hearts from the life of God, than this need of constant drawing? There is nothing whatever that we enjoy so much as we enjoy God's presence; our consciences approve of it, our whole heart delights in it. And yet how often, like M'Cheyne, have we to groan because of "bands both of iron and silk."

Without this heavenly drawing not a soul would begin to follow Jesus, not a soul would continue to follow him (John vi. 44). It is not enough that the feast of fat things lie spread before us; we need also to have the yoke taken off our jaws that we may eat (Hos. xi. 4). In systems of man's religiousness, flesh and blood can do much, but in true divine life, flesh and blood of themselves can do nothing. Truly, truly, we are "saved by grace." Who does not feel as Brainerd felt, "Oh, if ever I get to heaven, it will be because God will and nothing else, for I never did anything of myself, but get away from God!" And here lies the sphere of the Holy Spirit's gracious work in the scheme of Divine mercy to fallen man. O Spirit of the living God, "draw me!"

But when *He* draws, *we* run. Our "souls follow hard after Him" (Ps. lxxiii. 8). "When *He* enlarges our hearts, we cannot but quicken our feet" (Ps. cxix. 32). For love makes labour light, and the feet of love just as readily find out God's paths and just as surely run in them, as the feet of unbelief are sure to loiter in them or turn aside. Let us then, with our whole hearts keep raising our life-long believing cry, "Lord, draw me;" and let us be equally careful to yield to the drawings graciously vouchsafed, and to hearty running. Alas! not many are running. Most are slumbering, many creep so very slowly forward as to make their progress scarcely discernible at all, a few are walking, but where, where are the swift and steady runners? Run thou, and run as to obtain. What a grief is it, that the children of light are, in the pursuit of divine things, so far behind the children of this world in their pursuit of worldly things! Set before the covetous man an opportunity of making his fortune, and how eagerly it is embraced. Set before the pleasure-seeker a new enjoyment, or before the scientific man some new discovery, and the attraction is felt to be irresistible. Why then are *we* so loitering in *our* steps when our heavenly Father not only opens up to us unlimited scope for uninterfered enjoyment and acquirement, but actually takes us by the hand to lead us into it? Nay, let us compare the church and the world at all; compare the saint *with himself*, and how distress-

ingly more eager do we see many for earthly things than they seem to be for personal growth in grace and increasing devotedness to the Lord that bought them. Should we not then earnestly cry for ourselves and for beloved ones round about us, "Lord, draw me, we will run after thee?"

God's great object in all his dealings with us is to draw us. O thou weeping Rachel! dropping thy tears into an empty cradle,—God in tender love is drawing thee heavenwards: arise and run! O believer! long like Martha, careful and troubled about many things, but now standing dumb amid the wreck of thine earthly all, dost thou not see that the cords of a man, even the bands of love, are being fastened about thee to draw thy heart to a better portion—wherefore, arise and RUN. Ye hungering souls lean and withered, and ye know and mourn it, God is drawing you by your sharp heart-hunger to the land of plenty—up then and run. Brethren and sisters everywhere, why loiter we by the way? Let us rise and run—faster—faster—ever faster, looking unto Jesus as our motive and our pattern, till men around us wonder at our race, and some are stirred up to arise and join it, and with ourselves to lay violent hands on the heavenly kingdom!

"Earthly treasure, fame, and pleasure
Glorious name or richest hoard
Are but weary, cold, and dreary
To the heart that longs for God.
Let me find thee, let me find thee,
I am ready, mighty Lord."

J. D.

BRIDE LEILA.



WHEN painters lead their pupils to the fields
To practise the perspective learned in school,
To note the point of sight, the choice foreground,
They hasten from each taken view away

look for wider prospects, rarer flowers.
We fill the album; thus is carried home
Each portfolio from a distant shore.
The masters ever will present
Various train the youthful eye.

Had I got my will, one damask rose
Had been enough for me. One Alpine peak,
Gaze on in its blinding white of snow,

Till in the fiery sunset's crimson glare
It burned like to a battlement of heaven—
Would rivet me until the wearied eye
Disputed with the darkness for the prize.
There, there, alone to watch had been my choice
Until that snow-peak wore its crown of stars.
Ah! had the fancy been indulged, how few
Of Nature's fairest sights our eyes had seen.
So, in the spirit-world our Teacher must
In truest kindness ever force us on
From low to higher, and, one lesson learned,
Prepare us for another.

John H. loved.

Did any other lean upon His breast?
He pities while He parts us from a friend;
He parts us while He pities. H. is rich,

And to enrich oft makes us very poor.
 For, had He let us tabernacles build
 At every glorious prospect on our way,
 Slow, slow had been the journey, few the songs
 Of triumph over sorrow, to be sung
 Again and evermore before God's throne ;
 And few the shining portraits of His grace
 Transferred from other luminous souls to ours.
 Thus Death had found us at the first mile stone
 Beholding beauty which allured our eyes
 In Love's first dream.

I never parted with
 My chosen damask rose without revenge
 Ta'en on a changing world. Each bitter loss
 That ever wrung my soul distilled itself
 Into a new, bright colour kept for use.
 Colours the fairest are the costliest too,
 The lapis lazuli yields up its blue
 To them who pay the process ; and carmine
 Comes in possession at due sacrifice.

'Tis midnight of *the twelfth*. We woke at five
 Nor sought to sleep ; too precious were the hours
 The last day we could still pronounce that name
 By which we did so love her, Leila L——.
 To-morrow we must call her by the new.
 —And if 'twas pain that woke me, I was glad
 It made this last day long—the last—the last
 The old House of the Square should be her home.
 The children's voices calling on its stairs
 Wake merry echoes, counting on her still
 To leave examining the marriage gifts
 And all beside, to help them with their play,
 How they recall her own blythe, childish glee
 Played out in that same Home where she is now
 Bride Leila.

The feathery frost of this intensest day
 Without a snow-flake put the town in white,
 And sealed my head to the pillow, but the note
 That came at noon (with locket miniature
 For a young bridesmaid), brought me word that she,
 Bride Leila, bade me come before the hour
 To see her ere they veiled her—Maiden fair—
 To be unveiled a wife. Quick fled the pain ;
 And many a pain her love has witched away
 For me, these sweet five years we have been friends.
 The pass-key in her hand, she would glide through
 The green Square Gardens and be at my side,
 Standing, no greeting heeded. Her kind help
 Was all within my power till she became
 Bride Leila.

How well the old House lighted up at eve
 With all its candelabra, to look glad
 That its chief light must leave it ! The light streamed
 From every open door, till passing up
 To the high school-room, I went in to ask

Where the Bride was. But she herself stood there,
 As simply, and less flurried than she stood
 At her poor pensioners' doors when having knocked
 She waited for reply. The mirror kept
 Two pale, meek Leilas motionless in white
 Before our eyes that soon must vainly search
 For one. Forgetful of herself she seemed,
 And of the haste the maids used well to deck
 Bride Leila

Why is it that we never, never know
 The beauty of our treasures while they're ours ?
 A little way removed must be the flower
 From where we breathe its perfume, ere we can
 See all its beauteous bloom and paint it so.
 A stone's cast from us must the sheltering tree
 Rise in its greenness ere we can behold
 Its perfect form against the hill or sky.
 Too interwoven with our own heart-strings,
 Too much a unison with our life's song,
 Is all that meets us in the object loved
 That we should well describe it. Heard afar,
 We separate the tones. And seen beyond
 The line where our hands grasped it, we saw all
 Thy loveliness upon thy bridal night,
 Bride Leila

The buzz within the guest-chamber is hushed ;
 From her own mute piano, covered close
 With costly gifts, initialed *L. C. B.*,
 The crowding guests draw backward into line,
 Because the white train comes. Herself the first,
 Leans on her soldier-father's manly arm,
 Meet decoration for his victories.
 The veil, too gossamer to hide her, shows
 The alabaster neck and face so fair.
 The dark hair, braided from the orange buds
 That crown her forehead, fall upon her cheek
 Whereon we may but press the one kiss more.
 Her dark eye rests upon the carpet flowers,
 All other eyes on her. God's servant breathes
 A prayer of faith that blesses for both worlds.
 The many bridesmaids in soft flowing gauze,
 With crimson berries in the ivy green,
 Flushed faces, sparkling eyes, and fluttered hearts,
 Shine, a clear ring of changing light, round calm
 Bride Leila

'Tis the first tearless wedding I have seen ;
 Too real is the sorrow, and too near
 The parting-day, that one tear should roll down.
 Outside are weepers. Down the crowded lane,
 And up the narrow, winding, dirty stair,
 The aged, sick, and blind may freely weep
 For Leila will not see. We must be brave,
 Nor cloud her joy.

'Twas when the toasts began,
 Vociferously cheered, and laughter rang

he room, and Leila far away,
 come. I thought upon the day
 t, so like a giddy moth
 a prey to any flake,
 ie romance, the dance, the song,
 thirst that none could quench but God.
 met she stood before my eyes
 of His almighty power to save.
 rmation. Leila disappeared,
 Crucified, who conquered her,
 er countenance, and tuned the voice
 ie praised the Love so freely given.
 heard the new coins, saying true,
 face will not shine from the white shield
 ext year, passing through men's hands.
 st impression on man's heart
 likeness most divinely fair?
 it, let us ask the King.
 is image lose it, being hid;
 pkin must they folded lie.
 eila that no chilling breath
 up of earth may come to dim
 r image of her Lord in her.

long past midnight. Far away
 prepare her husband's Eastern home,
 ak has already fired the skies,
 ending down life-giving light
 owers that soon for her shall bloom.
 p, once more let this prayer rise,

With all the strength of love that nothing takes
 For granted,—to the Guardian in the heavens;
 That H_E will keep her faithful in the fight,
 That H_E will never let her flinch or yield,
 That H_E will hold Life's crown before her eye,
 That H_E will breathe the new name in her ear,
 And show her the white stone of victory
 Before which all the jewels of the mines
 Do darken into rubbish of the mire;
 And so, unfaltering, may she give her life
 A testimony, pauseless and complete,
 To H_{IM} who loved her first.

Then haste the day
 When she, and we, and all from whom we part—
 In this great pilgrim army of the King
 Which ever changeth tent, and work, and clime,
 At His behest—shall gathered to be Him
 Whose marriage feast hath been so oft to me
 By hers prefigured. On the clouds of heaven
 With H_{IM}, with H_{IM}, we shall together come,
 When ages shall have passed like days of a week,
 Under the fiat of the Eternal One.
 The roll of men redeemed, filled up, and sealed;
 The earth for pile: His purifying fire
 Shall melt the elements with fervent heat,
 And—by the awful radiance of that flame,
 Whence shall emerge on earth for ever new—
 Shall tell the worlds THE BRIDE IS GLORIFIED.

B—D.

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, AUTHOR OF "MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK TO PALESTINE."

DAMASCUS.

"This region, surely, is not of the earth.
 Was it not dropped from heaven?"

DAMASCUS is the oldest city in the world;
 and it is the only city which can claim
 the title "perennial." Its origin is lost
 in the mists of antiquity; and during the
 whole historic age it has been a great
 city. Josephus says it was founded by
 Uz the son of Aram and grandson of
 is probably true; for it was long the capital
 rn division of that country which Aram
 l to which he gave his name. It is unfor-
 this fact does not appear in the English
 e Bible, because the Hebrew name *Aram*
 red "Syria."

omsoever founded, one thing is certain
 amascus. When Abraham crossed the
 Iaran *three thousand eight hundred years*
 was standing on the banks of the Abana;

and from that day till this it has held a first place
 among the capitals of Western Asia. It has seen many
 changes. It has passed through many hands. It has
 been ruled by many masters. Syrians, Persians, Greeks,
 Romans, Arabs, and Turks, have in turn governed or
 oppressed it; but it has lived and flourished under
 them all. Of the horrors of war it has had its full
 share. Not less than twelve times it has been pillaged
 and burned; yet it has always arisen with new beauty
 from its own ashes.

THE KINGDOM OF DAMASCUS.

Damascus was the head of a kingdom which exercised
 considerable influence on the destinies of the Jews, and
 occupied a prominent place in old Testament history.
 The kingdom embraced the chain of Anti-Lebanon, and

extended on the north to Hamath, and on the south to Bashan. Though it lay within the "Land of Promise," it is not mentioned in the early history of the Jews. True, Abraham's steward was a Damascene; and if we can depend upon a very ancient local tradition, the great patriarch himself resided for a time in the city. When the Israelites entered Palestine, Hermon was their northern border. Neither their wishes nor their abilities stretched beyond that noble mountain. They found ample room in the hills and valleys of the south, and ample occupation in expelling the warlike Canaanites who dwelt there.

It was when David, firmly established on his throne, extended his conquests to the Euphrates, endeavouring to make the "Land of Possession" coterminous with the "Land of Promise" (compare 2 Sam. viii. 3-9; Gen. xv. 18-21), it was then Damascus and Israel became rivals. For three centuries and more that rivalry continued, often entailing sad calamities on both. But this melancholy history is chequered with some romantic episodes which make the Bible reader feel a kind of home interest in the old city.

BIBLE STORIES.

First we have the grand expedition of Benhadad, when with two-and-thirty vassal monarchs he invaded Israel, and sat down before Samaria. His insulting demand is well known (1 Kings xx. 5, 6); and his awful threat when it was refused almost makes one shudder,—“The gods do so to me and more also, if the dust of Samaria shall suffice for handfuls for all the people that follow me” (ver 10). It was an idle boast; for while the haughty Damascene “was drinking himself drunk in the pavilions, he and the kings,” a handful of Jewish warriors surprised the camp and put the whole host to flight (ver 20).

It is a singular fact, showing the permanence of names in the East, that one of the principal families in Damascus, at the present moment, is called *Beit Haddad*, “The house of Hadad.”

Next we have the story of Naaman. Naaman was commander-in-chief of the armies of Damascus, he was one of the greatest generals, and greatest men of his age; but “he was a leper.” In some warlike expedition he had captured a little Jewish maid, who became a slave in his harim. Captivity cannot extinguish feelings of compassion in woman's heart. Seeing her master's sufferings the maid one day exclaimed, “Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.” To Samaria Naaman went. Elisha did not condescend to see him; but sent him word to go and wash in the Jordan. The proud Damascene was indignant; “Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me, and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters

of Israel? May I not wash in them and be healed?” He turned and went away in a rage.” The v was thoroughly Oriental. The servants now Better counsels prevail; and Naaman wash cleansed (2 Kings v.)

The memory of Naaman clings to Dan. Outside the walls, on the banks of the lonely, a leper hospital, which, tradition says, occupy of Naaman's house. I have often visited it looking on its miserable inmates, all disfigured and mutilated by their loathsome disease, I wonder that the heart of the little Jewish girl moved by her master's sufferings.

Then follows the miraculous deliverance from the king of Damascus by Elisha. Havi that Elisha was the cause of all his failure resolved to seize him. So one night he surprised little village of Dothan, in which the prophet with horsemen and chariots. In the early Elisha's servant came trembling and crying, master! how shall we do?” “Fear not,” said of God, “they that be with us are more than be with them.” Then he prayed, “Lord, open.” “And the Lord opened the eyes of the young he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full and chariots of fire round about Elisha” vi. 13-17). The result is well known. We see the surprise and terror of the soldiers of when they found themselves alone and help stronghold of their enemy.

What a glorious type of saving power is he was with Elisha, so it ever is with God's children. The hosts of heaven encompass the their eyes only opened by Divine agency, I see, as Elisha saw, the flaming chariots and array of God's armies marshalled round the prophet's vision illustrates the apostle's word the angels—“Are they not all ministering forth to minister for them who shall be blessed” (Heb. i. 14).

The memorable interview between Elisha follows next. Elijah had been commissioned to Damascus to anoint Hazael. His success was now upon a visit to the city. Benhadad was sick, and sent Hazael to ask the prophet he would recover. Elisha read the thoughts in the traitor's heart, and drew such a picture of his future career that Hazael cried in indignant horror, “Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?” Yet the first act in that long drama he perpetrated on that very night. To the city, Hazael murdered his master, and sat on the throne. Thus terminated the royal line of hadad.

The Jews of Damascus have to this day a sacred spot where, according to tradition, Elisha lived, and where Elisha and Hazael met, miles from the city, in a village called Jo

by of note that the village is wholly inhabited by ammedans, and that the Jews have not, and, so far known, never had house or land there except the gogue. There must be some truth in the tradition, wise the Jews could scarcely have acquired an est in a remote spot in a country which their fore-ns never possessed. I have often ridden out to x. It is a sweet quiet ride. The winding lanes haded by the spreading boughs of magnificent wal-, and lined with blooming orchards.

"Here the vines
Wed each her elm, and o'er the golden grain
Hang their luxuriant clusters, chequering
The sunshine."

and there the deep, swift Abana shoots out from ss of weeping willows, and dashes in snowy sheets am over an old wier. Canals cross and recross the , fringed with tall graceful reeds and long sedgy , and spanned by scores of rustic bridges that rock creak beneath the horses' feet. Jobar is a favourite t of wealthy Jews, male and female. It is their and their café. There they spend their long sum- afternoons, often the entire night, under bowers of and jasmine. Not unfrequently the groves resound mirth, and revelry, and song. Strange mode this hich to celebrate the memory and honour the es of Israel's great prophets.

re enmity of Damascus to the kingdom of Judah ght about at length its own destruction. The Jews, le to contend with so powerful a foe, bought the nece of Assyria. Damascus was attacked and capd, its people were carried away to the banks of the and an Assyrian colony placed in their room. ascus thus lost, and lost for ever, its independence. a "the kingdom was taken away from Damascus," amascus was taken away from being a city" (Isaiah 1-3).

PAUL'S CONVERSION.

ight centuries pass—eight centuries of wars and tations. Damascus has become a Roman city. But temporarily held by a rebel prince, Aretas, king of Ma. It is a time of national disturbance, for the ire has been suddenly left without a head. It is a , too, of grave anxiety and fear among the members be little Christian Church in the old city. Saul of us having dipped his hands in the blood of the Christian martyr, and having well-nigh extinguished Church in the Holy City, is on his way to Damascus nothing threatening and slaughter against the dis- s of the Lord" (Acts ix. 1). But Jesus whom he scuted met him on the way, and when he enters city he is no longer the proud, ruthless persecutor ; the humble, blind, conscience-stricken disciple, ntly breathing the prayer, "Lord, what wouldst have me to do?"

is miracle of mercy and of power made Damascus y ground." It exalted it to an honoured place by

the side of Bethlehem and Nazareth, Jerusalem and Hermon. The Son of God was there, if not in the flesh, in glory and in power, appearing to Paul as unto "one born out of due time" (1 Cor. xv. 8). In Damas- cus the great missionary of the Gentiles first preached the gospel (Acts ix. 19, 20). There he first experienced the bitterness of the persecution he had himself been instrumental in kindling. He became the object of special hatred to his infatuated countrymen. His labours in the city roused the indignation of the Jews, and the success of his evangelistic work in Arabia, Aretas' heredi- tary kingdom, excited the suspicions and fears of the rulers, so that "the governor under Aretas the king kept the city of the Damascenes with a garrison, desirous to apprehend me; and through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall, and escaped his hands" (2 Cor. xi. 32, 33.)

Tradition has localized every event in Paul's story,— the scene of the conversion, the "street called Straight," the house of Judas, the spot where the angel appeared to Ananias, the window in the city wall,—all are pointed out. Time after time I have visited them. Most of them may be apocryphal, some of them are unquestionably so; but in this "city of the infidel," they have all an intense interest for the Christian. They rouse him to a sense of the reality of great events, and of the power of great principles and truths, which he is only too apt to forget. The *Straight Street* is real. There can be no doubt about it. And on the old wall I have seen many a projecting chamber, and many a latticed window from which a friendly hand could "let down" a fugitive.

ASPECT OF THE CITY.

How beautiful for situation is Damascus! Its own poets have called it "the pearl of the East." The view of the city and plain from the brow of Lebanon is un- equalled in Syria,—probably it is unsurpassed in the world. One gazes upon it enraptured when before him, and when far away, though long years have intervened, memory dwells upon it as upon some bright and joyous vision of childhood's happy days. Forty centuries have passed over the city, yet it retains the freshness of youth. Its palaces look as gorgeous, its houses as gay, its gold-tipped minarets and domes as bright as if only completed yesterday. Its gardens and orchards and far-reaching groves, rich in foliage and blossoms, wrap the city round like a mantle of green velvet all pow- dered with pearls. Its rivers, better yet than all the waters of Israel, having burst their mountain barriers, send a thousand streams meandering over its plain, sparkling in the bright sunlight, and spreading verdure and beauty along their course.

The city looks so peaceful there, reposing in its ever- green bower, far removed from the din of commerce, and the rude whirl of modern life, and the jarring tur- moil of the world's politics, that one would think it had

never felt the shock of war, that its soil had never been polluted by crime, and that Abana and Pharpar had never run red with the blood of thousands slaughtered mercilessly.

Distance lends enchantment to the view. To me Damascus looked like a vision of Paradise when I first saw it,—all peace and beauty. The vision has been rudely dissipated,—it vanished the moment I crossed the city gate. Without, nature smiled joyously, the landscape was bathed in the ruddy light of the declining sun; the apricot orchards seemed to blush at their own surpassing loveliness, and the gentle breezes that rustled softly through the feathery tops of the palms were laden with the perfume of the rose and the violet. *Within*, how great, how painful was the contrast. Houses, mosques, streets, all the works of man, in fact, bore the marks of neglect and decay; and man himself seemed to sit there mourning moodily over waning glory. The houses are shapeless piles of sun-dried bricks and wood, and sadly out of repair; the streets are narrow, crooked and filthy, paved with big rough stones, and half covered with ragged mats and withered branches. Scores of miserable dogs lie in the dust, too lazy to bark or even to crawl from under the horse's feet. In little stalls like shelves, along the sides of these lanes, squat ranges of long-bearded, white-turbaned, sallow-visaged men, telling their beads, and mingling with muttered prayers to Allah curses deep and deadly on the infidels who dare to cross their path or enter their holy city. But the oddest sights the stranger's eye falls on are the women. He can scarcely tell at first what they are. Not a feature, not a member is visible, except the two feet, encased in quaint-looking yellow boots. Head, arms, hands, body,—the whole person, in short, are wrapt up in a thing like a winding-sheet. Thus arrayed they stalk about like ghosts come back from another world to torment those who doomed them on earth to lives of slavery.

In the centre of the city the houses are better, and the bazaars richer. The people that crowd them, too, are better dressed, and their costumes more varied. In fact, nearly all the costumes of the world are there, and one is never tired looking and laughing at them.

Damascus has been often described. Nearly every nook and corner has been explored, and its wonders laid before Europe by the pen, the pencil, or the photograph. Everybody now knows all about the internal splendour of its palaces, and the fabled beauty of their inmates. I shall not here add a word to what has been written on these subjects. I have another tale to tell—a sad tale, but one which illustrates the character of the people who now rule this unhappy land; and which shows how vividly its future doom was pictured before the eyes of God's prophets, in ancient days. The recent massacres are but fulfilments of Ezekiel's predictions: "*I will bring the worst of the heathen, and they shall possess their houses. . . . Destruction cometh; and they shall seek peace, and there shall be none*" (vii. 24, 25).

THE MASSACRE OF 1860.

A sad change has taken place in Damascus even since I was there. A whole quarter of the city has been burned, and nearly six thousand of its inhabitants butchered. This terrible tragedy, unparalleled since the days of Tamerlane, demands a passing notice; and its authors and abettors deserve to be held up to the execration of all generations to come. The Christians of the city have been all but annihilated; and for no other reason than that they were Christians. Their bones lie unburied amid the ashes of their homes; and their blood which has sunk into the ground, cries, if not for vengeance, at least for justice, upon that race of tyrant fanatics, who have terminated ages of unceasing persecution by a wholesale massacre.

On the morning of Monday, July 9th, 1860, Damascus contained some twenty-three thousand Christians, including seven thousand refugees from Lebanon. The Christians occupied a distinct quarter of the city, near the East Gate, and extending on both sides of the *Straight Street*. In intelligence and enterprise they were far in advance of the Mohammedans. They were peaceable and respectful in demeanour. Most of them, imbued with hereditary fear, cringed before the proud Muslims who had so long ruled them. They had taken no part in the struggle between Druze and Maronite. They were in no way connected with the mountain tribes. There was not a single Druze in the city; and the Christians had no quarrel with their Muslim fellow-citizens.

For a week or two previous threats had been uttered; and the Christians, unarmed and helpless, began to anticipate evil. For several days they had shut themselves up in their houses, hoping thus to escape insult and injury. It was in vain. About two o'clock on the day referred to, an excited mob was seen by a resident Englishman proceeding toward the Christian quarter, shouting their well-known war-cry, *Allahu Akbar!* He guessed their purpose, and he tried to stop them. He was known widely, and respected by all classes, yet his life would have fallen a sacrifice to his humanity, had not a friend—a Mohammedan of rank—removed him from the street.

The mob rapidly increased. A few were armed with old muskets and pistols; others had daggers, axes, clubs, and such rude weapons as first came to hand. Boys and women were there; the latter urging on the men. Having reached the *Straight Street*, on the borders of the Christian quarter, they, after a brief pause, made a rush upon the house of the Russian consul—a Greek, who had become especially obnoxious to the fanatics. The door was strong, but it soon yielded to blows of axes. The inmates, paralyzed by fear, did not attempt resistance. Every male was instantly murdered. From room to room the fiends ran in search of the consul, who had gone out a short time before. When they could not find him, they seized the women, dragged them into the

a court, and there treated them with the most inhuman barbarity. Then they pillaged the house and it on fire.—This was the first act in the tragedy. House after house was now broken open. The male inhabitants—old men and infants—were all murdered; females outraged; the valuables carried off; and torch applied. Night came, but the carnage did cease. The flames of the burning houses lighted up whole city, revealing in every street and lane scenes of brutal outrage and savage cruelty, such as the world seldom if ever witnessed.

A large body of the more respectable Christians, seeing that nothing less than their total extermination was at hand, left their homes and sought an asylum in the houses of Muslem friends. But they soon found that Islamism ignores friendship. All were received with less; some were driven away; and not a few were delivered over to the mob. A considerable number, however, contrived to reach the Castle, which was occupied by a Turkish garrison; and eventually most of the men and children found a refuge there, or in the house of Abd-el-Kader.

The outbreak was known to the Pasha from the commencement. He had been warned of the danger long before it occurred. A dozen energetic police could have suppressed it when the Russian consulate was attacked. The soldiers could have quelled the mob at any moment during the massacre. On the first evening a company of Turkish "regulars," with some native police, were sent to the scene of the outbreak, but they at once fraternized with the mob. A British subject, who was an eye-witness of the leading events during that reign of terror, saw soldiers and citizens together plundering, robbing, and murdering. When resistance was offered at any house, it was set on fire; and when the wretched slaves, old or young, men or women, attempted to escape, the soldiers drove them back into the flames with the points of their bayonets. When the troops and the mob fraternized, the doom of the Christians was sealed. At that time only a small number of the lowest class had taken part in the outbreak; now the fanatical every class, high and low, rich and poor, rushed to the onslaught. To prevent the possibility of resistance, a plan of attack was organized. A strong breeze was blowing from the west; they began at that side of the Christian quarter, and burned all before them. For six days and three nights this terrible work of pillage, robbing, and slaughter continued. It ceased only when every article of value was carried off, every house in ruins, and every male either dead or in a place of refuge. Among the victims was the Rev. William Graham, a missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. At the commencement of the outbreak, he saw a young Christian lying in the street, wounded and dying. Without thoughtless of danger, he ran for a surgeon; but he was soon assailed by the mob and forced to fly for his life.

He took refuge in the house of a Muslem, called Mustapha Agha, chief of the police—a man who had

gained his wealth and his office through the influence of the English consul. The Agha would scarcely admit him; and when at length he forced his way in, pursued by a blood-thirsty mob, he found that Mustapha and his police were among the most active agents of destruction. During the night, Mr. Graham escaped, and found a temporary asylum with another Muslem. It appears that in the course of the following day, Mustapha Agha heard where Mr. Graham was concealed, and sent a number of his police with a traitorous message, that they had orders from the Pasha to escort him, and other refugees, to the house of the English consul. Under this escort Graham and a number of others set out; but with one exception they never reached their destination. Poor Graham fell in the open street, pierced by the bullets of his ruffian escort!

The events which followed the massacres, and the prolonged yet fruitless inquiries and discussions of commissioners, are well known. The wily Turks have succeeded as usual in their crafty policy of arraying against each other the rival ambassadors and governments of Europe. The Christian quarter of Damascus is still a blackened ruin. Merchants, once rich and prosperous, are dependants on charity. Vast numbers of widows and orphans are homeless, penniless wanderers. The Turkish Government, by treachery and cruelty without a parallel, have gained their object. They have all but annihilated Christian influence in Syria. They have destroyed the prestige of European power in that country, and they have so far prepared the way for carrying out their own destructive policy without fear of internal opposition.

HOLY PLACES OF DAMASCUS.

In and around Damascus tradition has located the scenes of many events recorded in sacred history. A few of these are worthy of notice, as tending to illustrate Bible history.

The Straight Street.—"Arise, and go into the street which is called *Straight*, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus." The old city—the nucleus of Damascus—is oval in shape, and surrounded by a wall, the foundations of which are Roman, if not earlier, and the upper part a patch-work of all subsequent ages. Its greatest diameter is marked by the *Straight Street*, which is an English mile in length. At its east end is *Bab Shurky*, "the East Gate," a fine Roman portal, having a central and two side arches. The central and southern arch have been walled up for more than eight centuries, and the northern now forms the only entrance to the city. In front of it are the massive remains of a tower built in the early days of Muslem rule. The present appearance of the gateway is picturesque though dilapidated. The crumbling Saracenic battlements, and wooden minaret, contrasting well with the massive simplicity of the Roman architecture. In the Roman age, and down to the time of the Mohammedan conquest (A.D. 634), a noble street ran in

a straight line from the gate westward through the city. It was divided by Corinthian colonnades into three avenues, opposite and corresponding to the three portals. A modern street runs in the line of the old one; but it is narrow and irregular. Though many of the columns remain, they are mostly hidden by the houses and shops. This is "the street called *Straight*," along which Paul was led by the hand, and in which was the house of Judas, where he lodged.

The Great Mosque.—Tradition has placed in one of the crypts of this vast structure "the head of John the Baptist," and has thus made it "the sanctuary of Damascus." The building was originally a temple, erected on the plan of that at Jerusalem. In the fourth century it was remodelled and made the Cathedral Church; and in the eighth century it was appropriated by the Mohammedans. Its form is that of a church or basilica, with nave and aisles divided by beautiful Corinthian columns. In the centre is a small dome; and at one side is a spacious cloistered court, flagged with marble, and ornamented with fountains. It is the most conspicuous building in the city, its dome and three lofty minarets being seen from a great distance. Near it is the castle or citadel, a huge pile founded in the days of the city's power, and now fast falling to ruin. Within its walls many of the Christians found an asylum during the massacre.

Place of Paul's Conversion.—A tradition as old as the time of the Crusades locates this "holy place" about ten miles south-west of the city, near a village called Kaukab. In the spring of 1858 I made a special pilgrimage to it. It was a sunny day, and all nature looked bright and beautiful. The ride was charming; at first through luxuriant gardens, and orchards, and groves, where—

"The vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk
Hung with black clusters."

From a sombre olive-grove we emerged on the open plain, and soon found the line of the ancient road—the road along which Paul must have come. It crosses a low ridge which separates the valleys of the Abana and Pharpar; and on the top of the ridge is the scene of the conversion. There appeared to me to be much probability in the tradition. At this spot the traveller from the south obtains his first view of Damascus. On gaining it Paul saw before him the city to which he was bound. His fierce and fiery zeal would naturally be inflamed by the sight, and anew he would there "breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." Would it not seem that that was the time when his proud spirit was humbled; and when the passions of the fanatic were quenched for ever by the flood of divine grace? "As he journeyed, he came near Damascus; and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven" (Acts ix. 3).

I could not resist the belief that I there stood upon

the very scene of the miracle. But be this as it may, the features of the landscape were the same as Paul saw;—on the left rose Hermon in all its majesty, a spotless pyramid of snow. The long range of Anti-Lebanon, gray and bleak, stretching eastward to the horizon. The broad plain in front, with its many-tinted foliage. All around little villages embowered in blooming orchards; and away in the distance the bright buildings of the city. The same figures, too, gave life to the landscape;—long strings of camels bearing the wheat of Bashan; cavaliers from the desert armed with sword and spear; peasants in the fields driving their yokes of oxen with sharp goads—goads which illustrated, if they did not suggest, the words of the Lord, "It is hard for thee to kick against the goads." The same cloudless sky also was there; and the same sun, pouring down a flood of light on city, plain, and mountain. "At mid-day suddenly a great light" shone from heaven; and the greatness of that light those only can know who have seen and felt a Syrian sun shining in its strength, and who remember that the light which shone on Paul was "above the brightness of the sun" (Acts xxvi. 13).

The Sanctuary of Abraham, or Makam Ibrahim, as the Arabs call it, is three miles north of Damascus, at the opening of a wild ravine which runs far up into the heart of Anti-Lebanon. It is a rude mosque built on the side of a naked cliff, its inner chamber opening into a deep cleft. Several stories are attached to it. Some say Abraham was born there; others that he worshipped God at that spot when he turned back from the pursuit of the kings who had plundered Sodom (Gen. xiv. 15); others that he had an altar here when he was King of Damascus; but, probably, the oldest reference to it is that which Josephus quotes from the historian Nicolas of Damascus:—"The name of Abraham is still famous at Damascus; and a village is shown there which takes its name from the patriarch, being called the 'Habitation of Abraham'" (*Ant.* i. 7, 2).

Helbon. The prophet says of Tyre, "Damascus was thy merchant . . . in the wine of Helbon and white wool" (Ezek. xxvii. 18). At the head of the ravine, at whose mouth is the "Habitation of Abraham," lies the little village of Helbon. Its narrow valley is shut in by steep bare cliffs, and long shelving banks, from two to three thousand feet in height. The bottom of the glen is filled with luxuriant orchards; and terraced vineyards extend far up the mountain slopes, the vines often clinging to spots where one would think no human foot could rest. The village consists of about fifty substantial houses, clustering round an old mosque, from beneath which bursts a noble fountain. Over the fountain is a porch resting on antique columns; and a hallowed stone, with a Greek legend bearing the name of the "Great King Markos," receives the water. Along the terraces and in the valley below are extensive ruins. This is the Helbon of Ezekiel; and these are the vineyards which produced the wine which was not merely

runk by the merchants of Tyre, but was considered a luxury at the Persian court.

The Tomb of Abel. The Damascenes believe that the Garden of Eden was situated in their own plain, and that the clay of which Adam was formed was taken from the bank of the Abana beside the city. It is not strange, therefore, that they should have located the tomb of Abel in the same region. On a lofty cliff over-arching the sublime glen of the Abana, about fifteen miles north of Damascus, is the reputed tomb. It measures *thirty feet in length*. Beside it are the ruins of a small temple. Looking down from that dizzy height one sees, in and around a modern village, the rostrate ruins of an ancient city; and the dark openings and façades, which thickly dot the opposite cliff, mark its necropolis. In this city one can trace the probable origin of the curious tradition of *Abel's tomb*. That city, as we learn from a Latin inscription on the

side of an old excavated road, was called *Abila*; and it was not difficult for imaginative Arabs to form out of this name the story of Abel's tomb.

But Abila itself has some little sacred interest. It was the capital of that province of *Abilene*, of which Lysanias was tetrarch when John the Baptist entered on his public ministry (Luke iii. 1). The site is singularly wild and romantic. Just above it the river Abana cuts through the central chain of Anti-Lebanon; but as it makes a sharp turn, one can only see a vast recess in the mountain side, backed by a semi-circle of cliffs from three to four hundred feet high. Within this recess, looking out on the windings of the glen below, lie the ruins of Abila; and in the rocks and precipices overhead are its tombs.

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST,
September 1864.

INVITED TO THE DANCE; OR, "A WAY TO ESCAPE."

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

"My heart is fixed, and not the heaven above
From its firm purpose shall my spirit move;
Nor hell with all its hosts my course withstand,
For Jesus has its keys within his hand."

MARGARET OF NAVARRE.



MIMA'S twentieth birthday was not long past. Her education was finished, and she was now on her way to visit her guardian in London. Alone, on the deck of a steamer, on a stormy Sabbath morning, she sat trying to read. But it was a vain attempt. The leaves of her New Testament flapped in the high wind, and to keep her seat firmly she required to hold on by one arm to the rails of the bench.

"What a morning after such a sunset," she thought as she slipped the little book into her pocket. Sunset at sea has beauties all its own, and the sunset of the previous evening had been very brilliant.

It was now beyond the middle of May, when such boisterous weather is not looked for. As the sights and sounds of the cabins were much more disagreeable than gusts of wind, with now and then a dash of sea water driven across the deck, Mima kept her place there most of the day uninterruptedly alone. When the captain passed that corner of the stern he had always a word of cheer about her immunity from sea-sickness, or the changing of the wind in their favour. It was a stiff breeze, but he was sure of a calm night, and he expected to be in the river next morning only an hour or two after time.

Mima had hitherto lived an almost irresponsible life. Years before this she had heard in the depths of her heart that voice from heaven: "Follow me," and her

life's desire since then had been to surrender herself altogether to the guidance of Him who had so distinctly called her. Her visits to her guardian's house had been short and happy, but she knew she could scarcely go there now as formerly to do all she was bid, like a child, judging of nothing and no one. Fresh from scenes of spiritual privilege in which she had seen others do and suffer much for the name of Christ, life was in her eyes only a too narrow field on which man is allowed for a few brief years to prove his love for the redeeming Lord.

She was endeavouring to obey God's command to cast all her care on him. Formerly it had seemed to her easier to do this, but now, each hour, it appeared more and more difficult. Not real trials alone but also possible ones were now engaging her thoughts. And there was no kind of care-weight on the horizon of possibility that she had not been trying on that poor little neck, cares and temptations very different from what might ever arise. She had been seeking out a promise to meet each kind of care; she had been trying to roll the care upon the promise, but back it would come upon her weak shoulders. She had only to skim the smooth surface of her past life to be aware that she had lived too much on *love*. To please those she loved she would have done anything in her power. To know that she had vexed them had been her main sorrow. Might she not *have* to vex some loved one now?

There are some young Christians who will find nothing

to suit them in her story. They are by grace so strong, and by nature so forward and self-reliant that they are almost heedless of the wishes of their worldly friends, and very much beyond the counsels of their godly friends. For them the loss of peace and the trial of faith will arise in quite a different way.

Timid, truthful, trusting young convert, you are to find at no distant day that God's hand has cut your way straight into the centre of difficulty. Perhaps it will comfort you on that day to remember how he made for one of his children *A WAY TO ESCAPE*, without her being obliged to disobey those under whose care she was placed. Have you any doubt of his being ready to guide you in perplexity? Lay your hand of trust in his hand of power; then, though the walls were of flint; though the gates were of iron, secured by lock and bar; though another Red Sea lay in your path of duty, there should be for you *A WAY TO ESCAPE*; although to make it he had to send an angel or a Moses from his skies.

Mima had been reading in her pocket Testament what Jesus says about confessing his name before men, and about having one's name confessed before his Father and the angels of God. And as she pondered it she fancied herself already amid the scene. Time's ages past; earth's story done; he who is Alpha and Omega, descending to lock with his left hand the gate of hell; to open with his right hand the gates of glory; both these hands, in which now rests the sceptre of all dominion, she sees pierced for her. The little handbreadth of her days therefore, she feels, will be thrown away except in so far as it shall be consecrated to him. It must be all lived out so as to secure the brightest smile of confession from the conqueror's lips. His eye has divine light in it. It seeks out and meets the eye of each of these assembled millions, and the love that beams from it is human love for each. The fear of marring that hour of triumph by any slip or false step in the race made Mima tremble.

Was it all without profit, that long day on the damp deck, watching the drifting clouds, and the white track of the steamer over the rough sea? Was it a waste of calculation so often to balance that word *confess* against that other word *deny*? A worldly adviser would have told her that it was all a whim, for a woman of the world would not allow that a harmless young girl could ever be brought into circumstances where she would be tempted to deny her Lord. Was it, then, lost time? No. And yet here lay a puzzle to Mima. She knew she ought to be trusting the whole future to her Father in heaven. She was seeking to walk, without a question as to the path in which he led her, after Christ; but her very love to him brought an intense desire to know if his will should at all times be as plain to her as in the past. She had seen so many turn back and disobey him, who at her side had praised him once for deliverance as sincerely and more loudly than she! A sense of danger, a fight of anxiety and fear crushed her heart which did but gather itself into one silent appeal to God all that Sabbath-day.

To herself it seemed almost an exercise of unbelief to be pleading so hard for the help that is so freely promised. But was it not just the first half of faith's victory? The Lord's own finger was pointing out the leak in that frail skiff which he desired to make sea-worthy. His hand was turning up a little of the sub-soil of a deceitful heart to prove that, but for him, it never would yield aught but poisonous fruit and baneful flowers. His foreseeing love was shedding light on the ranks of hidden spiritual enemies in face of whom she must pass fearless. Oh, how often it is after a restless conflict with self—all defenceless against more distant foes—that his child is placed by Christ's well-known hand on those eagle wings that steadily carry him up into the calm of the presence-chamber! Afterwards when reposing in that glorious rest, and looking from a distance on the spot of conflict where life was all but lost, how apt we are, by reason of the contrast, to call the conflict unbelief. And yet but for that conflict—that painful half of the victory—we should have become easy-minded, self-confident, even forgetful that we carry gunpowder with us which one spark of temptation outside would set on a blaze.

Mima's guardian was waiting for her at the wharf, and drove her away to receive the heartiest welcome of a kind and pleasant home.

"*Mademoiselle* has given us a half-holiday for your coming, Mima," said the children. Their mamma took her to a room near her own; nor was her maid allowed to give the children any help, so eager were they to arrange Mima's things in the drawers and wardrobe. They found her to be as hearty a playmate as ever, and they loved to give the only return she asked, a chorus to her favourite hymns around the piano in the evening. After prayer together in her room, sleep brushed the house.

And now Mima began to wonder where all the imaginary difficulties of the day before had fled to. She did not remember ever to have felt quite so sure as she did that night that she lay down God's accepted loving child. Everybody had been so kind to her, and yet something said more distinctly than ever, *Thou art a pilgrim and a stranger here*.

Next morning when the coachman called for orders, Mima heard Mrs. Tremaine say "Twelve o'clock." The next order was to herself to be ready then. "And just lay out your evening dresses, Mima, that I may see all is right." So Mima laid upon the bed of her room a transparent French *barège*; she had taken pains to find a dress such as her friend would like. Then she laid out a figured, stone-coloured silk, which had been a few times worn. And then she sat down to wait. The new dress had no association in her mind, but the very pattern of the other brought up the scene and conversation of more than one occasion when it had been worn. It brought to mind fears dispelled and difficulties overcome. Words whispered modestly for Christ, in drawing-rooms which she had entered distrustful of herself and left rejoicing in him, came full to mind.

the door opened. "There's a good girl," said Mrs. Tremaine, "that's a beautiful barège. I like it better than anything I have seen this season. But neither of them will suit for evening parties. There is very little to see to; we shall soon set it right. There is no loss though, you are engaged for Friday first." A small tablet was taken out and marked,

*Evening dress,
Wreath,
White satin shoes.*

"I shall not want any but dinner dresses if my own dresses will do for them," said Mimma, "I cannot go to evening parties, oh please not!"

"We are not speaking of dancing now," answered the lady very kindly, "only of a simple dress, be ready at five," and she went to hasten through other rooms to give precise instructions in other ears. Her word of remark on any fault was always followed by another of cordial and encouraging that all who were under her authority loved it. It was a well-ordered establishment, superintendence was everywhere, and her kindness was verbal. Yet she left Mimma standing rivetted to the spot, feeling that of her own scruples as to dancing no account was likely to be made than of the blowing of dust from a drawing-room ornament.

The carriage drove up. "To Swan and Edgar's," said Mrs. Tremaine, and the two figures were soon standing, side by side, before a display of evening dresses. The lady selected three and bade the girl choose one of them. She chose the simplest. It was a white muslin dress with three bars of Grecian insertion.

"Very good," said Mrs. Tremaine, "but this must be covered with white satin." And as the scissors of the saleswoman slid across the shining fold, Mimma smiled to see that, in her simplicity, she had chosen, believing it would be at least, the most expensive of the three dresses.

"Now for a wreath, which of these will do best?"

"Please you choose it," said Mimma. "I have not been wearing these."

She saw a path opening on which she felt she should be allowed to walk; she would leave the ordering to her who would oblige her to make ready for it.

"By the way," said Mrs. Tremaine, "I have some dresses at home which have only been worn once; they will suit you well."

An hour more was spent in shopping, and another in the drive, during which Mimma felt at every turn how her kind friend was on making her happy, showing her what would most please her, and considering her in every way. She envied the forgetfulness of the child, which seemed to make that mother's life one long joy for what she considered to be the happiness of her daughter. All the heavier became the stone that lay at the girl's breast.

"Now, Mimma, I know quite well that after your quiet, methodical life, it will seem strange to you at first to see a little of life in London. You should have

been here a year or two sooner, and it is not my fault that you were not."

"I enjoy it all," Mimma answered gratefully. "None of it is lost on me. But I am sure you will not make me go with you to a dance. I have forgotten the little I ever learned. I hope no more to practise it. For others I do not judge; for me it would be wrong; don't ask me."

"Dear Mimma, don't be afraid," said Mrs. Tremaine gaily. "We shall not discuss the subject. You cannot judge of what you have never properly tried. Now that you have come, you shall decide on every invitation you receive. I shall leave it all to yourself. I have accepted three for you—have rather asked them for you—and you *must* go to these places. I don't suppose you know what a simple matter it is. We ourselves have several engagements for each of these nights; we do not require to stay more than an hour, or even half an hour, at the one we take you to, unless we please. You may not even have to dance once, if you dislike it. Trust me for it."

Mimma said no more. They were now reaching home. The mercy-seat was Mimma's home. Never had it been so prized by her. She realized that it was occupied by One, living, waiting to listen to her story, able to advise, comfort, strengthen. Enthroned among the riches He has purchased for us, what does he require from the creature he will bless, but empty hands to carry away his gifts. Wise with the wisdom of the God-head, sympathizing through the woe he suffered here, he sees the end of our history from the beginning. He holds out to his faithful servant the crown to which each victory lends another jewel. Is he not able to give wisdom for the warfare liberally to each needy one? That wealth of wisdom dwelling in Him cannot be expended unless the needy who feel themselves to be beggars, fools, and helpless, come in millions to be made wise.

And shall *one* soul fear to draw near with its little vessel? Does his light suffice to shine through all the heavenly temple, making sun and moon useless there, and shall my little lamp go out for lack of the oil he has to give? Oh no! But the hinge of the difficulty is this: I am apt to say that such and such things are not worth praying about; and thus I miss the supply. As a Christian, all I do is important. There is not a duty so minute, nor a task so wearisome, that may not be made a meeting-place with God and a channel of his grace. From the flinty rock of toil and discomfort the present Saviour can cause the strong wine of his love to gush forth. The believer who walks closely with God is ever expecting this.

To that Saviour Mimma was now speaking in the retired corner of her room, her forehead pressed upon the open Bible as she knelt in prayer. Doubts such as these had often troubled her: Have I been received by Jesus? Is he mine? Does my life prove it? But now she had not one such fear; there was not a vestige of cloud on all the sky. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God,

and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." Under the light that comes from his countenance, she read these words, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." "My Father," she prayed, "help me now. I know these dances would not hurt my soul just now. To stand by force amid the world while it forgets thee, would only make me hide more closely in Jesus. But how could I confess him there? And how could I try to win the children and the servants of this house to thee, if I deny thee among them? For thou hast said that he who is the friend of the world is thine enemy. I wait at thy feet to know thy way to escape. Leave me not to make a way of my own."

"Once it would have been a snare to my own soul," she thought within herself; "but now it is to me quite a question of example this matter of dancing. If I go even to one ball, I may shut my lips for my Master, since I cannot explain to others why I am there." She did not require to seek texts of Scripture to prove that it was wrong for her. In a believer's ear, that word "wrong" seems often inapplicable, when used about the lawfulness of things regarding which persons cannot make up their minds.

Wrong! Suppose that an artist is anxious to finish his picture on a certain day. His sight is not strong; he husbands it. A book lies by him which he wishes to read, but the print is very small. To sit up now and read it by lamp-light would risk his morning hours of work. He makes the small sacrifice; but such a word as *wrong* never once enters into his doubts about it. He is a sober-minded enthusiast in his profession. For him nature smiles or frowns that he may carry the fleeting tints to the canvas to glow always there. He sees and makes use of the world to paint it.

Wrong! A girl is betrothed. Those who watch her most and love her best dread that if the utmost care be not taken, she may turn out to be consumptive. The colour on her cheeks is too bright to be safe. She is going away in a few weeks from this humid climate for the winter. She is enjoying a sunny afternoon alone in the garden of her childhood. She is following her favourite employment there—arranging flowers that will soon require, like herself, the greenhouse shelter. The chill of evening is coming on now; her work is not done, but she leaves it to escape that chill. Would it be *wrong* for her to stay out longer? She scarcely understands what the word means in that connection. Health is more to her than gold. Her promise to another, the one hope of her life, would be endangered by an indulgence otherwise so lawful.

Wrong! A saved soul is happy like a half-recovered invalid. It is cleansed, holy, happy. Yet traces of the old sin-plague are far too deadly and numerous to make it a matter of indifference how we treat it, what scenes

we frequent, what nourishment we imbibe. The eye-salve has restored our sight, but it is feeble still; the balm of Gilead has healed us in measure, but what a small departure from the Physician's rules all but undoes the cure. Since the saved soul was rescued from the wreck of a sinking world, it begins to look on the world only with the eye of a saviour.

Mima had not the smallest doubt as to God's will for *her*; but to do it rightly, humbly, reverently, in the best way, to give no offence unnecessarily in addition to the offence THE Cross must bring, was her anxiety.

A very bright and touching example was shining, six years back, in her memory. She had caught the spirit of it, and would transmit it to those younger than herself, who might, ere long, be in her present position. She had been on the Continent, and received lessons in dancing at the house of Lady C——, who caused the court master to give his lessons to two young nieces at the hour of her evening parties. Mima went to join these quadrilles. Tea was being served all the time, and the only child of Lady C——, a lovely and accomplished girl, used to stand in the corner of the drawing-room, by the spread table, to pour it out. One evening, when Mima had finished her lesson, she went to help Bessie by putting in the sugar, saying, "I do think the people take so many cups of tea just that they may come here and have you to help them to it, Bessie. The crowd is always in your corner. Why do you stand there all night long? Why not let the servants do it?"

"Because I like it," said Bessie.

"And why do you like it?"

"Because I can take a little trouble for every one here, and not see a great deal of any one. And then it leaves me time to speak to the One in the room who is fairer than all the rest, my Saviour, Mima. He is with me here, he tells me I am his and not a child of that world which is buzzing all around." When the carriage came that night for Mima, Bessie went to fetch her cloak, and taking her alone, said sweetly, "Mima, you don't care for dancing?" "No, Bessie." "And you won't dance when you are grown up, Mima; as you learn it in our house, and as you have no mamma, I feel that I must speak to you about it on this last evening. You know I don't dance and never will." "No, for you refused the king's last ball, didn't you? We heard he asked Lady C—— where her beautiful daughter was."

"Hush, hush, Mima! 'The world knoweth us not because it knew Him not.' It was by suffering that I got this liberty. But if you only get grace to be firm no one will force *you*. I feel there is nothing I would not do for dearest mamma to show my thanks to her. I saw the tears in your eyes, Mima, when our minister preached last Sunday on the love of Jesus. Should we not see tears in his eyes if he could see us in that gay room without confessing Jesus there?" And then Bessie prayed in a sentence for Mima to be faithful too.

and it was well that the girl had now that one clear gleam in her mind—the fine *salon* with its many lights, the polished, inlaid oak floor so slippery and bright; a round table covered with white on which the chased urn and tea service stood, the silver trays of iced cakes and flowers; and, in the angle of the room, Bessie in white without a single ornament, as if the ornament and pride of that room. Her face shone unbroken.

"For dress, Mimma," said Bessie another day, "it is a little thought, but I have no conscience about it indeed when I tried to be plainest it has often cost me a great deal of thought. I got a useful lesson in reading from a lady who made too much fuss about being plain. She poked to John Newton about what she must do, and he said her husband wished her to dress well, and she made a conscience of not doing so. She was rather pointed when Newton said, 'Dress so, madam, when you leave the room nobody will recollect you had on.' I try to have the quietest style of dress now. I'm not ashamed, but rather like to put on the same dress after night the very same dress. When Papa said she liked that tarlatan muslin I just went and ordered another the very same. My maid doesn't ask what I shall wear, for she knows there's no choice. I try to study them at home in every day."

Papa likes what he calls the queen's curl pressed on the cheek, and since he said so, I've done it every day. When they take such pains with us, we can find that we dare not go out into the world

they brought us up for, we should do our utmost to please, if it's not anything wrong. Don't you see that if we give up our wills and choice *entirely* to them in everything that is not wrong, they will see that when we beseech them for liberty it's not at least to please ourselves." Wise, happy, unselfish Bessie!

All that afternoon Mimma felt as if there were a charmed circle of rest in God drawn around her.

"A mind at 'perfect peace' with God,
Oh, what a word is this!
A sinner reconciled through blood;—
This, *this*, indeed is peace!"

By nature and by practice far,
How very far, from God!
Yet now, by grace, brought nigh to him,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of his Son,
I am as near as he.

So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith he loves the Son
Such is his love for me.

Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me *mine* is *thine*."

September 1864.

B-D.

(To be continued.)

AUTUMN.

From the German of Spitta. (*Nachgelassene Lieder.*)

O AUTUMN, fair, pensive evening
Of the long year-day, in thee
A natural, gentle emblem,
Of life in its evening I see.

The faded forests are silent,—
The birds with their songs have flown,—
So the confident proud aspirings,
And visions of youth are gone.

No longer the gay flower-mantle
O'er meadow and hill is spread;
So youth's gay charms and beauty
With its fleeting steps have fled.

Not for shade or fragrant blossoms
The traveller looks to-day,

But ripe fruits and bracing breezes,
To cheer on his toilsome way.

While over his head seems smiling
The deep bright azure above,
Like eyes that have done with weeping,
Reflecting heav'n's peace and love.

And the sunbeams which shine so brightly
Oppress and consume no more,—
Like love in its bliss remaining
When passion's fond dream is o'er.

O Autumn, the year's calm evening,
Let me ever behold in thee
A beautiful, soothing emblem,
Of all my own life should be!

H. L. L.

September 1864.

DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVYLYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

PART X.



THE post-mistress at Falmouth will begin to think me quite an important personage. This morning two letters arrived for me—one from London from Jack, and another from New York from Hugh.

Hugh's letter contains a kind of brief narrative or journal of his travels, which I read to Father and Mother.

It also contains a little especial piece for me, which I do not read to any one.

I am quite surprised to find what large towns and what a number of people there are in the American colonies.

I always thought America was a kind of place of exile, where every one always looked unsettled, as if they were only staying there for a short time, and where things were always at the beginning. I never thought of people being really *at home* there. Of course it was a foolish thought. Hugh says some of the towns are a hundred years old, and some of the houses look quite venerable.

Hugh went through a great deal of Ireland on foot on his way, and took ship at Cork. During his wanderings he lodged in the little, dirty, smoky Irish cabins, or wherever he could find shelter, and preached in all kinds of wild places, or in crowded streets, wherever he could find people ready to listen.

"Sometimes," he writes, "the poor peasants at first took me for a new kind of mendicant friar, and seemed rather disappointed when at the end of my sermon I did not proceed to beg. Their warm Irish hearts are easily touched—tears and blessings pour forth readily (as also on other occasions curses). The spontaneous responses are strange enough at times. As I read the 'prodigal son,' a voice cried out, 'By all the saints, that's me;' or, on some home-thrust, in an angry tone, 'What traitor then told you that of Pat Blake?' perhaps accompanied with a handful of mud;—or oftener, 'Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us miserable sinners;' or, 'Sweet Jesus, have mercy on us!' or, 'By the mass, that's true.' I try to speak of the love of God to men, and of the sacrifice of the Cross, and of the joy of God in welcoming the returning sinner, and of the joy of the forgiven child; and those truths which we hold in common with the Church of Rome, although, unhappily, too much as the green meadow where Daisy feeds has a common soil with the bare patch beyond it,

which the tanners have covered with destructive rubbish. It is more and more amazing to me, the more I see of the world, to find to what an extent, and by what an infinite variety of means, the enemy has contrived to bury out of sight the great life-giving truth that God is love and loves the world—that He has redeemed us at infinite cost—that His one command to us is to return to Him, and be welcomed and blessed, and find the joy we were made for in serving Him.

"Sometimes, however, my reception is very different. The reputation of the new heresy of 'Methodism' has gone before me. 'Swaddlers' is the term of reproach here taken up by the ignorant mob, from a sermon preached by Job Cennick on the text, 'She took the babe and wrapped it in swaddling clothes, and laid it in a manger.' In such cases the whole population rise together, especially the women, and vociferate and curse, as I think only Irish voices can, until they are tired, and give me a hearing from sheer exhaustion, or until they excite themselves to a fury ready for any violence, and pelt me out of the place.

"In Cork the excited mob attacked the 'Swaddlers' in the streets with clubs and swords, wounded many dangerously, and began to pull down one of their houses. In spite or in consequence of this persecution, nowhere, Mr. Wesley says, have there been more living and dying witnesses of the power of religion than at Cork. Already Methodism has had more than one martyr in Ireland. Persecution draws the persecuted together with a wonderful strength of affection. It is not the mobs we have to dread as the worst hindrance to religion in Ireland; it is the excitable, variable spirit of the people themselves, so easily touched and so easily turned aside. And Mr. Wesley says the lifeless Protestants, who hate Christianity more than they do Popery or Paganism, are the worst enemies of the gospel in Ireland. But the excitement of speaking to an Irish audience is great. The quick comprehension of any allusion, the quick response in the expressive faces to every change in your own emotions, are very exhilarating, after the slower and heavier masses of our Saxon countrymen. Yet to see an English multitude once really stirred to the heart, is a sight which moves me more deeply than anything. It is like the heaving of the great sea on our own coasts. Those great massive waves do not easily subside, and rocks crumble before their steady power like sand-banks.

Charles Wesley's hymns have immense power in mind. There is a strange story of a bitter persecutor Vexford hiding himself in a sack in a barn where the excited Methodists assembled, with the doors shut for fear of the people. He intended to open the door to the mob outside. But in his hiding-place the singing such hold on his heart, that he resolved to hear it though before he disturbed the meeting. After the singing, the prayer laid hold on his conscience, and he trembling and moaning in the sack, to the great shame of the congregation, who thought it was the devil. At length some one took courage to open the sack, and to lay the persecutor a weeping penitent. His heart really been reached, and his conversion proved permanent.

Thus again and again the hymns hush the jealous passions of Prejudice to sleep, and leave the fortress of science open to the assaults of the Truth.

I have only once myself encountered a really furious mob. I had been speaking to an attentive crowd in an open place in the middle of a town. Some had been moved to tears, and the general attention had been sound. While I spoke, I had observed the keen gaze of one old woman intently fixed on me with anxious, searching gaze. When I finished with prayer a hymn, her eyes suddenly flashed into rage, and exclaimed in a shrill, piercing voice, '*Where's 'Hail Mary?*'

The change in the audience was as if a spell of hercraft had been cast on them. Loud cries and deep voices suddenly poured forth against the heretic, the sinner; stones and sticks began to fly from all sides around me.

It is a terrible experience to find yourself thus suddenly face to face with an angry mob, every member of which is a human being with a heart like your own, capable of pity and kindness, and physically no stronger than yourself; but which altogether is a fierce, inhuman monster, capable of tearing you in pieces, with no more difficulty and no more pity than a hungry lion. It is a trial to courage to feel yourself, with all your strength of manhood, helpless as an infant in the grasp of hundreds of men, no one of whom, perhaps, could as you yield an inch. But it is a far sorer trial to find love to find hundreds of your fellow-men, even of women, no one of whom, perhaps, alone would refuse you help and shelter, transformed into a dreadful, merciless monster, with the brain of a man, the heart of a wild beast, and the strength of the sea in its arm.

To me the danger seemed lost in the sorrow. It was like having a glimpse into hell, thus to have unveiled before me the terrible capacities for evil in the heart of man, which make it possible for men to be transformed into a mob.

The danger was soon over, for (I know not how), a reaction arose among my assailants; they began fighting

among themselves, and I escaped with a graze or two on my forehead.

"But, Kitty, it was not until I had spent more than one night in prayer, it was not until I recollected *another* mob, which *accomplished its purpose*, until once more above such a sea of cruel, mocking, inhuman, human faces, I had seen by faith, One sublime, suffering, human Face uplifted, divine in unruffled love and pity; until once more by faith I had heard those tones faltering with pain, but unflinching in compassionate love, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' It was not till then that I could take heart, and hope to go forth once more with the message of pardon and grace. But *then*, I think I never gave the message, I am sure I never felt it, with half the power before.

"And then I recollected yet another mob which also accomplished its purpose, mercilessly pelting its victim with stones until he 'fell asleep,' and what *one* of that merciless mob became. Such possibilities of *good* are there even in hearts out of which fanaticism may seem to have scorched all humanity.

"Here in America I have found no mobs, but, instead, throngs of eager listeners; men, women, and children, riding scores of miles through forest and wilderness, and encamping in the open country for nights to hear the preacher.

"The honoured name here is not so much Wesley's as Whitefield's, and the love for him is immeasurable. I think the accents of this apostle from our country have to the colonists the double charm of novelty and of home. There is still much affectionate reverence here for the 'old country,' although I think, with many, partaking more than we should think flattering of the reverence for old age. Perhaps they have as little idea here in the colonies of the freshness and youth left in the heart of the old country, as we have in England of the manhood and strength which the new country has attained.

"The field labour in the warm southern states is mostly carried on by black slaves imported from Africa. Some of the simplest and most fervent converts are among these negroes. Susceptible and impressible even more than the Irish, easily moved to tears and laughter, their circumstances of bondage, (and in many cases) of exile, make the tidings of *free grace*, of a Saviour loving black and white alike, and paying the ransom for all, peculiarly welcome.

"The first missions to the slaves were those of the Moravians in the West Indies. And there have been persecutions there for Christ's sake, in some respects like those of early times, bonds and imprisonments, 'cruel mockings and scourgings,' inflicted, not by mobs, but by masters.

"These diabolical possibilities of cruelty which unlimited power (whether in masters or mobs, kings or priests), develops in the hearts of men, are things I dare not dwell on, except on my knees.

"But God is stronger than Satan; and love is mightier and more enduring than malice.

"The Cross, not the Sanhedrim, has triumphed."

* * * *

"P.S.—I have seen Tom Henderson.

"He has been successful in his schemes, and is on his way in time to be a rich man. He was full of magnificent projects of returning to his father's house like a prince, and entreating forgiveness with a fortune in his hands, that should make it plain he sought forgiveness for its own sake and not for the sake of any advantages it might bring. I have endeavoured to persuade him that his duty is to write if not to go home at once, not as a prince, but as a repentant runaway—to throw himself on his father's forgiveness, bear his reproaches, and help him in any way he can.

"He fought against this very much at first, but I told him, Kitty, what you told me you had seen of his mother's grief, and had suspected of his father's; and I can perceive it is working, if by nothing else, by the vehemence and testiness with which he meets my arguments."

Jack's letter is very brief, and very different from Hugh's. It begins a little bitterly, alluding disparagingly to some former friends, especially to one young gambling nobleman Cousin Evelyn warned us against. He has found them out, he says, and although his reliance on human nature has sustained a shock, and although, (as he writes emphatically,) he will *never* be able to understand the *pretensions to gentlemanly character* of people who live on the friendliest terms with you as long as your purse is full, and *cannot see you across the street* when you happen to be in want of a *little assistance*;—still he has no doubt the wheel of fortune has yet its good turn for him. But in the postscript his tone changes from these rather cynical reflections to the most sanguine anticipations. He has found, he says, a mine of gold, in the shape of a company for farming the mines in Peru, where, as he observes, the Spaniards found the half civilized natives, centuries ago, eating off silver, and drinking out of gold. And if these simple natives with their poor implements contrived to extract such *untold wealth* from merely *scratching*, as it were, the *surface* of the earth, what may not Englishmen in the eighteenth century discover by penetrating into its *heart*? The secretary, he says, who has suggested these *very obvious* conclusions to a hitherto *marvellously blinded* public, is a *wonderfully clever* fellow, and his *particular friend*. He is appointed under secretary, *good names* being of great value, he says, in the commencement of such enterprises, and already he has received a hundred pounds as the first instalment of his salary.

In a second postscript he adds, that the *sale* of his *commission*, now, of course, with such *brilliant prospects*, useless to him; especially since the war is over, and there is no *honour* to be *won*, and no *service* to be

rendered the *country*, has brought him in a trifle to meet his more pressing debts. So that (he adds, *considerately*), we need not have an anxious thought about his *trifling liabilities*, which are, indeed, already all but discharged.

"Poor, dear fellow," said Mother, with a sigh, as she laid down the letter; "he is always full of kind intentions."

Father was out when the letters arrived, and he did not read them till to-day. I never saw him in such a passion as Jack's letter put him in.

"*Brilliant prospects*, indeed," he said, "to be the servant of a beggarly trading company! '*Good name!*' too good, at least, to be dragged through the mire by a set of scoundrelly swindlers, just like the old South Sea Bubble."

Irritated more and more by his own indignant words, he first attacked Jack, next himself, and finally mother and me. He said we had all been a set of dotting idiots, and that the only way to have saved Jack would have been to have let him have his own way from the first, and go to sea. It had been an instinct of self-preservation in the lad, and we were all more to blame than he. Now he had been crossed, everything had gone wrong. But it was too late now. He would go to Falmouth the next morning, have the old place put up to auction, take the first ship that sailed for the colonies, and so be out of hearing when Jack came to the gallows, for there it would end; nothing short of that, there could be no doubt."

At first Mother's tears fell fast, while I was too frightened to cry; but afterwards I saw Mother growing whiter and whiter, until at last her tears quite dried, and she sat quite still with steady eyes and compressed lips, and her hand pressed firmly on her heart. Then I burst into tears, and knelt beside her, and took her hands in mine and sobbed out, "Oh, Father, look, look, see what you are doing." He stopped in the full current of his wrath, looked at Mother, stooped and kissed her forehead, and said in a husky voice,—

"Polly, I am a brute. I always have been; and you are an angel. Don't take it so to heart. You know I don't mean half I say. There, the boy's a kind fellow after all. It'll all come right; be sure it will. I'm ten times as good-for-nothing as he is, Polly. Cheer up, sweetheart. The wild oats must be sown. Jack'll be an honour to the old name yet."

But words cannot heal the wounds words can make. Mother did not say a bitter word or shed a tear; but I do not like her look.

All day she has been moving gently about, saying cheering words to us all, especially to Father, who is as subdued and gentle as she is. But her face has had an unnatural fixedness, and when I kissed her good-night in the porch-closet, she folded me in her arms and said,—

"Kitty, darling, indeed I would not have kept him

on sea, if I had been sure his heart was set on it. I am afraid I have been very selfish; but oh, Kitty, God knows, I would have given up seeing him again all my life to do him good. Poor Jack. God forgive me! Yet, it cannot be too late! Say you do not think it so?"

There was something in that childlike appeal to me which pierced my heart more than if I had seen her sobbing in anguish.

But she did not shed a tear. Her eyes were dry and bright, and I tried to keep my voice quite firm and cheerful, as I said,—

"Of course, it is not too late, Mother. We will have him back to us. He shall take up the farm again with us; and they will get on so much better than they ever did before. You will see."

She shook her head; but she smiled, as if a faint hope began to dawn in her heart; and I said,—

"Mother, it is never too late. We can pray for him night and day. And that must help him."

But as I sit down here alone, my own heart sinks and sinks below the worst fears Father expressed in his last

What ever will make Jack understand about *right and wrong*? Oh, if Hugh were only here."

Yet, alas! if Hugh had been here, could he ward off all evils? Could he have warded off one of these evils which those he loves!

The echo of my own words brings the words of another sister to my heart,—

"If *Thou* hadst been here, my brother had not died."

He could have been there! He knew all. But He was away. The sisters drank the bitter cup to the end. The brother died.

Then through the anguish came the deliverance and the unutterable joy.

I will trust. I will never give up trusting. There is more. "The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

We have passed through a storm of trouble since I was last. For weeks I have not had heart to write a word, if I had had time.

Have we got through the storm? Are we on dry land once more? This trembling and anxiety, and restlessness, expectation of something worse, is it only like the certainty and giddiness one feels when one steps on to land after a rough voyage? Or are we still on the sea, and is this only a temporary lull?

The day after Father's reading that unhappy letter poor Jack's, Mother tried to rise as usual, and come down stairs; but she fainted whilst dressing; and Betty found it difficult to lift her into the bed again, heavily did her slight frame lie in our arms in its helpless unconsciousness.

Father was distracted with alarm when he came to breakfast, and heard that Mother was ill. He would

not touch a morsel of food, but saddling a horse at once galloped off to Falmouth for the doctor.

When the doctor came, Mother was better, and made so slight of her ailments, that he, himself a stout, florid little man, who looked as if he had never been ill in his life, persuaded us we had all been unnecessarily alarmed. "A momentary suspension of the action of the heart, a slight disturbance of the circulation, would frequently bring on consequences," he said, "of the most alarming kind. Of the most alarming kind, Mr. Trevlyan, to the uninitiated! There is a slight flushing and trembling. Sometimes, in ordinary cases, I would have recommended bleeding or a blister; but your good lady seems not quite in a state to bear much additional loss of strength. This evening I will send an especial messenger with an electuary, of which I had the prescription lately from the surgeon of a Spanish ship. I have no doubt we shall be well enough to do anything—to ride after the hounds if we please, Captain Trevlyan, in a week or two. A generous diet, and, above all, cheerful conversation such as, I am sure (he concluded, making a bow to me), cannot fail, my dear young lady, with you for the nurse. Above all, cheerfulness. The first and last ingredient in all my prescriptions is cheerfulness. Life is not long enough, with all our science, Mr. Trevlyan; with all our science, life is not long enough for care."

And the rosy doctor mounted his horse, and rode cheerily away, leaving Father, Betty, and me in very different states of mind.

"A very sensible man," said Father; "a very skilful and penetrating man. Kitty, you see, we must cheer up."

And going up to Mother's bedside, he said,—

"My dear, the doctor gives us the most cheering accounts. In a few days you will be as usual; indeed, perhaps, better than ever. It really seems quite a blessing, Kitty," he said to me, as he took his long-delayed breakfast, "that your mother had this little attack. It may be her restoration, quite her restoration. That doctor has such a quantity of life in him he seems to put it into his patients."

—But Betty took a very different view, and a very gloomy one. She would do nothing but shake her head ominously, except when she launched out into an attack on the medicine recommended by the Spanish doctor, who, she had little doubt, was sent expressly by the Pope or the King of Spain to murder as many English folks as he could in a quiet way. "Not," she concluded, "that I think medicine has much to do with poor dear missis, one way or the other."

So I went back to Mother's chamber to look as cheerful as I could, with my heart full of a terrible dread, of which Betty's tokens were but the echoes.

All day the flush in Mother's face deepened, and no effort of mine could keep her from talking with an eager rapidity quite unlike herself, of having Jack back to us, and how bright we would make the old home for him,

and how this was the turning-point, and all would soon be well. "For you know it is not too late, Kitty," she kept saying. "It is never too late."

Father kept restlessly hovering about the house all day, occasionally coming in with a gentle step, and saying some pleasant word to her. And at meals, those desolate meals, he repeatedly said to me,—

"You must not be so anxious, child. You have seen so little of illness. You take on too much. The doctor said there is nothing to alarm any one who understands the matter, nothing in the least alarming; and whenever I go in, Kitty, she is quite cheery, Kitty, quite cheery. There is nothing to be anxious about."

And then he would rise with his food scarcely tasted, and go to the door and whistle for Trusty, and come back in a minute to assure me, with more vehemence than ever, there was nothing to be anxious about, nothing at all; and to beg me to keep up heart, and look very cheery in Mother's chamber.

But when, as night came on, Mother's eyes seemed to grow brighter and larger than ever, and her utterance more rapid, and at last instead of those sanguine eager plans about Jack, she began to talk as eagerly about all kinds of trifles, and at length I crept out to tell Father I was sure she was *not* better, and he came in, and she asked him eager rapid questions about things she did not care about in the least, I shall never forget the look of anguish which came over his face.

"Oh, Kitty," he said when I came down afterwards and found him sitting by the untasted supper with his face in his hands, "Oh, Kitty, I have killed her!"

After that we were obliged to keep him away from her room. His presence seemed to excite her so painfully. Again and again, when I left the room for anything during that night, I found him standing listening at the door with hushed breath, and a face haggard and sunken as if he had been watching for nights.

It was a dreadful time, Mother's dear gentle voice raised to that unnatural eager tone, saying things that were no thoughts of hers, demanding replies to all kinds of wild questions,—with the knowledge that that other dear despairing face was watching at the door outside, and that every one of those quick unnatural tones was piercing his heart.

In the morning when I came out of the room, he was standing at the head of the stairs with Trusty sitting bolt upright beside him. Father laid his hand on my shoulder with questioning looks, which he did not dare put in words, while the poor faithful old dog licked my hand with a little perplexed whine. There was something in his old kind familiar ways which broke the spell of unnatural calm to which the excitement had kept me strained, and I laid my head on Father's shoulder and wept.

"Poor little Kitty," he said, "my poor little maid!" and we went down to the hall together, while Betty stayed in Mother's room.

After that Betty took us all in hand, and reigned supreme. I suppose the most capable people always will do when there is a storm, and every one feels in doubt.

I made a faint proposition that we should send for the doctor, chiefly because I thought the doctor's fetch him would be the best thing for Father.

But Father's confidence in the cheery man's was broken, and Betty decidedly prohibited any suggestion.

"There be strange tales," she said, "of folks who live on the lives of other folks. I don't say I can't abide his doublet, but I can't abide his doublet and his round fat face; nor I believe can Missis."

"But the ride might do Father good," I said.

"I don't see folks have any right to go imposing grown-up people as if they were babies," said Betty. "Poor dear Missis was too much that way herself, and if Master mustn't go into the room, and kept from hovering about the door like a ghost, what thing is to make him of some use."

So Father was appointed carrier; and now time, it was as difficult to bear as Mother's words to see him creeping up and down stairs with his shoes, carrying little cups and trays as lightly as if they had been tons weight, with his effort to let a drop be spilt or a spoon jingle.

Betty's treatment was very simple. She let Mother have what she liked, and do what she thought would make her most comfortable.

"It's my belief they know oft-times, Mrs. K. said to me mysteriously, "what's good for the goose is good for the gander," if not, God Almighty only can keep the life in us, and in my opinion we've no right to make them more wretched than they need be."

Therefore, contrary to all rules I ever heard of, dear Mother seemed oppressed for breath, Betty opened the window and let the sweet fresh air in, and complained of thirst Betty brought her cool fresh water.

On the third night she insisted on sending Father to bed.

"You can't work miracles, my dear," she said, "the Almighty doesn't see fit to work them no more. And if you sit up gazing at Missis another night, it'll be as bad as she is, and that'll be more of a strain than I can manage."

So at last, on the condition that I should keep Mother all to myself on the following night, we retired, and with the solemn promise that I should be called instantly if Mother asked for me, I went to my chamber.

How hard it was to turn from those dear unconscious eyes! To close the door between me and her, like rolling the stone before a sepulchre. I shut my eyes, but I turned back by as irresistible an attraction as I ever felt. I drew a poor bird with clipped wings down to the ground from which it struggles, but for the knowledge that the opening of the door made that fragile frame tremble, and how eagerly she looked for that

nothing any sound seemed always to rouse her to exert. I did not expect to sleep for a moment. Yet after I had laid down and had begun a prayer for her, comforting myself with the thought I could help in that way, the next thing I was conscious of was a quiet dawn stealing up through my casement, and round, not in my ears, but in my heart, of these words, *I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord.*"

I rose up and looked around towards the window. Everything was so still in that sacred calm of early evening, that I think it would not have surprised me to catch the glistening of the white garment of an angel coming up through the still pure air beyond the old thorn, and the old elms, beyond the green hill, beyond that grey cloud into the pure light of the dawn, pure as it streamed through the gates of pearl.

But there was nothing to be seen, nothing to tell me a whisper that was which was echoing softly through my heart when I woke.

For it *was* a Voice, I am sure, a heart and spirit speaking to mine; so distinct, so outside me were the words, and yet so mysteriously within.

They lingered in my heart with a power beyond that of any music, and filled it with an unspeakable rapture of calm and peace.

So I rose and dressed, and said my morning-prayers, looking out of my open window.

Those words seemed to have taken all fluttering and trembling haste and terror from me.

I said to myself,—

"I will not be superstitious—I will not build my hopes on signs, or omens, or even on these words. Oh, my dear, my Father, I will build on *nothing* but Thy word. But yet I will not put away the comfort of those words from me. They are Thy words, and whatever they mean, they mean love. And I will lean—I *rest*—I do lean and rest my whole heart and soul *on Thee*."

It seemed to me as if my whole being had been bathed in a well of living water, when I went back to Mother's room, so fresh it felt, and strong. At the door stood I listening as if he had been there long. I stood and whispered him some words of comfort. And when I opened the door so noiselessly that Betty did not turn back, and crept to Mother's bedside, she *looked at me*. She looked into my eyes, with quiet conscious love, she reached out her thin hand and laid it in mine; and as I sat down and held it in both mine—afraid to lose too much of what I felt—the feeble grasp relaxed, her breathing came and went, evenly, softly, as a breeze. It was the soft even breathing of sleep.

He slept on until dawn had deepened into day, and the many coloured changes by which the hours are separated and distinguished from each other when the day is new, had passed into the changeless radiance of the day, and there was nothing left by which to mark time, but my own hopes, counting every minute of

such repose as a priceless treasure; and my fears for Father watching, ignorant of all, at that closed door.

At length she opened her eyes, and Betty who had been watching her, as still and silent as I had been, rose and brought her some jelly.

And then she asked for Father.

There was no need for me to call him. As soon as the words had left her lips the door opened without a sound, and his poor haggard face appeared, inquiring with mute touching looks what he ought to do.

I rose and led him to the bedside.

Mother held out her hand to him, and said,—

"Dear, I shall get well."

As he had been so often enjoined by Betty, he tried hard not to betray his feelings, but just to look quietly pleased, as if it was just what he had hoped, and to say some easy, cheering, natural words. But the quiet look was quite a failure from his poor sunken eyes, and with the attempt at the cheering word, his quivering lips failed altogether, and with one passionate sob he sought to withdraw his hand from hers and leave the room.

But she laid her other hand on his, and he had no resource but to fall on his knees and bow his face over her hands, and weep like a child.

Betty lifted up her hands in horror, but when she tried to speak, her voice failed too; so she turned away, and I knelt down by Father, and in a few minutes led him gently away.

It was not till Mother was sleeping again, and we were in the hall together, and Betty brought in the supper, or whatever that nondescript meal might be called, which was our first and last that day, that she recovered her self-command enough to say in answer to an apologetic remark of Father's concerning his disturbing Mother,—

"Well, Master, I don't see that there's much to choose between us all as to that matter; it is no doing of ours, and *we've* nothing to boast of, if the Almighty has seen fit to work a miracle; for that it is a miracle I have no manner of doubt. There have been signs and tokens enough to prepare anybody for another drowning of the world, and we've all done our best to kill her; and there's Missis sleeping as innocent and as quiet as a lamb!"

Sweet hallowed nights of hopeful watching, when I lay awake till I heard her breathing fall into the even cadences of sleep, and woke to hand some little nourishing draught or refreshing drink to her, and to hear her dear voice murmur thanks, or perhaps some sweet old verses of gratitude from her beloved George Herbert.

Then those delicious days of her gradually returning strength! To watch day by day the precious little steps of recovery! It was like watching the leaves open, and the flowers in spring, each day being a new delight; only the life whose precious tide was slowly rising thus from point to point, was no unconscious flood of natural growth—it was Mother's life!

Then that first Sunday when she was lifted into her own little porch closet, and laid on the couch by the

window! She had insisted on being lifted there in the morning, and that all but Betty should go to church; she had wanted Betty also to accompany us, but no authority in the house reached to that.

As I left her, she broke out again into Herbert (which is her music), murmuring,—

"Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.
Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail aground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
Oh, let me take thee at one bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven;
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven."

With such holy strains echoing in our ears, and such gratitude in our hearts, a very happy walk was Father's and mine to church that Sunday, across the corn-fields, with the little waves dashing against the rocks far below.

And very real and living were the prayers, and thanksgivings, and responses of the service. They seemed just as if they were a new song, made expressly for Father and me that morning.

As we returned, Father said to me confidentially,—

"Kitty, do you understand that poetry of Mr. Herbert's?"

I said, "I thought I did, and that I liked it."

"You do!" replied Father despondingly; "well, I suppose all really religious people do. But I never could."

When I sat by Mother in the quiet afternoon, I told her something of what Father had said, and she told me how it had gladdened her as she lay there to hear Betty singing hymns in her dear old cracked voice, as she went about her work.

"I am afraid, Kitty," she said, "I have been too dainty about words and forms. The holy angels no doubt do not need the delicate spices of quaint fancies, to make the true prayers and praises of the poorest sweet as incense to them. I felt it to-day as I lay here, and found the smell of the dewy grass, and the new mown hay, sweeter than any perfume, and the sound of Betty's Wesleyan hymns sweet as the singing of a cathedral choir. Yet still," she added smiling, "my own thoughts flowed back into the channel of old Herbert's poetry, and I sang in my heart,—

Joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day;
Somewhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth muttering up and down,
With only this, 'My joy, my life, my crown.'"

And when Father joined us, she made me read to him the hymn,—

"O dreadful justice, what a fright and terror
Wast thou of old,
When sin and error
Did show and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glass discolour thee!
He that did but look up was proud and bold.

But now that Christ's pure veil presents the sig
I see no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy scales like buckets which attend,
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee,
God's promises hath made thee mine
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none: but for me much"

Father endeavoured to look pleased, but see that he was much perplexed. Nor was fulness restored until I repeated to him, at request, Mr. Charles Wesley's hymn,—

"Hark! a voice divides the sky:
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die;
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest:
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.

Followed by their works they go
Where their Head hath gone before:
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace had opened Mercy's door:
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven:
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit free,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, 'A man is dead'—
Angels sing, 'A child is born.'"

In the evening, when Father and I were asked me what I thought Mr. Herbert meant poetry.

I repeated to him the text, "Whom God forth to be a propitiation, through faith in I that HE might be just, and the justifier of him lieth on Jesus." "I suppose that is what Mr meant, Father," I said.

"Then if he meant that," replied Father testily, "why couldn't he say it? Religion and riddles are good in their way, but I don't good of mixing them up together. I shall able to understand the pleasure of twisting texts into a puzzle for the sake of untwist again. It's rather hard on me, Kitty, for I more pains than I can tell to like that stuff Mother's sake. However, Mr. Charles Wesley a great friend to me, with his hymns. It's mercy for me that I've fallen on times when a hear sermons as easy to make out as commandi and religious poetry as plain as prose."

I little thought that hymn of Herbert's would come into use as an apology for Mother.

Monday after that Sunday which was such a high day to us, Betty, coming down in the dusk, going to the dairy, fell over the stable-bucket, which had left in the way, and broke her leg. The youth doctor came at once and set it, and says it is all a difficult or serious case.

But Betty, never having had an illness which prevented her moving about in her life, grimly sets the youth doctor at defiance, and takes it for granted that she is dying.

And it's a comfort to me, Mrs. Kitty," she said to him one evening, "to think I am. Leastways a comfort some ways. It'll be a warning to Roger as long as he lives, that's one thing; for if I've told him once I'm leaving that bucket in the way, and said it would be the death of some one, I've told him so scores of times; and now he'll see that I told him the truth. That's one thing, Mrs. Kitty; and another is the signs and symptoms. They'll all be made plain,—the pulling of the leg, the howling of the dog, poor fool, and all. And I'm mortal glad, Mrs. Kitty," she continued, "that it's over all, and not Missis." Here her voice faltered, she hesitated a minute before she went on, and said, "I may as well speak out, Mrs. Kitty. It's my fault, and maybe you won't be troubled with me or my fault much longer. I'm mortal glad it's me and not Missis, Mrs. Kitty, because of the assurance, the inward peace in the heart. I got it, my dear, last year. And the day when Missis was ill, poor lamb, and I asked her she said she hadn't. So it's better I should be first."

At first I felt a flush of indignant surprise that Betty should possibly think herself more ready to go to heaven

than Mother; but gentler thoughts came as soon as I looked at the poor, kind, rugged face, down which a few tears were trickling slowly, not I knew from pain; I said as steadily as I could, "Betty, you surely mean that you are more fit to meet God than Mother is!"

"My dear," she said, "it's the inward witness. Poor Missis, when I spoke to her about it, I'm not even sure if she knew what I meant. It's God's gift, my dear, and he gives freely to the poorest sinners. Better than Missis! I might as well think I'm better than an angel. But I've got to feel that my sins are forgiven, my dear, and I'm afraid Missis has not. And there's the trouble; so, if the Almighty would take me instead of her,—I'm a cross, cantankerous old woman, my dear, but I can never look for anything but quite an improvement in place in heaven if the Lord spares me ever so long. So I'd as lief go at once."

When as I looked at her as she turned her face away from me, the tears, like an old Spartan as she is, my whole heart bowed down before her, and I would have knelt

and would have died for any of us with joy, to gain us

time to be made more ready for heaven, or to win us a higher place there.

For some time I could scarcely speak. And then I remembered that hymn of Herbert's on God's justice, and said part of it to Betty (explaining as I went), where he says to Justice,—

"For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee,
God's promises have made thee mine:
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none, but for me much."

And I told her how dear Mother's eyes had glistened as she listened to those words.

"Is not that assurance of being accepted by God?" I said.

"Well, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty, "it do sound cruel like it. And I suppose the Almighty must allow folks to say things in their own way; and if it isn't as plain as might be,—it isn't given to every one to speak plain,—and the Lord can understand,—Mrs. Kitty, my dear, the Almighty can understand, no doubt. I do think sometimes we are all like lisping babes before him; and if we don't always make out other folk's lisplings, He is the Father of us all, and no doubt He can. No doubt He stoops down and listens till He does make it all out; and by and by, no doubt, He'll teach us all to speak plainer, so that we may understand each other. Mrs. Kitty, my dear," she concluded, wiping her eyes in a candid way with a corner of the sheet, "you've given me wonderful comfort,—wonderful comfort, and the Almighty bless you for it, my dear."

"And so, Betty, you musn't die yet," I said, smoothing back a wandering lock of her grey hair which was falling over her eyes; "you must do your best to get well. We can't spare you, any of us, for a long time."

"That's as the Almighty pleases, my dear," she said, "we can all be spared a deal easier than we like to think when his time comes. But there be the cows, and the pigs, and the poultry, and the butter, and it would be a trial to leave the beasts and fowls, poor fools, to nobody but Roger. I don't deny that it would; not but that he means well, and didn't set that bucket on purpose to break my leg, poor soul, I've no doubt, and all folks can't be blessed with brains. But if I do get over it, Mrs. Kitty," she concluded, "don't you ever say it was the doctor, for I couldn't abide it; and if anything could have killed me it would have been his grinning face, clucking and chuckling away like an old hen when he was nigh driving me mazed with the pain. If I do get well, it will be the Almighty, my dear,—the Almighty, and you, Mrs. Kitty. I only hope, my dear," she said, shaking her head ominously, "you're not born to trouble, for surely the Lord gives you a wonderful gift of cheering and nursing folk, and the Almighty don't most times give his gifts in vain."

The Treasury Vulpit.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

BY SAMUEL MILLER, D.D., FREE ST. MATTHEW'S, GLASGOW.

Concluded from page 141.



LET us now look a little more narrowly at the text itself, having seen the strong light which these previous considerations concentrate upon it.

And it appears to be sufficiently obvious, in the first place, that the Saviour does not here charge it home upon the Scribes and Pharisees, to whom he spoke, that they had already sinned all mercy away. He warns them of their being in imminent danger of doing it,—not of their having actually done it. For it is very plain that the blasphemy of which they had been guilty, and which was the occasion of his laying down the doctrine before us, was their assertion “he hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils casteth he out devils.” Now, this assertion was prominently dishonouring to Christ himself: its most conspicuous feature was blasphemy *against the Son*,—not against the Holy Ghost. And, inasmuch as Jesus was continually testifying to these Scribes and Pharisees that he was the Son of man, they must have understood, and we are unavoidably led to understand, his words in the text to mean, that this their impious calumny against him was pardonable, when he says, “Whosoever speaketh a word *against the Son of man* it shall be forgiven him.” He does not fail to characterize that calumny as a most fearful and presumptuous sin; but still he tells them, and meant to tell them, of mercy for the forgiveness of it. Yea, and his thus telling them of mercy is all the more solemn, by his proceeding so alarmingly to warn them against sinning that mercy away; for he would seem to speak of that awful issue as a thing *future* and not *past*, when he adds, “But he that *shall* blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness.”

It is also worthy of remark, that the distinctive name given to this offence against the Holy Ghost is not “*sin*,” but “*blasphemy*.” All the three Evangelists, in reporting the words of our Lord, seem to be anxiously careful to bring this clearly before us: indeed, the phraseology in Matthew and in Mark is so studiously and precisely indicative of this, as to imply that the character of the offence (whatever it may be) is to be seen, not in the general character of “*sin*,” but in the peculiar character of “*blasphemy*.” Now, “to blaspheme” any one properly signifies to *speak hurtfully* of him; and the effect of such blasphemy is, of consequence, *injury* to the person blasphemed. But it is very manifest that the Holy Ghost cannot be *personally* injured by anything

that a poor worm of the dust can say or do. be done at all in respect to him, it must be *injurious work*. Such blasphemy is indeed an audacious to injure the Spirit *himself*, although in this be successful; but it may succeed,—and oh he does succeed,—in injuring and hindering his *work* upon the souls of men; and by this such these souls are left to sure destruction. And would appear, as an inevitable conclusion very nature of blasphemy in its proper accepta that is truly “the blasphemy against the Hol which effectually hinders his work of grace, ar him finally away from the sinner’s soul.

We cannot conceive anything else than this true meaning of this expression, as used in the under exposition. In that connection, it cann a mere profaning of the name of God the Spi were it so, it would imply, contrary to all f that the name and person of the Holy Ghost w august than those of the Father and of the S equal glory of the three persons of the blessed must doubtless cease, if the breach of the t mandment, in reference to one of these pers heinous as to be beyond the reach of pardon, breach, in reference to the other two, may be We cannot adopt an interpretation of our words that would land us in such an absurdit Nay, we are expressly excluded from it on ground, when we find the grossest profanity ag Holy Spirit plainly declared to be a pardonabl in those very Scriptures of truth which he hi spired. What, for instance, could be more b ously profane than the offer of Simon Magus (18, 19), to bargain for and buy the Holy Gho the gift of God might be purchased with mon any marketable commodity? And yet, in this case, we find the apostle Peter urging the bla sorcerer to repentance and prayer, “If per thought of thine heart *may be forgiven thee*.” if this blasphemy be pardonable, as Peter plai it must be the other kind of blasphemy, aln pounded, which is unpardonable, as declared in by Peter’s Lord.

This case of the sorcerer is also valuable to sent purpose, as serving to explain the peculiar of one of the passages under review. His blasph “speaking a word” against the Holy Ghost. is observable that Matthew, in reporting me

as the other Evangelists our Saviour's doctrine, puts the import of it in *two* distinct lights. Like the others, it characterizes the unpardonable offence as "blasphemy" (ver. 31);—but then he also describes it (ver. 32) as the crime of him who "speaketh against the Holy Ghost." And let it be remarked that he uses the simple expression, "*speaketh*" instead of the compound expression "*speaketh a word*," employed in the obvious clause in reference to sins that may be forgiven. There is surely a purpose in this; and the purpose is made all the more apparent, when we find that Luke also, in his parallel record (ver. 10), advisedly con-
distinguishes between "speaking a word" and "blaspheming." And doubtless we are thus instructed that the unpardonable blasphemy is not necessarily committed by him who "*speaketh a word*" against the Holy Ghost, but by him who "*speaketh*" against Him;—that is, by him who *continues* speaking against and opposing the spirit of grace, until the opposition is crowned with fatal success.

And on yet another ground it must be so; because, if mere resistance to the Holy Spirit were an act in itself unpardonable, no soul whatever could be saved; for there are none, either among the saints on earth or among the redeemed in heaven, who have not much and often resisted his gracious strivings. It is a *blessed* truth that he beareth in great long-suffering with the counter-strivings of men, leading captive at last many poor soul that has stoutly, daringly, and long stood out against him. If it were not so, the case of every sinner would be desperate indeed. But it is an *alarming* truth that there is a limit to such forbearance; and it is just this alarm which the Saviour sounds forth so loudly in the text. He would thus declare to us the case of those despisers of grace, to each of whom the Spirit, after much resisted striving, shall say, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone" (Hos. iv. 17). He would thus reiterate the awful truth which the unchangeable God proclaimed to sinners before the flood, and which he rings in the ears of sinners still, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man" (Gen. vi. 3). He would thus depict the miserable fate of those who, because they are determined to have it so, shall be given up to the guidance of their own hearts' lusts, and left to eat the fruit of their own devices.

In every view, therefore, which we have taken of the messages we are attempting to explain, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that the direct import of the truth taught in them by our Lord is, in substance, this, *Beware lest ye blaspheme and resist the Holy Ghost, as ye now blaspheme and resist me; for, if so ye do, your iniquities can never be forgiven you.* Observe, the nature of the unpardonable blasphemy is clearly indicated by the statement that it involves the *same amount* of opposition to the Spirit as the Scribes and Pharisees manifested against Jesus in his personal ministry. And what was the kind, or degree, or measure of their resistance to him? They resisted him

on and on,—even unto the death; they blasphemed him uninterruptedly, until he expired upon the cross; their resistance absolutely chased him away from them; in carrying out their opposition, they laid violent hands upon him, and thrust him out of the world. The *like measure* of opposition to the Holy Ghost "hath never forgiveness." If he be so chased away,—if he be violently thrust, as it were, out of the sinner's spiritual world, so that he leaves that sinner to himself and to his fate, and goes back to the Father and to the Son from whom He proceeded, then that sinner must infallibly perish for ever. For, really, a grieving of the Spirit to this extent amounts to the same thing, so far as the sinner's salvation is concerned, as putting Him to death altogether, or putting actually out of existence that only Saviour of whom the Spirit testifies. And hence the apostle Paul, in this very view of the case, gives another description of the unpardonable crime, completely in accordance with our Lord's description of it in the text, when he designates it "crucifying the Son of God afresh" (Heb. vi. 4-6). It is true, indeed, that every presumptuous sin is an *attempt* to crucify Christ afresh, as it was our sin which crucified him at the first; but that must be a crime beyond the reach of pardon which *actually effects* this second crucifixion, in so far as it can be accomplished,—that is, puts the Lord Jesus for ever away as a Saviour from the perishing soul. And that this is the peculiar deed at which the apostle points, in regard to unpardonable sinners, becomes sufficiently manifest when we attend to the speciality of his language in describing them—"they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."

How dreadful the thought, that "the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost" places the sinner in the same situation as he would be in, were God's very existence destroyed as a *God of salvation*, and his soul thus left to be dealt with by a living *God of vengeance* alone! "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the *living God*."

VI. We must now shortly notice the reasons why the doctrine in the text was enunciated upon the particular occasion described in the Gospel narrative;—for Mark distinctly says that Jesus so spake to those around him, "because they said He hath an unclean spirit" (Mark iii. 30).

And it is manifest, from what we have seen, that our Lord was led to this mode of dealing with his hearers, because he recognised in their blasphemy the germ and the elements of the blasphemy which hath never forgiveness. He saw that they were on the high way to the commission of it; he told them that, by their present course, they were endeavouring with all their might to commit it; and therefore, while he told them of pardon yet to be found, he pleaded with them to desist from pursuing a career that would soon put them beyond the reach of it for ever. For, let us never forget that a

continued rejection of Christ really amounts to the very "blasphemy" of which he warned them; inasmuch as the peculiar work of the Spirit, whom that blasphemy quenches, is to offer Christ—to reveal Christ—to apply Christ—to open the soul to receive Christ—and to bind the soul to Christ, by faith, as the only Saviour. To all practical effects, to reject *the Christ who is offered*, comes, in the end, to the same thing as to reject *the Spirit who offers Him*. And therefore our Lord certified to these Scribes and Pharisees that, if they continued in the same sin, of which they were so obviously guilty, and in which they so openly gloried at the time when he was addressing them, they would both speedily and surely cut themselves hopelessly off from all pardon and remedy.

Nay more:—Christ here plainly convicts these despisers of blaspheming the Holy Ghost to the extent of "speaking a word" against him. The record of the whole transaction, as given in Matthew, renders this very clear. "The word" which they spoke was, "This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub" (Matt. xii. 24). Jesus immediately disproved the impious allegation (ver. 25-27); nay, he proved that he wrought by the power and authority of God; and therefore he added these striking words (ver. 28), "If I cast out devils *by the Spirit of God*, then the kingdom of God is come unto you." Then follows the text, implying that their persisting in ascribing his work to Beelzebub, while it was in its more obvious aspect a *blaspheming of the Son*, was also in reality a *profaning of the Holy Ghost*, the abiding in which is the blasphemy which shall not be forgiven. As if it had been said—Ye are "speaking a word" against the Holy Spirit in so calumniating my work:—this is the germ of the unpardonable guilt of "*speaking against*" Him;—take heed lest ye do it and perish.

This latter remark may suffice to prevent us from drawing an erroneous inference from what has been already stated concerning the ministration of the Spirit after Christ's ascension,—as if the fatal blasphemy we have been expounding could only be committed by men during the currency of that ministration. On the contrary, since it is the quickening Spirit alone who has brought, or will bring, the sinner to salvation, from the time of Adam's fall till the world's end, the refusal of salvation by any soul, during any epoch of the earth's history, is truly a resisting of that Spirit. Hence blaspheming the Father and blaspheming the Son, though acts pardonable in themselves, do not only contain in them the elements of the blasphemy which is unpardonable; but, when determinedly persisted in, they do themselves amount to it. Attend once more to Stephen's rebuke of the unbelieving Jews (already twice referred to), in proof of this position:—"Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye" (Acts vii. 51),—a statement plainly teaching us, that all the souls which were lost under the ministration of the Law, perished in virtue of their being guilty of quenching the Holy

Spirit. Take, for illustration of this, the example of the Israelites in the wilderness. They assuredly set at nought and rejected the authority of *the Father*. Paul informs us that they also tempted and provoked the Son (1 Cor. x. 9): and the same apostle declares (Heb. iii. 7-9), that in reference to them "the Holy Ghost saith, Harden not your hearts as in the provocation, when your fathers tempted me." Hence it was, that when He (the Spirit) was "grieved with them forty years," "He swore in his wrath that they should not enter into his rest;" for, by this quenching of the Spirit, they shut themselves out from saving faith, and "so they could not enter in *because of unbelief*." And why does the apostle so much insist on this illustration, in Heb. chapters iii. and iv.?—It is just that he may lay down the general principle, on the ground of which salvation is lost by impenitent sinners in all ages,—namely, impregnable unbelief resulting from grieving away the Holy Spirit. Alas, therefore, "blasphemy against the Holy Ghost" is no uncommon thing, neither is the commission of it confined to any particular dispensation. Every sinner that refused, till the day of grace was past, a salvation urged upon his acceptance, has gone into perdition because he was guilty of it; and if any one of you shall ever "lift up his eyes in hell, being in torments," he shall lift them up to see, that he came to that place of eternal woe through blaspheming the Spirit who offered a free and an only Saviour.

And yet once more:—that element which we have seen to be so essential in the constitution of the unpardonable blasphemy,—namely, *determined resistance*—was so conspicuous in the conduct of the Scribes and Pharisees towards Jesus, that the recognition of it alone (even had there been nothing else) would have afforded reason sufficient for his addressing them in the language of the text. It would appear that they *accused* him of being in league with Beelzebub, while they *did* not really *believe* that such was the case. The whole scope of the context proves, that they were at their wits' end as to what they should say in opposition to Jesus, but that they were determined to say something, however absurd it might be. They were resolved not to believe on him themselves,—and they were equally resolved, if possible, to prevent the multitude from believing—that multitude whom some dawning light had now made to exclaim, "Is not this the Son of David?" (Matt. xii. 23). Hence these Scribes and Pharisees reviled the Lord, out of sheer perversity and enmity of heart, on grounds which they perfectly knew to be untenable. They accused him contrary to their own convictions; but they set these convictions at nought, and continued to accuse. Their consciences told them that they profaned him unjustly; but they violently beat down their consciences' voice, and continued to profane. Their lips uttered the blasphemy; but their thoughts within them accorded not therewith. "And Jesus knew their thoughts" (verse 25); and therefore, while he pleaded with them to deal with the case ac-

rding to the truth which commended itself to their consciences (ver. 25-28), he also sought to alarm them of their folly by the doctrine in the text concerning one who, like them, despise and reject the truth contrary to all light and all conviction. For, alas, there is a surer way to incur the fearful guilt of blaspheming the Holy Ghost, than by forcibly overbearing the voice of conviction within, in addition to a perverse rejection of the voice of God without. And hence it is that the apostle, in reasserting the Saviour's doctrine in a passage, a portion of which we have already pondered (Heb. x. 26, 27), insists upon this prominent element of the unpardonable blasphemy, and puts it in a very forefront of his awful statement—"For, if we *sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth*, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins."

VII. But we must now conclude these imperfect observations with two short words of application, though the subject is suggestive of many more.

1. What real comfort is there here for anxious souls, while many such souls have been sorely troubled by it.

"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." How blessed the truth!—Trembling soul! it not sure enough for thee? Oh, what wouldst thou have more sure than the words of Jesus—the solemn revelation of Him who is "*the Truth and the life*"—it not wide enough to comprehend thy case? What describable manner of sin is thine that it cannot be included under "*all manner of sin*"? Wilt thou persist in disbelieving God when he says (Isa. i. 18), "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as *oil*!" Wilt thou still call God a liar when he tells us (1 Tim. i. 15), "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world *to save sinners*," of whom thou art the chief?

"*Shall be forgiven unto the sons of men*,"—not unto *vile*, those arch-blasphemers. Has thy blasphemy *be* like theirs? Still thou art one of "the sons of *men*," and there is pardon for these. Mark the strength of the expression "*shall be forgiven*." Look at Paul also, as Saul of Tarsus, "was a blasphemer and a persecutor and injurious," but, says he (1 Tim. i. 13), "*I obtained mercy*." And this, O sinner, is an example to thee; "howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that the first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe in him to everlasting life."

But you are ready to say—Alas, I have blasphemed so long!—Look at the thief on the cross. Till within a few hours of his death,—and perhaps less than that,—he listened to the blasphemy poured forth on the dying Jesus and "cast the same in his teeth" (Matt. xvi. 44). But it was not too late, either to turn from the blasphemy himself, or to rebuke it in others (Luke xiii. 40), and to cry for that pardon which he had hitherto rejected but now received, by the announcement

of his Saviour's expiring lips—"To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Yet here again you are ready to say—This is a marvellous exception. And so it is; but is it the *only* exception; and is not Jesus a marvellous Saviour? Nay:—do you not hear forgiveness offered—forgiveness asked—in the case of sinners who had not yet ceased to blaspheme and crucify: yea, asked by Jesus too—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?"

Or are you perhaps so filled with despair as to think that in your case vengeance has already begun? So also felt one of old (Ps. cxvi.) and said—"The pains of hell gat hold on me;"—and yet he was made to sing for joy in a salvation found, "Thou has delivered my soul from death,"—"Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

And will you still persist in affirming—I am delivered over unto Satan? Even granting that this is true, do you not read of Hymeneus and Alexander, who were so delivered indeed, not for destruction, but "that they may learn not to blaspheme" (1 Tim. i. 20); and can you be ignorant of others also who were so delivered, to the intent "that their spirits may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus" (1 Cor. v. 5)?

Poor shrinking spirit!—wilt thou trust thine own fears rather than Jehovah's truth?—"Rise, the Master calleth thee." Canst thou not believe this when we tell it thee?—If not, wilt thou not at least fall down and cry, with the affrighted Peter of old, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee?" (Matt. xiv. 28).

2. What a searching word of alarm and of warning have we here?

Formalist! are you presuming on that word "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto the sons of men," and therefore sitting down idle and content? Alas! you know that blessed truth only by halves, if you do not also know that *no manner of sin* shall be forgiven, except by *one way*. That one way is "Christ the way:" taking advantage of that one way is believing in Jesus; that believing in Jesus is by the work of the Holy Ghost. And you, alas, are resting in formality, not in Christ; you are content with knowing about him, instead of believing in him; and you are slumbering and unconcerned all the while!

"What meanest thou, O sleeper! rise, call upon thy God." Do you really mean to sin, and slumber all grace away? Do you really intend to be guilty of the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost? Can you, in sober, real earnestness, have made up your mind to commit that iniquity which "hath never forgiveness?" Surely not. Why then still refuse an offered Saviour, and resist a striving Spirit? Why thus sedulously stifle conviction, and sing the voice of conscience to quietness and sleep? Why thus "sin wilfully" in defiance of the warnings of which you cannot be ignorant, and in direct contravention of what you have learned of the knowledge of the truth? Oh, know ye not, Gospel-despising sinner

and Gospel-hearing slumberer, that you are thus tempting the Lord to give you up; that you are entreating the Saviour, "Let us alone, what have we to do with thee?" that you are in hot haste to quench and blaspheme the Holy Ghost; that you are seeking, with both your hands and with all your heart, to "crucify to yourselves the Son of God afresh?"

And what if you should succeed? ay, what then? You yourselves must know the only answer, "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins;" you can have "never forgiveness, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." And can you contemplate this unpalled and unaroused? Will you never awake? Yes, even the dead shall awake in hell. Will you wait till then? We conjure you to answer, and to answer *now*; for it may be now or never.

But do you sometimes tremble, or is your slumber sometimes but a troubled sleep? Does not this whisper in your ear that the Spirit seems to be still striving with you? Oh, listen to that still small voice of gracious pleading, ere it burst forth into the thunder peal that summons you to vengeance.

Or are you in despondency, from the apprehension that you have already committed the "blasphemy of the Holy Ghost?" And are you *really anxious* point? Why not therefore rather argue from anxiety that you have not been altogether left in the power of heart? Oh, harden not your own heart, provocation! Remember that this may be effectually by insisting, "There is no hope for thee" (Jer. ii. 25), as by avouching, "I have loved sinners, and after them will I go."

Are you still invited to flee to Jesus? Can you infer from this that Paul hath not yet shewn his raiment, upon having received the decisive command to depart from you? Yea, God still calleth upon *you* to hear. By the mercies of beseech you resist not, grieve not, vex not, quench not the Holy Spirit. That Spirit testified, and David has recorded a prayer for you me not away from thy presence, and *take not the Spirit from me*" (Ps. li. 11). Have you not uttered it? Or, when it is uttered, have you not followed it with the earnest breathing of an A-

JESUS, SAVIOUR, THOU ART MINE!

"My Beloved is mine."—SONG OF SOLOMON II. 16.



JESUS, Lord, I lie before Thee,
Low in dust I worship Thee!
Brightness of God's awful glory,
Thou canst stoop to worthless me,
And 'mid seraph-songs on high,
Bend to catch my breathéd sigh—
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine!

Son of God! Thy Father's treasure!
He yet gives Thee all to me:
Angels vainly toil to measure
What I have in having Thee.
Grace so vast bewilders heaven;
God to me His Christ has given—
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine!

Let life's hours of joy or sadness
Come and go as Thou shalt please:
Earthly grief, or earthly gladness—
What have I to do with these?
Creature comforts all may flee;
Thou art, Lord, *enough* for me—
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine!

Soul more lost ne'er lay before Thee;
Guilt has never louder cried:
Just the more in Thee I'll glory,
Who for one so vile hast died;
Kissed me, cleansed me, made me whole
Wrapped Thy skirt around my soul—
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine!

Not in heaven alone I deem Thee,
Lord, I feel Thy presence nigh!
Yea, Thy Spirit dwells within me,
Joins in grace's wondrous tie;
Join us so—that Thine is mine,
Join us so—that mine is Thine,—
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine!

Lamb of God! I'm lost in wonder,
When I search Thy searchless love;
Praises meet I fain would render,
Fain would sing like saints above.
Here, full hearts can only weep,
Drowned in mercy's glorious deep—
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine!



MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. XIX.—TAHITI.—continued.

GEORGE and Anne declared that they had come this evening with a most heroic spirit, expecting all sort of misfortunes.

"That will only be a desponding spirit, unless you are also prepared to meet them bravely, and, by the help of God, overcome them."

"Well," said George, "I hope the in Tahiti were ready to act in that way, of them, as you shall hear. What was the told you of last Sabbath?"

Duff was getting ready to sail again with of missionaries for the South Sea Islands. gs were ready by the end of the year 1798, l ship sailed from London again, having on missionaries, ten of them accompanied by forty persons in all."

is a reinforcement worth sending. It is hear of doing things in such a spirited way. good voyage?"

y had misfortunes almost from the outset. ie of war, and the *Duff* was taken prisoner a privateer. The poor missionaries were to South America, and then to Lisbon, and y hardships and trials, which I have not you of. Long months passed before they , and able to return to England; and by : can hardly be surprised to find that some r ardour for missionary work, and wished home and serve the Lord there. Others, rsevered, undaunted by the trials which one through, and we shall hear of them now we must go back to the party in Captain Wilson left them. They set to gently as possible, exploring the country, w seeds which they had brought from teaching the natives the mechanic arts, urn they endeavoured to acquire the lan- to explain the gospel to them. Happily s are great talkers, and wished to be able to bly with the new visitors. But, as I have gnage was extremely difficult, and little de for some time. Meanwhile the mission- hocked and distressed beyond measure at tes of heathenism, and sinful practices of ound them. And when they found out he little babies were murdered, they could nce."

anna," said Anne, "no wonder they could did they try to do?"

ied to show the unnatural parents what a

dreadful sin they were committing, and offered to bring up the infants themselves, if nothing else could save them. But no good seemed done, and perhaps feelings of anger and dislike were rather awakened. They now also discovered that the people were almost constantly at war among themselves, and altogether that it would be far more difficult than they at first supposed, to make any religious impression on their minds.

"In the beginning of March, on the very day of the month that the *Duff* had reached the harbour of Matavai a year before, a vessel was seen approaching."

"That would be a joyful sight."

"I daresay the missionaries thought it so, and three of them went out at once in a boat to meet the ship. When they returned to shore, they told the rest that the vessel was the *Nautilus*, a trader from China, bound for North America, but driven out of her course by stormy weather, and now in great distress for want of provisions. The captain had nothing on board to barter with except muskets and gunpowder. These were the very things the natives would like to get, but which the missionaries were most anxious to keep from them. And after consultation among themselves, they determined to undertake, as far as possible, to collect provisions for the *Nautilus*, provided the captain would promise *not* to give the dangerous weapons to the islanders."

"That was surely a wise and kind plan."

"It was intended for good, and at first promised well, for the missionaries managed to collect a good supply of bread, fruit, cocoa-nuts, and pigs, and sent them on board. But the natives suspected that they had been interfered with, and were displeased. It would take too much time to give you all particulars connected with this unfortunate affair. A fortnight after sailing from Matavai, the *Nautilus* again appeared, having encountered another storm. Some of the sailors deserted, and the captain could not go on without them. He entreated the missionaries to help him to recover his men. So four of the brethren went for this purpose to visit the king. While on the road, they were most violently assaulted by a large party of natives, stripped of their clothes, and treated so roughly that they expected to be murdered. They begged to be brought before the king, which was at length done, and Pomare seemed displeased at what had happened, and ordered their clothes, &c., to be restored. But they had every reason to think that the young king Otu had favoured if not ordered the attack upon them, and the language of the plunderers had been so threatening that the whole mission party were greatly alarmed, and most of them believed that they could never feel secure

from violence again. The captain of the *Nautilus* offered a passage to New South Wales to as many as chose to take refuge in his vessel. Seven married missionaries and four of the single brethren determined to go."

"What!" exclaimed George, "surely you do not say so! Eleven missionaries abandon their work at once! What cowards!"

"We must not judge them too harshly. They thought their lives were in real danger, and they were getting discouraged as to any hope of success in their missionary work. Those who were married probably thought of their wives and infants rather than of themselves. I think we must make excuses for them at least."

"But how differently Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, or the Moravians, would have acted!"

"It is just a proof," said Mr. Campbell, "of what I have before remarked, that many qualifications are necessary to form a true missionary. We hope these were really Christian men and women, desirous to serve the Lord among the heathen; but they had not 'counted the cost' aright, and probably some of them were constitutionally wanting in strength of purpose and firmness of nerves. The trial of faith came suddenly upon them, and the means of escape along with it. They yielded to the temptation; probably most of us would have done the same in their circumstances. 'Who art thou that judgest another?'"

"I am glad," said Anne, "that some at least remained behind. But how very sad for them!"

"Very sad indeed, and all so sudden. It was on March 25th that the attack was made on the four brethren, and on the night of the 30th the party sailed from Tahiti in the *Nautilus*."

"How many were left?"

"Six, one of whom was married. Here is part of a letter which they wrote to the society at home:—

"DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,—Time and circumstances will not admit us at this present to enter upon particulars. The change that has taken place in our situation, by the sudden resolution of the major part of the society of missionaries, to depart from this island for Port Jackson in New Holland, we trust will nothing hinder that work, which first induced us to offer our services to the directors of the Missionary Society, supported us under the heavy trial of forsaking parents, brothers, sisters, friends, &c., and still encourages us to abide the will of God on this island. We can only assure the directors that our confidence is the strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose aid we depend upon, and whose servants we desire to manifest ourselves to be.... Experience has taught us, the more we are encumbered about worldly things, the less concern we have for the conversion of the heathen, and the more we are detached from secular employments, the more, we trust, our minds will be attached to the propagation of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Otaheite affords food and rai-

ment suitable to its climate, . . . and having these things, we hope the Lord will teach us to be content. It appears to us at present that a reinforcement of this island with a body of missionaries, consisting of men, women, and children, and furnished after the manner of ourselves when we quitted our native country in the ship *Duff*, would nothing forward the work of the Lord in Otaheite or the adjacent islands; but if ~~four or six~~ Christian men, void of worldly encumbrances, will be willing to hazard their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ in the salvation of the heathen, and, led by the Eternal Spirit, forsake all and follow us, we shall glory, if spared, to give them the right hand of Christian brotherly fellowship."

"A sensible as well as Christian letter," said Mr. Campbell. "How did the natives now behave?"

"They appeared, generally speaking, sorry to see so many of their visitors going away, and Pomare especially endeavoured to persuade them all to stay, assuring them of protection. Soon after the others left, he visited the remaining missionaries, and asked, How many of you know how to make war?"

"A startling question," said George, "I suppose he wished them to fight for him."

"No doubt this and other selfish motives were the chief reasons for his kindness. The missionaries felt this question an important one, but they replied at once, We know nothing of war. They then pursued diligently their work of learning and forming the language, and endeavouring to gain the confidence of the people. But their hearts must often have been heavy enough. They saw so little prospect of ever touching the hearts of the heathen, hardened by long habits of vice. Like the Moffats among the Bechuanaas, they were exposed to constant loss of property, by almost open pilfering and plundering. Wars and rumours of wars were on every side, and reports reached them of a design to burn their house, &c. Their letters, however, express much Christian trust and resignation. Here are a few extracts.

"What gave rise to this report, (of burning the mission premises) is uncertain, but from what we every day see of the natural disposition of the people, we have no reason to doubt that, if left to themselves, they would not hesitate to commit such an act of wickedness, notwithstanding their many professions of friendship for us, and the temporal advantage they have reaped by our visiting their country. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and not Satan. The counsel of the Lord, that shall stand, and not the devices of the heathen.

"Oct. 1798.—The eyes of the Lord are still over us for good, we trust, to whom we, by grace, keep looking, and from whom we every day, and every moment, receive the help we need. Peace we continue to enjoy in an eminent degree, which we endeavour to improve by useful and necessary employments of various kinds, and acquiring a perfect knowledge of the language of the

..... The work of our mission we keep in and patiently wait for the time of labouring in it of the Lord's vineyard. None but those who in similar circumstances with ourselves, know what live in the midst of professed heathens and un- barbarians. By our own experience, we have to believe that many of the true children of God, own native country, formed in their minds very ideas of the work of preaching the gospel to heathens, to what they would were they with us spot, to see and hear what we have seen and . . . We cease not to pray for the welfare of our land. . . . Our parents, brothers, sisters, and far relatives, share in our affections and prayers; we have forsaken them, we have not forgotten . . . They live in our remembrance, while we ly pray, hope, and wait for the happy period of intimacy will be renewed in the happy king- Emmanuel.'

March 1799, they write: 'How different our pre- nation from what it was this day twelvemonths. e held a prayer-meeting, when we acknowledged at goodness of God in our preservation, health, ce, since this day last year when our brethren us. Hitherto the Lord has been much better to our fears, and we are still kept hanging upon owing that as time and all events are in his the work which he has for us to do here shall be lished in his appointed hour.'

ther," said George, "when you told us of eleven aries out of seventeen going away, I thought of and his army."

y good; and you will think the resemblance ater when you hear all. When those who were and afraid' left Gideon, his army fell from wo thousand to ten thousand men. But these ll further tested and reduced in number by the id of the Lord. And out of the small band of aries left in Tahiti, two were soon removed." they die?"

a, the separation was far worse than death. fr. Lewis went to live with a native friend in part of the island, and soon after expressed his n to marry a native woman." it was like Vanderkemp."

: at all, Vanderkemp's wife was a professed n, the woman Mr. Lewis chose to live with was rant and wicked heathen."

how sad!" said Anne. "What did his do?"

y remonstrated most strongly, refused to perform riage ceremony, and when he persisted in his nation to live with this woman, they separated tirely from Christian fellowship and friendly ase. He continued to attend at public worship, position of both parties must have been most

One evening, about five months after, the aries were startled by the sad tidings that he

was dead! They hurried to his house, and found such marks of violence on the body, that there was every reason to think he must have been murdered by his wife or her relatives. With feelings of pain and sorrow which cannot be described, they selected a burying-place near their own dwelling at Matavai, and laid their erring brother in his grave, on Nov. 29, 1799. The next trial was even more severe. Mr. Broomhall, another of the little band, became cold and careless in his religious duties, and at last declared that he no longer believed in the truth of the Bible! His companions were more gentle in their dealing with him than they had been with Mr. Lewis, but he would not be convinced of his errors, and they were compelled to separate from him also. He soon fell into habits of open sin, and his friends were thankful when he took an opportunity of leaving the island, in 1801, as they felt his example and influence so bad for the natives."

"George asked if it was ever known what became of him?"

"Yes, there was hope in the end of his sad story. The prayers of his sorrowing brethren were not in vain. After leaving Tahiti, he spent some years in a seafaring life. During a painful illness, the consequence of an accident, he was brought under overwhelming spiritual convictions and distress. He was at that time in Calcutta. He wrote to the Baptist missionaries at Serampore, and at length requested an interview with them, when with the deepest humiliation he told all his past history, and expressed his earnest desire to return to the Saviour and his service. The good missionaries were greatly interested, and spoke words of hope and comfort to the returning prodigal, promising to intercede for him with the brethren whom he had forsaken. Meanwhile he embarked on what he resolved should be his final trading voyage. But neither he nor his vessel were ever heard of again. It was supposed that the ship went down in a storm at sea, and all on board perished."

"But he would go to heaven?" said Tommy.

"We hope so, my dear, for he seemed to have truly repented, and Jesus invites the backsliders to return to him. We see the good providence of God in his having been led to visit the Serampore missionaries and confess his sins to them before he died. Thus his brethren in Tahiti were much comforted."

"But these were dreadful trials of faith," said Mr. Campbell, worse I think than any we have yet heard of; Egede and the Moravians among the snows of Greenland, Gardiner and his companions starving on the bleak shores of Patagonia, were at least blessed in brotherly love and sympathy under all their sorrows. But the unfortunate missionaries in Tahiti, seeing no hopes of the conversion of the heathen around them, forsaken by most of their brethren, and finding one after another of their own little band falling into sin and unbelief, must have felt ready to despair."

"Christ has promised never to leave his people altogether comfortless, and we can almost always see mercies mingled with trials. Mr. and Mrs. Henry, who were among the forty that left in the *Nautilus*, soon took an opportunity of returning to their post, and the very ship which carried poor Broomhall away, brought a welcome reinforcement of missionaries from England. They were kindly received by the old king, though probably he was only glad to see them from the hope of their assistance in securing his government. Thus encouraged, and some good progress in the language now being made, all the missionaries laboured on in faith and hope. In 1802, two of them made a tour of the island, preaching the gospel everywhere. The people listened with attention, but the king and chiefs were found engaged in a great feast to the idol Oro, and human sacrifices in the act of being offered. Soon after this a dreadful civil war broke out, and the missionaries, assisted by some British seamen from a shipwrecked vessel, had to take vigorous measures for self-defence. Here is an account, by Mr. Ellis, of their sad situation:—"Seventeen Englishmen thus cast on shore, with Captain Bishop and his men (from a trading vessel) gladly united with the missionaries for defence against a common enemy, and by the unexpected, but to them highly advantageous presence of these men, under God, the missionaries were preserved from plunder, if not death, in the commotions which ensued. . . . The mission house was converted into a garrison. The enclosures of the garden were destroyed, the bread-fruit and cocoa-trees cut down to prevent their affording shelter to the enemy, and the means of annoyance from their muskets or slings. The chapel was also pulled down, lest the enemy should occupy or burn it, and from it set fire to the mission house. A strong paling, or stockade, was planted round the house; boards, covered with nails, were sunk in the paths leading to it, and thither the missionaries, Captain Bishop, Captain House, commander of the wrecked vessel, and the seamen under their orders, now retired, as they daily received accounts of the intention of the rebels to make their next attack upon them. The verandah in front of their dwelling was protected by chests, bedding, and other articles, to afford a secure defence against musket balls. Four brass cannon, which had been saved from the wreck of the *Norfolk*, were fixed in two of the upper rooms, and as far as the number of muskets would admit, the inmates of the dwelling were placed under arms. The missionaries, as well as the seamen, stood sentinels in turn, night and day, to prevent surprise."

"Oh, mamma, what a terrible state of things! And to be obliged to destroy their pretty garden, and pull down their chapel!"

"It was a sad sacrifice, and looking back upon it now, we are ready to question whether it was really advisable or necessary. However, the good men acted as seemed right at the time, and by the blessing of God

their lives were preserved, and the English assisting Pomare against the rebels, a kind was at length established. Then the missionaries turned to their labours of love, though all a 'desolate and cheerless;' and though their own safety more precarious than ever. In the year of 1803 the old king Pomare died, and in his death they had lost a sincere and powerful friend."

"Was he not a Christian?"

"Alas, no; like the first king Radama of Madagascar, he had only favoured the mission for political or selfish motives, and never could part from his old sins. So his death was in a mournful event. After this several years passed quietly. Real progress was made in the language, using our own letters to express the sounds. A spelling-book, catechism, and short history were written out, and afterwards sent to England. And though none of the natives were persuaded to attempt learning to read, a number of young people were taught to repeat the Lord's Prayer. The young king Otu, or Pomare II., was friendly to the missionaries. He expressed a wish to be able to read, and soon made good progress under Mr. Davis, to the astonishment of his own subjects. In 1807, he wrote a letter to the Directors in London, which was translated into English, and sent along with a translation. Here are some extracts from it:—

"For my friends, the Missionary Society,

"MATATAI, TAHITI, JUNE 1807."

"FRIENDS,—I wish you every blessing, and your residence in your country, with success. I am ignorant of good, this land that knoweth no God, this regardless land.

"Friends, I wish you health and prosperity, and may Jehovah save us all!

"Friends, with respect to your letter to me, I have this to say to you, that your business, and your wishes, I fully consent to, and consequently banish Oro, and send him to Raeva.

"... Friends, I hope you will consent to my request, which is this, I wish you to send a great number of men, women, and children here.

"Friends, send also property, and clothing, for we also will adopt English customs.

"Friends, send also plenty of muskets and powder, for wars are frequent in our country. Should I be killed, you will have nothing in Tahiti. Do not forget me here when I am dead. . . . Also send me the things necessary for writing—paper, ink, and pen, and a dancing—let no writing utensil be wanting. . . . all I have to write; I have done. I wish you every blessing. May I also live, and may Jehovah save us all.

"POMARE, King of Tahiti."

It was surely a hopeful letter, mamma. It looks as if we were beginning to believe the truth." But still he had taken no decided step, and one of the missionaries at this time is represented in the extreme. For five years, owing to a series of misfortunes, no supplies of any kind had come from England, nor had they received any from home friends. Their clothes were almost all worn out, and for want of shoes they had long journeys bare-foot. One of their number, Mr. Ellison, died in September 1807. He had borne all the burden and heat of the day, though he departed in faith and hope, it must have been sad to feel that he had so long apparently laboured in vain. Mr. Ellis, long after, says of him,—"I sat by his grave in 1821, conducted by Mr. Nott, on a pilgrimage to his grave. I stood beside the tomb on which the tall grass waved in the wind and gazed upon the plain stone that marks the place where his head reposes, with feelings of veneration and gratitude. I felt, also, in connection with the fact that has since taken place, that he had indeed seen the things that I beheld, but he had died without witnessing, on earth, the gladdening sight; and in reference to his unremitting exertions, I and my companions had entered into his labours, reaping the harvest for which he had toiled." It is getting late, and I shall hasten over the close of my story. A terrible civil war broke out just about the time of Mr. Jefferson's death. It was Pomare having to fly from his rebel subjects, seeking refuge in the island of Eimeo; and in all the

missionaries having also to forsake the land where they had so long, through trials and dangers, struggled to hold up the banner of the cross. We are told that "the rebels plundered the districts of Matavai and Pare, and devoting every house to destruction, reduced the whole country to the wildest state of desolation. The mission houses were ransacked and burned, and whatever the insurgents were unable to carry off was destroyed. Every implement of iron was converted into a weapon of war. The most valuable books were either committed to the flames, or distributed to the warriors for the purpose of making cartridge papers, and the printing types were melted into musket-balls." Thus ended the hopes and labours, to all human appearance, of twelve long years, and the feelings of anguish with which the servants of Christ abandoned their post, we can better imagine than describe."

"Where did they go?"

"Mr. Nott remained with the king at Eimeo, and Mr. Hayward stayed alone in the island of Huahine. The others escaped to Port Jackson in a trading vessel which providentially anchored in the bay of Matavai just in time to afford them a refuge."

"All that seems very sad," said Anne; "and yet I am sure by your face, mamma, that you will have better things to tell us next Sabbath evening."

"Well, my dear, there is much truth in the old Irish proverb, 'The darkest hour is that before the dawn.' And better still, the promises of God have never failed, which assure us that prayer and faith, labour in his service, and quiet trust in him, shall never be in vain."

H. L. L.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM THE CLASSICS.

1. "A new (and living) way."—HEB. x. 20.

WHEN these words were first written, the way of a Christian's access to God through Christ was *literally* new, even in point of time; the Saviour had died within memory of many of those Hebrews to whom the Epistle is addressed; some of them may have stood on Calvary and gazed and mocked at his crucifixion. Actually, in point of saving efficacy, "to cleanse from guilt and sin," the way is *always* new. It is like the way of ships on the sea. That ocean is no repairing; "time writes no wrinkle on the brow;" though the seas have been ploughed by the keels for thousands of years, its pathway is new and unworn to the mariner of to-day as he had been the first that ever sailed. So of by which "we have boldness to draw near to God at God's redeeming love," it is an "everlasting" *everlastingly* new, to the Christian of this

day as if no foot but Christ's had trodden it before him, as if he had been the first that ever followed "the forerunner" by faith through the veil.

This truth is conveyed by the original word (*πρόσφατος*) which is here translated "new." It is not the ordinary Greek word for mere novelty in time; it properly means new in the sense of *recency* or *freshness*. It is employed in this sense in the last book of the Iliad. After Hector has been slain, and his body allowed to lie ten days unburied among the tents of the Greeks, the magnanimous Achilles grants the dead hero to the prayers of poor old Priam his father. And a protecting deity has preternaturally kept the body from corrupting; so that the bereaved mother and wife have some comfort in the fact, that the heroic remains are not disfigured by decay, but dewy and "new" (*πρόσφατος*, fresh) as if death had been but a refreshing sleep. But the word was primarily applied to the bodies of animals slain in sacrifice, to describe their condition (of recency or freshness) while the blood was still flowing, and the body still warm though the life had departed. And

thus, not only in the sacramental bread and wine, but by force of the same word *ἁρφαρ* ("new"), Christ is "evidently set forth crucified before us." This word sets the great sacrifice before us as ever recent or fresh, to all saving purposes, just as if the Saviour had died to-day, his blood still flowing and body still warm, while the spirit has departed from that "tabernacle" in which God's eternal Word has "tented among us."

2. "Things which are not."—1 Cor. I. 28.

Orators and poets have commented on the creative powers of the Sun of Righteousness, causing flowers to spring from the mere mud of our earth, bringing into spiritual being and notice, investing with an interest universal and imperishable, those, like the Philippian jailer and the "woman who was a sinner," who are naturally undistinguishable from the most common-place of the common-place down-trodden "mass" of humanity. Theologians have not failed to enlarge upon the doctrine which is here being declared by Paul, that the whole new creation in Christ is really a work of bringing "things which are not" into recognizable being; that those whom God has chosen, and redeemed, and called, have nothing by nature in themselves to draw upon them either the electing love of the Father, or the redeeming grace of the Son, or the life-giving communion of the Holy Ghost. And the learned lexicographer will find further illustration of the sovereignty of God's love in the very terms here employed, as these must have been understood and felt by the Corinthian Greeks.

The class immediately referred to in the description "things which are not" is that of those who, like aliens, had no recognised place on the *census* of citizens, no political existence, or who, like slaves, had no recognised personal rights, no social standing, but were regarded and treated as the beasts of the field. In

application to such "nobodies" as these, the Greeks were familiar with the word *οὐδὲν* (literally, *nothing*). It expressed not merely such contempt as we express by our "nobody" when we would describe our neighbor as perfectly insignificant, nor merely such cold "constitutional" inhumanity as when the American lawyer speaks of slaves as "chattels personal;" it often conveyed besides an energy of loathing such as our half-heathen Saxon forefathers strove to express by their *middering* a name of infamy, uttered with a shudder. And in this application we have an illustration in the *Ajax* of Sophocles. After the suicide of Ajax, Teucer his brother-in-arms, the famous archer, who has played no obscure part among the leaders against Troy, proposes to give his dead friend an honourable burial; but is interrupted by the golden-haired Menelaus, who maintains that the suicide, and would-be murderer of the Atreidae ought to be allowed to lie unburied, "a prey to dogs and all manner of birds." Teucer resents the interference with words so fierce and hot, that Menelaus appeals to his brother Agamemnon, "king of men," commander-in-chief. And Agamemnon scornfully reproaches the archer for his presumption in bandying words with fine-born princes, seeing that though his (Teucer's) father was a king, his mother was a slave, and therefore her son is *οὐδὲν* (nothing). But Teucer replies, *inter alia*, that Agamemnon ought not to throw stones, that he lives in a glass house, that his grandfather was "a barbarian," *σκωρ* than a slave. Thus *οὐδὲν* is the worst term which an enraged Greek could employ to insult his enemy. And to the Corinthians the words "things which are not" must have vividly represented the truth that Christ has made "kings and priests to God" of those individuals and classes which are regarded only with loathing contempt among men.

ALFRED VAUGHAN.



SIR JAMES STEPHEN makes the remark that the frequent disappointing, by premature death, of bright hopes in regard to the future of unusually gifted men, seems to be a kind of habit in the providential government of the world. He adds that this law is doubtless prompted by reasons which are as just and profound in themselves as to us they are obscure. It is well when those who are called to part early with friends that have been full of promise are able not merely to recognise the existence of such a law and acknowledge its righteousness, but to take to themselves such comfort as Rutherford tendered to Lady Kenmure on the removal of her daughter:—"You have lost a child; nay, she is not lost to you who is found to Christ. She is not sent away, but only sent before, like unto a star, which going

out of our sight, doth not die and vanish, but ~~abideth~~ ^{shineth} in another hemisphere; you see her not, yet she doth shine in another country. If her glass was but a short hour, what she wanteth of time, that she hath gotten of eternity."

ALFRED VAUGHAN was pre-eminently one of those whose graves would be most appropriately distinguished by broken pillars. Richly endowed by nature with gifts of the noblest description, enjoying means and opportunities of culture such as few are favoured with, and purified and refined by grace, it was not wonderful that those who knew him best should have inferred that he was sent into the world to do some important work, and would have anticipated for him a reasonably long life wherein to accomplish it. This confidence and hope, however, were destined to be disappointed. He was born in the spring of 1823, and died at the age of four

the autumn of 1857; and unless this father, and the few contributions to our which he has left behind, achieve in his thing of the good which he would have had he been spared, and thus give a o his life which it would not otherwise ust ever think of him as one whose sun le it was yet day, who carried with him e light which he seemed commissioned to o the world, and by whose early death, re this day left less rich than, with such s to look forward to, we might reasonably to have been.

efore us* contains six chapters, which e themselves into three divisions. The ak of young Vaughan's childhood and e fourth and fifth describe his life as Bath and Birmingham. While the sixth h it professes to present him to us chiefly racter of a Man of Letters, derives no of its interest from the fact that the t reviews was also his "night season," e grasp of a disease which, almost from known to be incurable, he felt himself into a premature grave. Our purpose in o notice mainly the religious bearings of but that we may not seem to have been hen speaking of the uncommon promise we may say a word or two to begin with quality of his mind, the nature of his l the proofs which he furnished of his der service to the cause of Christianity. nly no small advantage at the outset to the roof, and to be trained under the eye, as Dr. Robert Vaughan. For the first of his life his education was conducted by erson—at that age he entered the school College, London, and passed through the m with great distinction—he then became he College itself, and took his degree of ours in classics, in 1842—and when, the ; Dr. Vaughan accepted the office of he Lancashire Independent College, his ed him and prosecuted for three succes- study of theology. His religious charac- is time confirmed, he had resolved to to the ministry, and, as is the custom in , he had already taken some part in ing. In view, however, of the state of on in England, and for the purpose of son to take an intelligent and influential troversy that might spring up regarding s of the faith, Dr. Vaughan resolved to study for another year in Germany. In gly, Alfred Vaughan settled down in

Halle; and if, during the period of his residence there, he did not become, or affect to become, a hair-splitting critic, he yet mastered the rich language of the country, and after a close study of German speculation, laid for himself the foundation of a reasonable system of philosophy, equally opposed to the sceptical and the mystical, which he employed with great and beneficial effect in after years. But one finishing touch more was to be put to this admirable system of preliminary training. The father and son proceeded on a tour together through Italy. And in connection with such a journey, the former well says:—"In the education of an intelligent and susceptible youth, it is not a small matter to have seen nature in the passes of the Alps, and from the slopes of the Apennines; to have traced the signs of a by-gone power through the water streets of Venice, or along the high terraced palaces of Genoa; to have felt that our great dramatist has peopled the streets of Verona, and the road to Mantua after evening, with sights and sounds, as a genius like his could alone have peopled them; . . . to have seen all this, to have felt all this, and greatly more of the same kind, was, in our estimation, an advantage of nameless value."

But all this culture,—of home, and school, and travel,—might have been expended on one whose natural powers were of the humblest order. Was it so? No one will say it who reads even the few fragments of his writings which are scattered over the pages of this biography. In the first place he was unmistakeably a man of genius—a deep and rich vein of poetry running through his nature and breaking forth now in pictures which seemed to foreshadow an artist life, now in verse which promised to place him beside the Cowpers and Kebles of modern Christian song. A man who has gifts of this kind, however, is often wanting in breadth and grasp of mind and in solidity of judgment. His sense of beauty too may be fine, and his insight into certain kinds of truths may be keen and penetrating, while he may have no learning, very little general information, and even little capacity for acquiring any. But Mr. Vaughan was not so one-sided. He was an assiduous reader of Tacitus and Thucydides while he was ministering to an Independent congregation in Birmingham. He was familiar with all the modern European languages which it is worth the while of an English student to acquire. His acquaintance with the literature of his country—both the earlier and the more recent—was unusually extensive. And his ability to turn these varied talents to account may be judged of by the opinion which Sir James Stephen expressed regarding his first contribution to the *British Quarterly*, and by the high hopes which the same high authority allowed himself to cherish with reference to his future as a Nonconformist minister. We have not space here for the first, but it may save us the trouble of much explanation, if we quote the second. "If it had pleased God to prolong his life," writes Sir James to Dr. Vaughan, "it is my firm conviction that he would have

*Robert Alfred Vaughan, author of "Hours with the
Robert Vaughan, D.D. London and Cambridge,
1864.

accomplished the wish which I think I have more than once expressed to you regarding that branch of the Christian Church of which both he and you were ministers; the wish, I mean, that there might arise among you some men, who, in the loftiness and depth and compass of their inquiries, theological and philosophical, should forget that they were dissenters from any other religious communion, and should constrain their readers and their hearers to forget it too. He seemed to me formed to add another name to those of the great Nonconformists of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, and throw over whatever he might undertake not a little of that more elaborate polish which the scholars of Oxford and Cambridge have been accustomed to regard as their peculiar boast." This is strong language, and it may be coloured somewhat by the partiality of personal friendship, but if the estimate is correct, even in its principal features only, it will be reckoned sufficient to prove that Alfred Vaughan was no ordinary man.

In 1848, immediately after his return from Italy, he entered on public ministerial work—having been invited to act as assistant to the Rev. William Jay of Bath. He remained two years in this situation, labouring so acceptably that the congregation which had been falling away perceptibly revived. When an attempt was made, however, to render his settlement permanent, difficulties arose, and he resigned. But one so gifted was not allowed to remain long in the market-place idle. A congregation in Birmingham asked him to become their minister. He was ordained over them in 1850, and he continued to do the duties of the charge with assiduity and success until 1855, when the state of his lungs compelled him to retire. During all these years his pen had not been idle. So early as 1844 he had published a volume of poems, and while planning many other *magna opera* both in prose and verse, he had been in the habit of throwing off the results of his reading and meditation in the shape of occasional articles for the *Review* of which his father was the editor. Now therefore that the pulpit was shut against him, the press seemed to hold out a prospect at once of occupation and support; and he was spared to prepare some further papers for the *British Quarterly*, and to complete the work by which he is now best known, his "Hours with the Mystics." But it is a hard thing to labour with the brain, while the body is being wasted away by consumption. The two years of what is called his "literary life" are also the saddest of his story, and we experience something like a feeling of positive relief when "the star," dimmed by earthly exhalations, takes its final departure to shine with a brighter and purer lustre "in another hemisphere."

The personal character of Alfred Vaughan seems to have been a very attractive one. Constitutionally his nature was sweet and cheerful, and the lightness with which he could write to a brother-in-law, who seems to have been afflicted in the same way as himself, even

during the season when his own sun was under a cloud, must be in part attributed to this happy natural temperament. But that grace had to do with it also, and most, no one will doubt who hears how he looked at life and the trials through which he was passing. "It is a mercy," says he in one place, "not to have been taken away in early life, before tasting what God's goodness has made life to me. Now I have richly feasted on all this, in wife and children, and friends, and active work among my fellows." Again, "If I had been sent into the world to become an eminent preacher, I should have had strong lungs. But I am compelled to lay no plan. Hand to mouth living is both philosophical and scriptural, could we but believe it. To be free from immediate pain and sorrow should make us break out in jubilation every half hour—ungrateful wretches that we are." "If I can only overcome the trial by ceasing to see it as such, and rise above all fear of death, swallowing up that fear in a more heavenly hope, I have nothing more to wish for." "I am able to do a little writing, but I am trying to sit loosely to everything, and to reach that *sainte indifférence* which my mystics counsel. I am rather tired of trying to know, and knowing so little after all; the passion for knowledge is strangely quenched within me—it seems no use, and ~~as~~ fact recedes, imagination brightens." "To have dying well over, behind me, not before, and life's trial ended happily, would be bliss indeed. But let me not doubt the Son of God. Is death worse in real danger, than thirty years of life? Surely not. Have I not been marvellously kept? Then I can launch out, I hope, trustfully. Oh, forsake not the work of thine own hands." "How happy should I be if I could still be of use to the Church of Christ, and obey the injunction, 'Feed my sheep.' I might thus occasionally employ myself without at all endangering my health—nay with positive advantage thereto—since nothing would raise my spirits so much as the thought that I am still engaged in some work which our Master had for me to do." Dr. Vaughan says that the influence of his son's preaching and ministry was greatest over the highly educated, the young, and the poor. This statement at first sight seems paradoxical, but we can easily believe it. That a man so cultivated should have told on the first class, is, of course, in no degree strange. And that he should have attracted the other two, is to be explained by the gentleness, and meekness, and lovingness, which gleam through even the few extracts we have now given from his letters, and which were evidently among the most conspicuous features of his personal character.

There is, however, yet another question about Mr. Vaughan, which some of our readers will no doubt have been already silently asking, and which we should have been glad, had the materials furnished in the biography been such as to enable us fully to answer. The question we refer to respects the subject-matter of his preaching, and the view which he, as an elaborately educated Nonconformist minister with strong literary tendencies, took

ice and influence of the modern pulpit. With the first of these points, we may hope to have more positive to say upon the matter, when the action of Sir James Stephen has been adopted some of his sermons, or notes of sermons to his "Remains." In the meantime we may infer of his public teaching from his private confessions, diaries, or from his letters to friends. From the latter, for example, we extract the following. At this thing is to understand the way of a sinner's communion with God. To lay hold on that great truth, the promises so infinite, but in its application so simple, is our atonement. The question the Bible asks not, What good thing must I do that I may obtain eternal life? but, How may I be pardoned and reconciled to the God I have offended? And God invites all alike—whosoever will—to come and receive this pardon, praying to be cleansed in his blood. You need not wait to qualify yourself,—to save as it were, partially first—but in the guilt, the consciousness of our fallen nature, you are invited to draw near and live. And all scriptural obedience is so much a confession of gratitude to the Redeemer to whom you owe yourself, for this his free gift of the eternal life. A humble reliance upon what he did for us when he purchased our salvation on the cross—by this you will be saved." This is sufficiently explicit, and bore in mind afterwards, in the actual work of the ministry, the impressions and resolutions which he formed and acted upon when he first came into direct contact with the rationalizing habits of the Germans, to doubt that his method of presenting the truth was as evangelical as his doctrine. "Upon our and ecclesiastical literature generally, the German with some contempt as behind the age. So we have considerable reason. If we must choose, we will sooner have our faith than their knowledge, but we will have a combination of both." "If I am spared to live, I will preach more of what is called the gospel than I did before. The talk about adapting religion to the age, which is prevalent here even among the reformers, appears to me a miserable mistake. It never occurred to the apostles to adapt so much as when they preached, that they made no such effort." Sentences like these show us not only that Mr. Vaughan had a firm grasp of the truth for himself, but that he had too profound respect for its majesty, and too clear an understanding of the way in which it was to triumph, ever to attempt to refine upon or disguise it merely for the sake of the action of what Dr. Vaughan, with just severity of thought, calls "the flippant class of sceptics, who turn to the bystander about the difficulties of the faith as to seem to say that the Almighty ought to be raised and obliged when any man of intellectual power is found to believe in him."

And special temptations as a preacher, they came not from that quarter,—not from the dream of universal faith in Jesus Christ is to be forced into

men by mere human wit or wisdom. They came rather from this peculiarity in his position, that the purpose of being a literary man was formed in his earliest childhood when he sat in his father's study listening to the scratch of his industrious pen, that this purpose was strengthened by the character of his education and home associations, and that his reputation as a poet and a reviewer soon brought him into correspondence with authors like himself. He became a preacher from the highest motives; he was convinced that now more than ever the pulpit needs first-rate occupants; and he considered "no labour too great to endure for the realization of success as a preacher of the gospel." But he lacked lungs of sufficient strength to make him a Boanerges—his nature was too sensitive to stand easily the wear and tear of an ordinary pastorate—and he could not but acknowledge that he was happiest and most at home among his books. Under these circumstances, perhaps, he was not very greatly disappointed when Providence seemed to require that he should abandon the ministry of the tongue for the ministry of the pen. And if he had lived and enjoyed health and vigour, he might have been tempted to go even further,—to believe, in short, not only that the literary life was best for him, but that the man of letters, as such, exercises nobler functions than the simple minister of the gospel. "I remember," he writes to one of a well-known class of poets more than some years ago than now, who dreamt that they were to regenerate the world by their sonnets and dramas; "*I remember your once saying that you did not think I should always remain a minister.*" He was in good health, and a preacher conscientiously when this sinister prediction was uttered,—the prophet meaning at the time, without a doubt, that he would emerge out of his then chrysalis state into something brighter and better, even, mayhap, into a writer of spasmodic verse! We do not for one moment suppose that Mr. Vaughan was really harmed by this ill-omened suggestion. He was too well acquainted with the world's wants to suppose that its wounds could be healed by anything but the gospel. If he ever was tempted to think of the press as a greater agency than the pulpit, it was not, we are certain, because he imagined that literature was to do the work of religion. But we look with jealousy at the tendency under whose influence he manifestly came. Powerful as the pen is in these days of printing, we cannot allow ourselves to forget that the pulpit is the Church's great agency for the conversion of the world, and in our cordial admiration of his character and life, we cannot help rejoicing that Alfred Vaughan was never permitted, during his purely literary life, to think that either in writing ephemeral articles, or in preparing more enduring works, he was doing a nobler service or occupying a higher platform than he rendered and occupied when he stood in the chapels of Bath or Birmingham, and declared, it might be chiefly to the common people, the simple words of eternal life.

WIDOW GRAY.*

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. vii. 1.



HERE is one word sweeter to me than all others in the Book of books, said an aged widow, poor and nearly blind, who had listened with deep and loving attention to the Word of God, read to her by a Christian. "Tell me, can you guess what it is? It is a song for my darkness, and it is brought by a bird from the Better Land."

Her visitor paused, and after a few minutes' consideration, replied, "Yes, I think I know; it is 'Jesus,' that name above all other names, and the loadstone to those who long to love him more, and serve him better."

"It is a blessed word," said the widow, "but the name is not enough for me, unless Jesus were my Saviour. It would not help me to know that he had died for sinners, without I was sure he had died for me. No, it is not that."

"Then you must mean 'heaven,'" suggested her friend, "because Jesus is there."

"But if I were not sure of going there, it would be no comfort to me to know that Jesus was in heaven, and I was bound for hell! No; it is just one word from the lips of the Lord himself. I call it my little song-bird. Hark! it is this, 'Come!' When I lay in my sins, and thought I was too vile for God to look on such an one, that message came from the Lord to me. I wished Jesus had called me—chosen me; I longed to have been born before he died, that I might have gone and laid hold of him, and asked him to save me. I thought I would have held him fast until he had chosen me. One night I sat crying over my bit of fire, and all at once there seemed trembling in my ear and heart those welcome words, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Come.' 'Oh!' thought I, 'can it be for me?' 'No,' said the devil; 'it does not say, Come, Bessy Gray.' 'That's true,' thought I; 'but then it nowhere says, Don't come, Bessy Gray.' I began to hope. I wished the Lord were by, to silence Satan. And it was as good as if he had been, for I began to feel the message was for me. Then I remembered a man who preached by the way-side, not far from this, and he repeated over and over again, 'The Lord says, Whosoever will, let him come.' So I saw that was to everybody that likes to come. Jesus never turns away from the vilest sinner, for he did not turn away from me."

"It was indeed a song in the night," said her visitor; "and you know now it was the same dove that moved upon the face of the waters, and descended upon the Son of man who brought it. You will not forget his song, shall you?"

"No," replied the widow, while her face beamed with joy, "I am not likely to do that; for he sings the same song for all my wants, and doubts, and sorrows, and I find it enough to send me on my way rejoicing. I am tempted sorely some days to think I have no part or lot in the matter,—that a heart so full of wicked thoughts and unbelieving fears, can never have been cleansed in the precious blood of Christ. But my little song-bird is there,—'Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;' and again I hear the voice of love, but I never weary of it, 'Come unto me!' so I go and make my complaint to Jesus,—and that's what he calls me for. Some days the bread runs low, ay, and the coals too, and I wonder if the money is all safe for the next week's rent. I ought to be sure of that, for it is in the Lord's hand. Perhaps I go about perplexed and sorrowful for a bit (you see, I can do nothing for myself now); I say, what shall I do? I wait and wonder, but soon there is heard the same message, 'Come unto me!' I go straight to the King of heaven, and tell him I need fuel and food; and he sends me both, and to spare, ay, more than I asked for. Blessed be his name!"

"I loved the word," said her friend; "but I do not think I ever felt its power over daily trials so much as to-day; you have preached me a little sermon on one word. How often you will remember it has cheered you, Bessy, when you hear it from the lips of your loving Lord, who has guided you through the wild wilderness safe into the promised land. 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'"

"Yes," said the happy woman, as rapture seemed to kindle in her almost sightless eyes, "and I look to sing it to him too. Yes, a sinner, saved by grace may say it to the Lord of Glory, 'Come, Lord Jesus!' My eyes that now only know night from morning, shall look upon his face; for he will 'come with clouds, and every eye shall see him,' and I shall behold him, and be with him for evermore. But after all," added the widow, after a long pause, "you must own it was that one little word that did it all."

"Yes," said the friend, "her Heavenly Dove took of the things of Jesus (John xvi. 14), and showed them unto you. Oh, that we were always ready to listen, and never grieved this loving messenger."

Dear reader, do you know this song-bird of the Better Land, who made the widow's heart to sing for joy? Are you born again?—for only by the renewing of the heart is the ear opened to the voice of the Holy Spirit. Are you as she once was, weary and heavy laden? I do not mean with the world's toil and the world's pleasure, but

* From "Precious Gems," by Anna Shipton. London: W. Yapp.

th the consciousness of sins too heavy to be borne, when the soul is awakening to a sense of danger. Oh, man, hear the free invitation, "Come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, me, buy wine and milk without money and without ice."

What will it serve you, "if you gain the whole world, and lose your own soul? or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Will works save you? What will it avail you that you have taught the ignorant, fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, if you have not given your heart to God, who gave himself for you? What better are you than others are entering the kingdom of heaven by your means, and you yourself cast into outer darkness, with weeping and gnashing of teeth? Your heart may have tasted of pleasure from words of kindness, then you have had your reward; but as much as you have given of the labour of your hands, and not the love of your heart, it is an offence to God, and you voluntarily reject the Son he gave to save you; it is the sacrifice of Cain. Through the din and turmoil of life, the sweet voice of that Dove soundeth still, "Whosoever will, let him come." If you are listening to the praise of men, or the foolish songs and the mad mirth of a world lying in wickedness, or the ring of the old and silver on the counter, or the echo of your own good deeds, then indeed it is not to be wondered at, that the oft-repeated invitation of the Heavenly Dove is lost in the world's clamour; there is no place for the sole of her foot; she is back to the Ark; or she is nestling in the broken heart of some contrite sinner, who finds the burden of his sin intolerable; or cheering some sorrowful child of God, who totters to the feet of Jesus beneath his weight of sorrow, or life's daily needs. Have you never longed to hear that voice of love? Oh, pause and listen for it now! The same loving heart that gave forth that gracious invitation on the shore of Galilee sends it forth still—"Come unto me."

Christ says, "Come!" by the Gospel. The invitation to the feast is indited by the Lord of the mansion himself; it is offered to "*all who will*"—proof enough that it is provided for me and for you.

"Come!" he cries with a voice of love, speaking by the blood from the cross (John vi. 35); "Come!" by the

daily gift of unmerited mercies; "Come!" by the lingering sickness unimproved, by the tender interposition of Providence disregarded; "Come!" by the empty chair on the household hearth, and the added grave in the distant land; by the sorrowful estrangement of loved ones; by the ingratitude and treachery of the trusted; by the shattered fortune and unsuccessful speculation. "Come!" is the call of the Spirit in my heart, enabling me to see that Christ has taken my place under the wrath of God, and that he offers me his place as the Beloved of the Father.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." (John xv. 7, 8). It is from this position alone that we can walk with God, work with God, and testify for him. Believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, you are justified, your iniquity is pardoned, and the kingdom you have entered contains the fountain for daily pollution. The same voice that cries "Come," says also, "Wash and be clean."

Do you think your sin is too great to be forgiven? His love is greater. He cries, "Come." Does sorrow lay you low? His love is deeper. "Come." Have all you trusted in deceived and forsaken you? His love is unchangeable. "Come." Do you think you have never truly sought him? Seek him now. "He is found of them that sought him not." Still the Dove singeth, "Come." Have you forsaken him who so loved you, and would you return? Hark! it is still, "Come unto me." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Linger not; the night cometh; the door will be shut; you will have your part in outer darkness; never in that midnight that has no day to follow its gloom shall the voice of the song-bird be heard; never more will that tender invitation sound in the heart whence hope will be for ever shut out. To-morrow it may be too late. To-day—even to-day, "I have a message from God unto thee." It fell from the lips of him who spake as never man spake—from him whose "long-suffering is salvation." It cometh from the loving heart of Jesus.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

"I BRING IN THE WAY, THE LORD LED ME."



HE son of a widow in straitened circumstances was on his last journey to Oxford. His mother had made a great and a last effort, as she hoped it might be, to raise the money to enable her son to take his degree. The coach was within two stages of Oxford, when, a little before it reached the inn where they stopped, the long gownsmen missed the note which his mother had given him. He had been a good and careful son, and

such a sickness of heart as he felt at that moment some can guess. He tried to recollect whether he had taken out his purse, and remembered that he had done so a few miles back. Almost without hope, and yet feeling it to be his duty to try and recover this large sum that he had lost, he told the coachman to let his luggage be sent on as directed, and walked back in the direction of the place where he thought it possible that he might have dropped the note. He had gone about three miles, when there met him, working his way slowly and wearily,

a poor creature, whose appearance at once arrested his attention. He had often read of leprosy, but had never seen a leper: this poor man was one. Shall he stop to speak to him? If the lost note is on the road, some passenger may see and take it up, and he may lose it. What shall he do if it is lost? What can his dear mother do? He well knows her will, but he knows she is without the power to help him any more. Yet here is a fellow-creature whom God's Providence, as he thinks it—chance, as some call it—has thrown in his way. He may not be able to do anything for him; still, he may. At all events, a kind word is something; it may cheer and comfort him. The widow's son was a believer in the true God, and he felt that it was his present duty to stop and speak to this suffering man. He asked him whence he came, and whither he was going. He was on his way from Gloucester, where he had been pronounced incurable, and was going on to Oxford, where he thought that he might possibly get some help. The young man remembered at the instant, that there was living in Oxford a gentleman whose residence in the East had brought him into contact with this particular disease, and who, if any could, would be able to prescribe for this sufferer. He knew, moreover, that this gentleman, like so many in his noble profession, was as ready to help the poor as he was able. He said, "I will give you a line to a gentleman in Oxford, and I am sure that he will do all he can for you." He put his hand into his pocket, to try and find a piece of paper on

which he might write the note; not a moral find. He felt deeply disappointed. That was barred. The poor leper suddenly stooped up from the road a piece of paper, and asked could not write on that? It was his lost note. He put it into his own hand by the very man towards whom he was endeavouring to do what he felt to be proper. The recovery of that large sum hinged, in God's providence, perhaps entirely on that act of unselfish self-restraining love. God made the leper a young Christian on the spot for what he did and love.

This is a sample—though, indeed, it is a sample—of the manner in which God continually trusts and obedience of his own. He arrests their own way, to lead them into his; he takes them from the work they know, to set them on a new way; and yet, when they obey, he often finds that the interruption of their plans is the furtherance of them, and their seeming hindrance is their actual help. He makes them know that they are never so sure of obtaining what they need as when they are doing what he bids. Neglected duties, like a stolen animal that drew the bolt of the "mangle" (English guillotine) are often made to punish the guilty; while duties done in childlike simple obedience are made to bring the blessing. While men seek it in their road, God has put it in his own.—*Champney's Facts and Fictions*

REV. ISIDOR LOEWENTHAL.

[The writer of the following sketch of this remarkable man, in giving it for publication, says: "Several sketches of Mr. Loewenthal have appeared in various religious papers, all of which are so full of errors as to make them utterly useless as sources of information. I have known him intimately from early in the year 1847, and have had access to sources of information of a very full and reliable character."]



THE LATEST advices from India have brought the sad intelligence of the death, by violence, of this gifted missionary of the Board of Foreign Missions at Peshawur, under the following circumstances: "It appears that Mr. Loewenthal suffered much from headache, and was in the habit of going out very early to get the air. On the morning he was shot, he had got up about three o'clock, and went to walk in the verandah, when the watchman, taking him for a thief, discharged his carbine, killing him instantly."

Humanly speaking, the loss sustained by the Church in the death of this eminent man is irreparable, considering his great talents, his industry, and his entire devotedness to his work. As several sketches of his life have appeared in various religious papers—all of which are so full of errors as to make them utterly useless as sources of information—we have compiled the following facts of his history, condensed as much as possible. We have known him intimately from early in the year 1847 up to the time of his departure for

India, and have had access to sources of information of a very full and reliable character.

ISIDOR LOEWENTHAL was born, A.D. 1826, in Posen in Prussian Poland, of Jewish parents, and was the oldest of a family of eight children. He was like many others of the same people, was indifferent in matters of religion, but observed, from custom, the principal ceremonies and rites of his ancestors. His mother was a strict adherer to the traditions of the Rabbis (oral law), and at the same time instructed her children carefully in the principles of moral education. His parents bestowed on him an education more liberal than their circumstances and the number of their children might seem to warrant. He was first placed in a school, where he learned the elementary principles of knowledge, and to repeat prayers which he did not understand. After a few years he left this school, and thenceforward attended *soi-disant* Christian gymnasia of his native city. In these religious schools he was taught like other branches of science, as a thing it was necessary for a man to know something to get along in the world. The manner in

on was taught in the gymnasium may be learned from following extract from one of his letters :—

"We had two recitations in religion weekly, which I was obliged to attend. We studied Greek, but were never that the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament were then in that language. We studied Hebrew—read Isaiah were taught to admire his style, which according to our professor's opinion was almost equal to that of Homer. I was early enough taught to look upon the greatness of the great Philo, Spinoza, and Mendelssohn, and the Christians of the 18th century, Rousseau, Hume and Bolingbrooke,—I was told the fanatics Milton and Locke, and of the discoveries of Newton, a genius, who, notwithstanding his greatness, could not rid himself from the common superstitions of the greater part of mankind.—I was taught to give as much credit to the Bible as to the work of some ancient Greek who wrote a National History."

After completing the course of study of the gymnasium he entered a mercantile house in Posen as clerk. But mercantile life had no attractions for him. In the midst of books he was happy, and nowhere else. He had a strong desire to enter one of the German universities, but what interfered is not known. While acting as a clerk he formed associations with educated young men of his own age, who had imbibed liberal political sentiments. This was in 1844 and 1845, when there was great political agitation throughout continental Europe, and which culminated in the upheaval of 1848. These young men were in the habit of meeting secretly for the discussion of political questions, reading essays, and recasting poetry of their own composition, usually political in its character. Mr. Loewenthal was so bold as to publish a piece of poetry in one of the public journals, containing sentiments adverse to the government, which brought him under the displeasure of the authorities. Learning that he was in danger of arrest, and knowing the fate that awaited him in such an event, he hastily fled from his native city, and after many difficulties and narrow escapes reached Hamburg, whence he purposed to embark for the United States. After much trouble he succeeded in getting a passport, and sailed for New York, where he landed in the latter part of the summer of 1846. There he was a stranger in a strange land, not possessed of much means, and ignorant of the language of the people, except what little he had learned on board the English vessel in which he had crossed the Atlantic.

He endeavoured first to find employment in New York and failed; then he visited Philadelphia, with the same want of success. He then went to the country and sought employment from a farmer, but was again doomed to disappointment, although he offered his services to several for whatever they chose to give him. His funds were now almost exhausted, and every door of employment seemed closed against him;—he became despondent. At last he invested the small amount of funds that remained to him in a few articles, and started out as a pedlar. His stock was small—a small basket was by no means filled by it. In this

capacity, in November 1846, he came to the house of the late Rev. S. M. Gayley near Wilmington, Delaware, drenched with rain, and suffering with cold. Mr. Gayley kindly asked him in to warm himself, and gave him his dinner. After disposing of some of his wares to Mrs. Gayley he was about to depart, when Mr. Gayley seeing that he was thinly clad for the season, and the day being cold, asked him to tarry for the night, which he gladly did. Upon inquiring as to his home, occupation, &c., Mr. Gayley discovered that he was well acquainted with the ancient classics—Hebrew also—and several modern languages, also that he had studied philosophy and mathematics. His sympathies were drawn to the young stranger, and he persuaded him to remain at his house until he could make an effort to obtain employment for him more congenial to his tastes and wishes than his present one. Mr. Gayley, among others, wrote to Dr. Junkin, then President of Lafayette College, also to his own nephew, the Rev. S. A. Gayley, now of West Nottingham, Maryland, who was then in the junior class of the same institution; the result of which was the formation of a class in modern languages in the college, and the employment of Mr. Loewenthal as the teacher. To save him expense, Mr. S. A. Gayley agreed to take him into his room, and generally aid him in any way he was able. The Faculty directed him to have his board in the College refectory. The offer thus tendered him he gladly accepted. In January 1847, he bid adieu to Mr. Gayley and his family, and started for Easton, where he immediately entered upon the discharge of his new duties.

During the six or seven weeks that Mr. Loewenthal resided in Mr. Gayley's family the latter was totally ignorant of the race and lineage, also of the religious views and feelings of the former. During their frequent conversations this subject was never touched. It was not until he received a long letter from Mr. Loewenthal in the following July, that he became aware that he was a descendant of Abraham, also that during his residence at his house, "the veil was taken away" from his mind—that he had become convinced of the truth of Christianity, and after much mental conflict and deep sorrow for sin, had found peace in believing on Jesus. In the letter above referred to, he indicates the agencies employed by the Holy Spirit, to bring about this change. After stating the influences by which he was surrounded in his early life, the condition of the Jewish mind on the subject of religion, and the character of the Christianity by which he had been surrounded—Popery with image worship, and a nominal Protestantism without life, having no power over the heart and conscience, ministered to by a card-playing, ball and theatre-visiting clergy, he described the darkness of his own mind, when God, in his kind Providence, brought him to Mr. Gayley's house. He says: "It was at your house, by your earnest prayers at family worship—to which I first went half from curiosity, half from politeness—by your humble supplications, that I was first awakened to ap-

prehend my danger, to consider that I had an immortal soul. I began to open the Bible. I was astonished. I waited with eagerness, morning and evening, for the summons to family worship, to hear you pray; I was more and more convinced that I was on the wrong path." During the time he was at Easton, Mr. Gayley corresponded regularly with him, and frequently in his letters gave him religious advice, although ignorant at the time of the peculiar state of Mr. Loewenthal's mind. In the following autumn he made a public profession of his faith, was baptized by his father in the Gospel, and received into the membership of the Rockland Presbyterian Church, to which Mr. Gayley was then stately ministering.

Mr. Loewenthal entered the senior class of Lafayette College the following year, and graduated with his class. After graduation he acted as tutor in the college for a short time. In the autumn of 1848 he accepted an offer from Rev. Samuel Miller, to take the position of teacher of languages in the collegiate school at Mount Holly. Here he remained until the autumn of 1851, when he entered the Princeton Theological Seminary, where he took the full course, graduated with honour, and was licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick. After completing his theological studies he offered himself to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church to go to India—to Afghanistan—as a missionary. He was at once accepted, and sailed for his field of labour in August 1855.

His eminent linguistic acquirements had become known among the colleges of the United States prior to his sailing for India; and several of them endeavoured to secure his valuable services—but he declined every such proposal. As a linguist he had few if any equals. In mathematics and philosophy he was also proficient. But all his talents were unreservedly given to God. While in the Seminary he contributed several articles of marked ability to the *Princeton Review*. The Society of Inquiry at the Seminary selected him as their essayist at the commencement at which his class graduated. His subject was India as a missionary field. The essay was a masterly production, and was afterwards published in the *Review*.

He reached Peshawur in 1855, and immediately addressed himself to the acquisition of that difficult language, the Pushtoo, which he soon mastered. He had completed a translation into it of the New Testament, and was about commencing that of the Old Testament, for which labour his thorough knowledge of the Hebrew and the oriental languages so admirably fitted him, when he met his death by violence. He could preach with ease in Pushtoo, Persian, Cashmere, Hindustanee, Arabic, and in fact in all the languages and dialects of the country which he had selected as his field of labour. When we reflect that he was only in the thirty-eighth year of his age—in the prime of life—when he was taken away, we can form some idea of the

loss the Church has sustained in his death. Perhaps no man in India had so great a knowledge of Asiatic literature, and few are so complete a master of the manners and customs of the natives, and of oriental politics as he was. His comprehension of the causes, aims, and extent of the great mutiny was clear, and the article on it furnished by him at the time to the *Biblical Repertory* was one of the ablest papers published on the subject anywhere—clearly showing that had he chosen the field of statesmanship he would have risen to a great eminence as he did as a missionary. His intellect was of the highest order, and his method of studying all subjects was exhaustive. His library, the collections of years, was one of the richest in manuscripts and rare books in India. The amount of intellectual labour he accomplished was almost incredible. Three or four hours' rest was all that he allowed himself. In addition to his linguistic labours, he contributed many valuable papers to British and American quarterlies, also instructive letters to the missionary periodicals of the Church, full of valuable information. He also carried on an extensive correspondence and regular preaching in the Bazaar. In controversy with Mohammedans in these exercises he was a master. The only rest he sought was in passing from one of these labours to another. It was astonishing how his fragile physical organism could stand such unremitting intellectual labour, but although in stature diminutive, almost a dwarf, he had the strength of will and power of endurance of a giant.

In the social circle he was a most charming companion. With a perfect command of English he combined a mind thoroughly cultivated and richly stored with knowledge, fine powers of illustration, a genial humour, and great conversational powers.

We have sketched nothing here but his outer history from the time of his making a public profession of his faith in Christ to the time of his death. But there is another history, the history of his religious experience, that our space forbids us to touch upon. This is more fully given in his correspondence with the late Mr. Gayley, his father in the gospel, than can be found anywhere else. He unboomed himself more fully and freely to him on these subjects than to any other human being. Their correspondence was frequent and voluminous. The materials found in these letters must not be permitted to lie in oblivion. Some person competent to the task will doubtless prepare his life and give it to the church in a permanent form. It will form a volume intensely interesting and suggestive.

They both now rest from their labours, and are again united in that presence where there "is fulness of joy," where no longer "through a glass darkly," but face to face they can see their Saviour as he is, and can contemplate without a cloud the glories of his person and the greatness of his work, topics which so often formed the subject of their correspondence and conversation while here upon earth.

BREATHINGS OF A TRIED SPIRIT.



THE DAILY CONFLICT.

HAVE often thought of you since I left London, and feel how needful it is both for you and myself to have constant and refreshing tokens of the Lord's presence. If these are distant from one another, the soul retains a measure of light, but much dryness and barrenness clogs and clips our wings, so that we cannot rise to the daily newness of spiritual life, which is so needful in the various occupations in which we are engaged. How ashamed I am when I have to go before the people, and my soul is in this condition! Yet how quickly, and by what seemingly small matters, are we deprived of that sweet spirit of grace and supplication which is the golden pipe by which the Lord conveys all his rich blessings! How few are sufficiently watchful respecting their secret communion and fellowship with the Lord! The day glides through without any inquiry being made upon this point; and then at night prayer is as dead and dry as if we were praying to the wall. Such things ought not to be passed over. I cannot help believing that the greatest part of my affliction is to check this heedless walk; and because the Lord will not suffer me to bring a dead message to the people, but will teach me first, not only the necessity of the conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil, but the absolute necessity of a conqueror; that I may show my hearers that I do not lie down with my sins unconfessed and unpurged, and also may set before the troubled people the sweet effects of a purified conscience, and assure them that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.

When it pleased God first to give me a sense of his pardoning love, I retained it for two years with very little intermission. You are now in the "banqueting house," but must not forget the BANNER is over you, which signifies that war is declared, and your host of enemies consist of three combined armies, the world, the flesh, and the devil. I know of nothing so hard to believe as that there can be any love in this banner displayed. I have always feared that the war was to prove me to be nothing, and that I should one day perish; but I have proved a thousand times twice told, that nothing has been in life so fruitful and profitable as these humbling wars. In them have I found my own strength is perfect weakness, but the sufficiency that is in Jesus Christ has always in the end proved the means of a further display of his rich mercy. Peace has been restored, and all alienation, and distance, and thyness between the Lord and my soul removed; and

you know "in his presence is fulness of joy," and all the rest is darkness (Song ii. 4).

ANYTHING BUT TO PERISH.

I am for the most part in great trouble of mind here. I cannot help thinking it is profitable, for it keeps me praying and often prevailing. Sometimes I fear the Lord has utterly forgotten me, and I have lost my way. My morning reading was chiefly upon the woman of Canaan. It is said the Saviour answered her not a word. This is sad work in trouble; but I have often found it so. Her prayer appeared very simple, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord." I suppose the disciples noticed the Saviour's silence, and therefore acted as if they should discard her too. How often have we all done this? We are so short-sighted as not to see the grain of mustard-seed, and thus conclude that there is nothing but a noise. I found much of this at my beginning; most of the people shook their heads at me, and cried out, Can ever God dwell there? The Lord's mercy to the woman of Canaan, and to me also, was that we did not take offence, but found the Spirit bore such a testimony in our consciences that no charge against us could be so bad as we knew our case really was. Though the Saviour told her he could not give the children's bread to dogs, she was not rebuffed, but acknowledged the justice and truth of the Saviour's assertion; yet feeling her utterly lost condition she could not be silenced; Truth, Lord, but I am perishing with hunger, and may I not have the crumbs that fall from the table? I only ask for that which the dogs pick up. Anything but to perish, Lord; thou knowest I cannot endure the thoughts of that. How beautifully is here set forth the sweet effects of persevering through all difficulties whatsoever? How often have I found this since I have been here? How suitable are the words of the Apostle James to meet my fears and wants, "But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, LOOKING FOR THE MERCY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST UNTO ETERNAL LIFE." I feel the need of this continual looking more than I can express.

CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.

Sharp trials are not intended to prove that we are hypocrites, but to prove the efficacy of God's grace, which is compared to unsearchable riches, which passeth knowledge—a depth that cannot be fathomed. How distinctly do I feel the full determination of the Lord to humble the proud heart of man. He will not spare him for his much crying, and yet how unspeakably tender he is to the new man, an image he delights in, glories in, upholds, and watches day and night with the tenderest care; no weapon formed against this can

prosper, because it is hid with Christ in God, and "this is the heritage of the servants of the Lord." I wish both you and I could claim our right in the dark hour of temptation. Here I am often foiled and often cast down, but never utterly forsaken; and when broken in heart, my heritage is set before me, and I am astonished.

I feel it is a true token which you express in your letter, and call *fear*. I do not mean to preach unbelief, but I read, "Happy is the man that feareth always;" for by this fear we are continually departing from the snares of death, and the conscience is kept alive at every inroad the enemy attempts; and our prayer is, as the hymn says,—

"Lord, show me what 'tis close to keep;"

and the answer,—

Thy whole dependence on me fix;
Thy strength, thy wisdom flee;
When thou art nothing in thyself,
Thou then art close to me."

I sincerely hope you have no real outward loss or distress; but if you have, we know that the Lord does nothing in vain. If I may speak, I have observed through life, when the Lord has been about to do me some great favour, he has prepared me for it by peculiarly humbling circumstances; and when I have been put at the very bottom, he has then said, "Friend, come up higher." Then come the songs of praises you speak of. If you were to hear these sometimes from me in secret, you would wonder how I could utter the words I do; for while my heart is overwhelmed with the love of God, I can but answer with confessions, and seem as if I could only abase myself at his feet, while he is showing me such abundant mercy.

VAIN EFFORTS.

You seem to be seeking for a righteousness which is never to be found in the way that you describe. That righteousness which is of the law, the apostle tells us, is no better than dung. Your great mistake, and the darkness you lie under, appears to be in consequence of too much wisdom, and yet not that wisdom which is profitable to direct. You seem to be skipping over what the apostle calls the first rudiments. Many of the things you mention are only to be learnt of the Father; and you seemingly are not aware that, if you had learnt them of the Father, you would come with more childlike simplicity unto the Son. If the Spirit of truth had entered your heart, you would have heard a sweet and welcome invitation from the Lord Jesus Christ—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest." Do not struggle so hard by dint of human wisdom to attain to divine things, but hearken to the Lord who says, "Without me ye can do nothing;" he can presently settle your troubles and fears; and the sweet feeling of coming to Jesus Christ softens the spirit, and makes it like wax to receive the impression of his word.

For want of this your teachers are hidden (Isa. xxx. 26), and your mind is confused and blinded, which shows that you are not in that spiritual liberty of which the children of God are partakers, when strengthened with all might, according to the Lord's glorious power, and delivered from "the power of darkness." I sometimes think that, if you fully understood the power of darkness, you would come by a short cut, and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Then no doubt you would more clearly understand what it is to be translated by the Father from the kingdom of darkness (in which you have so long groped), "into the kingdom of his dear Son." This would bring you to a sweet and saving knowledge that you have "redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins" (Col. ii. 11-14). If once you could attain to this, which is truly called "the light of life," you would find God's word a lamp to your feet and a light to your path. Could you but once get the love of God in your heart, it would have such a constraining power as would make your will straight with his in all things."

FEARS WITHIN.

I have many exercises in my ministry, but more in making my personal calling and election sure. Often filled with perplexing fears, I find it no light thing to obtain from the Lord a deliverance. At my advanced age (seventy-seven) I am continually on the look-out; and though I have had many sweet tokens of the Lord's mercy, and many promises that he will be with me then, yet I feel it a very serious thing to appear before God. The enemy puts into my mind many *ifs* and *buts*, and I cannot move them at my pleasure; they have more power than I can manage; therefore, if the Lord hides his face, I am beaten down by them.

I perceive as I increase in sweet assurances of the Lord's mercy, I increase also in greater discoveries of the sin of my nature. True light makes manifest; and that which is seen brings great mourning, and often casts me down that I scarcely know how to dare to speak all the truth, so much does it cut at what I find within. I often say to the people, I do not mean you, but *we*; I am included in this sorrowful list, and have as much need of mercy as you, if not more than any.

Sometimes I fear I presume in speaking at all; but the Lord comes so sweetly to help my infirmities, that I can but acknowledge him my Teacher and Guide. No sooner have I finished than the enemy sets upon me to make me ashamed, and so shows me my ignorance in many things, and how short I am in all, that sometimes I scarcely know what to make of it; but I perceive it keeps out all boasting. I have no room for that, but much room to beg for mercy to pardon my ignorance. Then I get encouragement from some poor hearers who tell me of the profit they have found, and how much surprised they are to learn that I am as weak as any of them.

THE LORD SAVETH HIS ANOINTED.

Saturday night, and I have been comforted out of much sorrow by the account of the atonement, and the heavenly voice there mentioned: **THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM PLEASED; HEAR YE HIM;** which seems to say, behold him in a glorious appearance; do not when you see him in his humiliation, spit upon him, and crucified; he is still my beloved Son, going through all this misery for you. Honour him; cry to him; look at the place where you mourn, and be ashamed; yet hope for mercy, and behold the glory that shall be revealed, and behold he is still able to save to the uttermost, and shall at length say with David, "Now know the Lord saveth his anointed."

It is a sweet salvation, and draws the heart and the soul to follow hard after him. It always brings a desire to hear him, and to follow him in spiritual warfare like Isaiah when the live coal touched his lips: "I am I," at the Lord's service, knowing his able service. Therefore yield universal obedience, and do not walk so as for the Saviour to say, "I have yet one thing thou lackest;" and that one thing proves that all is wanting.

The sweetness of all manifestations is, first the removal of the burden, grief, and trouble under which we lay, and then a clear sense of the Father's reconciliation and friendship towards us. If the Son, with but one touch, make you free, you are free indeed. The word "*Mary*" was enough, when the Lord appeared; and we also feel we are clean through the word spoken unto us, and can say, "My Lord and my God;" and "Our Father," who hast discovered thy rich grace to my heart, and hast shown me such things as establish my soul in the hope that I shall never perish, but have eternal life. These divine manifestations are not to screen us from trouble, which will await us while on earth; but they are to arm us when it comes, and to show us that God's grace and presence carry us above and through the most difficult dispensations. "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness"—that the power of God, the wisdom of God, and the glory of God, may be seen and acknowledged. I have passed through many fires in which I looked for nothing else but to be finally consumed; but, to my surprise, I have come out brighter and clearer, and more deeply humbled under the sense of God's everlasting love to me in Christ Jesus. So I pray it may be with you.

SOWING AND REAPING.

LUCY RICHMOND came home from the Sabbath School one evening, looking sad and weary.

"You are tired, Lucy?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma, very."

"No wonder, after being at church all day, and now teaching for an hour and a half. Take off your cloak quickly and rest, and that will do you good."

When tea was over, Lucy still looked as sad and sorrowful. She held a book in her hand, but did not turn the pages. Her mother waited till the little girl went to bed, and then gently asked if she were

"I do not know."

"What is vexing you, dear, and you will be the first to tell me about it."

She burst into tears. Her mother was silent; she was as well as kind, and knew when to speak. At length her mother dried her eyes, and said,—

"Nay, I cannot help it, my heart is so full. I will go up to my Bible class."

"Go up to your class! what is the meaning of that? why did you consider it a privilege and pleasure?"

"I did, so I used to do, but oh, I have got so dissatisfied lately! I feel that I have been doing no good,

only hardening my scholars, perhaps increasing their condemnation at last. I seem to have made no impression at all. The other teachers tell of so many cheering things at our meeting, but I have nothing to say. This very evening, when I looked up for a moment during prayer, I saw two of my girls laughing together, and the rest just looking about them. I could stand it no longer, I went to our superintendent, and gave up my class."

"What did he say?"

"He looked surprised, and asked if there was illness at home, or if I were going to the country? I told him I felt sure that some one else would be more useful as a teacher than I could be."

"And what did he say then?"

"He said I ought to consider it better. I told him I had made up my mind, but now, I feel so sad," and Lucy wept again.

"Why did you not tell me of this before?"

"I hardly know; I felt too vexed to speak. Besides, it was only this evening that I determined to give up."

"I wish you had consulted me, that we might have considered the matter together. But the superintendent was right to bid you consider still. Answer me this question. Why should you be surprised at apparent or real want of success? Do not we find in scripture the holy prophets often complaining of having laboured in vain? Did not our Lord himself even 'marvel' at the unbelief

of his hearers? And has not trial of this kind been the experience of his most devoted servants in all ages? Why should you then wonder that it is appointed to you? Have you prayed more earnestly, or laboured more diligently than others?"

"Oh no, no! I feel the fault must be my own, and that I am punished for want of prayer and earnestness."

"That is a good reason for being humbled before the Lord, and seeking by his help to be more prayerful and diligent in time to come, but no reason for giving up altogether. Are you weary of the Saviour's service, Lucy?"

"I hope not—I think not. If only I saw that Jesus was approving and blessing me in it! But I am sure he is not."

"You are weary of working without seeing success, and so, after only a year of teaching, you give up your class. What would have become of the heathen, if missionaries had felt and acted like you? They have often had to labour for five, ten, twelve years, without making a single convert. They might have said, (*you* certainly would have said it), the Lord is chastizing us for our sins; he does not intend to bless us here, or his time has not come for these people's conversion; why should we stay longer amid such trials and dangers? What would have been the consequences in Greenland, Africa, and other lands, if these servants of Christ had abandoned their posts, as you would have done in their place?"

Lucy was silent.

"And has there not been another feeling at work in your heart, a feeling of mortification and disappointment, because, as you say, other teachers have seemed to be more successful, and could tell things of themselves and their classes which you could not?"

"Oh, I am afraid I *have* felt mortified and jealous, and that was very sinful."

"Another reason for humiliation, but not for giving up your work. Perhaps these teachers are more hopeful—more easily cheered than yourself, and make too much of the warm feelings and impressions which children so often experience without any lasting results. Or, perhaps, they have greater gifts for teaching than you, and are more prayerful and earnest, and God has seen good to bestow a greater blessing on their labours. But the duty and privilege to which you are all alike called, is to sow the good seed in youthful hearts. Yes, *to sow*, leaving the harvest of the future in the Saviour's hands. How often are his words fulfilled, 'One soweth, and another reapeth.' It may be most pleasing to reap, but shall we therefore despise the sowing time? Can you feel at ease, my dear, in drawing back, and giving your seed basket into other hands?"

"Oh, mamma, I am not at ease. I am very unhappy."

"Then ask our Lord to show you the path of duty, and give you strength to follow it. Make this your daily prayer through this week, and act next Sabbath as you

feel you ought to do. Let me now say something that may comfort you. How do you know that you have been teaching in vain, without a blessing?"

"Because it is evident; my girls are all so careless and uninterested."

"Many have felt like you, and yet afterwards discovered that real good had been done at the very time they were most desponding. The promise has often been fulfilled, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.' I read lately a very striking illustration of this, from the letter of a lady who is a faithful missionary in India, Mrs. Porter. She writes of having gone last December, with her husband, to visit some of their out stations. It was a time of much distress among the poor people, from the scarcity of food, and the children of the schools looked half starved. Mrs. Porter met an old pupil, 'Jane Lazarus,' who was married and had two children with her. She looked 'wild and uncouth,' and spoke in a rude, abrupt manner. The lady gave her a little money to buy food, and felt vexed at the thought of how much labour had been bestowed upon her in vain. But I shall read you the rest from the letter." *

"In the evening I was in the schoolroom. Jane came running to me, bringing with her a sweet-looking woman. 'Ma'am, this is my mother-in-law.' 'Who, Jane?' 'My husband's mother, and she wishes to be baptized. She is a Christian.' I made salam to her, and told her I was very glad to see her. 'Salam, ma'am,' she said, 'I have had a great desire to see your face and to speak to you.' 'And so you *really* wish to be baptized in the name of Jesus.' 'Oh, yes, I, Ammah, do.' 'And why, Ammah?' 'Because I love him. He died for my sake.' 'But why have you waited so long?' 'Ah, why, because I did not know; no one told me. Now I *know* I love.' 'Can you read, Ammah?' 'No, I cannot read.' 'How then have you learned about Jesus, and his power to save?' Placing both her hands on Jane's arms, with a look of tender love and joyful gratitude, which an artist might have been proud to sketch, she said in melting tones, 'She told me!'

"Never did I feel more self-reproved than when looking at this touching scene. The very woman over whom I had but a few hours before been mourning as a rude, wild woman, God has chosen, though a rough instrument, to bring to light this bright polished stone. Truly 'God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.' I could not but feel what an honour it would be for many, or even one, of these long-neglected immortals to say, when meeting them in heaven before the throne, 'She told me.'"

"I said, 'Jane, when did you tell your mother about Jesus?' 'Often, ma'am, our village is small, and only my husband and I are Christians. We had no one to help us to keep the Sabbath-day, so I said, "I can read, and you can pray, so let us have worship," and we do;

* In the "Female Missionary Intelligencer," May 1854.

I now my mother, and these four young men, have some Christians, and wish to be baptized in the name Jesus.' The four young men stood by.

'I said to the mother, 'What have you done with your idols, Ammah?' 'Oh, I have thrown them all away. They were no good, I did not want them.' 'If you have one left, I should like to have it.' 'I threw them all into the well, let them go. Now I have found us, I have no more to do with idols.' 'Do you pray, Ammah?' 'What shall I say? I don't know how to pray, words, I have never learnt; but inside my heart I tell Jesus all day what I want.' Who shall say this 'expressed desire' is not prayer? I believe it is so, for her bright, calm face seemed to show it was heard and answered. A good deal more passed that I have

not time to write. . . . We have about ninety or a hundred girls under instruction, including those in the villages. I must entreat your prayers that our strength and our prayers fail not. Sometimes I feel very weary, not of but in the work. . . . But our great Master has never left me, and never will, and we feel he cannot confer a greater honour upon us than to keep us at work for his cause, and the benefit of these people."

"Now, Lucy, is not this letter encouraging?"

"Yes, but very humbling too."

"It is always good to be made more low in our own esteem, provided that does not lead to despondency, but to more simple 'looking unto Jesus,' and taking hold of his promised grace and help. Now go to rest, and you will feel better and more hopeful to-morrow."

J. L. B.

THE SOUL NEGLECTED.

BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER.



IMPENITENT friend! you are in danger from an unexpected quarter. If you are finally condemned by the righteous Judge, it will not probably be on account of the sins that have swept multitudes into perdition. You are not likely to be condemned as a blasphemer, or a slave-driver, or a highway-robber, or a drunkard, or a scoffing sceptic. Of none of these senseless outrages against sense and decency are you likely to be guilty. Nor is it necessary for you to be a scoffer, or a sensualist, or a sot, or a sinner, in order to be shut out of heaven. The pangs of despair are not reached alone by the vicious and the reckless devotees of vice. You need not break openly every law of God in order to reach perdition.

You will simply have to persist in your present course. Simply go on as you have begun—simply neglect the great salvation"—and you will make sure everlasting ruin sure. Many foolish, faithless parents have stood by the grave of a child which they dug with their own hands. How? Had they administer slow poison, or strike an assassin-knife through the young heart? No; they killed their child just as surely, by their neglect of the first laws of health. Many a father, too, has wrung his hands in agony before a prison-cell which held a ruined son, or over a letter which told him of a son's disgrace, and whose very hands rested the guilt of that boy's

ruin. Why? Had they led that son into Sabbath-breaking, or theft, or profligacy? No; but they had let the youth alone, and left him to rush into them unrestrained. *Neglect* was the boy's ruin. There is no need that the man in a skiff amid Niagara's rapids should row toward the cataract; resting on his oars is quite enough to send him over the awful verge.

It is the neglected wheel that capsizes the vehicle, and maims for life the passengers. It is the neglected leak that sinks the ship. It is the neglected field that yields briars instead of bread. It is the neglected spark kindling near the magazine whose tremendous explosion sends its hundreds of mangled wretches into eternity. The neglect of an officer to throw up a rocket on a certain night caused the fall of Antwerp, and postponed the deliverance of Holland for twenty or more years. The neglect of a sentinel to give an alarm hindered the fall of Sebastopol, and resulted in the loss of many thousand lives.

And, my friend, it will be the stupendous aggregation of all your fatal neglects—of all the neglected Sabbaths, joined to the neglected offer of grace, and added to the neglected duties, and multiplied by the neglected drawings of God's Spirit—that will sink you (if you die impenitent) into perdition. When you neglect a Sabbath, you bar up an open door into the pathway to heaven. When you neglect an inward call of God's Spirit, you extinguish the flame on which

as much may depend as on the last match or tinder in the possession of an Arctic traveller amid the icebergs. The Spirit gives last knocks at sinners' hearts; the neglect to open leaves "the house desolate." When you neglect the offers of Christ's atoning love, you cast away your only hope. You insult the long-suffering mercy of God. You put the crucified Saviour to an open shame. You voluntarily put yourself into the complete power of the Adversary. You waste your only life of probation, and fling away all the good that a godly life might accomplish for truth and humanity. You damn your own soul! All these are the simple, inevitable consequences of "neglecting so great a salvation!"

It matters not that, while neglecting your soul, you are engaged in other and honourable pursuits—in merchandise, in literature, in agriculture, in science, or in statesmanship. Right in their proper place, all these high callings become wrong when they crowd out all thought of God and eternity. Even they are infinitely more dignified and ennobled by true religion. But they cannot save the soul.

If a vessel were to spring a leak from striking on a sunken rock, what matters it that the captain should take to studying his charts, or the pilot to noting his compass, or the sailing-master to

making up the log, or the marines to their accustomed drill? These are all proper occupations at the proper time. But they don't save the ship! How can they escape, if they neglect to stop that leak? Oh! unforgiven, unconverted reader, what shall it profit thee to enjoy all art, and all polite letters, and revel amid wealth uncounted, if at the last thou awake amid the agonies of the lost?

The only remedy for neglect is immediate devotion to your eternal welfare. The past is gone. The future may be but a handbreadth. The present is in thy hand. *Use it.* Let no sin, no Satan, no selfish interest hinder thee. If business press, say, "*Now it is my business to seek God.*" If pleasure beckon, set your heart on the loftier pleasure of pleasing God. Let your soul-cry be, "Oh, neglected, forbearing Jesus! I neglect thee no longer! Give me that sacred hand, so long refused. I am ready to grasp it in faith, and trust thee to save me, and to guide me to the pathway of eternal life. Be merciful to me a sinner!"

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling,
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to this fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!'"

UNDER THE LEAVES.



MICK, green leaves, from the soft, brown earth,
Happy Spring-time hath called them forth;
First faint promise of Summer bloom
Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
Under the leaves.

Lift them! what marvellous beauty lies
Hidden beneath, from our thoughtless eyes;
May-flowers, rosy and purest white,
Lift their cups to the sudden light,
Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
Seen by no eye save His who reads
Motive and action—in silence grow
Into rare beauty, and bud and blow
Under the leaves?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,
Springing from spirits bruised and crushed,
Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,
Touched and painted with Heaven's own light,
Under the leaves.

Full fresh clusters by duty borne,
Purest of all in that shadow grown;
Wondrous the fragrance, that, sweet and rare,
Comes from the flower-cups hidden there,
Under the leaves.

Though unseen by our vision dim,
Bud and blossom are known to Him:
Wait we content for His heavenly ray,
Wait till our Master Himself one day
Lifteth the leaves.

THE OPEN LATCH.*

SEE ENGRAVING.



A POOR widow lived in a Highland glen. Her only child had wandered from her into one of the cities of Scotland, and was there leading a life of sin. The mother went after her lost one; the daughter relented, and was returning to her home. But temptation assailed her by the way, and she went back to her haunts. The desolate mother returned to her cottage alone; and yet she was not alone, for she called on her widow's God. He was entreated of her. As she sat one sleepless night, watching the decaying embers of her scanty fire, she heard a footfall on the floor. She started at the sound. It was her repentant child. The first glad surprise and full confession over, "How could I do this, mother," said the daughter, "that at this dead and lonely hour I found the latch of the cottage open?" "That latch has never been shut, day or night, since I left me," was the mother's reply. "I feared that you came and found it shut, you might have turned away for ever." A mother's forgiveness, a mother's love, were expressed in that open latch.

This touching incident illustrates the gospel of the grace of God. We are his lost ones. The offspring of sinful parents, and born into the world with sinful hearts, we go astray from the cradle. We have all wandered from him, our God. We must be brought back. Unless we return we perish. But, save for the work of the Lord Jesus, our guilt would have prevented such return. The lesson of the entire law of Moses—a lesson taught by God himself for fifteen hundred years—was, that no unclean creature might by any means come near him. Sin is our uncleanness. And that sin, if not *drawn away*, would have proved a *shut latch*—a latch which never could have opened, though we had spent our strength on it for ever.

"Now once, in the end of the world," we read, "hath the Son of Man appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself" (Heb. ix. 26). And his mission accomplished, the object; a sacrifice so costly was not offered in vain. Whereas sin once stood as a barrier between sinful man and his God, that barrier is there no longer. We are invited to draw near; the fact of our being sinners no hindrance in our path. Sin has been judged; and the precious blood of its atoning sacrifice there is forgiveness for all sin. That blood was, moreover, the fillet of all righteousness—the blood of obedience to death (Phil. ii. 8). And through that perfect righteousness—the righteousness of God wrought out in the flesh of man, there is acceptance with God for any

sinner who will take it. The word of the blessed gospel is thus a word of universal invitation. It proclaims *an open latch*; and that whosoever will, may enter in.

The widow's child did not stand without, crying, "*Mother, unlatch the door.*" A mother's love had done that, while she was far away. She found the door unfastened, and went freely forward. Sin is atoned for. It is no longer a barrier in any man's way to God. Before our repentance, before our prayers, before we had a being, the mighty work was done. "When Jesus had received the vinegar, he said, *It is finished*; and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost" (John xix. 30). Let us pass in, then, through the unfastened door. "Having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near" (Heb. x. 19). Let us seek the Lord "while he may be found;" let us "call upon him while he is near" (Isa. lv. 6). It is our wisdom, yea our eternal life.

We have another reason for this "boldness." When the repentant wanderer passed through the unfastened door, *she found a mother behind it*. And we find a Father behind the cross of Christ. The cross is the way to the Father. How beautifully is this expressed in the words, "to enter into the holiest!" The holiest in the Jewish tabernacle was the nearest possible approach to God. The outer court was near, the holy place was nearer. But the holiest was his very presence. The ark of his covenant, his mercy-seat, his glory, were all there. To enter into the holiest now, is not therefore to come to God as a *Master*; neither is it to come to him as a *Friend*. Both are near, but there is a nearer. It is to come as Jesus himself came, crying "*Abba, Father*" (Gal. iv. 6). To make us partakers of this, his own blessedness, the Son of God laid down his precious life. He would have us draw near, as he drew near, and call upon God as he called upon him—"My Father," he says, "and *your Father*; my God and your God" (John xx. 17).

Again, the unlatched door *revealed the mother's heart*. It was the expression of its undiminished love—of its warm and abundant welcome. And the cross of Christ, in like manner, has laid bare before us the heart of the blessed God. We have spoken of the latch which Jesus opened. It cost him his life to open it. He "*put away sin by the sacrifice of himself*." And he who thus loved us, and gave himself for us, is "the image of the invisible God" (Col. i. 15). He is invisible; "No man hath seen God at any time" (1 John iv. 12). But let us not think that on this account he cannot be known. It is to sense only he is invisible; faith plainly sees him. The putting away of sin that we might not die, the giving the Son of his love to die in our stead, reveal the Father's heart. We may well have boldness to go to

* From Dublin Letter Tract, by the Rev. W. Tait.

him. If in time past we have broken his laws, despised his warnings, or grieved his Spirit, or if we have forgotten him for the world, and preferred its short-lived gains to his holy service, let us go to him, saying, "Father, we have sinned." And if we distrust these slippery hearts, knowing too well that they "go aside like a deceitful bow," let us not therefore despair. There is yet hope for the future, for he will be our help. Only let us seek that help, saying, each one for himself, "My Father, be thou my guide."

But some perhaps will say, "Tell us of our duties; it is enough if we discharge them; we need not be told of a Saviour's cross." The discharge of duty is indeed enough; but let us understand what duty is. Our "duty towards God," as we are rightly taught, "is to believe in him, to love him with all our hearts, to put our whole trust in him, to honour his holy name, and to serve him truly all the days of our life." Our "duty towards our neighbour is to love him as ourselves, and to do to all men as we would they should do unto us." But how are these duties to be discharged? The very first of them is to *believe in God*. We cannot believe in him unless we know him. And he is revealed in the cross of the Lord Jesus. We are also to put, not our trust only, but *our whole trust* in him. And it is impossible for a sinner to do this, save through the blood of atonement. We are to honour his holy name. That name—*our Father*—is made known by the cross. It and it alone, inspires the love of children. And without such love there is no *true service* either to God or man. What then becomes of duty, if we hide the glories of Calvary?

Let the widow's child teach us one other lesson. She did not say while in the great city, "*I will abide here, and do my duty.*" Conscience told her, "*Your first duty is to go home.*" And she obeyed its voice. Once there, all was right. A mother's loving smile encouraged her; she returned that love by her daily affectionate ministry; she smoothed that injured parent's way to

a better and happier world. Our *first* duty, in like manner, is to *go home*. Let us wander no longer from the blessed God; let us know him as a Father; let us believe in his forgiving love. All else will then be right with us, as respects both God and man. We shall do God's will as his dear children; we shall seek man's welfare with the affectionate solicitude of brethren. Such a heart and mind is entrance into the holiest now—the blessed preparation for abode in the holiest above—the presence of God for ever.

Every type is inferior to its antitype: no parable is able to set forth the fulness of God. The parent's door was unfastened, but the prodigal child was far away; she could not deal with that alienated, wicked heart. The heavenly Father, whose "offspring we are," and who has unfastened his door that we may return and live, "is not far from any one of us." "In him we live, and move, and have our being" (Acts xvii. 27, 28). He can speak to us; he can deal with our hearts; he can bring us back to himself at any time.

Again, in her first efforts with her child, the poor widow was unsuccessful. She recovered her for a time only; temptation prevailed, and she was gone. It is not so with those whom God brings home; no enemy shall ever snatch them from his watchful care. "I give unto my sheep eternal life," is the word of our Lord and Saviour; "no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand" (John x. 28, 29). We have again his word, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee" (John xvii. 3). To be led to God as a Father through the opened door of Calvary, is to find "*THE BLESSING, even life for evermore*" (Ps. cxxxiii. 3).

Be it your prayer and mine then, beloved reader, that he may thus speak to us, thus deal with our hearts, thus seal us as his own. "If we, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto our children, how much more shall our Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!"

Miscellanies.

ATONEMENT—A DOCTRINE OF REVELATION.



N studying all Divine truths, but specially a truth like this, (which involves the nature of God, his mysterious dealings, and the relations which it has pleased him to establish between himself and man, topics the most arduous in the whole range of theology,) we must be careful to accept with the utmost simplicity the intimations of Holy Scripture. It would be presumptuous to go into such a subject at all, except so far as those intimations lead us by the hand. In every such investigation, it should be present to our minds, from first to last, that

in estimating the ways of God, we are like little children estimating the ways of matured and sage men,—men enriched with all the fruits of a long experience and an extensive observation. The Unitarian professes an inability to receive the doctrine of the atonement, as it is held by Christians, on the ground that it conflicts with his natural instincts.

Natural instincts, and even our so-called moral sense, are no safe guide upon a subject which soars so infinitely above our limited capacity. We are children; and in considering the means by which our heavenly Father will save us, it is wisdom to accept simply his own in-

ctions, desperate folly and presumption to criticize the instructions by our childish notions and puerile instincts. My meaning will be more vividly apprehended, draw out the illustration in detail.

A father, inured to life upon the mountains, and acquainted by experience with all the natural phenomena in an Alpine district, is under the necessity of crossing every perilous glacier, with children of four or five years old. His first counsel for their safety is the obvious and usual one—that each holding by a cord, one end of which is in his own hand, they shall keep at as great a distance from him, and from one another, as the length of the cord admits. The children are of such an age that the direction, “Hold this, and keep at as great a distance from me as you possibly can,” can just be made intelligible to them,—the grounds of it (plain enough to an adult, that the weight of the party may be distributed upon the ice, and not brought to bear on one particular spot, which might thus give way) are, it may be, out of the reach of a child’s capacity.

Let us suppose that the children, in fright and discomfort, begin to reason about this counsel, and to judge of it by their natural instincts; conceive that one of them should think and say as follows: “Can this direction come from our father, who is so affectionate a parent, who loves to have us close around him under ordinary circumstances, hanging round his neck and sitting on his knees? Can he say upon this occasion, ‘Come not near me, child, at the peril of thy life?’ Say it he may, but I will not believe such to be his meaning, for it is an ungenial idea, conflicting with all my natural instincts, which are to cling round him in the moment of danger, and, moreover, with confidence in his affection.”

But shortly afterwards a further direction is given. The child falls upon the mountain summit, its blackness relieved by the flickering snows. The wearied children are irresistibly impelled to lie down without covering, in which case death would overtake them ere the morning. The father discovers a corner, where the snowdrift lies deep. He burrows in it with the energy of a man who knows that life depends on his exertions, and proposes that in the cavities so made the children shall lie, the cold snow piled over them as if they were buried in it, and only the smallest aperture allowed for the passage of the breath. Adults, of course, would be aware that this would be the best method under the circumstances (and a sure method) of preserving and cherishing the vital heat of the body; but not so the children. Snow, applied only to parts of the person, and not as a general wrapper, is terribly cold; and the children, unable to understand the great white mantle of winter really wards off the cold of the atmosphere from the seeds of plants and ferns, imagine cruelty in this direction of the father, and shudder at the sight of the bed which he has prepared for them.

My brethren, a little child, feeling thus and reasoning

thus on such an occasion, presents a very just image of a man who rejects (or qualifies, so as to meet his own notions) the doctrine of the vicarious Sacrifice of Christ, on the ground that it conflicts with his natural instincts, violates his moral sense, and presents to us (as it does undoubtedly, under one aspect of it) the severity of God. The allowing these grounds to weigh with us against the simple statements of Scripture is not wisdom, is not independence of thought, is not a high reach of mind,—it is simply folly.

The question is not between revelation and reason, but rather between reason and natural instincts; reliance upon which (in defiance of reason) is folly. For it is reason surely to accept, and folly to reject or modify the Word of the All-wise and All-loving One, on points on which he alone is competent to inform us.

The child who keeps at a distance from his father, and buries himself in the snow, is a wise child, because, renouncing the guidance of his instincts, he places faith in one manifestly his superior in capacity. The child who clings round his father’s neck upon the glacier and stretches his limbs beneath the open sky in distrust of his parent’s directions, is a *foolish* child; for what is greater folly than to refuse to be guided by a recognized superior in wisdom? And it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that one who, in investigating such a subject as the method of human salvation, follows the guidance of his natural instincts in preference to that of revelation, is a weak person, not a man of bold and courageous thought. Simple dependence upon God, where God alone can teach, is the truest independence of mind.—*Goulburn’s Occasional Sermons.*

WOMAN’S PLACE.

We, women, often need to remind ourselves, and to be reminded, that, we are never so likely to be honoured, beloved, useful, and happy, as when we are faithful to the instincts implanted in our woman’s nature; which, by their secret instigations, prompt us to the cheerful discharge of the self-denying and pleasing duties of domestic life; and lead us also to supply liberally the silent streams of unobtrusive charity. If there be cause for the fear, not unfrequently expressed, that our English home (so long boasted of, as the bit of paradise still left in the world), is now gradually deteriorating, through the loss of its fairest feature of domesticity—how anxiously should every woman, who is jealous for the honour of her sex, and the true glory of her country, strive to avert an evil so incalculably and deplorably mischievous in its effects. Oh, I do trust that the honourable matron, the devoted mother, the modest domestic daughter, may never cease to be the grace and ornament of the homes of old England. Nevertheless, from my heart, I could cordially welcome amongst us a venerable company of ancient matrons, descended in a right line, from the excellent woman of the 31st chapter of Proverbs. And if they could be persuaded to go

through the length and breadth of the land, to teach our ladies some of their ancient principles of domestic management, we might all be able to take a higher position, both in wisdom and dignity. I always have a rejoicing sense of the beauty and goodness of the female character, when I read of that virtuous woman, whose children rose up and called her blessed; whose husband praised her; and had no need to take spoils, because of her industrious, careful, and comfortable management; whose household feared not for the snow, being clothed with double garments; and who stretched forth her hands to the poor, while the law of kindness and wisdom dwelt upon her tongue. Is she not worthy of our imitation?—*"Thy Poor Brother," by Mrs. Sewell.*

NONE SUFFERED TO FAIL.

MANY years ago, when we lived in B—, it was my habit to take an early morning walk upon the end of the chain pier, and at that hour I was commonly the only occupant, and had the lessons of the winds and the waves all to myself. One morning, I especially remember, I had risen earlier than usual, for I had many troubles on my mind, and I wanted to be alone. A thick gloom was spread over the whole face of nature; the wind was wild and cold, the sky a leaden grey, and the sea rolled its heavy discoloured waves with an angry growl upon the shore; the jarring creak of the chains beneath the pier, and the cold dash of waves round the buttresses, were all in harmony with each other, and in harmony with my oppressed spirit. Nothing spoke of hope; all spoke of discouragement, and my thoughts grew heavier, and my heart sunk lower; but, whilst I turned, and returned upon my path, I observed a large flock of wild ducks leaving the land, and regardless of frowning sky, stormy wind, and surging sea, without chart or compass to direct them on their untrodden way, with the wind directly ahead, they boldly steered off for the land to which faith or instinct drew them. I watched them with intense interest, as in a compact squadron, their wings cleft the air; presently, I observed one of them lagging behind—further and further behind—it must have been a feeble one—further and further—and then I saw it suddenly fall to the surface of the waters. "Oh!" I exclaimed, "it will be left behind, it will never overtake those strong fliers." Presently, however, I observed it, flying along just above the crest of the billows, and there, out of the force of the wind, it made rapid progress. Again I lost it. Had it given up the journey? No! I discerned it again far ahead, and soon it rose into the air, and, as if invigorated by its lowly solitary travel, it darted forward with increased speed, and gained rapidly upon its disappearing companions; and though I did not see it overtake them, I felt sure that it would do so. I turned my steps homeward, my faith confirmed, that He who guided these trustful voyagers across the billows to their haven of rest, would assuredly guide his children also across the rough billows

of their life's journey, and not suffer the feeblest amongst them to fail, or be overwhelmed.—*Ibid.*

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

FAR be it from me, to make walls of division, or to abridge our true Christian liberty. "He" only "is the freeman whom the truth makes free;" my anxiety is that we should not lose our Christian liberty by coming into bondage with the spirit of the world. We must acknowledge that, as professed Christians, we are now taking a very wide sweep into its external practice; and if some who do so are able to maintain, steadfastly, their humility and integrity as disciples, very many more are so grievously entangled, hindered, and spiritually dwarfed by it, that probably they may never attain to the full growth of Christian manhood. I know the "narrow way," the "Be not conformed to this world," have rather a pitiful and contracted sound; and that, "He giveth us all things richly to enjoy," and "All things are clean to him that believeth," have a show of much greater expansion of mind and advance in Christian liberty. In reality, there is a beautiful connection in these passages, "The paths of pleasantness and peace" lie through the strait gate; and the richest enjoyment of the "all things" is tasted, and can only be tasted, by those who, with an undivided heart, and in the liberty of the Spirit, are "walking in the ways of the commandments." How many Christians could tell, if they would speak, of the unworthy bondage in which they have been held, by a compromise with the practice of the world; how slippery they found the middle path; and how often, when their souls were hungering and thirsting after righteousness, longing for more conformity to their Master, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, have acted like a cramp upon their heart and a clog upon their feet, to hinder their running in the ways of holy obedience. There are no minute rules laid down for us; it is for the free heart, which prays, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in thy way," to make them for itself.

Some years since I was going into mourning for a near relation, and sent for a dressmaker to take the order for my dress. She was a pious woman, and she frequently congratulated herself that almost all the families she worked for were religious people. She was speaking of the crape trimming on the skirt of my dress, and I asked how deep she proposed to make it. She put her finger to my waist and said, "Worldly people have it brought up quite to the waist," then, bringing her finger two inches lower, she said, "In Christian mourning it comes so far." There was no irony in this remark, she was quite serious, she knew what she said. I have often thought that about two inches might divide the Church from the world, in many things beside crape trimming. But we will leave this difficult and perplexing subject, not forgetting that we are enjoined to "let our moderation appear unto all men."—*Ibid.*

ENCOURAGEMENT.

you feel discouraged in your work because you are not able to do anything well; and discouraged in yourself because you find that you often act from mixed and unwholesome motives. My dear friend, I could readily take up this lamentation with you, but I know it would be useless, and more profitable for us both, to accept, in its truest meaning, the declaration of our Saviour, "Without me ye can do nothing;" and then, with the psalmist, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him." I have often found, that to live in a confused and hurried state of mind, leaves a wide door open for the entrance of mixed motives and false arguments; and if our time be too fully occupied with other things, to admit of our waiting upon the Lord to renew our strength, and for the Comforter to bring freshly to our mind the words and works of our dear Master, it must needs be that we are both down-hearted and very feeble. But, "They who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." In this promise is our constant source of encouragement.

From your other remark I see that you have been taking a few steps on the road to "Doubting Castle;" that you fear, if you do undertake any work which appears to be good and right for you to do, you shall not find in yourself the needful qualification to carry it out, and may break down in the middle, or fail altogether. Do not be discouraged; unassisted human capacity never was equal to the performance of any good work; it does not shrink despairingly within the compass of our felt ability, use your talents diligently, and make the best preparation you can, and then, be assured, if your cause be the Lord's cause, he will let down ability upon you, and will furnish you with thoughts, words, and arguments, when you want them, and give you a blessing beside. It is such a comfort to know when we are feeling empty and helpless, that God can say unto us weak, "Be strong."

There is nothing like work to show us our own weakness; nothing like work to convince us of God's help; nothing like our most perfect work to convince us of our imperfection, and to make the perfect, all-sufficient Saviour, and the great salvation, increasingly dear and important to us.—*Ibid.*

LOOSE PHRASES.

WHAT is the meaning of the phrases, "very providential," "quite providential," and the like? What ideas of God's providence must be entertained in order to call such expressions? If, as we are taught, the providence of God extends over all events, so that not a arrow falls without the notice of our heavenly Father, every event is just as truly providential as another. Events are not equally important, but they are equally providential. Some events are ordained by the Divine will, and caused by the Divine efficiency; while others,

which the depraved will of the creature originates, take place through God's wise permission. But both are under his control, both enter into the scheme of his providence. It is proper to say of some events that they are special, or remarkable, or extraordinary providences, not because they are any more subject to divine control than others, but simply because they are extraordinary in some of their relations or consequences. The purchase of Joseph by the Midianitish merchantmen was a more remarkable providence, having more important events depending upon it, than any purchase of merchandise which they made; but it was not more "providential."

It is likely that this incorrect manner of speaking arises in some cases from confounding the providential with the miraculous. The events so described are conceived of as miracles, wrought by the direct agency of God, independently of physical agencies or secondary causes. But it is more commonly the case, we fear, that there is a tendency to lose sight of the truth that God is concerned in all things, and (not consciously to think, much less to affirm, but) to feel partially that ordinary events are produced without his interposition. In more striking occurrences they say that he especially acts, merely because it is only those that awaken their minds to the perception of his presence and activity.

This practical forgetfulness of God is sinful, and in a Christian should be earnestly guarded against. How can he feel as he ought his obligation to live unto the Lord, if the events of his life—a very few excepted—are supposed to succeed each other without the Lord's notice? How can he feel due gratitude, unless conscious of being the object of daily, hourly, unceasing mercy? How can he find guidance in the providential ordering of his way, if he does not see a providential order in any but exceptional and startling events? How can he rejoice in the Lord always, or pray always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, or do all things to the glory of God, and in the name of the Lord Jesus? In this as in other matters, wrong words are a sign of wrong thoughts, and both need amending.

PREPARING OUR OWN HEAVEN.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

WE have all, to a great extent, the making of our own heaven; for heaven will be to us just precisely what we are to it. We shall have of it as much as we are able to contain; that is just as much as we have prepared ourselves for. There must be sympathy, there must be adaptation, and the more enlarged our capacities, the more spiritualized we are in our mind and character here, the brighter we shall shine, and the further we shall be admitted into the beatific vision, hereafter. Some will be saved only "so as by fire," while to others shall be ministered an entrance abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.

There is a legend which we have read of St. Thomas, the apostle of the Indies. Gondofernes, the King of

the Indies, gave him a vast sum of money to build him a palace, all which, however, St. Thomas gave away in charity and religion. Gondofernes, on his return from a long absence, was greatly enraged, and caused Thomas to be seized and cast into prison. Meanwhile the king's brother dies, but after four days comes back from the dead. He tells Gondofernes that he had been in Paradise, and that St. Thomas had built him *there* a beautiful palace, which he had seen. The king rushed to the prison and liberated Thomas, with passionate expressions of gratitude and regret.

The meaning is obvious. Religion is the high usury of heaven. What we are sowing here, is growing and ripening to the harvest, yonder; and the consecration of this great treasure of our life, which God has given us, to his service and glory on earth, is the rearing of a palace, unseen for the present, but destined to appear in all its symmetry and grandeur, when the scaffolding of time shall have been taken down, and we shall confront the perfected structure, in the great eternity.

A WORD ABOUT PRAYER-MEETINGS.

UNDER this heading Mr. Cuyler contributes to a contemporary some good enough practical remarks on the management of prayer-meetings. He says, humourously:—

"Many churches are well filled on the Sabbath, whose weekly meetings are so thin that if a musket were fired through the room, 'it would endanger no Christian life.' Those who attend are seldom any other than the church-officers, and of devout and earnest women but a few. The meetings are usually formal and stereotyped; they begin with 'Martyrdom,' or 'Old Hundred,' then a chapter lazily read, then a deacon, then 'an opportunity for remarks,' then a silent pause, then a hymn or a deacon, and the closing prayer dis-

misses the handful to their homes. Do such solemn somnambulisms build up a church? Do they bring spiritual baptism, and promote revivals? Do they attract the young, the thoughtless, the backslider, or any classes that need to be prayed *for*? Do they quicken God's people?"

It is very doubtful that there can be any recipe for a prayer-meeting—any external panacea, at least, that will infallibly make it like "the gate of heaven." While, of course, there is a difference in measures and forms, some being better than others, chiefly because better adapted to human nature, it seems unquestionable that the whole life and vitality of a prayer-meeting is in its *spontaneity*. It is not an institution that can be got up and kept up by external appliances, except as the barest skin-and-bones skeleton. It is not the motive power of a church so much as a result of its momentum. If a people are full of the Holy Ghost, they will be likely to meet much together, and the increased communion (with God and with one another, will undoubtedly stimulate zeal in its turn. But the prayer-meeting must always owe more to the spirit of the church, than the spirit of the church can owe to it.

There is one thing that is peculiarly important to the usefulness of a prayer-meeting, that is not often included in the recapitulation of the considerations brought to bear on the subject. It is this, that every church member who goes there should go, not more, nor so much, to get religious comforting for his own behoof, as to make the light of his countenance shine upon others. Not self-seeking, even in religion, but outgoing from self, is the great secret of life, vivacity, joy, and peace. If those who love and frequent the prayer-meeting will only carry with them this divine impulse of self-forgetfulness, every one regarding the things of others, and not his own, they will have seasons that will premonish them of heaven.

The Children's Treasury.

THE HAPPY FINDER.

GEORGE was in the High School. One day, after he had learned his lessons, he took out his Bible and began to read it. His next neighbour leaned over and asked him "if he was going to be a parson." He did so several days, and the boys laughed and called him "serious." That is one way the devil takes to hinder the young from thinking of their souls. He sets their companions to make fun of them, and then he tries to make them afraid of it. But it did not make George afraid.

"I am serious," he said. "I feel I have heaven to gain and hell to shun, and I feel anxious about it." The boys looked sober at that, and never said anything more.

George heard a sermon upon this subject, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and he saw several persons choosing. Stanley Miles chose; Robert Sharpe chose; yes, and many others had chosen to serve God. George thought he ought to choose. He wanted to be a Christian; he wanted to find his Saviour.

"How do you feel, George?" asked his minister when he went to see him.

"I feel, sir," said George, "as if seeking after something I've lost; and I want, above all things, to find it."

George, in fact, was lost. That is the way the Bible speaks of us. It tells us we are lost; and it says the Lord Jesus "came to save that which was lost." George was beginning to feel this, and he was seeking that very Saviour; his soul was reaching out after God. And as

God promises every soul that seeks *shall* find, George set himself in earnest about finding what his soul needed—a Redeemer from his sins, a Helper to do good.

In reading his Bible, George found this prayer of God king David: "Mine eyes are unto thee, O God my Lord; in thee is my trust: leave not my soul destitute;" and he made it *his* prayer. He liked the words. He spoke for him, he said. His minister prayed with him. His Sabbath-school teacher prayed with him, and his mother prayed with him; but he did not *find*.

A holiday came. A party of boys were going to the sea-side, and they came and asked George to go with them. His aunt told him to go. His mother said, "Let George do as he thinks best." George thought it was not best. "I cannot go, mother," said he, "until I have found God." So he stayed at home. It was a beautiful morning. He got up early and went into the barn. Falling down on his knees, he cried, "Mine eyes are unto thee, O God my Lord; in thee is my trust: leave not my soul *destitute*." When he drove the cows to pasture, he knelt down on a rock and there called upon God. George felt he could not take No for an answer. Like Jacob of old, he wrestled with God for a blessing. In the forenoon George went to walk alone. When he came home his mother was in the door. "Mother," he said, "mother, every thing looks so *beautiful*. I see God everywhere and in every thing, mother," said he. "I *know* I have found him;" and a sweet, soft, grateful, happy look spread over his whole face. It was indeed the look of one who had found "the pearl of great price." The next day he said, "Oh, mother, I have got it. I have got forgiveness, and love, and comfort, and all that my soul needed. If this is religion, why does not everybody try for it? for they that seek *shall* find, and I know it."

What George then found he has never lost. More and more he finds "it better than riches; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was sewing over and over the seam of a pillow-case. "All this?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said mother. "Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew;" and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she said a few minutes after. "Oh, my hand is so tired." That was next. And with that she laid down her work. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and next her eye. Was not Jessie's mother cruel to require

her little daughter to sew when she was so sick?

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother. "Now may I go out to play?" she asked in such an altered tone you could hardly believe it was Jessie's. "I must first send for the doctor for you," said her mother. "The doctor for *me*, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as could be. "Certainly," said her mother; "a little girl so full of pains and aches must be sick, and the sooner we have the doctor the better. "Oh, mother," said Jessie laughing, "they were *sewing aches*. I am well enough now."

I have heard of other little girls besides Jessie who had sewing aches and pains whenever their parents had work for them to do. These aches and pains *do* show sickness. They are symptoms of a sad disease—a disease which eats some people up. This disease is called *selfishness*. It makes children cross and fretful and disobliging and troublesome and unhappy; and I am sure it makes those unhappy and sad who have the charge of them.

A MAN CARRYING HIS BED.

THERE was a spring of water at Jerusalem where, at certain times, when the water bubbled up, sick people were dipped in and cured. One Sabbath Jesus visited the spring. We know he went from no idle curiosity, or to pass away the time. He found there a poor friendless man who had been sick a-bed thirty-eight years. Somebody had brought him to the spring on his bed, and there left him.

The Lord Jesus asked him, "If he wished to get well."

"Sir," said the poor man, "I have nobody to dip me in. When I try to go, somebody else gets in before me."

"Arise," said the Lord Jesus, "take up thy bed and walk."

Arise! get up! How *could* he get up? Yet he tried, and did. He stood upon his feet. Still, was he strong enough to *carry* any thing? He tried, and found he was not only well, but *strong*.

But would the man like to be *seen* carrying his bed or couch on his back through the streets on Sabbath-day? Would not people *laugh* at him, and wonder, and think it odd? They did so. They saw him, and talked about it. They asked him what he did that for, for the Jews were very strict about keeping the Sabbath.

"He that cured me bid me do it," said the man, neither afraid nor ashamed of doing what the Lord Jesus bid him. Was not that the true spirit of obedience! And what courage it gave him.

Quite different is this from the conduct of some, who are afraid to be seen obeying their Saviour. I knew a child who tried to hide the sweet tear of penitence in the Sabbath School, because she thought the other girls would laugh at her. And I knew a boy afraid to go to

a prayer-meeting, lest his playmates should call him *serious*. My children, this is a sinful fear. Satan is glad of it. Shake it off quickly. When you hear the Lord Jesus laying his commands upon you, obey *at once*. If your companions think it odd, and try in any way to hinder you, tell them, "Jesus bid me, and I must do as he says." Once having taken that stand, your courage will come, and you will find obedience the way "of pleasantness, of peace."—*Child's Paper*.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD THOUGHT OF DYING.

HANNAH was a little Christian child of eleven years. "Is it wrong to want to die?" she asked one day. "Why do you want to die?" asked her teacher. "That I may go and stay with Jesus, and never sin again," answered Hannah.

She often said she should like to be with the Saviour above; and I suppose the Lord Jesus excited this desire in the bosom of this little one, because he was going to take her early to his fold in heaven.

When sickness prevailed, she said to her mother one morning, "This may be my time to go to my dear Saviour." She went as usual to work in the vineyard, but about noon felt quite unwell. They took her into the house. "I feel very sick," she said to a young companion; "shall we not pray together?"

Her friend prayed, and Hannah tried to follow her in prayer. "Bless my dear sister," she said; "take me gently through the dark river;" and that was all little Hannah could say. All that the doctor, or her mother, or her three loving brothers could do they did; but they could not keep her back from Jesus. She sent for her playmates. They came to her bedside quickly, but she could only look on them with eyes of love. By sunrise the next morning Hannah was where she longed to be, with Jesus in heaven. How sweet to think that, in the words of a beautiful hymn,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

A SINGULAR BUT GOOD REPROOF.

WHEN quite young, in my boyish days, I had watched some sparrows carrying materials to build their nests, in the usual season, under the eaves of a cottage adjoining our own; and although strict orders had been issued that none of us should climb up to the roof of the house, yet birds' eggs formed a temptation too powerful to be resisted, and self gratification was considered rather than obedience. A favourable opportunity presented itself; the roof of the house was climbed, and not only was the nest pillaged, but seized and carried away. It was soon stripped of its unnecessary appendages, that it might

appear as neat as possible. Among the things thus removed was a piece of paper which had been a page in one of Dr. Watts' hymn books, and which, thrown away, had been taken by the poor bird for the purpose of strengthening the nest, or increasing the warmth. A word or two caught my eye, and I unfolded the paper. Need I say that, boy as I was, I read these verses with curious feelings:—

"Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder, nor to steal.

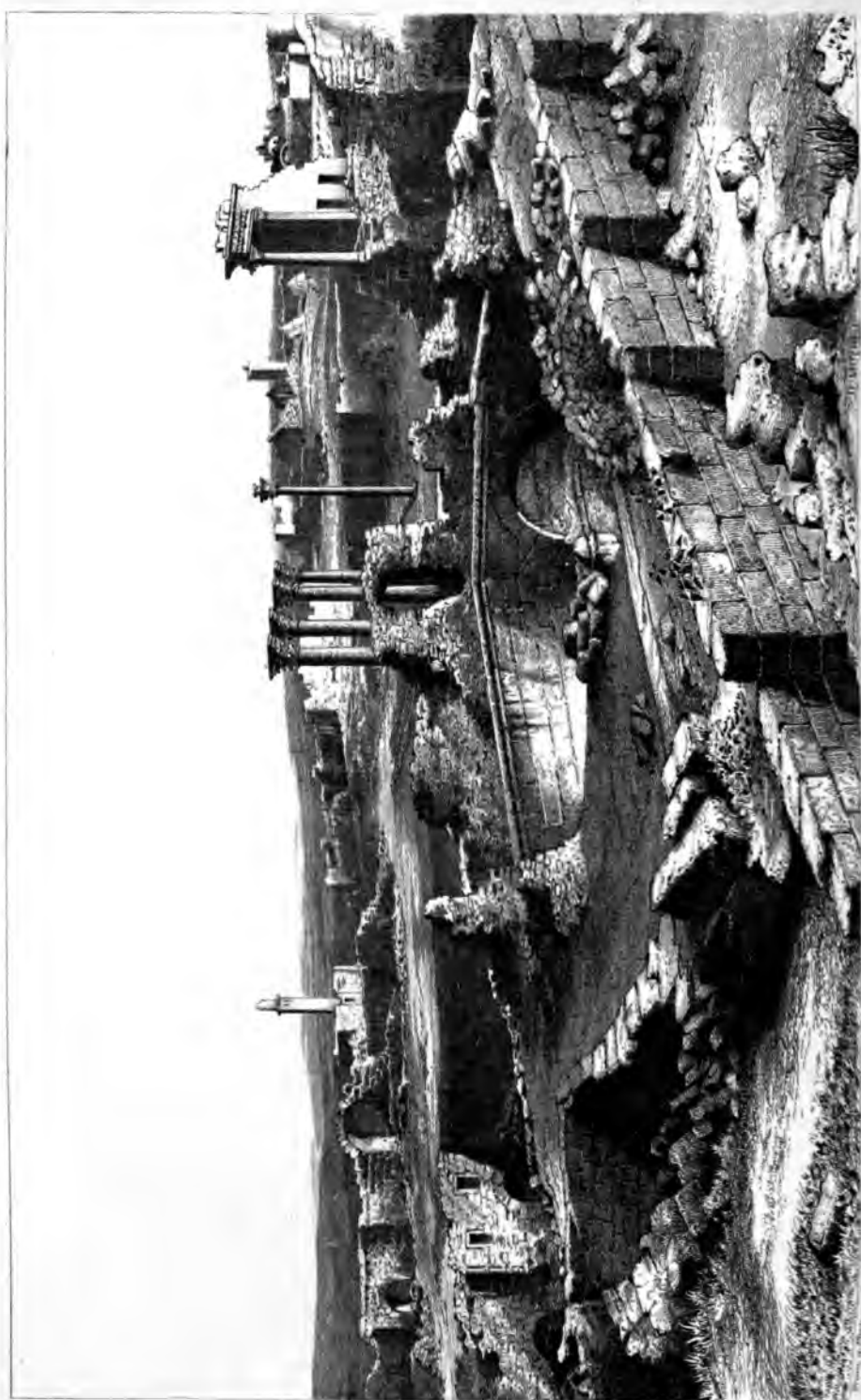
"Guide my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine;
Lest I take what is not given,
Guide my hands and heart from sin."

Had the bird been able to read and reason, it could not have selected a text more appropriate for reproof and instruction than this. What was contrived and done "in secret" was thus condemned from the house-top. My young readers should remember that when they do wrong God sees them, and can send them reproof even by means of a bird.

FOR A BUTTERFLY-CATCHER.

BEAUTIFUL butterfly, varied in hue
From crimson and gold to azure deep blue,
Opening thy wings with new-born delight,
Sipping the nectar from cups of light;
Short-lived existence, but full of joy,
Unblest is the touch of the reckless boy
Who heedlessly shortens thy little day,
And takes the mystery of life away;
Scanning with pleasure the beauteous wings
Expanded on paper, and pierced with pins;
The flutter, the glitter, for ever fled,
The beautiful butterfly cold and dead.
Ah, spoiler! the dust on thy hand can tell
Of the Wisdom that doeth all things well,
Who painted those wings with light from on high,
Then burst their tomb, and bid them fly
And tell of the resurrection plan
To the desolate heart of sinful man.
Ah, silence no voice, though feeble it be,
That teaches of immortality;
The day may come when, with tearful eyes,
The butterfly's lesson thy heart may prize;
When with thoughtful brow and harmless gaze
Of the power and love thou'lt breathe the praise
That truths sublime on so small a thing
Could faultlessly trace as a butterfly's wing;
Then strong in the strength of youthful joy,
Go bound o'er the mountains a happy boy;
But restrain thy touch, and at evening say,
"I've taken no life from God's world to-day."







THE DIGNITY OF PRAISE.

BY THE REV. J. OSWALD DYKES, A.M., JUNIOR PASTOR, FREE ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH.

also offereth praise glorifieth me."—Pa. I. 23.

"By him, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually; that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks (marg. 'confessing') to his name."—HEB. xiii. 15.

THINK we have some need to be told that the offering of praise glorifies God. For the piety of British, or, at least, of Anglo-Saxon Churches, has always been religious rather than devotional, bound more duty than animated by devotion, and fitter for statement and defence of truth in its bearings upon life than for silent secret adoration. *W-a-days* especially, since piety has taken a more busy and practical turn than ever, we all the more risk of undervaluing the direct use of worship so far as to forget that whoso *eth* praise does indeed glorify God there.

An age of over-activity and haste will certainly lead to one-sidedness or superficiality in Church's spiritual life. When utilitarianism *ails*, it is apt enough to infect even a man's *tion* and turn it into a more finely disguised *a* of self-advancement. Let us try, therefore, *in* from the text a true idea of the dignity of worship as an end in itself, as, in fact, the very *and* most perfect act towards which spiritual *must* always tend.

For simplicity's sake, I shall speak first of the *cise* which God here commends, and then of commendation which he gives it.

To understand what praise ought to be, we *st* realize what God is; for praise is the soul's *ropriate* attitude when most in his gracious *sence*. In other religious acts I have *ng* else in view beside God; but when I come to praise, in the strictest sense, I set myself down, *st* solitary, before the Almighty, and literally

forget myself in the contemplation of his glory. I have not then to think of any other being. The one sufficient, perfect, infinite God fills the entire field of vision, growing, as I approach him, into ever more commanding and overpowering grandeur. God is everything. And the right feelings for me to have when thus enveloped in the cloud of glory are the feelings of praise. To be sure, it rarely happens that we feeble men attain to this direct and simple form of unmingled worship; and hence there are several exercises more or less approaching it, to which we give the same name. For example, when, from considering God's kindness shown to me personally, I rise into acknowledgment of his goodness, that is one modification of praise, which we call "thanksgiving." Or when the worshipper is so filled with the thought of God's glory that by inward constraint he turns to proclaim to all men, or even, if men hear not, to the hand-clapping forests and hills that give answer back in thunder, the great and fearful name of Jehovah, that is another form of it which we commonly call, in stricter sense, "praising," or "extolling God." But when we pass further into the secret place so that we can think no more of any other ear into which to pour our worship save his own, but must lie low and humbly ascribe unto himself all honour, and glory, and power, then we are come to "adoration," which is the purest, highest praise. Yet while the spirit of praise may thus enter into combination with any other religious exercise, and must in truth give colour to all our worship, its essence is always the same. It is always the sum of holy acts proper to a human spirit in a

near view of the Divine Person as he has been pleased to reveal himself. Consider what these are. Did an unrepenting, unforgiven man come to realize God in so much of his glory as he hath eyes to see, the feelings natural to him would be be such alarm, repulsion and painful self-loathing as rise into horror and hatred. That is not praise? No; but it is the caricature and counterpart of praise which sin has brought. Who does not know that sin works in us a monstrous mockery of God's works, in which whatever is good is horribly transfigured into its evil effigy? The sight of God is that which calls forth sweet praises from heaven's harps, but that also which provokes by contrast the gnashing and wailing with scowls and blasphemies of the other place. Before we can praise we must be at peace with God. But when a pardoned man, coming near by the blood of Jesus which reconciles, gets a sight of God as his own God and Father, he passes through a very different series of emotions. The first and most simple feeling (not the earliest, for we cannot distinguish an order of time among the elements of a complex spiritual state) is submissive admiration. He falls on his face under a solemn sense of the divine superiority. The very dimmest or most distant view of God in Christ is enough to show us his superiority to our own humbling and gladdening; for there is a humiliation which brings gladness. To be humbling painfully is the exercise of the penitent, who, engrossed with the experience of sin, looks more at his own evil than at God's glory; but to be humbled gladly, to lie with warm, contented satisfaction low at the Almighty's feet, is the exercise of the worshipper, taught to look more at God's goodness than his own littleness or shame. Proud people, who never worship, do not know the joy there is in the unenvying, unrepining acknowledgment of inferiority. But those of us who ever stood in silent admiration before a fellow-man of brilliant talents, consummate virtue and lofty culture, who ever were pleased to feel little, not because we thought more meanly of ourselves, but because we thought highly of him;—those of us, I say, who ever had enough of nobility in us thus, with honest heartiness, to admire a superior, know the dignity and pleasure of rejoicing in another's greatness. Mean

men think this mean, because they are proud; wise and good men know that it is noble to be reverent. And if it is a right good and manly thing to give the homage of genuine admiration to those who are wiser and better than we, if this is indeed the basis of all true loyalty or service among men, how vastly more worthy must it be to fall down in worshipful prostration before him in whom all excellencies dwell in undervived abundance, the last Source and universal Giver of what is great or admirable. Here alone worship cannot become idolatry, praise is never flattery. Self-abasement before him never can dishonour, nor admiration transcend his worth. He whose heart bows not in involuntary reverence before the Eternal King is twice dead already in the utter baseness and pride of his soul.

Hence, then, springs up praise, from this deep root of lowly admiration for One infinitely better than we. But, as we learn more of God, the feeling of worship will grow, and that in two directions. For the character of God has two aspects to him who sees it aright, and each adds fresh elements to the believer's praise.

First, God is awful. Do you ever accustom yourself to meditate on the fearful working of your Maker, who fills and knows and guides everything around, your unseen Companion, your sleepless Watcher, your resistless Lord? How quietly he brings about his own slow and hidden ends with you, without constraint, yet without escape! How calmly he tolerates folly and sin, keeping silence till his work is perfect and the end comes! How absolutely he gives and takes, kills and cures, overrules and disposes! "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, the Everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding."* Come near, and let admiration grow before his Majesty into wondering reverence. But more; he is boundless in person as well as great in working. When the bolt from a black cloud breaks with a sudden crash the silence of the mountains and rolls round their huge, untraversed flanks in sullen echoes, which leave the lonely place more lonely than before, there falls an awe on all things, for it is "God thundering marvellously with his voice."†

* Isaiah xl. 28.

† Job xxxvii. 4.

Il deeper awe is there in the blue night, when thing stirs, only there falls on our waking rit the burden of his unbounded presence, who lds yon far-off stars in his hand while he arkens to the beating of our own quick heart. vful is this invisible but universal Presence. om before the birth of any world, unchange- le, his arms embrace us with the tremendous ght which upbuilt the skies; his eye searches with the terrible light that makes all things ked. It is good sometimes to be full of the e of the incomprehensible, everlasting, limitless bovah. But above all, our hearts may well be ed with something more than awe, even with acious fear, when we feel the terror of the rity of this so awful God. With him we have do, who is "Holy, holy, holy, the LORD of osts;" and it is through their contemplating d daily learning to know how dreadful is his liness that the reverence of the saints is per- cted. For though we are sure it is in mercy d not wrath he condescends to transact with us, t who that knows through what a sacrifice of ffering and death for the expiation of sin and tisfaction of righteousness, his mercy hath und a way to come to men, may venture to venant with God in Christ without being op- cessed almost to crushing with sacred dread. ou who try to draw near through the blood of e Son, take off your shoes, veil your faces, be ostrate! Let humility be joined to veneration; i veneration grow into awe; let awe be tinged th fear; for of a truth this is a God "fearful praises."

Such profound recognition of the mystery and andeur attaching to the Supreme Unknown ust always be an element in our praise. But is not alone. God is awful; yet God is lovely, d as fit to ravish as to solemnize. He bent s giant strength to knit our infant limbs; he ve his wisdom to teach our foolish youth; he ftens his fearful presence to cheer our burdened arts. With unspeakable patience and tender- ss has he led us, the very least of all his child- a; and as he feeds the yearling sparrow, so he unt the hairs upon our heads. "Bless the ord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, o forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all y diseases, who crowneth thee with loving-

kindness and tender mercies."* And when the Christian pierceth inward from this large bounty which is rained on evil and good alike, or the very delicate soft-hearted gentleness wherewith he treats the young and weak, to that special and more strange deed of generosity in the ran- som-gift of the Redeemer's blood; and when he pierceth even yet inward from the unspeakable benefit to the more unspeakable love which sought so unexampled and priceless a path to flow in; and when he resteth at last on the very heart of God itself, as brimming with tender grace and divine readiness for sacrifice as ever, as rich in new benefits and undreamt-of expenditure of glory as ever;—oh, then, the too full heart is dumb with an overcharge of praise, thanks bubble up into inarticulate love, and love wells over in mere rapt self-forgetfulness of joy.

Thus you "offer praise." And a real "offer- ing," a true "sacrifice" it is; not called so only by accommodation from the Hebrew thank-offer- ings, but, in good sooth, the oldest, greatest, latest of all man's sacrifices is praise. It was Adam's sacrifice in innocence,—

"Other rites observing none,
But adoration pure, which God likes best;"

and in the Paradise regained, it is to be the sa- crifice of man again when the saved stand robed and harped in the City without a temple. If, betwixt that earliest praise of the one man and this latest praise by the unnumbered multitude, there had to come a different "sacrifice," not bloodless, not joyous, not of thanks and "adoration pure," but awfully stern and sore, a sacrifice of pains and groans, of tears and sweat, of blood and life, of soul and will, what was this but the temporary necessity created by our intruding guilt, one mournful exceptional sin-offering not to be repeated? For us, believers in the blood of the Priest, "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins," but only an eternal bloodless thank-offering of praise. The Lord requires it. In approaching him with this lowly worship of adoration and thanks, we sacrifice ourselves. We offer up what he counts best of all we have—our heart's reverence and love and submission. In presence of his glory, we sink all thought of our own poor, puny selves. We enter into sympathy

* Psalm clix. 2-4.

with his goodness, and exult in it. We let his greatness overflow and compass us, and are lost in it. We yield up in sacrifice all pride, or whatsoever complacency it may be lawful to feel in our small gifts and powers, in order to exalt the fame and adore the person of Another who is ineffably more glorious and worthy than we are. In the secret, unspoken, and often unspeakable, adoration of the heart, first of all, and then also by such acts as will best express our homage, the prostrated body, the heavenward eye, the song of praise, the voice of public confession and doxology; it is good and comely to "offer praise."

II. This sacrifice God commends. "Whoso offers" it, he says, "glorifieth me." These simple words carry in them the sublimest commendation. They assume us to be possessed of that conception of human life, the loftiest and therefore the most true, which declares (with the earliest axioms of Westminster theology) that the supreme purpose for which a man lives is to see and acknowledge, and to make others see and acknowledge, the glory of God. It is not possible now to dwell on this, nor to show how each duty, or trial, or religious observance, must on the Christian scheme of life run out into this as its final end. But it is desirable to consider a little more fully how this exercise of praise has the peculiar merit before every other of directly glorifying him. I have already remarked it as a distinction of praise that it makes the recognition of his glory its single function. In daily work we are to glorify God, but daily work has for its direct end the support of the individual, and through him the weal of the community. In almsgiving we are to glorify God, but alms have for their first aim the relief of the poor. In giving or working for the gospel we are to glorify God, but the gospel designs God's glory through the salvation of men. In prayer we are to glorify God, but even our prayers contemplate ourselves and others as in need of benefits, and view his riches only in relation to that need of ours. It is in worship proper, that is, in praise, that the worshipper makes directly for that towards which all duty ultimately tends,—has for his sole end what at other times he has for his "chief end." He glorifies God, and he does nothing else. Of it, therefore, God can say with

an exclusiveness of emphasis all its own,—*"It glorifieth me."* Of other things, you can say,—*"They bless society, they make men richer, wiser, happier, they add to the Church, they advance myself; and so, blessed be God, when done aright, they do glorify him too."* He has involved his honour in all healthy and righteous human life, but this act and duty of praise he claims for his "peculiar treasure," and they who offer it are the Levites of his service, with no inheritance but God, and no work but worship.

Of all employments, therefore, praise is (as men in their short-sighted, selfish way are wont to speak) the most useless and unprofitable. Yes, if "profit" means something brought to me, to my purse, my pleasure, my advancement, if my "chief end" is to live for myself. But suppose that (as is assumed in the very idea of religion) I am quite a secondary and insignificant consideration; suppose there is really some One immensely grander and worthier than I, for whose ends, or for the exhibition and adoration of whose perfections I was made; suppose the chief design of my existence is after all to glorify him; then who shall say it is not a most noble, suitable, and in the best sense profitable, thing for me to let self and all its concerns stand back for an hour that I may with my whole soul do nothing but glorify him? Just because this exercise has to do with God only, and aims at no personal gain, it must be the most disinterested work on earth. To be prostrated before excellence we are unworthy to gaze on, till the natural self-satisfaction of the heart is lost in profound awe and rapture and we grow absorbed in the utterance of his name, this is the most unselfish, self-surrendering piece of service a man can do; therefore it is the best. It carries away one's thoughts from their accustomed circling in an orbit round central self to move for a little in subordination to the attraction of a grander body, to be not my satellites but God's. For this reason it needs to be pressed upon the Church as the remedy for a certain subtle selfishness which penetrates even religion, and is in these days, as I humbly think, the sorest taint of all. It taints both our activities and our devotion. Christians would be diligent in working good to men for the sake of God, and they cannot be less than supremely diligent without blame.

Only let them remember that they are herein fellow-workers with God, and that even through his splendid privilege of the kingdom there is room for Satan to enter, as an angel perhaps, yet none the less the Satan of vanity and self-importance. Thoughtful minds among us find it a mournful thing in this busy era of the Church to note the tendency of mere work to exalt the consequence of individual workers, as if there lay on their arm great part of the burden, and ought to be on their brow not a few of the laurels. One sometimes thinks with a sigh of simpler and more heroic days, when men inscribed with honesty at the close of each task the touching legend "*LAUS DEO*," and the bravest worker of them all could say in his sublime humility,—“The Lord God can make ten thousand Martin Luthers if he please.” As of work so also of the more sacred duties of the closet. Every Christian must live and grow by prayer, and the very essence of prayer would seem to lie in the renunciation of self for dependence on another. Yet surely, if a man never goes to his knees save to beg a favour for himself, that he be helped through some task, or lightened under some sorrow, or prospered in some undertaking; if his only approaches to his heavenly Father contemplate personal benefits like these, surely he may become guilty of undue egotism. Is there here no tendency to exalt one's individual importance as a soul to be saved, a Christian to be edified, or an object at least to be blessed, above one's right place? Do we run no risk of coming to use worship as little more than a feeder to ourselves? and what were this but to prostitute the endless grace and riches of the Creator to the mere service of a creature? What, then, are we to do? We ought to work with God; we cannot but pray for ourselves. True, but here is God's appointed safeguard and counteractive. Danger enters when you sacrifice one duty to another. To praise, to spend time in nothing else save the contemplation and reverent adoration of the Inconceivable Supreme in his own inherent excellent splendour; to set him habitually up above ourselves and deliberately sacrifice in our hearts our own interests to his, our glory to his, ourselves to him; to make this one specific and prominent task for each day, is to keep the very heart of our Christian life

beating true to the Lord God, and sending a healthy current into all acts and prayers. Be it well understood that they can be only stunted, morbid Christians at the best who live more for their own edification than for God's glory.

I am sure it will be seen that I am not wrong in charging the current Christianity of the day with undervaluing this duty if we will only think how few people discharge it as an end in itself. How much time do any of us spend in praising God? When we do undertake it, is it as a service to God to be accepted at his hand, or as a service to ourselves rather, to stir up and refresh our own souls? Would we consider it an employment worth devoting a whole day to, or think our time thrown away, if God should forbid us to do anything else for a year? I fear, were the truth told, many Christians would be found who present extremely few offerings of the lips, seldom giving a quarter of an hour to secret praise, and rating at an inferior value even the praises of the congregation. It did not use to be so. Time was when men and women, whom we have no right to despise as little in the kingdom of God, counted it the most loyal and every way fittest offering they could make to their Master, to give their days and nights to his private worship, holding life to be well and honourably spent in meditation, adoration, and praise. There was an error in these devotional lives, which are now as foolishly ridiculed by some as by others they are foolishly mimicked. But mark well what it was. Not that these saints estimated worship too highly, or made a mistake when they honestly deemed that by such offerings of praise they were glorifying God. They erred simply because they did not see that the call of duty is meanwhile to another task; that heaven, not earth, is the home of uninterrupted adoration; that praise must be the luxury, not the staple, of the Church militant, an interlude only in the slow dull march of life, or a relief from its battle-plain, wherein the knightly servant of Jesus may unbar his helmet to kneel for an hour of happier, if not holier, service on the altar-steps. Our error may lie quite the other way. It is true that, for nearly all, life has calls which dare not be refused, and Satan temptations only to be met by activity, and dying men claims which in this short day of work

are paramount. We have no choice. We must needs defer the bulk of our praise till we have reached the "city of the great King." Yet let us not grow so enamoured of pilgrimage and warfare as to prefer them to the harp of gold; lest perchance we be found thinking in our hearts, that not she who sat adoring at her Saviour's feet, but she who was "cumbered with much serving," had "chosen the good part." There are still here and there lone Christian souls whom God (who himself does what we may not dare to do) has shut out, by solitary poverty or disease, from active life, or almost from the knowledge of men; as if he would teach us that to praise unheard, save by his own ear, is an end worth living for. Flowers which he makes the desert bear to "blush unseen" by human eye, do not therefore "waste their sweetness;" for wherever God is, there may his creatures fulfil their design by praising him in his own hearkening ear, and expanding their reflected glories to his all-enjoying eye. It is the wretched arrogance of man which calls that wasted which profits him not. God built sublimer mountains than the Alps, and clothed the earth with more splendid forests than a tropic plain, long before there was a human eye to see them; nor is the multitudinous music of rejoicing ocean less grateful to its Maker that it rolls its mighty psalm unheard, in league on league of solitary billows. So is there rising now from unvisited attic and cottage sick-room the better praise of poor, patient, suffering souls, whose voice, never heard in the congregations of earth, has a path for itself and an entrance into the ear of the Eternal. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me!"

But if we are to know the full dignity of praise in the Christian life, we must go a step further. We treat it too much as a mere means to help us to do and bear God's will. But the very reverse is true. It is not only an end in itself, but the end to which these other duties are means. We are not to praise God in order the better to do or endure; God bids us do and endure in order by-and-by to praise him better. As all God's works and ways are destined to run out at last into that "offering of praise" which "glorifieth" him, so specially are the duties and trials of his people. We are called now to obey. Our work

is to glorify God by working with him, taking his will for our law. We are to do his works as Jesus did, and speak his words. Ere long (or, with some of us, is it not already?) we may be called to purge that obedience from vanity, self-will and all mere fleshly delight in successful activity, by patience. For it is harder to sit still and let God glorify himself in us through our passive, un murmuring endurance of his will, than to work with him. Thus the Christian's obedience, like Christ's, is made "perfect through sufferings," and issues in—what? why, in praise. As the prophetic description of his passion in the twenty-second Psalm results in his taking up these glorious words, "I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee;"* so with ourselves. The Forerunner has finished his obedience and borne his passion in order to enter on a state of perennial and unhindered praise; and he is the Leader of his people's praises, as well as their Model in well-doing and endurance. Louder, purer, better praising of God is thus the end of all Christian discipline. It is the fruit God plucks at last from every branch of his true Vine. This golden return each pilgrim and soldier of God must bring back from the toil and sore strife of life, as booty from the conquest, or gain by the voyage, to lay it down in dutiful worship before the throne. Praise, which is the perfection of work, becomes the work of the perfected. As the inspired hymn-book of religious experience ends in a row of most jubilant Halleluiahs-Psalms, so does Christian experience in fact grow fuller of praise as it grows mellow. The Church's worship, too, which is also an abridgment of Christian life, has always ended in praise; as we ourselves close with a psalm, or as the liturgies of all nations with the doxology. And the canon of Scripture, when it leads us in its closing book forward to the close of all things, brings us into an atmosphere which rings with more sweet sounds of adoration and praise than any which went before. As we leave the activities of lower ministers who serve on earth or fly on imperial errands to the four winds, and pass through rank on rank of embattled hosts of God, wrestlers for the right, drawing nearer ever and nearer to the innermost,

* Ver. 22; compare Heb. ii. 10-12.

find every other service giving way and all
or sounds silenced, till, at the very shrine and
tral spot of all, where Jehovah's presence
res the temple, and Jehovah's glory the light
t, the purified privileged worshippers are con-

centrated in one intense service of unresting,
absorbing adoration,—“Holy, holy, holy, Lord
God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to
come!”* Amen.

* Rev. vi. 3.

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, AUTHOR OF “MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK TO PALESTINE.”

THE SHRINES OF NAPHTALI AND CITIES OF PHœNICIA.

“Where is thy favoured haunt, eternal voice,
The region of thy choice,
Where, undisturbed by sin and earth, the soul
Owns thy entire control?
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,
When storms are hurrying by;
'Tis mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.”



THE tribe of Naphtali lived in the high-
lands of Palestine. Their territory was
a prolongation of “that goodly mountain,
Lebanon,” separated from the main chain
by the narrow ravine of the Leontes.
Their shrines and strongholds were high
up amid mountain fastnesses; but their
pastures stretched down to the banks of
Jordan, and their corn-fields lay along the sunny
res of the Sea of Galilee. Within their borders there
more variety of scenery and climate than in any of
other tribes. The plain of Gennesaret by the lake
seven hundred feet below the level of the ocean.
pical heat and eternal summer reign there. The
is of surpassing fertility, yielding the choicest fruits,
producing the rarest flowers. Even old Josephus,
ally so dull and prosy, waxes eloquent under the in-
ation of the richness and beauty of this noble plain.
in the green meadows along the sacred river, and
verdant slopes and downs above, rival in luxuriance
pastures of Bashan on the opposite bank.
nd when we climb the wooded mountain sides that
in the Jordan valley, we find ourselves on a wide
nse of table-land, two thousand feet and more above
sea. The scenery is here charming—altogether
rent from the bleak hills and rugged glens of the
h, where the vine and the olive are at home upon
y terraces. Here are alluvial plains covered with
ing corn; long undulating ridges, and graceful
aded hill-tops, clothed with the evergreen foliage of
oak and terebinth; while thickets of aromatic
abs, and velvety lawns of verdant turf spangled with
ers, fill up the forest glades. Then there are glens—
g, winding, densely-wooded glens—with tiny streams
muring among rocks, and playing with oleander
vers, away down in deep, shady beds. The mountain-

sides are all furrowed with these glens,—so retired, so
musical, so fragrant, so wildly picturesque, that one is
never weary wandering through them, or reclining in
their sequestered dells. If nature could influence mind,
if it could create genius, Naphtali would be a land of
poets. There the mind receives by every avenue all
that tends to delight, to ennoble, to inspire. The
fresh mountain breezes are laden with perfumes—“the
smell of Lebanon.” The ear is filled with melody—the
song of birds; the murmur of waters; the music of the
forest as the tempest sweeps its wild chords, or the
zephyr touches, as with seraph's finger, its softest notes.
And the eye revels amid nature's choicest scenes,—the
soft, park-like beauty of upland plain, the picturesque
loveliness of winding vale and glen, and the grandeur of
Hermon and Lebanon, whose snow-crowned peaks rise far
overhead, now cradling the storm-clouds of winter, now
distilling the dews of summer. Can it be that the
heaven-inspired Jacob, looking into the distant future,
saw Naphtali placed amid these ennobling landscapes,
and indicated its effects in the prophetic blessing, “*He
uttereth words of beauty*” (Gen. xlix. 21)? And is it
so that the war-song of Barak—one of the finest odes
in the Bible—is an example of these “words of beauty,”
and has been handed down to us as a specimen and
proof of Naphtali's poetic genius?”

Naphtali also teams with animal life. I was always
deeply impressed with the solitude of southern Palestine.
The words of Jeremiah constantly recurred to my mind
as I rode across desolate plains and among desolate
hills, “It is desolate, without man and without beast”
(xxxii. 43). Men, beasts, and birds, seem alike to have
deserted it. In Naphtali all is different. True, man
is almost a stranger there also; but down by the Jordan
the pastures are covered with droves of kine and buffalos;
and the jungles are filled with wild swine; and the

surface of lake and river is all astir with fowl. The mountain glens are infested with leopards, hyenas, and jackals; and troops of fleet gazelles scour the upland plains.

MOSES' BLESSING TO NAPHTALI.

The Jewish lawgiver saw in prophetic vision the country in store for Naphtali, and in poetic imagery sketched its leading features. Unfortunately our English version cloaks rather than reveals the graphic touches of the Hebrew. I shall try to bring out the true meaning. The blessing is an exclamation; as if, with eye opened, the seer had been enraptured by the sudden exhibition of a bright and joyous picture: "*O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, filled with the blessing of Jehovah, possess thou the sea and Darom*" (Deut. xxxiii. 23). "*Possess thou the sea*," that is, the Sea of Galilee with its sunny, fertile shores; "*and Darom*," the proper name of the mountain-district, the highlands, probably so called from their southern aspect and bright landscapes.*

How expressive are these words! They throw light too on a somewhat obscure passage in the New Testament. When our Lord left his native Nazareth, and made Capernaum his home, and the country around it the grand scene of his miracles and his teachings, Matthew says,—and here again, in order to bring out the full meaning of the sacred writer, I must somewhat alter our English version, usually so correct and so beautiful,—"*And leaving Nazareth he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, saying: The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, the region of the sea, Peraea, Galilee of the Gentiles; the people which sat in darkness saw great light*" (Matt. iv. 13-16). Here, be it observed, the district called "*the region of the sea*," is the same which Moses calls "*the sea*;" and "*Galilee of the Gentiles*" was the name given in the time of Isaiah and of our Lord to the more ancient "*Darom*."

HISTORY OF NAPHTALI.

It is interesting and instructive to note the effect which its geographical position had upon the character and history of Naphtali. It was separated from the great body of the nation. The power of Israel lay in the mountains of Ephraim and Judah. The plain of Jezreel, so often swept by foreign armies and desert hordes, almost cut off communication with Naphtali, and left that tribe isolated and helpless amid its mountains. Need we wonder that under such circumstances

it showed timidity and indecision—that it shrunk from active warfare, and left some of its allotted cities in the hands of the Canaanites, rather than battle for its rights (Judges i. 33). Even Barak, Naphtali's most renowned warrior, refused to take the field until Deborah consented to accompany him,—"*If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, I will not go*:" to which the prophetess rebuking replied, that his hesitation would strip him of his glory, and confer it on a woman (Judges iv. 6-9). But, on the other hand, when the tribe was once forced to war, when driven to bay, as it were, by an implacable foe—when hesitation and timidity could not secure safety, then the Naphtalites showed the activity, the endurance, and the heroic spirit of mountaineers. Sisera learned this from fatal experience on the banks of the Kishon. Viewed thus in the light of history we can understand the meaning of Jacob's blessing, "*Naphtali is a hind let loose*" (Gen. xlix. 21). It would seem as if the patriarch's eye had swept these northern mountains, and had selected one of their own gazelles as a fit emblem of the tribe. Ever timid and undecided at first—more inclined to flee than to fight; but when once brought to bay, a fierce, active, and dangerous foe. Some have said our English version is here wrong. I cannot see it. The rendering of the Hebrew is literal and grammatical. The allusion is beautiful and true (compare 2 Sam. ii. 18; 1 Chron. xii. 8).

The geographical position of Naphtali produced other effects upon its history. The tribe occupied border-land. It came into close contact with the Syrians of Damascus, with the mountain tribes of Lebanon, and especially with the great commercial nation of Phœnicia. Separated from the body of the Jewish people, forced into connection with strangers, the Naphtalites became less exclusive than their brethren. The Phœnicians traded with them, and settled among them (1 Kings ix. 11-13). That sharp line which separated Jew and Gentile was in part at least obliterated. In worship, in manners, and even in language, they accommodated themselves to their Gentile neighbours, and, at length, the whole land was called "*Galilee of the Gentiles*," and its people lost caste with the exclusive Jews of the South. These facts may help to explain the question of Nathanael, "*Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?*" (John i. 46); and the remark of the woman regarding Peter, "*Thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto*" (Mark xiv. 70). Placed on the northern frontier, Naphtali bore the first brunt of every invasion from that quarter. The generals of Benhadad of Damascus "*smote Ijon, and Dan, and Abel-beth-maachab, and all the land of Naphtali*" (1 Kings xv. 20); and Naphtali was the first among the tribes of Israel to fall beneath the power of Assyria, and to feel the captive's chain (2 Kings xv. 29).

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

It was a sunny day in the month of May I last rode through the tangled thickets of thorns and thistles on

* The English version has, instead of "*the sea and Darom*," "*the west and the south*." The Hebrew word for "*sea*" is also applied to the "*west*," because the sea was the western boundary of Palestine; and the word *Darom*, though in this passage a proper name, also signifies "*the south*," or "*a southern region*." Thus the error in translation originated; an error which the geographer alone could detect and correct.

desolate plain of Gennesaret, and after a farewell to Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, turned horse's head toward the mountains of Naphtali. The shore was intense; but as I climbed the steep, refreshing breezes fanned my cheek, and perfume of a thousand flowers filled the air. Poppies, anemones, marigolds, convolvulus, star of Bethlehem, numerous others, clothed the mountain-side,—here a gleam of bright unbroken scarlet; there another of pale yellow; yonder a bank of shrubs and dwarf oaks, draped and festooned with snow-white convolvulus; the intervals everywhere filled up with a glowing air of rainbow hues,—

"And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seemed as though from all the bowers,
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scattered here."

It was a rugged and a toilsome path. Often there was a path at all; and we rode right on up bank, through it, guiding our course by the frowning battlements of the hill, which loomed against the bright blue sky far ahead. From the hill-side we turned into a wild glen, where the voice of the turtle floated from tree to tree; and the cooing of countless wood-pigeons ran like a stream of soft melody along the jagged cliffs above us. We stopped at intervals to look out over the country that gradually opened up behind us. I say *we*; for I was not now alone—a goodly company of pilgrim friends and the far west encircled me, all as fully alive to the beauties of nature and the absorbing interest of "holy places" as I was myself. I remember well one spot where we reined up in a retired nook, under the shade of a huge walnut, to admire a scene of surpassing grandeur. In the foreground, on the left, rose a limestone cliff three hundred feet or more. Half way up was the arched and dark door of an ancient sepulchre. Beyond it lay down through the vista of the wild glen, slept the Sea of Galilee in its deep, deep bed. In the background was the mountain-chain of Gilead—a massive wall of rich purple; and on the right, over a forest of low hill-tops, rose the graceful rounded summit of Mount Hermon.

SAFED—THE EARTHQUAKE.

We pitched our tents beside the castle of Safed, and at the evening in exploring its ruins. It crowns a peak 2,775 feet high, which forms the southern culminating point of the mountains of Naphtali. The town lies along the steep slope beneath, and contains a population of a thousand Jews and two to three thousand Moslems. The houses are ranged like terraces—the lower of the lower tiers forming the streets of those days. This accounts for the great destruction of property and the terrible sacrifices of human life during the earthquake of 1837. Safed was then much larger than at present; but in a single moment three-fourths of its houses were thrown down, and five thousand of its inhabitants buried beneath them. The poor Jews suf-

fered most. The spectacle presented after the earthquake was heart-rending. Many were killed instantly; others, buried beneath ruins, or wedged in by fallen stones and timber, perished miserably before they could be released; a few were only extricated after five or six days, covered with wounds, fainting with thirst.

Abundant traces of the earthquake were still there. Many of the largest and best houses in the town shattered and deserted; others, though still habitable, rent from top to bottom; the battlements and towers of the old castle lying in confused heaps; and, what was far more impressive than all, and enabled one to form a fuller idea of the appalling catastrophe, the whole surface of the ground, on the top and round the sides of the hill, bore marks of the frightful convulsion;—here, great masses of rock rent and torn; there, huge fissures in the earth, half filled up with loose clay and stones from the shivered sides.

Hugh Miller has somewhere said, "The natural boundaries of the geographer are rarely described by right lines. Whenever these occur, however, the geologist may look for something remarkable." Probably Palestine affords the best example of this in the world. From the foot of Hermon to the borders of Edom the Jordan valley is a right line, straight as an arrow; and nowhere else does the geologist meet with such remarkable physical phenomena. The whole valley, as I have shown elsewhere, is a huge fissure in earth's crust, varying from one to thirteen hundred feet in depth. Asphalt is thrown up from its bed; sulphureous vapours and boiling springs are emitted at intervals; while the mountain-chains on each side are every few years shaken to their base by internal convulsions. Safed appears to be one of the grand centres of volcanic action; and it is interesting to note how the hot springs at Tiberias, Gadara, and Callirrhoe, on the shore of the Dead Sea, well out in unison with the throbs of its fiery heart.

Safed is one of the four *Jewish* "holy places" in Palestine, and yet it has no Biblical interest. Its castle is a relic of the Crusades, originally built and garrisoned by the heroic Templars. The great attraction of the place now, at least for the Christian pilgrims, is the noble panorama it commands. From its crumbling battlements one gets perhaps the best view of the deep basin of the lake of Tiberias, and the chasm of the Jordan entering and leaving it; and then he can look away out across the plateau of Bashan to its mountain-chain on the eastern horizon. On the south-east is the range of Gilead; and on the south the eye roams at will among the wooded hills, and winding glens, and green plains of Lower Galilee.

KEDESH—NAPHTALI.

I did not take the direct road to Kedesh. It was always my plan in travelling through Bible lands to select the routes of greatest interest, though they might not be the shortest. I did so now. Diverging to the right, I rode round the head of a ravine, and then along

the eastern base of a conical hill which overtops Safed. In half an hour we suddenly found ourselves on the brow of the mountain ridge, overlooking one of the most magnificent prospects in Syria. At our feet was the plain of the Upper Jordan, covered with verdure, and having the lake of Merom sleeping peacefully in its southern end. Beyond it rose Hermon, towering fully ten thousand feet above the plain, its top covered with snow, and sharply defined against the clear blue sky, as if chiselled in marble. To the left the long serried ridge of Lebanon ran away, peak upon peak, all snow-capped, until lost in the distance. We stood spell-bound,—

"While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene."

Over the undulating upland plains of Naphtali our path now led,—past little villages, through ripening fields of wheat and barley, and across luxuriant wastes, over which gazelles bounded before us in joyous troops. We zig-zagged down into the wild ravine of Hendaj, and eat our lunch where a willow drooped its long weeping branches over a foaming torrent. On the banks of this stream, farther down, overlooking the "waters of Merom," lie, as we shall see, the remains of the royal Hazor. As we sat there amid gorgeous oleanther flowers, the thought occurred to us, that Sisera in his flight probably crossed the glen near this spot; for it was on the high plain to the north he fell by the treacherous hand of Jael.

At length we reached Kedesh, the "sanctuary" (such is the meaning of the name) of Naphtali, and the city of refuge for the northern tribes. The site is beautiful—the summit and sides of a little ridge projecting from wooded heights on the west into a green plain. But the royal city of the Canaanites (Judges xii. 22), "the holy place" of Northern Palestine, is now ruined and desolate. True, there are a few hovels on a corner of the site, and a few shepherds on its pastures; yet the glory and the sacredness of Kedesh have long since departed. Nought remains to mark them save the old name and wide-spread ruins. The ridge is strewn with ruins,—columns half buried in the soil; hewn stones gathered in heaps among corn-fields, or built in rude fences around tobacco gardens; and foundations too massive to be removed by the spoiler's hand.

But the most interesting remains are in the plain. The first building I examined was a square mausoleum, massive and simple; its only ornament a bold moulding round the doorway. The interior is cruciform, and contains a number of recesses, or *loculi*, for bodies, in some of which are mouldering bones. I had before seen similar tombs in Bashan and Anti-Lebanon. They are all probably of the Roman age. Not far distant is a group of beautiful sarcophagi, placed together on a platform of solid masonry some six feet high. I have seen hundreds of sarcophagi elsewhere in Palestine and Syria, but none like these. Two of them are double,—that is, each block has two graves excavated in it, side by side, and covered by one lid. There are also

two single ones—six in all. They were all richly carved and sculptured; and although much worn, we can discover wreaths of leaves and pine cones along the sides of one, rams' heads at the angles of another, and an eagle on another.

To the east of these are the ruins of a temple. The portico has fallen, and its Corinthian columns are almost covered with thorns and thistles. A triple doorway, handsomely ornamented with wreaths of fruit and flowers, remains perfect. On the lintel of one of the side-doors is an eagle with expanded wings.

Dr. Robinson supposed that these remains were of Jewish origin; and there seemed some cause for the belief in the fact, that a Jewish tradition of the middle ages placed here the sepulchres and monuments of Barak, Deborah, and Jael. When I saw them I thought the style of the architecture and the sculptures on the sarcophagi were Roman or Grecian rather than Jewish. Other travellers have since examined them more thoroughly, and the result shows that my impressions were correct. An altar has been discovered at the large building, with a Greek inscription, almost obliterated, containing a dedication to "the gods."

BARAK'S VICTORY.

Kedesh was the birth-place of Barak, Naphtali's hero and Israel's deliverer. From Kedesh Deborah summoned him to fight the battle of his country, and from hence he marched at the head of ten thousand brave men. At Kedesh was thus enacted the first scene of that historic drama; and beside it the last act also was performed. At that time the tribe of Heber the Kenite was encamped "at the terebinths of Zaanaim, which is by Kedesh" (Judges iv. 11). It was the second day after the battle on Esdraelon; but the news had not yet reached these mountains. From the towers of Hazor watchmen looked in vain for a messenger; and the mother of Sisera called from her window, "Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots?" (v. 28). On the evening of that day, a solitary footman is seen approaching the tent of Heber. His step is tottering; his dress rent and covered with mire; in his face is pictured black despair. Jael hastens forth to meet him. It is Sisera. She needs to ask no question, for she can read the whole story at a glance. And hark! the cries of the pursuers already echo through the mountains. See! their weapons flash amid the foliage. "Turn in, my lord, turn in to me—fear not." He turned in to the tent. "Give me a little water—I am thirsty." She gave him milk: he drank, and sank exhausted into sleep. It was his last sleep. Jael took an iron *tent-pin* in one hand, and a heavy mallet in the other, and by a single blow pierced the temples of the sleeping warrior. So died Sisera.

Beneath the shade of a terebinth, by the ruins of Kedesh, I read this tragic tale. Before me, in a forest glade, were the black tents of some Turkman, modern representations of the Kenites. I saw the large iron

pins; I saw the mallets with which the women drive into the ground when encamping, for this is their custom. I saw the women themselves—strong, active, good-looking women, just as fancy would picture a Bedouin. There was little wanting to complete the scene. My little imagination easily supplied; and there again I realized before me one of the most graphic of Bible scenes.

BETH-REHOB.

I rode on north-east for two hours through a richly wooded country, and then came out on the eastern slope of the mountain range. A sharp descent of twenty minutes brought me to the village of Hunin. A great attraction here is the castle, now in ruins, exhibiting in its massive foundations and shattered remains specimens of the workmanship of every race that has ruled the country from the Phœnicians to the Turks. The site is most commanding,—a terrace on the steep mountain side, a thousand feet above the plain of Dan. Facing it, on the opposite range of Hermon, I saw the ruins of Caesarea Philippi. The sacred writer, in telling the story of the capture of Laish by the Danites, says it was situated "in the valley that lieth by Beth-Rehob" (Judges xviii. 28). There was the valley below me, and a little rounded hill in the midst of it is the site of Beth-Rehob. Is not this therefore Beth-Rehob? I bade adieu to the mountains of Naphtali, and rode over to the fountain of the Jordan.

THE INVASION OF TIGLATH-PILESER.

During another tour, made at the same season of the year, I traversed Naphtali from north to south. Crossing the Leontes at the Castle of Shukiff, I rode over a ridge into the beautiful plain of Merj 'Ayûn, which lies on the northern frontier of Naphtali. I ascended a isolated tell Dabbîn, at the upper end of the plain, about a hundred feet high, and on its flat top and around its base are heaps of stones and rubbish. The place takes its name from a neighbouring village, but the ruins of the plain is ancient. It is not difficult to recognize the Hebrew *Ijon* in the Arabic *'Ayûn*. On this stood Ijon, the first city captured by Benhadad when he invaded northern Palestine (1 Kings xv. 20), the first taken by Tiglath-pileser (2 Kings xv. 29). I was now prepared to trace the route of the Assyrian conqueror—that route along which he led so many weeping captives in his train. I rode down through fields of corn and green meadows to the foot of the plain, some five miles from Ijon. On the top of a little conical hill, stands the village of *Abel* on the site of *Abel-beth-Maachah*, the third city captured by Tiglath-pileser. From it the Danites ascended the mountains and marched upon Laish. I rode southwards along their eastern base to the plain of Hûleh (or Merom), and search for the site of Hazor.

After a long ride, the incidents of which I must here

pass over, I reached an undulating plain lying between the foot of the mountains and the western shore of the waters of Merom. Ascending a projecting ridge, I examined the country minutely, and felt convinced that I had before me the battle-field where Joshua overthrew the northern confederacy,—"*So Joshua came against them by the waters of Merom suddenly*" (xi. 7). If so, where was Hazor? It must have been close at hand, for after the pursuit was over, "*Joshua turned back and took Hazor.*"

SITE OF HAZOR DISCOVERED.

The incidental notices of the sacred writers place Hazor south of Kedesh (Josh. xix. 36; 2 Kings xv. 29); and Josephus states that it was situated *over* the lake of Merom, and so close to it that the plain round the lake was called by its name.

Beside where I sat was the mouth of the ravine of Hendâj opening into the mountains. Mounting my horse I followed a broad path, like an old highway, up its southern bank, and soon came upon the ruins of an ancient city. Not a building—not even a foundation was perfect. Large cisterns, heaps of stones, mounds of rubbish, prostrate columns, the remains of a temple, and an altar with a Greek inscription—such were the ruins strewn over this site. I thought at the time that these might be the ruins of Hazor, and I have since become more and more confirmed in the belief.

From this interesting spot I rode over the mountains to Safed, and thence I took a straight course down a rugged hill side, and across undulating table-land overgrown with thickets of gigantic thistles, to the mouth of the Jordan, where it enters the Sea of Galilee. It was a toilsome but most interesting ride, affording a clear view at once of the wonderful richness of the soil, and no less wonderful desolation of the country.

Having thus traversed Naphtali, which constitutes the eastern division of Northern Palestine, I now turn to Phœnicia the western.

PHŒNICIA.

Along the whole sea-board of Palestine extends a low plain, twenty miles wide at the southern end, but at the northern a mere strip. In Bible times it was divided into three provinces,—Philistia, Sharon, and Phœnicia. The ridge of Carmel separated the two latter. At its northern base is the plain of Acre, reaching inland till it joins Esdraelon. But the mountains of Naphtali first, and then the loftier and bolder chain of Lebanon, shoot out their western roots, and the coast-plain, from Achzib to the entrance of Hamath, does not average more than a mile in breadth, and is often intersected by rocky promontories. On this narrow tract, under the shadow of Lebanon, stood the world-renowned cities of Tyre and Sidon.

The founders of Phœnicia were Sidon, Arvad, and Arki (Gen. x. 15–18) sons of Canaan, and consequently, in the Bible as well as on their own coins and monu-

ments, the people are always called "Canaanites" (Judges i. 31, 32). The name *Phœnicia* is of Greek origin, and probably derived from the "palms" (*phœnikes*) that once waved on the sunny plain. Phœnicia was the great mother of commerce—the England, in fact, of the old world. The proudest cities along the shores of the Mediterranean were her daughters; Carthage, Syracuse, Cadiz, Marseilles, and many others. The plain of Phœnicia was included in the Land of Promise (Josh. xiii. 4-6), but the Israelites were unable, and probably unwilling, to expel the wealthy and powerful traders (Judges i. 31, 32). David and Solomon even sought their aid as seamen, and took advantage of their skill as architects (2 Sam. v. 11; 1 Kings v.; ix. 27).

Thus, while the sacred interest that clusters round every spot in Palestine can scarce be said to find a place in Phœnicia, there is a historic interest in its wave-washed ruins that makes them dear to the scholar, and there is an occasional connection between them and Bible story, which awakens the attention of the Christian. Elijah's miracle at Zarephath, a city of Sidon (1 Kings xvii. 9; Luke iv. 26). Our Lord's interview with the Syrophœnician woman (Matt. xv. 21; Mark vii. 26), and the Apostle Paul's visits to Tyre (Acts xxi. 3), Sidon (xxvii. 3), and Ptolemais (xxi. 7), can never be forgotten. Phœnicia, too, is full of prophetic interest. The infallible truth of Scripture is written upon her desolate shores.

THE SEA COAST.

My first ride through Phœnicia was a continuation of one of my earliest tours in the Holy Land. Many years have passed since then, but the scenes are still fresh before the eye of memory. From Nazareth I journeyed westward through the wooded hills of Galilee and across the rich plain to Acre. Accho, or Ptolemais, has little Biblical interest, so I pass it and ride northward to Achzib, one of those cities which Asher thought it best to leave, with Accho and Zidon, in the hands of the Phœnicians (Judges i. 31). The hills were now close upon my right, clothed with *olive* groves, which brought to my mind Moses' blessing upon Asher—"Let him dip his foot in oil" (Deut. xxxiii. 24). I scaled the Tyrian Ladder, a bold headland which shoots far into the sea, and in two hours more I clambered up the dizzy staircase to the top of the White Cape—a perpendicular cliff of limestone rising hundreds of feet from the bosom of the deep, along whose brow the ancient and only road is carried, hewn in the living rock. Thence I pushed onwards and encamped at the fountains of Tyre.

Nearly the whole shore from the Tyrian Ladder northwards was strewn with ruins. Heaps of hewn stones, and quantities of marble tesserae, lay in my path; while broken shafts and mounds of rubbish were seen to the right and left—here crowning a cliff, there washed by the waves. One thing I specially noted, from the time I left Achzib till I reached the fountains I did not

see a human being,—a mournful and solitary silence reigns along Phœnicia's coast.

TYRE.

I spent two days here, and they were not the least interesting of my pilgrimage. I first examined the fountains, now called *Ras-el-'Ain*. They are natural springs, four in number, encircled by massive walls, which raise the water high enough to supply the city, to which it was taken on arched aqueducts more than three miles in length. Next I minutely surveyed the desolate site of "Old Tyre," *Palatyrus*, and then crossing Alexander's mole, I explored the whole remains of "New Tyre." The results of that and other examinations I have detailed elsewhere (*Handbook*), and need not repeat here.

Tyre was a double city, or rather there were two cities of the same name, an *old* and a *new*. The former stood on the mainland, the latter on an island opposite, half a mile from the shore. Of Old Tyre not a vestige remains. I searched the plain on which it stood without discovering a single fragment of a wall, or a trace of a foundation, or even a heap of rubbish. History accounts for this remarkable fact. Three centuries before Christ the city was taken by Alexander the Great, who immediately proceeded to besiege New Tyre on the island. Not being able to reach its walls with his engines, he collected the whole remains of the old city—stones, timber, rubbish—threw them into the narrow channel, and thus formed a causeway.

Here we have one of the most striking fulfilments of prophecy on record. Three centuries before Alexander the Great was born Ezekiel thus wrote:—"Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her tower: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. . . . They shall lay thy stones, and thy timber, and thy dust in the midst of the water. . . . I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more: Though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God" (xxvi. 3, 4, 12, 21).

Would it not seem as if the prophet had drawn aside the veil which shrouds futurity, and looking down through five-and-twenty centuries, had seen that bare, unmarked, deserted plain as I saw it? One might even imagine that his prophetic eye had been able to distinguish a solitary traveller from a far distant land wandering up and down, searching, but searching in vain, for the city of which he said, "though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again."

New Tyre is now represented by a poor village. The ancient "mistress of the seas" can only boast of a few fishing-boats. The better class of modern houses have had their walls so shattered by earthquakes that the inhabitants have deserted them, and the modern ruins are so ruinous that I went in and out over them

al places. The most imposing ruin is that of edral, built in the fourth century, for which the ecclesiastical historian, wrote a consecration, and in which William, the historian of the , presided as archbishop. The thing especially struck me in wandering over of Tyre. Along the shores of the peninsula lie -beaten fragments of the old wall, and piles of and marble columns. They are bare as the top k; and here and there I saw the fishermen g out their nets upon them to dry in the bright . When I saw them I sat down on one of the fragments, and read the words of Ezekiel,— *make thee like the top of a rock; thou shalt be o spread nets upon*" (xxvi. 14).

SIDON.

Tyre to Sidon I rode in six hours, stopping in val to examine the desolate site of the city of and to read the story of Elijah's visit and (1 Kings xvii. 9-24). The aspect of Tyre is d bare, that of Sidon rich and blooming. In : one of the most picturesque towns in Syria. : on a low hill which juts out into the Mediter- und is defended by old but picturesque walls rs. On a rocky islet, connected with the city ten bridge, is a ruined castle, once the defence harbour. The ancient architectural remains lon are few,—some marble and granite columns, ces of Mosaic pavement, and some fragments of d cornice. But the tombs are interesting. : the plain and the mountain side beyond, and ady yielded a rich harvest to the antiquary,—

Phœnician sarcophagi, Greek coins, funeral ornaments, and crystal vases. They would still repay a fuller inspection.

The gardens and orchards of Sidon are charming. Oranges, lemons, citrons, bananas, and palms, grow luxuriantly, and give the environs of the old city a look of eternal spring. Sidon is one of the few spots in Syria where nature's luxuriance has triumphed over neglect and ruin, and where a few relics of ancient prosperity still remain in street, and mart, and harbour. It is instructive to compare Tyre and Sidon. The former far outstripped the latter in grandeur, wealth, and power, but its history has been briefer and far more momentous. Once and again the tide of war swept over Tyre, first leaving the *old* city desolate, and then the *new* in ruins. Sidon has been more fortunate, or perhaps I should say less unfortunate. The tide of war swept over it too, but the wave was not so destructive.

How are we to account for this marked difference in the history of two cities, founded by the same race, standing upon the same shore almost within sight of each other, inhabited by the same people, and exposed to the same dangers? Human foresight, had it been asked, would have pronounced Tyre the more secure, because its position rendered it almost impregnable. The spirit of prophecy judged otherwise. And in answering this question, the thoughtful reader of the Bible and the thoughtful student of history will not overlook the fact, that while Sidon's name is lightly passed over by the Hebrew prophets, the curses pronounced upon Tyre are among the most sweeping and terrible in the whole scope of prophecy.

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST,
October 1861.

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

PART II.—"ALTOGETHER LOVELY."

THE hot day dies upon the dreary hill,
And the cold winds of night arise,
and creep
Across the valleys, and I sit and
weep
Alone by the roadside, and cheerless
still.

ids are rising, and a sudden blast
r rain drives sharply through the air,
the angry sky the clouds toss fast,
roken, white with moonlight here and
ra.

the white light of that stormy moon
far hillside I have caught the form
who cometh, and will reach me soon.
the cold moonlight and the windy storm,

Over the stony mountain track He comes
With slow and weary steps, until He stands
Close at my side, and lifteth up His hands
As if He had been an Anointed Priest,
To bless me. And behold, it was the Man
Who passed that way at noon-day in the sun.
I did not say, "No glory" *now*, although
His face was paler, with the busy day
Spent since at noontide He had passed that way;
And with the flitting rays of that white moon,
(Which was so bright, that I could see each stone
Upon the mountain-road), on that pale face
I saw the cloud of Godhead rest, and knelt.

Then He sat down beside me; made me lean
My head upon His shoulder, while the keen

North wind blew still across the dreary hills,
 With sudden blasts of bitter rain, and then
 White moonbeams falling on our heads between.
 My head upon His shoulder! Oh, the thrill
 Of joy and trembling sweeping through my heart,
 Which no wild winds of earth could check or chill.
 But with it came the memory of that word
 Spoken long since in vision, of the Lord,
 That they should name Him "Wonderful," and on
 His shoulder should the Government be laid:
This shoulder where I laid my weary head!
 And then I trembled; but His strong right hand
 Upheld me, and His left hand's kind embrace
 Brought back to me that other sacred word,
 Foretelling Him as Shepherd, who should stand
 And feed the flock of God, and often place
 The lambs upon His shoulder tenderly;
 Then I rejoiced, and rested on the Lord.
 And then he turned, and said unto the bright
 And stormy moonlit night, "Oh peace, be still,"
 (Not for His own sake, though the drops of night
 Were heavy in His hair, and from the hill
 Above us, where the lonely palm-tree stands,
 The winds blew on His cold pale cheek and
 hands).

And, with the kingly words, the angry, dim,
 Wild clouds swept back; the wings of the great
 winds

Were folded straightway, as they crouched to Him:
 And the soft moon shone cloudlessly and sweet,
 And weaving fast her silver rays in crowns,
 Cast them upon the ground before His feet.
 So, 'mid these silent, moonlit hills alone,
 The angels saw us through the long still night;
 We heard afar the Jordan's heavy moan,
 And on the western hill the road shone white
 Which leadeth on towards Jerusalem.

And in the calm He spake great words to me
 Regarding God, and sin, and Love Divine,
 Which should be manifest, and of a Death
 He must accomplish shortly, for the sin
 Of many. He, himself, whose living breath
 Gives life to all the nations; yea, the Man
 Who is the Fellow of Almighty God.
 And often I could see He turned His face
 Westward unto Jerusalem. The road
 Over the hills was gleaming in the moon,
 And sometimes suddenly it seemed there shone

A Light that was not moonlight on the road,
 It might be angels passing, bright, yet dim,
 I cannot tell, I only thought of Him.
 So went the night. At length the first cold
 gleam

Of dawn crept silently, like some pale dream
 Along the eastern hills; and the first cold
 Faint breath of morning quivered in the trees.
 Then He who communed with me lifted up
 His eyes unto the hills, and said, "Behold,
 The day is breaking." And again He said,
 —For I was clinging to Him—"Let Me go,
 For the day breaketh." But I held Him so
 As when a drowning man holds on for life:
 "I cannot let Thee go, dear Lord, dear Lord,
 Except Thou bless me; leave me some good word,
 Oh, tarry with me. Leave me not alone
 And comfortless, lest I should die, undone!"
 "I will not leave thee comfortless," He said,
 "For I will come to thee," and on my head
 He laid his hands, and blessed me audibly,
 —With full forgiveness for all my sin,
 —With victory, which He, not I, should win,
 And with exceeding great and precious words
 Of promise. (And behold, in that same hour
 I felt a thrill of health, with sudden power,
 Shoot through my weary, wasted frame, and stood
 A crippled man in Israel no more).
 "And thou shalt see My face, what time thy feet
 Stand safe within the Holy City-gate."
 So spake He; but He lifted not His eyes
 Towards *thy* gates, mine own Jerusalem!
 But as He spoke, He looked to those faint skies
 Which swept, so dreamlike, over Him and me,
 Unto some pearly Gates which *He* could see—
 Not I—beyond the dawning.

* * * * *

I often think of that strange moonlight night
 On the Judean hills; and while I work
 His work who saved me, I lift up mine eyes
 Unto the higher Hills, where I shall stand
 What time the years are done, and meet with
 Him.

He hath accomplished now that sacrifice
 Whereof He spake to me, and in the land
 Of God He reigneth Conqueror and King.
 And I shall see His face, what time my feet
 Stand safe upon the Holy City-street.

DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVILYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

PART XI.

THREE months since I wrote a line in these pages! The last words seem faint and distant, like a voice across a chasm, as if the earth had opened beneath my feet and made a great gulf between me and the day when they were written.

Mother had recovered wonderfully. It was as if some lingering malady had been ing over her life, which spent itself in the tempest at fever and left her relieved and almost refreshed, the air after a thunder-storm. The enforced rest, duty of saving and considering herself, and letting it be taken care of, had no doubt much to do it.

so, no doubt, there was a merciful Hand at work, a most tender Providence.

One day Mother and I were sitting sewing at the great window of the Hall. Betty, although limping a little, was more in office in dairy and kitchen. Father had just started for Trusty and was off for the furthest part of the arm. It was the stillest part of the day, early in an afternoon. There was not a sound but the trickling of water into the cattle trough in the court, the occasional buzzing of a fly against the window, or the hum of a bee settling on the marigolds and thyme outside, Betty's voice humming at her work in the kitchen scarcely more variety of intonation than the bee.

Mother and I had been talking of Jack. We had been ten to him some time since begging him to come to us, at least for a time, saying we thought the place was becoming too much for Father, that the place was large enough for us all, and that we were all longing to have him with us again, and that at all events we could talk over his future plans there.

We had not had any answer. We had explained to Mother again and again how natural it was there should be some delay. The posts were so-irregular at times, and although Father had repeatedly ridden to the post-office to inquire if there were any letters and found none, there were endless ways in which accidents might have occurred before letters reached Fallowfield. Besides Jack would no doubt have many things to arrange, especially if he decided on coming back to us; perhaps, being no very ready writer, he might not write a letter at all, but bring us the answer in person. We were planning how the country might be made less

dull for him, and entering into all kinds of arrangements by which we would make home bright for him, (partly, I believe, to persuade ourselves of the reality of our pleasant picture by multiplying its details), when suddenly a horseman galloped on a foaming horse into the courtyard, making the old walls echo and the windows vibrate with the noise.

Mother and I looked at each other. I suppose I was as pale as she was, for she said,—

"Sit still, Kitty. Let Betty see what it is."

Betty, never easily hurried, was always especially deliberate when she thought other people were in an unnecessary bustle. It seemed an age, while she stood lecturing the horseman, and then before she limped to the open window, and gave me the letter, muttering that some folks always liked to make a dash at the end of anything and finish in a fume; putting themselves and other folks in as much fuss as they could, but that it was her belief such hurry-scurry was most times only a cover for their own dawdling.

"Bless your heart, Mrs. Kitty, my dear," she concluded, catching the alarm in my face, "don't look so scared. It's only a servant of Sir John Beauchamp's; nothing but some fancy of Mrs. Evelyn's, startling folks out of their wits."

"Betty, give the man refreshment and ask him to stay and rest as long as he can," said Mother quietly.

And Betty retired.

It was indeed a letter from Evelyn to me.

It began with tender, soothing, lingering words, quite unlike her usual way of dashing into the midst of things. It was meant to "break the news." It only threw my brain into such a bewilderment, that when I came to the news my heart beat and my head swam so that I could scarcely read it. But when I did take it in, I was calm again in an instant. For I could only think of Mother.

I stood a minute afraid to look at her, and irresolute what to do, when she said softly,—

"Kitty, don't read it, tell it me. I know quite well it is not good news. And it's about Jack."

I looked at her. She was sitting with her hands clasped as if in prayer. And I knelt down by her and whispered (how, I can never remember, for the words seemed to hiss from my lips like some one else's voice), that Jack had done something for which he was arrested, and was in prison at Newgate.

"Kitty," she said, "there is no time to be lost. Go and fetch your Father."

Poor Father! When I found him, and told him, he never uttered a word of reproach against Jack or any one. He said, "Poor fellow, poor fellow, I was too hard with him!" and that was all. We walked home across the fields in silence.

When we returned Mother beckoned to us from the window of the porch closet. Father joined her there. I remained in the Hall below. In a few minutes Mother called me, and I went up.

"It is quite plain, darling, what we must do," said Mother, "it is a great mercy it is so plain."

"Father and I must go to him at once," said I.

"Yes," said Mother, "to-morrow." And she pointed to a postscript of Evelyn's letter, which in my excitement I had not noticed, and in which she desired us if we liked to send the servant home by sea, and take his horse to ride to London on at once.

Everything was arranged before dawn the next day.

Father was to take his own horse, and I the man's. We might be in London in less than a week, and have besides the great comfort of making the journey alone, not exposed to the questions or prying looks of fellow-passengers.

Betty was too thoroughly one of us not to know our trouble, at least as far as that Jack was in prison. She believed it was for debt; indeed we scarcely understood ourselves whether it was for that or worse.

All night she was up making provision for the journey, insisting that I should keep quiet in my bed. In the morning as I was dressing she said, in a rapid eager way, as she was packing and pressing my things into as small a bundle as possible, without pausing a moment in word or work so as to give me a chance of interrupting her:—

"Mrs. Kitty, I've put five guineas in an old stocking in a corner of the bundle. I should have given them to Master Jack when he went to the wars. But Mother told me to keep them for my burying, and I promised I would. But I've been thinking well about it, and I don't see it would be any sin to break my word.

"For a long time I've been of two minds about it; for what's the use of a fine burying to me, any more than to the rich man in the Bible? Fine burials won't keep sinners out of the fire, nor will the sores of the poor body, nor the licking of the dogs, poor fools, keep off the blessed angels from carrying the soul home. When I die, Mrs. Kitty, it's my wish that the class members should carry my body to the grave singing Mr. Wesley's hymns, while the angels are carrying my soul, singing *their* hymns. Not that I'm altogether sure, Mrs. Kitty, the angels even will be wanted; for heaven seems nearer a good bit now, since the Lord died, than it was before; and may-be we shall step into it all at once, quite natural, without help from any one. But that's neither here nor there. It wasn't the burying that made me of two minds, but my word to Mother. I've prayed many

times about it; and last night, I saw it all as clear as the sun. It's my belief that we are to do as we'd be done by, by the dead as well as by the living. And if I were dead and had got any one to make a foolish promise like that, I should think it the greatest kindness if they broke it, and put the money to a better use. So I shall do the same by Mother, Mrs. Kitty. You needn't say anything to Master Jack about what I've told you. But it's my belief Mother'll be smiling on them guineas from heaven if she knows about it, if it helps Master Jack; which is more than she could do in conscience, if they were spent making brutes of folks on rum and gin at my burying."

So saying Betty limped down the stairs, leaving me sobbing out the first easy natural tears I had shed since the dreadful news came.

Mother insisted on coming down to breakfast with us, and as she bid me good-bye, while Father was seeing to the bits and girths, she looked so calm and cheerful, I could not help saying,—

"Oh, Mother, don't keep up so. You will break down so much worse when we are gone."

"No, Kitty," she said, "I shall not. I am not keeping up. I believe I am *kept* up. I cannot understand myself. I cannot feel hopeless about this. I have a persuasion not like persuading myself, but like a prophecy, that good is to come out of this for Jack and all of us, and not evil, and the hope strengthens me to pray for him, as I never prayed before in my life."

And so we parted.

It was certainly a comfort that the rapidity of our journey depended not on the will and convenience of indifferent coachmen or sailors, to whom we could not have explained our terrible reasons for haste, (and who would have looked on our trembling eagerness to get on merely as the fussiness of a fretful old gentleman and of an impatient girl), but on our own exertions and on those of our horses.

How the noble generous creatures seemed to catch the infection of our eagerness! until, for their sakes, and for the sake of greater speed in the long run, we had rather to restrain them than to urge them on.

I only remember distinctly two incidents of that journey, so completely were we absorbed by its purpose.

One was on a fine clear morning as we were riding down a steep, stony hill in a narrow lane, when we saw before us a gentleman, in clerical dress, on a horse which was shambling along at its own pace, with the reins on its neck, whilst the rider was reading from an open book laid on the saddle before him.

Father was so impressed with the peril of the proceeding, especially as the clergyman's horse made a very awkward stumble just as we passed him, that he took off his hat, and said to the stranger,—

"Sir, you will excuse an old soldier; but I should think myself safer charging a battery than riding in that way on that beast of yours."

The stranger bowed most politely, said something

pleasant voice about himself and the horse, and they were talking to each other; but as he thanked Father for his face quite beamed with that cloudless smile no one who has seen it can forget; it was Mr. John Wesley.

and incident which stands out from the mass of anxiety which hangs about that journey, is the next morning.

At five o'clock, and still rather dusk. We were in the saddle as soon as we could see. But before the town we were leaving, a large crowd gathered. We had to ride through it, and in the look of faces in a crowd less. Many of the very lowest type, dull and brutish, or fierce excitement, and above them rose a dreadful wall of arms. At the outskirts of the crowd I heard some rough jests. But when we got out of it, all was quite still. Every eye was on one spot, and every ear was listening to one voice, fervent and deep, but always natural and full of a thrill (he held it a sin to scream); and before I caught sight of him I knew it was Mr. John Wesley.

"Kitty," said Father in a low, trembling voice, "hold of my rein as I paused an instant; see what the people are waiting for?" He held his quivering lips, and did not venture to

glanced back for a moment, it flashed on his face. It was Mr. Wesley preaching to a crowd of people to see an execution. That terrible black wall was the gallows.

Never forget the respectful kindness with which Mr. Champ welcomed Father when we reached Newgate Street, nor his tender gentleness to me. Mr. Champ was as kind in her way; but she was hysterical; which was perhaps a relief to every one, converted her into an invalid who must be attended, and left Cousin Evelyn and me free for each

explained everything to me, as Uncle Beau-
tiful Father.

in Newgate; not on the debtor's side, but

When some money from that Company, only his salary, he said, by a few weeks, and, of course, to replace it. But the law does not allow of that, and the act was felony, and he had to go. Uncle Beauchamp and Uncle Hender-
aged the best lawyers to defend him, and they assured them there was much hope.

"If the defence fails," I said, looking into his eyes, "what is the penalty?"

"Nothing, or it may be nothing," she said, looking at me with an evasiveness quite unusual in her. "The law is so uncertain, every one says."

"It might be *anything*!" Evelyn and I understood each other, and we said no more.

Father and I went the next day to Newgate. It was arranged that we should each see Jack alone to spare his feelings.

Grim walls with windows placed so as to let in as little light and pleasantness as possible, clanking of chains on prison bolts, grating of clumsy keys, the careful locking behind us of reverberating iron doors, and through all a sense of being watched by curious prying eyes, and then the dreadful certainty that to so many these cells were but the ante-chamber to a dishonoured grave, made me feel like a prisoner myself, almost like one buried alive myself, as I stood alone in a gloomy little room with barred windows looking on a dull court, trying to pray, trying to think what I would say to Jack, but unable, try as I might, to do anything but mentally repeat words without meaning, and count the window-bars and chimney-stacks; so that when at last Father came, and I was led into Jack's cell and left alone with him, I was entirely unprepared, and could only throw my arms around his neck and sob out entreaties that he would forgive me for all the rough and cross words I had ever spoken to him.

"Poor little Kitty," he said, with a deep voice more like Father's than his own, "my poor little sister, you and Father are both alike, not a reproach, not a complaint;" and then placing me on a chair, while he paced up and down the cell, he said, "I did think he would have been in a passion, Kitty, and, I am sure, I wish he had! It would have been much easier." Then, after a pause, he added in a tone more like his own old easy, careless way, "It is the most unlucky thing in the world. I am the most unlucky man in the world. Only three days and my salary would have been paid, and everything would have been right. However, one must never look on the dark side. Something may turn up yet." And then he asked eagerly all that the lawyers thought.

I said they seemed to have much hope of success.

He seized at this in his old sanguine way, as if success had been certain, and after talking some time about his unluckiness, he concluded,—

"But you know, Kitty, it's a long lane that has no turning. I always knew that there would be a change of fortune for me some day. And now I shouldn't wonder if it's on the point of beginning; for, to confess the truth, they were rather a low money-making set after all in that Company. The secretary's a screw and a perfidious hypocrite into the bargain. Although not exactly in the way one might have chosen, I've no doubt it will turn out a good thing in the end to have done with them. And as to any little hasty words you may ever have said, Kitty," he concluded, as we heard footsteps approaching, "never mention such a thing again. We all have our little infirmities, and you were always the best little soul in the world."

But as I drove back with Father, my heart seemed absolutely frozen. Here were we all breaking our hearts about the sin, and doing what we could to make it weigh less heavily on Jack. And his conscience seemed as light as air. He seemed to have no conception that he was anything but unlucky.

How could he ever be made to understand about right and wrong?

The next evening Uncle Beauchamp came to me from an interview with the lawyers, in the greatest perturbation. They said Jack would not enter into their line of defence, and it seemed doubtful if he could be got to plead not guilty.

"You must go and talk to him, Kitty," he said, "and persuade him. If any one can you will. For as to myself," he added, "people's ideas of morality and religion seem to me so incomprehensibly turned upside down since the Methodists came into the world, that I cannot make out anybody or anything."

So the next morning early I was admitted to Jack's cell.

"Uncle Beauchamp says you and the lawyers cannot understand each other, brother," I said, "and I have come to see if I can be of any use."

"The lawyers and I perfectly understand each other," said Jack. "They want me to swear to a lie, and I can't. I did take the money; and if my only defence is to swear I did not, why then, Kitty, there is no defence, of course, and I see no way out of it. I thought they would have found some other way, but it seems they can't."

I felt my whole heart bound with a new hope for Jack, and I went up to him, and took his hands, and said, looking up in his face,—

"You would rather suffer any penalty than tell a lie, brother?"

"Of course, I couldn't swear to a lie, Kitty. What do you mean?"

"Thank God!" I said; and I could not help bursting into tears.

Jack paced up and down the cell a minute or two, and then he paused opposite me and said very gravely, "Are you *surprised*, Kitty, that I will not tell a falsehood? that I will not perjure myself? Did you think I *would*? Did you think because I had anticipated a few days the salary due to me from a set of beggarly trades-fellows, that I could tell a deliberate lie, and take a false oath?"

"O Jack," I said, hiding my face in my hands, "how could I tell! since you took what did not belong to you? It troubled us so much!"

Jack turned from me angrily, and as I sat leaning my head on my hands, I heard him pacing hastily up and down. And then, after some minutes, not angrily but softly, and in slow, deep accents, very unlike his usual careless manner, he said,—

"I understand, Kitty; you thought if your brother could *steal*, he could do anything else."

"But you will *not*, Jack!" I said, kneeling beside him. "*You will not*. You will suffer anything rather than do what you feel to be wrong,—to be sin. Thank God, thank God!"

He sat for some time quite silent, and then he said, a little bitterly,—

"You seem very thankful, Kitty, for what every one might not think a very great mercy, to have the way cleared to the gallows, as it is to me. I suppose you know a poor woman was hanged the other day for stealing sixpence; and I have stolen fifty pounds. Do you think Father and Mother will be as glad as you are?"

"Oh, Jack!" I said, "you *know* what I mean, you *feel* what I feel. We will move heaven and earth to get you set at liberty, and I feel such a hope that we shall succeed. I feel that God is on our side now, brother. And He is so strong to help!"

But I felt that if we succeeded beyond my brightest hopes (and I was full of hopes, for there was prayer, and I had thought of a plan), I think I shall never know a truer thrill of joy than that morning in Jack's gloomy cell, when he chose anything rather than do what he felt wrong.

For it seemed to me my brother was then for the first time his true self, the self God meant him to be. He was in the far country still, in the country of husks, where no man gave him even husks; but might I not hope he was "coming to himself?"—that the sin *foreign* to his character was (as Hugh once said it might) awakening him to the sin habitual to his character, which was indeed *his sin*?

My plan was at first regarded as exceedingly wild by every one but Evelyn. But at last one objection after another gave way; and Cousin Evelyn and I were suffered to drive in Aunt Beauchamp's coach to the residence of Elias Posthlewthwaite, Esq., Secretary of the Original Peruvian Mining Company.

Mr. Posthlewthwaite wore beautiful ruffles and very brilliant jewels, but his face wanted that indescribable something which makes you *trust* a man, and his manners wanted that indescribable something which makes a gentleman. He received us with most officious politeness, taking it for granted that we had come for shares (many fashionable ladies, Evelyn said, having lately acquired a taste for such gambling as more exciting than cards). He was afraid that at present not a share was to be purchased at any price. The demand was marvellous. But he did not seem much relieved when Evelyn told him we had no intention of investing in the Company. And his manner changed very decidedly when I contrived to stammer out the object of our visit.

"It is a most painful business, young ladies, a most painful business. The young gentleman was, moreover, an intimate friend of mine. I thought it would have been an opening for the poor young fellow."

pleaded Jack's youth, I pleaded his refusal to plead guilty, I even pleaded for Father's sake and her's, though it seemed like desecration to make and their sorrows a plea with that man. But he was not moved. He said it was exceedingly painful quite against his nature, but there were duties to the public which young ladies, of course, could not understand, but which, at any cost, must be performed. As he grew impatient, the boor's nature came out under pressure, and he remarked with a sneer that a kind of scenes were very effective on the stage, in always brought down the house; but that, un-tilly, society had to be guided not by what was right, but what was necessary. In conclusion he said, in fact, it did not rest with him; the Governors were suspicious, and had found fault with the accounts, and it was essential an example should be made. meantime Evelyn had been reading (I thought absently) over the printed paper on the table, describing objects of the Company, and giving a list of the errors, and at this moment fixing her fingers on two names of the principal names, she read them aloud, said calmly,—

These are the Governors, Mr. Postlethwaite; and say the decision rests with the Governors. We will go to their houses at once. Lord Clinton is one of Father's most intimate friends."

His manner of the Secretary changed again. "Lord Clinton," he said nervously, "Lord Clinton, madam, knows very little of our affairs. In fact, he will not refer you back to me."

"We will see, sir," said Evelyn coolly, fixing her penetrating eyes on him. He winced evidently.

"Lord Clinton," he said, pressing his forefinger on his forehead, as if endeavouring to recollect something; "ah, remember, there was a little mistake there, a little mis-which, but for press of business, should have been corrected long ago. Lord Clinton's name was put down incorrectly, without his having been consulted."

Then the Hon. Edward Bernard, or Sir James, were will do as well," said Evelyn; "come, Cousin," added, rising, "there is no time to be lost. I know, Mr. Postlethwaite, those two gentlemen were omitted before their names were printed?"

Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" he replied. It, excuse me, what will you say to these gentlemen they do not know already, or that I could not assist as well, and save you the trouble?"

"Thank you, the trouble is nothing, Mr. Postlethwaite," said Evelyn quietly. "I will recommend these gentlemen," she continued very deliberately, "who, you have had their suspicions roused about the accounts, look into the accounts and to see if no other victim can be selected for the office of scape-goat except my cousin Trevilyan."

His keen fox-like eyes quailed visibly before her clear gaze.

"My dear madam," he said after a pause, "Mr. Trevilyan is your cousin; your cousin, and an intimate friend of mine. The Governors, I confess, are much irritated, but we must not too easily despair. Leave the matter to me, and we will see what can be done."

"Very well, sir," said Evelyn; "if you will see what can be done, I will not. You will let us know to-morrow."

And she swept out of the room, Mr. Postlethwaite bowing her to the steps of the carriage.

"What do you think will be the end of it, Evelyn?" I said when we were alone in the carriage, for I felt very much bewildered.

"The end of what?" said Evelyn.

"Of this terrible affair of Jack's," I said.

"I cannot see quite as far as that, sweet little cousin," she said; "but I think I see the end of Mr. Postlethwaite and the Original Peruvian Company."

"And the prosecution?" I said.

"How can there be a prosecution, dear little Kitty," she said, "when the prosecutor is hiding his head, for fear of finding himself in Jack's place, and when the Company is scattered to the winds?"

"He seemed a terribly hard man," I said; "I never saw any one like him before, Evelyn. It makes me quite shudder to think of him. And you really think the whole thing was a deception?"

"Well, children," said Uncle Beauchamp, when we returned, smiling as he caught Evelyn's triumphant glance, "safe out of the lion's den at all events! I thought Kitty was to have brought the lion himself in chains of roses, like a fairy queen as she is. But she looks as if she had suffered in the encounter," he said, kissing my cheek, which was wet with tears.

"Kitty is only half-pleased," said Evelyn. "She scarcely knows whether to rejoice about Jack, or to weep over the wickedness of human nature in the person of Mr. Postlethwaite; whereas I, on the other hand, having a hard and impenetrable heart, scarcely know whether to be most pleased that Cousin Jack is safe, or that Mr. Postlethwaite is not safe. I always have thought it one of the most delightful prospects held out to us in the Psalms, that the wicked are to be taken in their own net. But to draw the net tight with my own hands was a luxury to which I scarcely dared to aspire."

Then she narrated the interview. Uncle Beauchamp assured Father and me that all would be right; and I was permitted to go at once to Jack, and tell him all we had accomplished.

Jack was very thankful, and most gentle and affectionate to me; but he said,—

"Don't think me the most ungrateful fellow in the world, Kitty; but I am not sure really after all, whether it wouldn't have been easier on the whole to have been sent to the colonies, or even put out of the way altogether, than to have to meet every one, and feel, as I

do, that I have been the most selfish, cowardly dog in the world, all the while I thought myself a fine, open-hearted, generous fellow. And," he added in a lower voice, "I'm not sure that *that* isn't easier than to have to look at one's self as I have had to for these last few hours. It's a terrible thing, Kitty, to be disgraced in your own eyes."

"Don't talk so, Jack," I said. "Say what you will to yourself and to God, but not to me. It will do you no good; and I can't bear it. You don't know, Jack, how good and noble you may be yet," I said, and I put my arm within his, and looked in his face, and said, "I should feel proud to walk with you, Jack, now through London, in that very dress; the people might say what they would, but I shouldn't mind a bit, for I should feel 'that is my brother, who would rather die than swear to a lie.'"

"It's a brave little Kitty," he said in rather a husky voice; "but, hush, Kitty!" he added hastily, "hush, for God's sake! don't lift me up on my fool's pedestal again!"

But as I went away he called me back, and said softly,—

"You have hope of me, Kitty; don't give it up, for heaven's sake, don't! and try to make Father and Mother have hope of me. It does me good to think you have, for God knows I have little myself."

The next day Father and I went to him together; but that interview I cannot describe, because I never can think of it without crying, much less write. How Father begged Jack's pardon, and Jack Father's, and they both fell into weeping. It is such an overwhelming thing to see men like Father and Jack hopelessly break down, and cry like children.

To women, I think tears are a natural, easy, overflowing of sorrow. But from men they seem wrung, as if every drop were almost bled in anguish from the depths of the heart. With us tears are a comfort, to men they seem an agony.

But Evelyn was right. In a few days the Original Peruvian Mining Company's splendid offices were to be let, and Elias Postlethwaite, Esq., was nowhere to be found.

And the prosecutor having come to nothing, of course the prosecution came to nothing too.

But that was not the chief joy; not by any means the chief joy to me, great as it was.

The day after I had told Jack the effect of our interview with the secretary, I was permitted to sit with him some time in his cell.

At first I talked to him about home, but I thought he seemed absent, and after a little while he said abruptly,—

"Kitty, I had a very strange visitor yesterday evening after you left,—an old sailor called Silas Jold,—who it seems finds his way into all the prisons and to the hearts of the prisoners in a very remarkable way. He was a sailor in his youth, and a very bad fellow from his

own account; involved in all kinds of horrors in kidnapping blacks from the African coast. At last he grew tired of his wild life, and settled down in business in London, and married. Not long after this a poor workman got him and his wife to go and hear Mr. Wesley at the Foundry. They were not convinced in a moment, but before long everything was thoroughly changed with them. They found great happiness in religion; and after a time he gave up his business to teach poor outcast children at a school in connection with Mr. Wesley's meeting-house at the Foundry at a salary of ten shillings a week. For seven years he worked from morning till night for these destitute boys. He trained three hundred of them, teaching them to read and write, and fitting them for all kinds of trades. But one morning, when he and his boys were attending Mr. Wesley's five o'clock morning preaching, the text was, 'I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.' The reproach pierced his heart, he said, as if our Lord had looked sorrowfully at him while he spoke the words. For some days he was wretched, and from that time he has made it his work to visit every cell in every prison to which he can find admittance. He has gone in the cart to the gallows with criminals, praying for them all the way. He has brought joy, absolute joy, with the news of God's mercy, into condemned cells. He has made the most hardened criminals weep in an agony of sorrow for their sins,—such an agony, Kitty, that afterwards, when they were able to believe God had forgiven them their sin, it seemed nothing to go to the gallows. And what seems to me more wonderful still* (this the jailer told me), sheriffs, hangmen, and turnkeys have been seen weeping as he exhorted or comforted the prisoners. The authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, have tried again and again to keep him out of the prisons, but he will not be kept out. And so yesterday evening, Kitty, he found his way to me."

I said nothing, but waited for him to go on. After a little pause he continued,—

"He found his way to me, and when I am free, if ever I am, I will find my way to him; for he prayed with me, and prayer like that I never thought there could be. He prayed as if he saw my heart, and saw our Saviour. I shall never forget it,—I trust I shall never forget it. What the words were I am sure I cannot tell. They did not seem like words, so fervent, so sure, so reverent, so imploring, so earnest, it seemed as if he would have stormed heaven, and yet all the time the great power of them seemed to be, that he felt God was on our side, *willing to give, delighting to give*, stretching out His hands to give!"

"You had told him something of yourself," I said, when he had been silent a little while.

"I don't know what I told him, Kitty, or what he found out. I only know I intended at first to tell him nothing; I thought he was going to treat me as one case

* Stevens' "History of Methodism."

ing a thousand of spiritual disease. But he came to like a friend, like a brother, so full of respect, so of pity, there was no standing it, and before he left as telling him what was in my inmost heart."

"And it has done you good, Jack," I said.

"It has opened a new world to me," he said. "It made me see that what you and Father felt for me in sin and trouble, God felt infinitely more. He has *grieved* at my doing wrong, because sin is the worst *very*, and His one desire and purpose is to lift me out *up* to Himself. And He will do it, Kitty; I do *be* He will do it."

It was some days before the formalities about Jack's *ration* could be arranged, and very precious days *y* were to him. Silas Jold saw him often, patiently *untering* his variable tempers, and meeting his *ting* difficulties; for at first Jack had many difficulties, and occasionally, I must confess, he was in an *itable* state that did not always contrast favourably *h* his old complacent equanimity. He often reminded *of* a sick child waking up with a vague sense of *nger* and discomfort which it could only express by *ting*. But the great fact remained. He was no longer *leep*, his whole being was awake. At one time he *uld* defend himself captiously against his own previous *f*-accusations; at another he would bitterly declare *t* all hope of better days for him was an idle dream,— *had* fallen, not perhaps beyond hope of forgiveness *reafter*, but quite beyond all hope of restoration to *y* life worth living here. Yet although often, when *seemed* to leave him on the shore, I found him again *med* back among the breakers, and buffeted by them *ther* and thither; nevertheless, on the whole, there *was* advance. There was a steadily growing conviction *his* own moral weakness, and a steadily growing *con*-*ence* in the forgiveness and the strengthening power *God*, until on the day that he came out, when he and *were* alone in the study in Great Ormond Street, he *id*—

"It is the *beginning* with forgiveness, Kitty, that *akes* all the difference! *Easy* forgiveness, indeed, may *ake* us think lightly of doing wrong, but God's is no *ty* forgiveness. The sacrifice which makes it easy for *was* God's. It is pardon proclaimed with the dying *ords* of the Son of God, and sealed with his blood. *is* wonderful joy to know that God does not hate *on* account of our *sins*; but I think it is almost *ater* joy to know that He hates our *sins* for *our* sakes, *d* will not let our sins alone, but will help and *en*-*rage* us, yes, *and* make us suffer anything to conquer *em*, and to become just, and true, and unselfish."

Many outside difficulties remained. It seemed difficult to find any career open to Jack. He was ready to anything, and to bear any humiliation, but the suspicions and distrust which doing wrong necessarily bring people are a cold atmosphere for anything good to

grow in. If he smiled, for instance, Aunt Henderson was apt to think him impenitent. If he was grave, Uncle Beauchamp was disposed to consider him sullen. It is so terribly difficult for any one who has fallen openly to rise again. If he stands upright and looks up, some people call him shameless; if he stoops and looks down, others call him base. At first we thought of home and the old farm life; but much as I should have liked to have him with us again, I could not help seeing with some pain that although Jack made not an objection, and endeavoured to enter into it, the thought evidently depressed him.

One morning while Father and I were debating these matters, to our amazement the footman quietly ushered in "Mr. Spencer."

Hugh had that day arrived with Tom from America. Father left me to tell him all the sad yet hopeful history of the last few weeks, and when almost before we had come to the end of it, Jack came in, I went away and left them alone together.

Jack told me afterwards that Hugh's warm welcome, and his honest and faithful counsel, were better than a fortune to him. "It is such a wonderful help," he said, to feel you are trusted by one everybody can trust like Hugh."

I know so well what that is. At one time I used to be afraid to give myself up to the feeling lest it should be idolatry, but I have got over that fear now after talking it over with Hugh, because he says I am just as wonderful help to him, which makes it plain that it must be because God makes it so. Hugh says it is no more worshipping each other to feel we can work twice as well together than it is worshipping the sun to feel we can work better in the daylight.

Hugh has set it all right for Jack,—Hugh and poor Cousin Tom, who came back with him. Hugh thinks the old life at home would not be good for Jack; he thinks Hugh and Father naturally fret each other a little, and if they control themselves so as not to fret each other, they will fret themselves all the more by the effort. Besides, he thinks the life would be very depressing for Jack. It would be like a life of old age begun in youth, that monotonous routine of work pleasant and calm enough, with the busy day of life *behind*, but most depressing and trying, with nothing behind but lost opportunities, a closed career, and a wasted youth.

It was therefore arranged that Jack should go to America, and take charge of a tobacco plantation, which Tom had recently purchased in South Carolina, while Tom remained at home to assist his father. The relief to Jack was evidently very great, and I was glad it was all settled before we returned home, as the discussions might have been painful to Mother.

In order to complete these arrangements we spent some days at Hackney. Aunt Henderson informed me, with a grim satisfaction, that Uncle Henderson's demure nephew had disappeared with a considerable sum of

money. The loss of property was evidently more than compensated by the fulfilment of prophecy, and by the manifest discomfiture of Calvinistic doctrine in the person of her Presbyterian foe.

Uncle Henderson abandoned that field of controversy altogether; and if any one at any time lifted up a faint protest in favour of Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon, the utmost Aunt Henderson would concede was, that "there were exceptions, merciful exceptions; that there was, in short, no limit to the divine mercy; that she believed there were even Papists that would be saved."

The disappearance of the nephew and the money was, in his way, as great relief to Cousin Tom as to his mother.

"You see, Cousin Kitty," he said, "I was determined to submit to anything, for I felt I deserved it. But it is a comfort to feel that I can be of some use to Father, and that I am coming back to work for them, and not only to eat fattened calves."

"I have no doubt, Cousin Tom," I said, "that after the welcome no hired servant of his father's worked like the forgiven son did."

"And I have no doubt," he replied, "that he enjoyed toiling in the sweat of his brow as much in its way as the feast."

"I think the forgiven children our Lord meant all do," I said.

A glimmer of understanding glanced out from Cousin Tom's shaggy brows, and he said,—

"Do you remember, Cousin Kitty, once telling me that conversion was not a closed door between us and God, but an open door through which I must go? Well, I was a long while getting to understand that, but I think I am beginning now."

Those were very happy days at Hackney. Aunt Henderson was so interested to hear all about Mother. When I related to her Betty's treatment of the fever, she said Betty was quite right in considering her recovery a miracle, for that such conduct was nothing less than murder and madness.

But her heart was too softened and humbled with joy—the joy of having her boy home again—to be very severe on any one's errors,—except the demure nephew's, without whose delinquencies and misbeliefs her controversial weapons might have rusted on the shelf.

When I attempted to thank her for Tom's generous conduct to Jack about the plantation in South Carolina, she stopped me at once,—

"Kitty, my dear, every shilling we have in the world would be nothing for me and mine to repay to you and yours. What you and Mr. Spencer have done for Tom and for us is beyond thanks or payment, and compliments are not in my way. Poor dear Sister Beauchamp understands that kind of thing. But I never did. But, my dear, if at any time any of you are ill, don't hesitate to send for me to come and nurse you. I do know something about

physic, which is more than can be said for any of you, poor Sister Trevlyan among you; and I'd go from one end of the earth to the other, and wear myself to a skeleton with pleasure to do any of you any good in my power. So only you promise, Kitty, my dear, and I should feel it quite a burden off my mind."

I could not help inwardly trembling at the thought of the snails' broth, the severe medical discipline, and the collisions that must inevitably occur in such a case between Aunt Henderson and Betty. I could only say I trusted we should all keep well for a long time, and that it would be a delight to me to render the same service to Aunt Henderson.

So we are once more at the dear old home. Our own old party,—Father, and Mother, and Jack, and Hugh, and I; for Hugh always was one of us, although now he is one of us in a nearer way.

How nearly we have all been severed in the storms of this "troublesome world." And how sweet the past dangers make the present calm.

There is much indeed still to remind us that we are at sea, on the open sea, with no promise of exemption from storms in time to come. But we are not without a Pilot; and we have proved Him, which is something to gain from any storm.

Mother is much more willing to part with Jack for America than we dared to hope she would be. She says she feels it easier to part with him now than when he went to the army in Flanders. She feels he is not going alone. And by that, we know well, she does not only mean that Hugh is going with him to settle him in the new country.

For Hugh is going, but with a hope that makes his going easier for us both than when he left us last.

For, a few days after our return, we had a visit from Cousin Evelyn's great Uncle, our new Vicar.

He looked more aged and thinner than when we saw him last; and he was more nervous than ever.

He said he believed it was too late to transplant an old man like him from the centre of civilized and learned life at Oxford to what, he hoped he might term, without offence, a region rather on the outskirts of civilization. He said, between wrecking and poaching, aversion to paying tithes, their Cornish dialect, and what he could not help calling remnants of native barbarism on the one hand, and Methodism on the other, he could make nothing whatever of the people; and if any one else could, he was sure they were welcome to try.

He had therefore come to propose that Hugh should take the curacy, with a liberal salary. He himself would settle in London. He had spoken to the Patron, who, considering the circumstances, said perhaps it was the best thing that could be done. So all is settled.

Hugh and Jack are gone. They sailed from Falmouth.

feel more anxious now they are actually gone than when it was first proposed. From not having much imagination I never can measure the pain of things behind, which sometimes makes it worse afterwards. The ship they sailed in is an old one. I heard some were talking disparagingly of her as we left the quay. And the evening after they left was stormy. Heavy seas of thunder-cloud gathered in the west as I fled from the cliffs, just where I thought the ship to be.

And Betty shakes her head again, and says it is of no boding ill, but she has seen and heard very dismal signs of late.

And when I combated her fears, and reminded her of terrible things she had heard about Mother, she nodded and compressed her lips, and reminded me that, if miracles were worked, and Mother was spared, nevertheless she broke her own leg, to say nothing of Master Jack; and miracles can't be expected at all times. She only wishes she had not been a poor crippled old woman, or she would have gone herself to take care of Master Jack. She has heard terrible tales of Indians and blacks; and who was to get up his linen and darn his stockings? However, she will hope for the best. Folks have got out of their hands alive, she says, and she trusts Master Hugh will, and that we will see him back again safe and sound; but she shall be thankful when we do, that is all.

But, Betty," I said at last, struggling between tears of anger, or rather between anger at her for her forebodings and at myself for minding them—"Betty, it is better than the heathens to heed such fancies. We must open our hearts wide to the Bible, and let the light of the truth and the breath of the Spirit shine and search every corner. What are all the forebodings in the world to one hour of hearty prayer? Remember, prayer was stronger even than St. Paul's forebodings; for he said, he 'perceived that the voyage would end with much hurt and damage, not only of the ship, but also of their lives.' Yet, afterwards, when he had ended and prayed, he stood forth and said that *God had saved him the lives of all* that were in the ship; and though the ship was wrecked, not one life was lost."

"There be some prayers," said Betty, "that can move heaven and earth."

"And prayer was stronger than prophecy once," I said—"not the prayer of an apostle, Betty, but of a sinful heathen city. Nineveh was saved, let Jonah be disappointed as he might at his words being set aside."

"Well, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty, dryly, becoming very gay and energetic about her work, "I hardly take it of you to put me down with that poor selfish old

Jew. I've thought many a time it as wonderful the Almighty should speak by him as by Balaam's ass,—running away from his work, nearly sinking the ship and the sailors, and then sulking and crouching like a spoilt child, because the Lord was more pitiful than he, and the poor sinful men and women of that great city, and the poor harmless dumb beasts were spared. I can't say but I do feel hurt to be likened to him. All I know is, I pray night and day for Master Jack and Master Hugh; and if Master Jack and Master Hugh do come back safe and sound, cruel glad I shall be."

"Betty," said I, "you know I never meant to compare you to the prophet Jonah; I only said that God even turned from His own threatenings when people prayed to Him long ago; and who can say how much even our prayers may help those we love now? He can send His angels, and one of His angels is stronger than all the storms on the ocean; or He can stretch out His hand, and the poor sinking Peter can walk on the sea. I want you to think of God's promises, and not of signs, and tokens, and our forebodings. I want you to hope, Betty, because I know you love us all so dearly; and the more we hope the better, I think, we pray; and sometimes I find it hard to hope myself, and I want you to help and not to hinder me."

"Well, my dear," said Betty, relaxing, "young folks most times find it easy enough to hope. If the sun shines for an hour, they think there'll never be winter again; and if old folks don't keep their wits about them, where'll the fire-wood be when winter comes?"

"And Mrs. Kitty, my dear, I meant no disrespect to the prophet Jonah; poor fearful soul, he had his troubles, sure; and if I'd been in his place, I won't say I mightn't have been worse than he, although I do hope the Almighty would have kept me from caring for some poor bits of leaves, that grew up like mushrooms in a night, just because they made me cool, more than for all the people in that great town, specially the innocent babes and the dumb beasts. I'm a cross-grained old soul, Mrs. Kitty, my dear, and my temper's a little particular at the best of times; but I'd be content to sit a helpless cripple all the rest of my life in the chimney-corner and watch Roger, poor fool, or that poor clumsy hussy blundering away at the beasts and the butter (though I won't deny it might worry me into my grave), if I might see you and Master Hugh and Master and Missis all here together, and know Master Jack was doing well,—and who knows but I may? For I don't deny that the Lord's mercies are beyond everything; and if He disappoints folks, it's most times by giving them more than they ask and better than they hope. Leastways, Mrs. Kitty, my dear, that's been His way with me."



"CANNOT BUT."

ACTS IV. 20.



WHEN Peter and John were commanded by the Jewish council not to teach any more in the name of Jesus, they refused compliance, and urged a divine necessity to speak (Acts iv. 19, 20). As it is said that both Peter and John made answer, perhaps we do not greatly err if we refer to the forward Peter the bolder words of verse 19, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you, more than unto God, judge ye;" while in verse 20 we hear the equally decided but gentler John utter his calm protest, "For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

No, they "*cannot but.*" For was it not to fit them for this very service that the Holy Ghost had come down on them in cloven tongues of flame? and now with hearts on fire and tongues on fire they feel so constrained (2 Cor. v. 14) as that they "*cannot but.*" This is the happy inspiration by which God has in all ages strengthened his servants for holy living and for earnest working. He writes his will not only on the pages of a book without them, but on the living tablets of loving hearts as well; and so their obedience is not the fruit of harsh compulsion from without, saying, "You must do this," but of joyous, hearty impulse from within, so that they "*cannot but.*"

So felt the Lord Jesus, the model servant. "The zeal of thine house," he says, "hath eaten me up" (Ps. lxi. 9). Instead of shrinking from his baptism of blood, he bounds forward to meet it, saying, "How am I straitened till it be accomplished." And the men and women whom God has wrought with in all ages have in measure shared the same spirit, and have gone forward to do their work because they could not but. "Here am I," says Isaiah, "send me." Jeremiah, weary of the troubles which his witnessing had brought on him, would fain have held his peace, but God's word, as he says, "was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was

weary with forbearing, and I could not stay" (chap. xx. 9). Ezekiel went to his work in bitterness, in the heat of his spirit, and the hand of the Lord was strong upon him (chap. iii. 14). "Truly I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord . . . to declare unto Jacob his transgression," says Micah. Paul was often "stirred in spirit" (Acts xvii. 16), "pressed in the spirit" (Acts xviii. 5), having *necessity* laid upon him to preach the gospel (1 Cor. ix. 16); yea, such necessity as made the exercises of his heart in reference to those around him like the birth-pangs of a mother in travail (Gal. iv. 19). For all true servants of God may say with Elihu, "I am full of matter, the Spirit within me constraineth me . . . I will speak that I may be refreshed" (Job xxxii. 18, 20). And as in Bible days, so too has it been all down through the ages. "The Spirit fermented in my heart," says Patrick of Ireland. "Oh, gladly shall this base blood be shed, every drop of it, if India can be benefited in one of her children," says Henry Martyn. "I'll spend my life, to my latest moments, in caves and dens of the earth, if the kingdom of Christ may be thereby advanced," says Brainerd. "Oh, happy lot, to be allowed to bear a part in the glorious work of bringing an apostate world to the feet of Jesus," says Judson. "I would beg all the week, to be allowed to preach the gospel on the Sabbath," says Philip Henry. Sarah Martin speaks of her work as "the thing she lived and breathed for." "Here am I, I can do no otherwise; God help me! Amen!" cries Luther at Worms, face to face with the emperor, and with all the pomp and power of earth arrayed against him.

Now, my reader, what do you or I know of these powerful impulses within us constraining us to duty, so that we feel as if we could not but! We know just so much of them as we know of the Holy Spirit's presence in our hearts, and neither more nor less. For he manifests his power in us, not by filling the mind with abstract truth merely, but by actual living. He is the source of our new life. He enlightens the under-

ling, rules the conscience, fills the affections, as the will, and through the inner life controls shapes the outer. And just as it is in the natural life, so too is it in the new—all its why processes and manifestations are easy, pleasant, and necessary. There is no violent effort needed to perform them. We do not force ourselves to eat when we are hungry, or drink when we are thirsty. We cannot but. We need no effort to breathe, or to work, or to think—we cannot but. The law of our natural life constrains us to such actions, and effort would be needed, to do them, but to refrain from doing them. It is just as much the every fruit of the Spirit as the necessity to a soul in a perfectly healthy body. Such a one feels it easy and happy to love. He “cannot but.” He abounds in prayer, “cannot but.” He rejoices in Christ Jesus; delights to feast on the word of God—to forget the world—to plead with sinners—to wash the feet of saints; and so far from needing to force himself to perform external duties, all these duties flow with sweet spontaneousness out of his inner life of soul.

It is not, then, by direct efforts that we are able to maintain a godly life. It is not by having the heart taken up with details of holy living, or by keeping our own strength exerted to its utmost strain, that we are enabled to fill up these vessels. Ah! no. It is simply by abiding in Christ (John xv. 4, 5). It is by living on Christ, who is “our life” (Col. iii. 4). And when he dwells in us both to will and to do, and we, in the subordinate place of faith, and love, and obedient obedience, “work out” (Phil. ii. 13), we are able to do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us (Phil. iv. 13). But on no other principle we can do absolutely nothing (1 Th. v. 4). Our most watchful and prayerful life then is to be directed, not to the external performance of duties, but to the maintenance of unbroken fellowship with the Lord Jesus. When this is maintained, all is comparatively easy; when this is lost, holy living or happy living is utterly impossible. For whatever true life we have, it is not we that live, but Christ who liveth in us. And this life which we as his members now live in the flesh, we live, not at all on our own efforts or on our own resources, but

we live wholly by the faith of the Son of God (Gal. ii. 20).

Ah, here it is where many beloved ones make a great practical mistake. When weakness and lifelessness are felt, they seek by spasmodic effort to stir up their sinking energies; but the effort only the more exhausts them. And so they are in danger of falling, after repeated fruitless struggles, into a confirmed state of desponding helplessness, as if God had provided nothing better for them. He has provided the best of all help for us. Our life is Christ, and our strength is Christ. In ourselves, “without strength,” it is our privilege to go forward “leaning on the Beloved.” He makes his grace ever sufficient for us, and perfects his strength in our utter weakness (2 Cor. xii. 9). Only we must keep up unbroken our communion with him, for the moment we lose sight of him we become perfectly impotent. Step by step, as we “run the race set before us,” we must keep ever “looking unto Jesus;” and this look of faith shall do for us what no effort of our own could ever do; it shall gird us with his strength; and, like Paul, we shall find that it is only when we are thus weak we are truly strong. And oh, how strong he can make the very weakest! Difficulties become nothing, and enemies he can make less than nothing. There is, indeed, no created force in the universe greater than a feeble human soul that in simple faith yields up itself wholly to its Saviour as the mere instrument of his mighty power. And then, with the Holy Spirit’s help, all true service is easy, for the blessed fervour of soul which he imparts does not exhaust us. As in the bush on Horeb, God’s fire may burn in us with brightest lustre, but the bush itself is not thereby consumed. For the Holy Spirit brings not only flame but also fuel, and we at best are nothing more than the lowly vessels in which he manifests his heavenly light.

And how easy is devoted living with its abundant service to a heart on fire with heavenly love. A spectator may fancy it full of bitter hardship and self-denial; but on the neck of love Christ’s yoke lies, oh, how easy! and his burden is, oh, how light! “The joy of the Lord is our strength;” and joy and love make labour light, and suffering easy. Since this little paper was

commenced, I have seen a man attempt to drag a waggon into a shed opposite my window. With difficulty he starts it; it slowly moves forward; the wheel strikes on a little stone, and the waggon stands still. Its feeble impetus barely sufficed for easy motion; but there was no reserve to overcome obstructions. Now, had that man been dragging the waggon down a hill, and had he once got it into rapid motion, it would have pushed him forward, and leapt like a living thing over any little hindrance in its way. So is it with a lively compared with a feeble Christian. A languid soul barely moves on a smooth road; but a very little stone indeed brings him to a stand still. His spiritual vigour is so low that if it were to fall any lower it would die. Now it is this miserable weakness that creates its own difficulties. He drags his religion behind him like a heavy dead weight; whereas it ought to be a living mighty power, and, by its impulse, push him on before it. Then would his difficulties all vanish, for difficulties generally are but the fruits of feeble faith. As the old proverb says, "Flies come not near a boiling pot," so neither do the swarms of annoyances which afflict the lukewarm, come near to a soul which in its fervour works with zeal, and "cannot but."

My believing reader, let us remember that all God's children are also his servants. You and I then have "a lowly work of love to do." We have some special service, some little sphere so peculiarly our own that we shall have to give account about it as being its only occupants. None can look after it like ourselves; none are charged to look after it but ourselves. Where is it? What is it? Have we asked the Lord about it? It is an awfully solemn thing to have entrusted to us what concerns the Lord's glory, and the everlasting blessing of precious souls. Oh, to be adequately alive to this! Oh, to be constantly so filled with the Spirit that we shall not only know our place of special service, but shall be constrained by love to give ourselves to it as those that "cannot but." Unless we experience this in some degree, what reason can we have for concluding that we are truly born again? Most weighty are the words of M'Cheyne:—"You are greatly mistaken if you think that to be a Christian is merely to have certain views and convic-

tions, and spiritual delights. This is all well; but if it leads not to a devoted life, I fear it is all a delusion." And what is a devoted life? Ask Gethsemane, ask Calvary; nay, "ask deathbeds, they can tell." "Oh, brother, brother," cried the dying Legh Richmond, "none of us is more than half awake." But why speak of the awful solemnities of a dying hour? Are they a whit more awful than the solemnities of the present living hour? It is God's most holy presence fully realized at death that makes it so solemn. Let us realize that presence fully now, and it shall invest the present moment with all the tremendous importance of life's last hour.

Alas, alas, for the halters! They are attempting the utterly impossible (1 Kings xviii. 21; Matt. vi. 24). Their difficulties are far more than those of the devoted Christian, while they know nothing of his joys. And then their miserable life of compromise, and doubt, and trouble ends—in what? It is not man's zeal that we plead for; it is God's. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform all that he has promised (Isa. ix. 7). But this zeal seeks human hearts to which it may communicate its fire, and human organs through which it may expend its energy. Oh, let us yield ourselves up wholly to its heavenly fervour. It is the service of such servants that God blesses. for it is his own working. Men, on the one hand, "cannot but" hear, when they meet with men who, on the other hand, "cannot but" speak. It is the fire in the heart of the one that kindles a flame in the heart of the other.

Brothers, sisters, servants of the living God, let us seek "to live more nearly as we pray." Let us run, wrestle, fight as they should who are struggling for a heavenly crown. How much time have we lost in the past. Let us seek to redeem it. The future may to us be very, very short. Then, as Wesley says, "The man that may die to-morrow should live to-day." Look at the zeal of Satan's servants, and contrast it with ours. Look at the myriads of lives daily offered up in unholy martyrdom on the devil's altars of sensuality and covetousness, while there are so few laid in love upon God's altar. Look especially at Jesus, and keep looking till the fire burn within thee. Think of his coming, and try to realize what shall be thy feelings when he shall

o thee about thy stewardship. Enter into
—thy faith can enter (Heb. x. 19); peer
ll—thy faith can pierce it. Dwell on the
horrors of Gethsemane and of Calvary;
n with a heart glowing with the meek and
l fervour of heavenly love, go forward to
earnest life work, and to do it as one who
t but."

"How strong is heavenly love!
Stronger than aught below;


Though wide and wild my passions rove,
I will not let him go!
What though I see him not,
I feel the ardour burn,
He hath for me the victory wrought,
I love him in return.

How sweet is heavenly love!
'Tis all in all to me;
I muse on him in field or grove,
Or wandering on the sea;
I walk with Jesus here,
Not lonely though alone,
Till in his mansions I appear,
And know as I am known."

J. D.

MISSIONARY EVENINGS AT HOME.

NO. XX.—SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—*continued*.

OW, mamma," said Anne, "you will surely give us some good news about those poor South Sea missionaries. Surely they deserved success, if we may say that of any one, after twelve years' patient labour without it."

"Where did we leave them last Sabbath?"

They were all forsaking Tahiti, and most of them going to New South Wales. I hope they were kindly there."

They kindly, and the governor invited them to be teachers in the colony. This in some degree comforted them, but still they must have felt depressed, knowing well also what deep disquiet would be felt in England at what appeared a termination of the work which had begun so well. And indeed we are told that the enemies of the work became bold in denouncing the enterprise as a project of extravagance and folly, and stamping as projectors and conductors the impress of the fanaticism. Even those who, though they had condemned the scheme as altogether visionary, withheld their sanction and their aid, now pointed to the deserted field as a demonstration of the soundness of their judgment, and an explanation of their con-

cern. "Many lessons we are constantly receiving," said the mother, "to 'judge nothing before the time,' and of being too soon either over confident or despondent, but wait patiently till we see 'the end of the

work sure," said George, "it was not too soon to be giving up about Tahiti, when twelve years of labour had been all in vain."

It appeared then, and yet it was after all but a short hour of night before the morning."

Can you tell us something bright now, mamma?"

The missionaries while at Port Jackson were encouraged not to give up hope, by the letters they re-

ceived from Pomare, whom you may remember they had taught to write. In the days of adversity and exile he seemed led to think seriously of those truths which he had heard carelessly in the time of prosperity, and to feel the uselessness of those idols whom he had formerly trusted. He now entreated the missionaries to return to him, and this they gladly agreed to. So, in the autumn of 1811, they resumed their labours, not in Tahiti, but in Eimeo, where Pomare was."

"Where is Eimeo?"

"It is one of those dots on the map, about twelve miles west from Tahiti. But although so small on a map of this scale, it is in fact a beautiful island, twenty-five miles round, with fine mountain scenery, and several good harbours within the coral reef."

"Pomare would receive the missionaries well?"

"He welcomed them most joyfully, and spent much of his time with them, reading, writing, and making inquiries as to religion. Some of the natives also seemed favourably disposed towards Christianity, and altogether things looked brighter. But new sore trials were now sent to the mission family. During the summer of 1812, within two months, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Davies, and Mrs. Hayward, all died, and we can imagine the overwhelming distress of their afflicted husbands, left thus desolate with their young children in a heathen land."

"Oh," said Anne, "how very sad! I think they must have felt as if God was really against them, and that He *could* not mean to bless their work in the place where He was sending so many sorrows."

"They might have been thus tempted, for our great enemy is always trying to discourage the hearts of Christians, and get them to think it hopeless and useless to go on in their labours for the good of others. But at this very time the long hoped for blessing was granted from the Lord, and in the midst of sorrow the mourners' hearts were made glad, and their faith rewarded, by receiving the answer to many prayers. Pomare came to them, openly declaring himself a believer in Jesus, and asking for baptism."

"Delightful!" exclaimed George. "The king first, that was a new thing."

"Yes, it was very remarkable; and he told that this was no sudden feeling, but the result of long consideration and convictions, and that he had been endeavouring to persuade some neighbouring chiefs to follow his example, but added, 'If no one else would hear us, or embrace our religion, he would, as he desired to be happy after death, and to be saved in the judgment-day.'"

"Then was he baptized at once?"

"No, he was told that all candidates for baptism from among the heathen must for some time be tried and tested, and thoroughly instructed in the things of God. To this probation he cheerfully submitted, but insisted on beginning at once to build a place of worship in Eimeo. Soon after this, his friends in Tahiti urged his return there, as there was a good prospect of regaining his authority. He went, and his Christian teachers felt much anxiety, lest his religious impressions should be lost under the 'briers and thorns' of worldly cares and old temptations. But his letters to them were very satisfactory, especially as he expressed much sense of past sinfulness. Here are some extracts (translated), 'May the anger of Jehovah be appeased towards me, who am a wicked man, guilty of accumulated crimes, of regardlessness and ignorance of the true God, and of an obstinate perseverance in wickedness. May Jehovah give me his good Spirit to sanctify my heart, that I may love what is good, and that I may be enabled to put away all evil customs, and become one of his people, and be saved, through Jesus Christ, our only Saviour.' 'I continue to pray to God without ceasing. Regardless of other things, I am concerned only that my soul may be saved by Jesus Christ. . . I venture with my evil deeds to Jesus Christ, though I am not equalled in wickedness, not equalled in guilt, not equalled in obstinate disobedience and rejection of the truth, hoping that this very wicked man may be saved by Jehovah Jesus Christ.'"

"These are wonderful expressions," said Mr. Campbell, "as coming from a heathen king, and one who had so lately been under the influence of idolatry so abominable as that of Tahiti. Such good news must have cheered the hearts of friends in England again."

"Yes, and it was felt remarkable that just before the news came there had been much special prayer at home for the conversion of Pomare."

George asked if none of the missionaries had gone with the king to Tahiti?

"It was not thought prudent then, as there was every appearance of a bloody war before affairs could be settled. They remained at Eimeo for a time, and were encouraged by the signs of good beginning among the natives there. Reports soon came from Tahiti that many persons in the island were feeling the vanity of idolatry, and even that some were in secret worshipping the true God. So, in June 1813, Mr. Scott and Mr.

Hayward went over from Eimeo to ascertain the real state of matters. They did not go where Pomare was, but to a different district, and were at once assured that the reports they had heard were well founded. Next morning, as the house where they lodged was small and crowded, they retired into a neighbouring wood for meditation and prayer. While Mr. Scott was thus engaged, he was surprised to hear a voice among the trees not far off, as of some person speaking very solemnly and earnestly. He stole gently towards the sound, and oh! we may imagine his delight, when he distinctly heard, in the native language, the words of earnest prayer, addressed not to idols but to the living and true God!"

"Oh, that was delightful! What did he do?"

"He could scarcely keep from rushing forward to clasp the suppliant in his arms. But he restrained himself, only weeping tears of joy, until the native had ended his prayer and retired, and then, kneeling down, the missionary poured forth his own thanksgivings to the Hearer of prayer for this unlooked-for happiness."

"Did they find out who the praying man was?"

"Yes, his name was Oito, and he had lived some time in their family at Matavai. They had supposed that all their endeavours to instruct him had been useless. But the good seed had sprung up at last, and he and some others were now agreed together to refrain from idol worship, observe the Sabbath, and pray to the Christian's God. This good news was immediately written to the brethren at Eimeo, and long years after, Mr. Nott would still speak with strong emotion of the feelings when that letter was received."

"Did the missionaries remain in Tahiti, and how did they find Pomare?"

"They found him openly endeavouring to persuade the people to cast away the idols; but yet his situation and temptations were such as to make them very uneasy in regard to his own spiritual state. They soon returned to Eimeo, taking with them Oito and his friends. And on July 25th, at the close of a prayer-meeting, the missionaries said that next evening they requested all who were sincerely desiring to give up idols and worship Jesus would come forward and have their names written down, in order to receive special attention and instruction."

"Mamma, how anxious they would be to see who would come forward!"

"At the appointed time about forty natives were assembled, and thirty-one of these cheerfully gave in their names. Others soon after joined, so that in September there were forty-two acknowledged inquirers. Now the servants of Christ were truly able to 'thank God and take courage.' One of the inquirers was a young chief from the island of Huahine, then visiting Eimeo. He had been taught to see the folly of idolatry by the representations of Pomare, and now desired to learn more from the missionaries. His father was the

of Eimeo, and became in the end a true Christian. A still more important convert was Patii, priest of idol temple near the mission house. One evening assured Mr. Nott that next day he intended publicly to burn all the idols under his care. Mr. Nott was astonished. "I fear," he said, "you are jesting with me, stating what you think we wish, rather than what I intend. I can scarcely allow myself to believe at you say." "Don't be unbelieving," replied Patii; "wait till to-morrow, and you shall see." So next day missionaries and their followers, about fifty in all, went to the spot where Patii had appointed them, with feelings of the greatest anxiety and agitation. Patii ordered them to collect a quantity of dry wood, and pile it together on the beach, near the large temple. Meanwhile the report of his intentions had spread through the island, and the people assembled in multitudes.

"Oh, surely the Christians would be in great danger."

"They doubtless were, and knew it, and felt that alone could protect them. Patii himself must have been a man of no ordinary courage and strength of character. He came forward, a short time before sunset, and ordered his assistants to light the pile of wood. On going into the temple, he brought out the sacred images (small, rude, wooden figures, surmounted with feathers), and stripping off their ornaments, threw them one by one into the flames, pronouncing their names, and calling upon the spectators to witness how able they were even to help themselves. They were, of course, quickly consumed; and then, as Mr. Ellis says, 'the flames became extinct, and the sun, which never before shed his rays upon such a scene in these islands, cast his last beams, as he sank behind the eastern wave, upon the expiring embers of that fire, which had already mingled with the earth upon which had been kindled the ashes of the once obeyed and adored idols of Eimeo.'"

But what did the heathens do?"

God in his good providence wonderfully restrained them from any open outbreak of violence at this important crisis. They looked on in amazement, and doubtless expected that the gods would soon avenge themselves by some extraordinary judgments upon their audacious enemies. But Patii became a true believer in Christ; and others, both in Eimeo and Tahiti, were emboldened by his example to burn the idols and demolish their temples. The missionaries now visited the islands near, and were well received everywhere. They also worked with new spirit at translating the Scriptures, and preparing other books for their pupils. Already the school in Eimeo was attended by a hundred scholars. At the end of 1814 it was believed that among the islands between four hundred and five hundred persons had given up the worship of idols. And one delightful change in the customs of the people began to appear. The women used to be treated quite inferior beings, and were not even allowed to

eat the same food as their husbands and fathers, nor to cook at the same fire, or eat at the same table."

"Mamma," said Tommy, "could you not dine beside us in Tahiti?"

"Not if we had been a heathen family there. I must have taken my breakfast and dinner in some little out-house by myself."

"Oh, mamma, we would have come beside you!" said both the little children, drawing close to her side.

"Well, my dears, the poor heathen women in the South Sea Islands had to bear many things much worse than this. Now, however, at the time I am speaking of, the Bure Atua, or 'praying people,' as the natives were called who wished to be Christians, began to follow the example of their teachers, and to live happily together in families, men and women sitting down together to their cheerful meals."

"And they would not kill the babies any more?"

"Oh no, that was another delightful change; the dear little babies were welcomed and taken good care of."

"But was there no persecution," asked George, "from the idolaters?"

"Yes, we are told that many had to suffer the loss of worldly things, and even had their lives in danger, for the sake of the gospel. But still persecution was never in Tahiti like that of Madagascar: I suppose partly because Pomare so openly favoured Christianity. I have only read of one actual martyr in Tahiti, a fine young man, who was banished from his father's house on account of his religion, and at last was murdered, and his body offered in sacrifice to the idols."

"Now tell us if Pomare got back his power in Tahiti."

"He was at Eimeo in the beginning of 1815, and the Christian party were then very anxious, knowing that the idolaters were plotting all kinds of schemes to destroy them. The missionaries appointed July 14 as a day of solemn fasting and prayer to God for guidance and protection. Soon after, the heathens in Tahiti invited Pomare and other refugees to return, proposing conditions of peace; and this was agreed to, though not without suspicion. On November 12, a Sabbath morning, Pomare and the native Christians were assembled for divine worship as usual, when an alarm of war was raised, and a large body of armed heathens, bearing the flags of the idols, were seen approaching."

"Oh, what would the Christians do? They would have no arms in church."

"Many had taken weapons with them, by the missionaries' advice, always feeling their position one of danger. Others were about to hasten to their tents, when Pomare rose, and said that the worship of Jehovah must not be forsaken on account of the approach of an enemy. So they sang a hymn, read a portion of Scripture, and joined in prayer; and then all left the place to prepare for battle. It was, indeed, as Mr. Ellis says, the most eventful day in the history of

Tahiti, when the question seemed about to be decided whether the cause of Christ or of Satan should prevail. The conflict was long and severe; but in the end God gave his people victory, and at evening Pomare and the other Christian chiefs called their soldiers together to return thanks and praise. And they were strictly charged not cruelly to pursue the vanquished, nor mangle the slain, nor plunder the villages and murder the women and children, as used to be the custom in former wars. This clemency, more than anything else, appeared to surprise the islanders, and gave them a favourable idea of the new religion. The idol temples were demolished, and the gods destroyed; but free pardon was offered to all persons who desired to return to their king, and in a short time Pomare was again the ruler of his beautiful Tahiti, over a people who were giving up idolatry and all its abominations, and ready to welcome the gospel, with its attendant blessings."

"Oh, what a delightful change!"

"Delightful indeed; such as filled with joy and praise the heart of every Christian who heard of it, and must have caused new joy 'in the presence of the angels of God,' and to the spirits of holy men in heaven, if *they* know what passes here on earth. I must read to you a passage from Mr. Ellis:—

"The knowledge of the spiritual nature of Christianity, possessed by many of the new converts, was doubtless but imperfect, their acquaintance with the will of God but partial, and probably on many points at first erroneous; but still there was a warmth of feeling, an undisguised sincerity, and an ardour of desire, that has never been exceeded. Aged chiefs, and priests, and hardy warriors, with their spelling-books in their hands, might be seen sitting, hour after hour, on the benches in the schools, by the side, perhaps, of some smiling boy or girl, from whom they were now thankful to be taught the use of letters. Others might often be seen employed in pulling down the houses of their idols, and erecting temples for the worship of the Prince of Peace, working in happy companionship and harmony with those whom they met so recently on the field of battle. Their Sabbaths must have presented spectacles on which angels might look down with joy. Crowds, who never before had attended any worship but that of their demon gods, might now be seen repairing to the rustic lowly temple erected for Jehovah's praise, and amidst their throng, mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, who never were before allowed to join the other sex in any acts of worship. . . . It is true there was then no missionary to preach the gospel to them, or to lead their public service; yet it was performed with earnestness, propriety, and devotional feeling. The more intelligent among the natives, who had been longest under instruction at Eimeo, usually presided. They sung a hymn; a portion of their Scripture history, which was entirely composed of Scripture extracts, was read; and prayer, in sim-

plicity of language but sincerity of heart, was offered up to God. Those who had not printed books, wrote out portions of Scripture for these occasions, and sometimes also the prayers they used."

"Pomare wrote out a prayer of this kind, to be used in public worship, which Mr. Nott got a copy of, and translated. Here it is:—

"'Jehovah, thou God of our salvation, hear our prayers! pardon thou our sins, and save our souls. Our sins are great, and more in number than the fishes in the sea; and our obstinacy has been very great, and without parallel. Turn thou us to thyself, and enable us to cast off every evil way. Lead us to Jesus Christ, and let our sins be cleansed in his blood. Grant us thy good Spirit to be our sanctifier. Save us from hypocrisy. Suffer us not to come to thine house with carelessness, and return to our own houses and commit sin. Unless thou have mercy upon us, we perish. Unless thou save us—unless we are prepared and made meet for thy habitation in heaven—we are banished to the fire; we die. But let us not be banished to that unknown world of fire. Save thou us through Jesus Christ thy Son, the Prince of Life; yea, let us obtain salvation through him. Bless all the inhabitants of these islands, all the families thereof. Let every one stretch out his hands unto God and say, Lord, save me! Lord, save me! Let all these islands—Tahiti, with all the people of Moorea, and of Huahine, and of Raiatea, and of the little islands around—partake of thy salvation. Bless Britain, and every country in the world. Let thy word grow with speed in the world, so as to exceed the progress of evil. Be merciful to us and bless us, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'"

"How very interesting!" said Mr. Campbell. "How truly the language of real prayer is the same in every land; and how marvellously does the gospel of salvation through Christ suit the case of sinners in every clime, every nation!"

"An interesting letter from Pomare at this time has also been preserved, sent to the missionaries at Eimeo, along with the idols which had been worshipped in his own family. He says:—

.... "This is my speech to you, my friends. I wish you to send those idols to Britain, for the Missionary Society, that they may know the likeness of the gods that Tahiti worshipped. These were my own idols, belonging to my family from the time of Taaromanahune even to Vaairatoa; and when he died, he left them with me. . . . That principal idol, that has the red feathers of the Otun is Temcharo—that is his name. Look you, you may know it by the red feathers. That was Vaairatoa's own god, and those red feathers were from the ship of Lieutenant Watts (in 1788). It was Vaairatoa that set them himself about the idol. If you think proper, you may burn them all in the fire, or, if you like, send them to your country, for the inspection of the people of Europe, that they may satisfy their curiosity, and know Tahiti's foolish gods."

"Then the idols," said George, "would be sent to England!"

"Yes, and are still preserved, like trophies taken from a vanquished enemy. You may see them some day, I hope, in the London Missionary Museum. Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hayward now again visited Tahiti, and were delighted and comforted beyond measure by the state of things among the people, and the joyful readiness with which hundreds assembled, wherever they went, to hear the word of God."

"Did they begin then to baptize the converts?"

"Not yet; indeed not for a year or two afterwards. Perhaps they erred on the side of over caution, but they were greatly afraid of trusting too much to excitement of feeling and outward professions, and thus the cause of Christ being injured by the falling back of those who were not truly 'rooted and grounded' in the faith. The conduct of Pomare, especially, was sometimes so inconsistent, that the missionaries dared not yet venture to baptize him. In short, as Mr. Ellis says, 'this delay did not arise from any doubts in the minds of the missionaries as to the nature of the ordinance itself, the proper subjects of it, or the manner in which it was to be administered. On all these points they were agreed. It arose from a variety of circumstances, peculiar in their kind, local in their influence, and such as they could neither foresee nor control.'

"It would take too long for me to give many particulars of this interesting period, and of how the 'good tidings' spread to other islands near Tahiti. But early in 1817 Mr. Davies could write this summary: 'The revival and change, which commenced in 1813-14, has continued and increased in 1815-16-17, so that the whole of the inhabitants of Tahiti, Eimeo, Tapuamanu, Huahine, Raiatea, Taha, Borabora, and Marua, have

renounced idolatry entirely. The gods, altars, and temples are utterly destroyed. The offering of human sacrifices and the practice of infanticide are altogether abolished. The worship of the true God and the profession of Christianity are general throughout all the above islands. In Tahiti there are sixty-six chapels built, and in Eimeo sixteen. The people assemble for worship thrice every Sabbath, and on every Wednesday evening. The Lord's day is strictly observed throughout the whole of the islands. Private and family prayer are general among the people. About four thousand persons have learned to spell and read, and many to write. The change far exceeds all our expectations.'"

"How happy Christians in England would be, when they heard such good news!"

"Yes, every Christian heart which heard of it was made glad; and in 1817 the missionaries in Eimeo were cheered by the arrival of a large number of new fellow-labourers, among whom were Mr. Ellis, whose valuable books on Polynesia and Madagascar have since then made his name so well known, and also another eminent missionary, whom I once mentioned to you as a young friend of Mr. Moffat's."


"I recollect," said George—"John Williams. He and Moffat were thought too young to be trusted together."

"Yes; and while Moffat was toiling in seemingly hopeless labour among the stupid Bechuanaas, Williams was joyfully reaping the first spiritual harvest in the beautiful islands of the South."

"You must tell us more about him, mamma."

"Willingly, for from that period his name is inseparably associated with the history of Polynesian missions. But we must not begin his story till next Sabbath evening."

THE END OF THE DAY.

 SEVERAL years have passed away since the aged Christian, of whom I am going to speak, entered into rest. At the time I became acquainted with her, she had already passed through "great tribulation" on her way to the kingdom. One after another she had had to part with her children, just as they were growing up to be dear companions and comforters to their mother. Each one of them had given undeniable proof of love to Jesus; and she had stood calmly by as the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken, for one young voice after another had called to her as the darkness of death came down, "Don't weep for me, mother;

Jesus is with me. I am only going home:" and she heard, and trembled, and was still. Oh, what makes us tremble so, and wonder, as words and songs of triumph, from pilgrims going through the dark valley, are borne to our ear? Is it not that we see *but* the darkness of the valley, while to them is given a glimpse of the land of light beyond; that we see but the struggle with the King of Terrors, while they feel the strong hand of God bearing them up, and giving them the victory? So *she* had trembled as she knelt, when all was over, by the quiet forms, and watched the pale faces lose their life-wearied look, and gather calmness and purity in the deep sleep which "He giveth unto his beloved." Were *they*—her

children, so young, so child-like, so much her *very* own—really gone into the palace of the King, to see His face, to hear His voice, to kneel at His feet? And she still here, still so earthly, so unable to realize things unseen and eternal, not sure *if she were a Christian at all!* For this was what pressed most heavily upon her. What if she had no part nor lot in the matter? No name among the living in Jerusalem, where *they* were gone now?

For many years she had been so humble, consistent, and devoted a Christian, that all who came in contact with her felt that she was living under the power of God's grace. And yet she went in darkness. She was very patient, very loving, but very hopeless. Her face wore a peculiar touching look I can't describe. I have only seen it on one or two faces. It was the look as of one who had walked through a long darkness looking for light, but behold obscurity; and who had now given over hoping altogether—at least, for light *here*. She "knew not" that, even for her, "His going forth was prepared as the morning." The good Shepherd's hand was guiding her safely on through the shadows to the far-off fold.

But when I became acquainted with her, the wilderness journey was almost over. She had been taken ill, and, comprehending in a peculiar sudden way, that the end of all things was at hand for her, she folded up her life-work and laid it away, and then lay down to *die*.

With one who had been for years her dear Christian friend and counsellor, I was admitted to see her. It was very solemn. I knew much of her past history and experience. I knew that one who had been all her lifetime in bondage through fear of death, lay there face to face *with* death—the thing she had feared come unto her. No room now for hoping "I shall have more faith, stronger hope, a *something* I have not yet, before I am called to take that awful leap off into the darkness of *possibilities*." Don't we all feel this more or less? This sort of dim twilight of hope serves us to *live* by, and before *death* comes, we shall have another sort of confidence. How very few of us go about our house or our work with, as it were, an eye ever turning towards the door, and an ear waiting for the sound of the chariot-wheels, that when the Son of Man cometh, we may be able to "open unto him *immediately*."

I knew that she of whom I speak, *had* hoped, in days gone by, that for her a time might come of "clear shining after rain," before she was called to depart hence and be no more. But now her time was exhausted—her turn was come—the Judge stood at the door—was she ready to meet him?

It was a fair summer morning, and everything seemed to shine with a peculiar vividness of life and beauty, as we passed along the sunny streets, and through the garden, and, finally, up to the room where the dying one lay. She lay very still, and did not notice us at first. After a few minutes she looked up with a sort of start, and met her friend's face bending over her. She gave a wan half smile, as sorrow was expressed at finding her so suddenly prostrated, but gave no answer to any remark on her evident weakness and suffering. After a moment's pause her friend added:—

"But *He* has said, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.' 'It shall come to pass that at evening time there shall be light.' 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.'"

And one verse after another was quoted, while the pale face of the sufferer brightened into a sort of *hungering* eagerness, as if she hoped the next text would bring the comfort the last had failed to give. But when we paused, the light died out of her face, and she whispered sadly,—

"They are not for me. It is all dark. *The Refuge has failed me!*"

These were the only words (and they were spoken with great difficulty) on account of weakness, that she spoke while we were there.

When we stood by her side again it was evening—her *last* evening. The window was open on account of the heat, and the sweet west wind blew in on her face. She had seen the sun set for the last time, and the moon was rising over the far-off hills. And *we* stood by her as men that "watch for the morning." The hours were numbered; the sands were running out fast. Was the light coming? Yes! Suddenly a change came over the dying countenance; a change so sudden, so glorious, so unearthly, I dare not try to describe it. It was like the flush of life into a dead face. She had been unable to raise her head from the pillow, *now* she sat up without assist-

the voice that had been completely lost, clear through the room:—

as come to me at last! The blood of Christ has cleansed me from all sin! Oh,

Lord with me; let us exalt his name

"And then, in a clear, exulting voice, "the praises of the Lord."

hours afterwards the moon shone as

brightly still into that hallowed room; but there was no more sound of singing, neither any sound of weeping. The moonbeams fell on the face of one who had "no more need of the moon, neither of the sun, to give light unto her, for the Lord God was unto her an everlasting light, and the days of her mourning were ended.

October 1864.

Hours with Living Preachers.

A MAN BORN BLIND.*

In the neighbourhood of the Temple, just as in the neighbourhood of Continental churches in the present day, a man blind from his birth, is sitting, to attract the charity of the passers-by. He is one of those over whom the ancient law threw its gracious shield: "Thou shalt not put a block before the blind;" and "Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way." Blindness was extremely common, from the fine dust floating in the atmosphere, from the glare of the light, from the night-dews to people often exposed themselves, and from other causes. This man, however, has not lost what he never had it; the crystal window of the eye never opened; he was "born blind." Light is what he has never known the sweetness. For him it did never declare the glory of God, nor did it ever show his handiwork. His life has been passed through the valley of the shadow of death. He is as blind, and needs to beg his daily bread. At the Temple, not only because it is a place of prayer, but judging that the love of man will be the same neighbourhood with the love of God, those who receive mercy will be disposed to give. It is his usual place. The disciples seem to know his story, perhaps having heard it once and again on his own lips; it was short and soon told, from the birth." Judging from what follows, they regard him as one who was waiting for the Messiah of Israel, waiting in the dark for Him who would bring light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of the Israel,—one of those on whom the Sun of Righteousness should rise with healing under his wings. As Jesus passed by, he saw this man; looked steadily at him, as on the widow of Nain, or the fainting soldier, with that compassionate, gracious look

which the disciples knew so well; seems to have stood still and looked. You feel how calm the Lord is. It was but now that the Jews took up stones to stone him; yet he is not perturbed, he has not lost his strange, profound calmness of spirit and bearing. There is a marvellous moral grandeur disclosed throughout the previous chapters in the peace of spirit he maintains amid the taunts and contradictions and insinuations of his enemies; and this inner peace continues and makes itself manifest in his pausing in such an hour to regard this blind beggar. When the priest and the Levite, going down to Jericho, saw the poor bleeding man by the wayside, from whose red-lip wounds the life blood was trickling in warm drops, they hurried past, probably excusing their haste to their consciences by pleading that to stay and help him would be to risk their own lives. But Jesus stands still, in the very neighbourhood and hour of danger, and regards this poor blind man with his look of mercy. Arrested and made attentive by their Master's look, the disciples inquire, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" They have evidently, as yet, no thought of a cure; for "since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one born blind." I do not suppose that they distinctly and broadly contemplated the question how his birth-blindness could be traced to sin committed by himself. If it be supposed that they did, then they would regard the blindness as an anticipative punishment. To God's eye the man's life lay wholly open from the beginning; God knew the man's secret from before his birth; and his providence was shaped accordingly. There is no ground for imputing to the disciples the belief of a metempsychosis, or of the pre-existence of souls. A commentator on the chapter has imagined a conversation like this among them. First, Judas began, "His parents must have heavily sinned;" then Thomas replied, "Or God foresaw great sin in him;" John adds, "I know not what to think;" and Peter breaks out with the question, "Master, who did sin?" They appear to have had the common notion (which the Book of Job almost seems written to correct) that such a sad priva-

Divine Compassion; or, Jesus Showing Mercy." By the Author. London: James Nisbet & Co. Of all recent words and works of Christ, we know of none more this.—Ed. F. T.

tion must be traced directly up to some special sin; that it was "*a judgment*." They were right, and they were wrong. Right, in tracing suffering back to human sinfulness; right, in thinking that the sin of the father comes oftentimes in misery upon the head of his offspring,—God herein appealing to one of the deepest and most inextinguishable principles of human nature to hold men back from sin, the love of the parent to his child, right in all this; but wrong in taking present suffering as the measure of individual sin.

The Lord tells them in reply: "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents that he should be born blind; but that the works of God might be made manifest in him." He does not, of course, deny the sinfulness of the man or his parents, nor does he deny the connection between his blindness and sinfulness; but only that his blindness is to be traced to special sin. He tells them that the man's blindness has a place in God's providential dealing with him; is in God's plan of his life; that God, who openeth the eyes of the blind, might work his wonderful works in him, and make him a living witness to Jesus as the light of the world. The blindness, therefore, was not to be viewed as punishment, but (in part) as grace. The Lord adds, giving intimation that he was about to do *something* for the man, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." These words (watch-words for all the faithful) are perhaps suggested by the fact that the natural day was already declining, and the darkness at hand. The standing-point from which they are spoken is that of the servant of the Lord, for whom death is the termination of earthly service. The day is the period of his life among men,—*made* the day by his shining; the night is the closing of that period,—night, so far as *others* were concerned, but the beginning of glory to him. He is looking forward to his crucifixion, now near at hand; and his words are an echo of the Scripture, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." He adds further, giving intimation of the *kind of work* He was about to do, "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." All names of sweetness and beauty and glory are chosen to tell what he is. He is the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valleys, the plant of renown, the sun of righteousness, the bright and morning star. And he is to each individual man what is fittest and most appropriate. To the woman at Jacob's well he was the living water; to the sisters of Lazarus he was the resurrection and the life; to this blind man he is the light of the world. The claim is a lofty one, but how fully justified! He made the eye, that little marvellous chamber where the dead world of matter and man's immortal soul "hold their twilight interviews." He created the light. From him the sun "borrows its shining;" his hand lighted and hung up on high all the lamps of heaven. His are the sweet influences of Pleiades; he guides Arcturus with his sons. These living

sapphires in the nightly sky, which science glorifies into centres of mighty world-systems, are each one, in simple truth, but a

"Bright spark shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviour's face."

Still further, the light of science is from him. No one, I think, can trace minutely the course of scientific discovery without recognising the immeasurable debt we owe to Christianity. When science was a child, Christianity lifted up benignant hands and blessed her; bade her be humble; bade her be reverent; bade her be fearless; bade her be true; bade her learn, that she might tell forth whatsoever God should show her. We owe to Jesus the light of human knowledge that shines around us. And once more, all spiritual light is from him. He is the Sun of souls. The light of the knowledge of the glory of God, that illumines and gladdens dark hearts and dark lands, turning the shadow of death into the morning, shines to us from the face of Jesus Christ. In him the Father is revealed; he hath brought life and immortality to light. He is "the true light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." He is now about to justify this name.

All this time the blind man is *sitting by and listening*. He had never heard aught like this before. Voices of all sorts he had heard; and doubtless, like the blind in general, he had learned to know men by their speech; but never man spake like this man; such truth and majesty, and mercy and winningness expressed in his very tones. Remarks of all sorts he had heard about himself: some speaking with cold and cruel unfeelingness, as if it were little matter whether he were blind or no, *What is it to us?* some commiserating him, *Poor man, he is much to be pitied!* some condemning him, *What a sinner he must be, or his parents before him!* some grateful, *Thank God who has given us eyes!* and some speaking a few words of cheerful kindness. But here is something the like of which he has never heard before: "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." Who is he that can so speak? I can well believe that as the man listened to the words of Jesus, spoken in the calm consciousness of power and majesty, so full of kindness, so full of promise, sudden hopes would kindle into life within his bosom: what if God will open the gate of light even for me? Is anything too hard for the Almighty? What if this be the Man for whom the words are waiting, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; he hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind?"

Then, proceeding in his own sovereign way, "Jesus spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay." He did not ask leave. He did not say what he was going

to do. But the man suffered him to proceed. He knew by this time into whose hands he had fallen; the great prophet of whom so many had spoken to him, telling him, If thou couldst but get *Him* to take thy case in hand, who knows but thou mightest yet see the light of day? and he has just heard him announce that he will work a work, showing himself to be the light of the world. Therefore he suffers him to proceed. Having anointed his eyes with the clay, "Jesus said to him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." Not that there was virtue in its waters any more than there was for Naaman in the waters of Jordan, or in the hem of Christ's garment for the woman who touched him in the crowd. Whatever lies next to hand the Lord may use for means; the power resides not in the instrument, but in his arm. Stier bids us note that Jesus sent him out of the city to the pool of Siloam, that he might open his eyes for the first time upon God's works. The man showed his faith in Jesus: "he went and washed." And his faith was justified, he received his sight, "and came seeing." The miracle is complete. The darkling orb, which never glistened with the soul's emotion, which never kindled with responsive meaving, to which never came

"Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,"

now drinks in the new and wondrous beauty of the light. You cannot doubt that the miracle would make a profound impression on the man's spiritual nature; would awaken a sense of the awful, joyful nearness of the living God; would call up with vividness and power his own sinfulness; would give him reverent and lofty thoughts of Jesus; and would prepare him for the better light which Jesus had to give. And it was not only a gracious work, but, like every one of the Lord's miracles, a picture; a picture of what he does for the sin-darkened spirit of man; he opens the blind eyes, (eyes dark from the birth, for our sin-blindness is birth-blindness;) he brings us out of darkness into his marvellous light.

Once more Jesus steps in. He is about to complete the grace he has begun to show. Ah, it is verily true, "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake!" The man has walked in the light, and has not been ashamed of Christ; and now Christ meets him, "finds" him, outcast, and reveals himself to his soul in a manner he had not done before. Jesus "heard that they had cast him out; and when he had found him he said, Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" The man has heard that voice before: he will never forget it; it is the voice of his gracious healer. "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" He is familiar with all that title, *The Son of God*; it is the great name of hope in which the spiritual longings of Israel are gathered up; but who may claim to wear it? So he asks, with that

right "readiness of mind" which the Bible commends, "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?" Thou hast touched one of the deep longings of my soul; I wait to know him; who is he, Lord, that I may give him my trust? Art *Thou* he? And Jesus tells him, "Thou hast both seen him," (that word "*seen*" is purposely chosen: *who gave thee thy sight?*) "Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee." And now the Lord's purpose of grace is accomplished. He has been leading the blind by a way that he knew not, and this is the issue of the leading, the man is brought into the light of life. He has gone on from strength to strength, from seeing to seeing, and now he sees *the Son of God*, with eyes doubly opened. We are not to suppose that he knew all that that great name signifies. Who does so? It is the name,—given in ancient prophecy, spoken by the angel who foretold his birth, twice uttered by a voice from heaven, used by the Lord himself times without number, and employed habitually by his inspired apostles,—which binds together the revelations of the past, the possessions of the present, and the hopes of the future,—which exhibits the author of salvation standing forth in his ultimate relationships to our humanity—which tells us that he is divine,—and which is the very ground of our new life, according to the Scripture, "The life which I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God." This man knew not yet in full what the name means. But he knew enough to make him fall down at Jesus' feet and worship him. He had stood erect and firm before the Pharisees, look how he bows before the Son of God! For him, now one of the children of light, God is *manifest in the flesh*, and he worships him and confesses him Lord, to the glory of God the Father. "How can I but envy thee," says Bishop Hall, "How can I but envy thee, O happy man, who, of a patient, provest an advocate for thy Saviour; whose gain of bodily sight has made way for thy spiritual eyes; who has lost a synagogue, and hast found heaven; who, being abandoned of sinners, art received of the Lord of glory!"

The chapter concludes with the Lord's solemn announcement, "For judgment I am come into the world; that they who see not might see, and that they who see" (*they who see*—the counterparts of "*those that be whole*") "might be made blind." Men are revealed in what is deepest within them, and divided into their two great classes, by the attitude which they assume toward Jesus. He is "the Sign" spoken of by Simeon, whereby the thoughts of many hearts are revealed. And not only so, but his coming is either their deliverance or their deeper ruin: either they receive sight, or their spiritual darkness is deepened. The knowledge of the things of God comes to us, as Jesus says (Matt. xi. 25), by a *divine revealing*. And "they who see not," who confess their blindness, and leave themselves, as did this man, in Christ's hands, receive the light of life. On the other hand, the men of carnal understanding, who are proudly sure that if a thing is there they will find

it, who approach the realms of spiritual truth with sharp, critical, learned eyes, and who "judge after the flesh," see nothing at all. You might as soon expect a dog to find out spiritual truth by scent, as expect a man to discover it who trusts in the natural understanding. The *ear* cannot *see*, and the "natural man" (the *soulish* man, in whom intellect is the highest thing quickened,) "cannot know" the things of the Spirit of God, "be-

cause they are spiritually discerned." And the longer he persists in such a method the blinder he grows. Certain of the Pharisees who were present and heard him said, "Are we blind also?" Ah, if it had only been the question of humility! But it is proudly scornful. And so the Lord leaves them with the words, "If ye were blind, ye should have no sin; but now ye say, We see, therefore your sin remaineth."

KATIE WALKER

THE IRISH COTTAGE-GIRL.



KATIE WALKER was the daughter of a "small farmer," who cultivated eight acres of middling land, for which he paid a rent of eight pounds. She was one of five children, two sons and three daughters. The whole family were remarkable for their industry, their intelligence, and their great personal comeliness. Tall and active, these peasant maidens moved with an ease and dignity that would have graced a drawing-room. However employed, and at whatever hour you saw them, the Walkers were always beautiful. And they were modest as beautiful.

Fairest of the three was Katie. She was seventeen years of age; her luxuriant hair was the richest glowing chestnut, gathered in a knot at the back of her small head, and confined within a net; from which, however, a redundant curl would sometimes manage to escape, and make sport with the wind. Her eyes were brown, large, lustrous, and shaded with the longest fringes. All her features were delicately formed; and although exposure to the sun and air had tarnished the fairness of her brow, so transparent was the skin, and so vivid the carmine that mantled in her cheek, that the first time I saw her I stood still in wonder at her beauty.

She was sitting at the moment in a dry ditch, under shelter from the scorching rays of a July sun, tending Duple. I was taking a solitary ramble, and came upon the girl suddenly; her back was to me; she was reading a torn leaflet of a much-thumbed pamphlet. Hearing me approach, she rose and curtsied.

"Good morning," I said.

"Good morning, kindly, ma'am," was the more courteous Irish reply.

"What is your name?"

"Katie Walker."

"What are you doing in the ditch?"

"I am attending on the cow, ma'am; she would stray on the road, if she had no company."

"And what are you reading?"

The girl blushed, and smiled, and said half-shyly, "Jack the Giant-Killer, ma'am."

I could not help smiling also, and sighing too.

"Jack the Giant-Killer! You are too big a girl for so

foolish a book; have you no better book to read, when you have such nice quiet time to think of what your book tells?"

"I have no other book, ma'am, except the 'Lesson-books.'" She alluded to the books used in the National Board Schools.

"Well," I replied, "there are many nice portions in the 'Lesson-books,' better for a big girl like you than that foolish book. Where did you get it?"

"Brother Tom bought it at the fair."

"Would you read another book, if I gave it to you?"

"Oh, mistress dear, I would be so thankful! I love reading dearly in my heart; but I am tired of the Lessons."

"Have you a Testament?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you ever seen one?"

"Not to my knowledge, ma'am."

"Do you know what the Testament is?"

"Sorra know I know, ma'am."

"Well, it is the story of the life and wonderful works of our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; and there are much more wonderful things in it than in Jack the Giant-Killer; and they are all *true*, while that is foolish trash."

"Oh, I know it's only foolishness, ma'am; but it passed the time here in the ditch, for I never read it before; and I am so tired of the 'Lessons,' that seem like as if they never finished anything—always 'bits,' 'bits of things.'"

"And has your brother Tom no other books than Jack the Giant-Killer?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; but mother's a great reader, ma'am, and she said they were not fit for us girls; but she let me read 'Jack.'"

"And what other books has Tom?" said I, curious to know the titles of the forbidden library.

"The Adventures of Don Quixote . . . and the story of Jack Sheppard . . . and Roderick Random . . . and a great many more I can't remember . . ."

There were pauses of recollection between each title, as she recalled them to her memory, and a little conscious hesitation.

"Your mother is a wise woman," said I. "Even

ter reading than any of these. Now, I have a sweet little story book, and when you come you will bring it back to me, and I will read it."

In my bag, which I always keep stocked with books, Mrs. Cameron's 'Two Lambs.' It was bound in green, glossy, hot-pressed paper, and yes. The girl's face lighted up; she looked with ecstasy, and opening it, began to read stily over it.

"Read a little of it out loud for me?" I asked. She began to read in a clear, intelligent way, and once she had been well taught. I asked her what "an allegory" meant.

"But I read in the 'Lessons' of those alligators."

"Well, I shall pass this way to-day if you have read the story of 'The Two Lambs.' Tell me then what an allegory is. Shall I read this hour to-morrow?"

"I will have cropped all this track before I get to the mill; so I will be above there, and I'll be heartily glad to see your ladyship."

One day, as the hour of my daily walk drew near, I was eager again to see the dear girl; but first I would make the acquaintance of the mother, who wisely withheld improper books from her child at the farm-stead. It was a long, low, grey house; three large swine slept in the manure-heap that lay, for protection, in a hollow before the door. A kind of rough path led round this shallow pit, where cocks and hens were about; and when I approached, the mother, a handsome child of eleven years, was with two broods of young chickens that were under the shell, and over which the parent was busily watching, clucking and strutting after the hens.

At the dwelling, obliged, as I did so, to bend low, so low was the doorway. Mrs. Walker employed winding off some home-spun yarn, and the manufacture of mother and daughters, carried on with sure moment. She rose hastily on seeing me, and said, "You're heartily welcome, and your honour is most heartily welcome! Take care of your teen;" and she carried forward the only book she owned, carefully dusting it with her apron.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Walker, that I made up my mind with your Katie yesterday, and was glad to see her as careful as to what books she read."

"My mistress dear! sure that's the least a mother

and a Roman Catholic peasant is incapable of doing to his superior. He has no idea of the difference, and "no" so common in England and in Ireland. There may be "servility" in

this, but most assuredly it is more pleasant and becoming; and although it cannot always be an undeniable token of genuine respect for the individual addressed, it is indicative, at all events, of habitual respect for superiors, in nine cases out of ten is perfectly sincere, and renders intercourse with them more easy and agreeable).

"I gave Katie a little book," said I, "have you any objection?"

"No objection in life, your honour, but very thankful. We're all the better of it, your honour. Katie read it for us all, last night; and beautiful and tender reading it was. Even her father stopped within to listen; and she has it away with her again, that she may be reading it at every minute."

"I have brought a better book than that for her to-day, and have called on you to know whether you will allow her to receive it? It is the *New Testament*."

"Well, your ladyship . . . I'm sure it's mighty good! and I can't but feel for ever obliged. But you see, your ladyship, it is *not allowed*. We daren't have it in the house. The priest would punish us; maybe call us from the altar, avourneen! before all the people, avourneen! But I know your ladyship meant it in all goodness, and we can't but be for ever obliged."

"But, Mrs. Walker, it is the *word of God*—God's own pure word!—how can it be that your priest could object?"

"Indeed, avourneen, it's very *quare*, but he would, and *did* afore now."

"I shall certainly not give the book against your wishes," I said, "but to tracts you do not object, or 'portions.'"

"I'm obliged to your honour; we will read them, and be thankful. 'Portions' and story books are not 'The Testament'; we need say nothing about them. Sure myself knows they are all the word of God, and mighty good;—but just the priest!"

(Note here how Roman Catholics will frequently cheat their priest, and that without the slightest sense of wrongdoing. The letter of obedience is all they seek to live up to. Note also the way in which they use the phrase "word of God." They have no true notion of what "the word of God" is. They dignify with that term any book of devotion that speaks of religion. To the Roman Catholic there is no "word of God" but that which comes from the priest's lips.)

Taking my leave, I proceeded up the hill to the spot where I hoped to find Katie. She saw me at a distance and came to me, her sweet face glowing with pleasure. She was employed in knitting, and the agile fingers plied the shining needles without pause, while she spoke,—
"Oh, it was a lovely book, your ladyship; I read it over three times since I saw you, first for myself, then for father and them all; and this morning at daylight I had it under my pillow."

"Well, have you found out what an allegory is?"

"No, ma'am; I did not see the word in the book."

"Did you see no hidden meaning in the story? who did the two lambs represent?"

"Two children, of course, ma'am."

"And who is represented by the shepherd?"

"It is said in our prayer-book,—'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'"

"Yes, my dear, you are quite right; the Lord Jesus Christ is said to be our shepherd, because he cares for us, and guides us as a shepherd does his sheep." I continued—

"Why were the lambs called Peace and Inexperience?"

"I know about 'Peace,' she stayed with the Lord, but I do not know about Inexperience."

I explained to her the meaning of the word "inexperience," and so quickly did she take up the idea and apply it, that she said—

"That was just like me, ma'am. The devil might have caught me yesterday for reading bad books if mother had let me; but I'll never covet to read them again."

"Quite right again," I said; "never 'covet' to enjoy forbidden pleasures; it was that which brought sin into the world. And now you understand what an allegory is,—a lesson to instruct us given under representative or picture words. Our Lord often spoke in parables or 'allegories.'"

"I feel it, your honour, though I can't say it. I'm sure I know it very well now."

Not long after having thus made the acquaintance of this interesting family, the health of one of my children obliged me to leave home and go abroad for several months. It so happened I was led to select one of those much frequented German spa towns, which, fashionable and luxurious as they are, chiefly consist of large hotels, built for the accommodation of summer visitors, while the surrounding neighbourhood remains simply pastoral, and as little influenced in its aspect and resources by that influx of visitors to the baths as the plains of Siberia are by the arrival of the exiled Russian noble, or the inhabitant of the Campagna of Rome is by the annual migration to its ancient capital of thousands of our wealthiest countrymen. The Roman shepherd, in his garment of untanned skin, follows his flock as stolidly, and lives and dies as illiterate, as if the ground he trod upon was not classic ground, and as if the shelter to which he drives his flock in a storm was not some monument of departed greatness, of which the story is known to all save to him to whom it provides a home.

Every evening I wandered in the fields and vineyards of this German valley, and sought intercourse with the labouring peasants. I found them most industrious, "eating bread," and cultivating the fruits of the earth by the sweat of their brow," but doing so not one whit more resignedly or contentedly than does the Irish labourer, yet immeasurably lower than he in general

intelligence, power of conception, learning, or civilization of any kind. The German peasant (I speak of Austria, not Prussia, where education is compulsory upon parents,) leads a life of labour unalleviated by aught else than sleep; a stolid, stern sense of want, and changeless toil from day to day. Their food is worse than that of the Irish poor, their views more limited, their manners less humanized; in every respect they are less advanced. Why then are the Irish lower classes held up to opprobrium as below social par? Why are their grievances and the consequences of those grievances exaggerated as though the Irish had no peers in poverty and ignorance. The Irish nation stands in close comparison with England and Scotland, the "gardens enclosed" of the civilized world, where Protestantism and the fruits of an "open Bible," liberty of thought, and freedom of conscience prevail. While touching the domains of light, it is left under the darkness of the prevailing influence of Popery. No wonder if it suffers in that comparison. But let the Irish peasant be judged with the French, the German, the Italian peasant, then will his real superiority to members of his class in many other nations appear, his enemies themselves being judges. How often did such thoughts force themselves upon me in my evening rambles in Germany. How often did I think of Katie Walker and other cottager families I loved and honoured in my despised country.

I returned home late in the autumn. The very first news I heard was that Tom Walker was dead. He had been carried off very rapidly by pleurisy a few weeks before. I was told also that "Katie was very douny entirely ever since." That she was "longing for my honour to come back," and inquiring every day after me. I felt inclined to hurry off to the cottage that evening, and join my tears with those of the afflicted mother, who, I was told, "bore up bravely for Katie's sake, that the child need not see her fretting; but for all that her heart was broken for the loss of her fine boy. His father's helper in the bit of land, a fine *likely* lad he was, turned twenty years of age. The other two boys were but *childer* to be kept to their schooling yet. But Tom was a fine scholar, and all the help the father had. All the neighbours—even their worst enemies the M'Donnells—were sorry for them, and gave the boy a mighty fine funeral!" That was all the consolation their poor neighbours had to offer; "but your honour might easily know a big funeral was mighty expensive, and they heard say the Walkers were short in their rent on account of it; but the agent, God bless him, was a tender man, and did not go hard upon them this time! But, sure, it would be only the harder to pull it up next time, without the help, and paying for help now! Indeed," continued the narrator (my fowl-woman), who was eloquent on her theme, and did not require any interrogations to tell her whole story, "if it was not for that slave Mary I do not know what the family would do at all at all. Mary, the cratur! (Mary was Mn.

Walker's eldest girl, the most robust of them all, but also the least handsome, and, therefore, I am sorry to be obliged to add, the least favoured and the most put upon for hard work). Mary, the cratur, is working early and late, like a horse. God send of his mercy that she may not go too, as I am sure and certain Katie will. She has the look of death in her face, and the look of heaven, too, in troth, I must say that."

Whisking a tub upon her shoulder, and wiping the ears that at remembrance of Katie Walker's state had gathered in her kindly eyes, Betty O'Rourke hastened from me, and left me very sad, for it is in vain to reason in the cause as it is to deny it. *Beauty* possesses no undue an interest in our mind that we cannot regard her spectacle of a fair young creature passing to the grave without peculiar tenderness, sympathy, and regret.

Early the following day I visited Mrs. Walker. It was evident they expected me, and had "redded up the place" most carefully.

Katie caught my hands and kissed them over and over, while the tears welled in her eyes and poured silently down her pale and wasted cheeks; but the attempt to speak words of welcome failed.

Mrs. Walker curtsied, bid me good morning, and nervously busied herself setting my chair while she recovered her composure.

"Mrs. Walker, I am sincerely sorry for your trouble!"

"In troth, I knew your honour would be that same; and often I said if the mistress was at home maybe Tom would not have died."

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Walker, the Lord of life and death was near you. I trust you looked to him in your distress."

"Indeed, indeed, your honour, I was too put about and distracted to mind my prayers; but it was what myself said to me every minute in the day, 'Mother, pray to God for me, pray to God.' My poor boy! my poor boy!"

"Then he was aware of his great danger?" I asked.

"Oh yes, ma'am, and quite happy, and easy in his mind! Some bit averse to departure! 'Mother,' says he, 'this is a quick call, a very quick call! but not quicker than the Lord's call to Levi the publican. He was sitting behind his counter.* *Follow me*, said the Lord, and Levi arose and followed, and never thought more of his worldly trade. And should I be making more delay? I'm a sinner too!"

"How blessed!" I interrupted. "Where did he learn about Levi?"

Katie hastened to answer. "He was ever and always studying the little book your honour left with me. I hardly got a hold of it at all; he liked to have it in his pocket and be reading a bit of it every minute!"

"And can you tell me any other passages he repeated to you?"

* The boy understood the word "publican," in the vulgar sense, as the keeper of a "public-house." I did not consider it needful to explain the mistake.

"Indeed, ma'am, he had it a'most all off book! Not a word would come out of his mouth but the words of the same book! One night he could not get a wink of sleep for coughing, and mighty oppressed, nor myself either, listening to his gasping. 'Mother,' says he, 'is it not wonderful that I cannot pray, and I want so much? And he that did not want anything continued all night in prayer to God. But it was for us he was praying, blessed be his holy name, *it was for us*; and he knew we wanted *everything*! Lord, give me the benefit of some of thy prayers, *for I'm in want*."

"But you said he was quite happy in his mind," said I, as she paused in her relation.

"Betimes, ma'am, betimes, all through; but it was hard for him to talk, the sickness was so hard upon him; and then he was uneasy about the M'Donnels and ourselves, because we had a bit of a difference. He would send for the M'Donnels, and shake hands with them. 'Pat,' says he, 'I'm praying for ye all, for it was the Lord's advice, *Bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you*. Pat,' says he, 'make up all of ye with one another. I'm going now, and I'd die happy if I saw ye all shake hands!' Troth, they couldn't refuse him; and the M'Donnels went to his burying, and, sure, myself could never but be at peace with the whole family since.

"Och, my poor lad, my poor lad!" burst out the mother at the tender recollection of the scene.

I was myself much moved, and turned to look at Katie. She was weeping silently. I would have wished to have proposed praying with them; but as Roman Catholics they would not have knelt with me. I could then only give expression to my kindly sympathies by words, and after some moments, drew out by questions further facts of the young man's conversion.

"You tell me he was not terrified at the idea of death. What gave him such confidence? Did he tell you *why* he had no fear?"

"He said his sins were forgiven, and sure myself, I said, says I, Tom, you never did any out-of-the-way sins that you be talking for ever of being forgiven. You were a very good hard-working boy, says I, ever and always."

"'Mother,' says he, 'we are all of us, you and me, and Katie there, that is the best of us, *one big sin*! Have you loved God? And what's all ye could do without love? Now you say I was a hard-working good boy to you, mother dear. Now if I did all my work just dark like, and that I didn't want to go near ye, or to talk to ye, or to see ye, but just eat my bit, and took my earnings, and no thanks to you or father, would you call me a good son? But *that's the treatment* I gave God. And it's the treatment you think good enough for God, too; and that he ought to be thankful to ye for that same, that ye do no worse; and if a body is regular at mass and pays the dues regular, that's enough, as if we were complimenting God Almighty by asking his blessing! I often got off my knees in the field when I'd be

after telling my beads, and felt all as one as if God Almighty was under a compliment to me; but I see the difference now. For the kingdom of God is in our hearts, is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened. The love of God must go into all our work, or God hates it. As the Lord said to the great Lawyer that asked him what he must do to gain eternal life, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul," said he, "and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself." 'But,' says I, 'Alanna, I can't do it, if I try ever so much. I can't be always praying and loving God like that.' 'Mother, you can't! No,' says he, 'because you are not forgiven.'

"And what did you say to that, Mrs. Walker?"

"I was dumb, dear; I was dumb."

"But I trust you have before now found that forgiveness of which your son spoke?" I replied.

"He said we should take it from our Lord without doing anything. I could not understand that; sure the Lord would expect us to do our duty, at least, to the best of our power."

"Your son had learned by the teaching of the Holy

Spirit," said I, "that no one can do all he ought, that is, do it perfectly, and that it was only in the free forgiveness of God on account of the obedience of Christ done for us, or, as I mean, in our place, and put to our account, that we can have peace with God. The death of Christ paid the penalty due to our sins; the obedience of Christ kept the law for us, and that perfectly. In all things he was our Substitute; and it is by faith we take him as such. Katie," said I, turning to her, "do you understand this?"

"I try, ma'am; but it is not plain to me as it was to him. I don't want to die yet. I don't love God! I know I don't. I don't know if God will forgive me my sins!" and the poor weak girl burst into a passionate flood of tears.

I felt we were conversing too long for one so ill as Katie evidently was; so I soothed her as I best could, and hastened to conclude my visit, quite sure that God was in that place, and that he would never take the girl away till he had revealed himself to her soul in the all-saving power of grace.

October 1864.

T.

(To be continued).

SUGGESTIONS FOR FAMILY BIBLE-READING.

II.—THE FALL BEFORE THE FALL OF MAN.



FRESH and unblemished, and very good, as the visible creation rose around Adam and Eve, this fair and perfect world was bordered by a dark tide of rebellion. The first Paradise arose in the midst of ruins.

Before one storm had burst, or one cloud had gathered over Eden (bedewed by its silent mists), the universe had already been convulsed with tempests.

Satan, as lightning, had fallen from heaven. There were vacant thrones before the Throne. There were mighty and miserable spirits ever sinking in hopeless rebellion farther and farther from God, and deeper and deeper from their native heights of love and truth.

There had been a creation of "sons of God" before "Adam, which was a son of God," had been moulded and inspired with the breath of life into the image of God. There had been a fall before Eve fell.

There were discords already in the harmony of

creation. There had been wars in heaven. The history of sin had begun.

What had that history been? How had it begun? In other words, what does the Bible reveal to us about the fall of the angels?

This is no unpractical question to us; no affair of foreign history. There is a lineal descent in sin. The devil is the father of lies. The first sin that shadowed heaven is linked indissolubly with the last murder that desolated some home on earth, with the last lie which may now be trembling on some false human lips.

Our Lord plainly declares this parentage. "Ye are of your father the devil," he said to the hypocrites around him, "and the lusts of your father ye will do." "He is a liar, and the father of it."

All lies, all deceptions, all sins spring from the root of that first self-deception, that first sin. All sinners (although in nature as he was the offspring of God) are in character, in the perversion of nature, children of the first sinner.

The fall of Satan, in its terrible simplicity, occasioned by no outward temptation or inward

It throws a fearful light on the nature and the origin of sin in man, complicated as this temptation from without, and by the veil of earthly and bodily existence hiding the truthings, as it was not hidden from the original man.

The fall of the angels indicates forcibly what is the essence of sin or moral evil.

It has no independent existence. It only exists as connected with *persons*. There is none but one, that is God. Evil begins with the One.* Moral evil is no eternal substance. It is a perversion of the good.

It is not a necessity of nature. The devil is against his nature, which was the same as of Gabriel. "He abode not in the truth."

Moral evil has not its seat in *matter*. The sin was committed before the material world was created. Indeed, sin is strictly and essentially spiritual. It is only through its connection with a material personality that material substance is the seat of being disordered by moral evil. It is the body that defiles the spirit, it is the spirit that defiles its bodily habitation.

Sin is not merely a passing phase of our imperfect mortal existence, a zone of storms, which is a matter of course to be passed through; an effect of convulsions out of which order will naturally grow; a disease incident to the childhood of the race; a discord caused by the conflict between body and soul. The first sinner was (as compared with man) a purely *spiritual* being.

Sin is not merely *infirmity* or *defect*. Moral evil is not merely moral weakness. Satan was not only to be encountered by Michael, the archangel, but is described now as a dragon or a roaring lion, mighty in force or in wiles; and certainly no mightier since he fell. Sin can never be the source of strength. The devil was a prince of light before he became the power of darkness.

Sin is not merely *delusion* and blindness, error and error. The first sin was committed in the full light of heaven by a spirit unclouded by the veil of flesh.

What then does the Bible reveal to us about

the fall of the angels, and more especially about the fall of Satan?

The words which give us a glimpse into this event and its cause are few, but they are loaded with meaning.

The fact of this fall is stated by our Lord (as has been observed with regard to other facts about beings of a different race from man) as it were *parenthetically*, as an introduction to a simple practical lesson to the disciples.

The seventy had been sent forth with a commission to heal the sick, but not, it would seem, in so many words, to cast out devils. (Compare Luke x. 9, the sending forth of the seventy, with Mark vi. 7, the sending forth of the twelve).

They return overjoyed to find that the power of their Master's name reaches beyond the words of his commission. "Lord," they said, in joyful surprise, "even the devils are subject to us in thy name."

For a moment their wonder at a power so simple and habitual to Him, leads His gaze back into the depths of the past, before man fell, before man was created, before the things that are seen were not made of things that do appear.

And he said unto them,—

"I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."

Then the momentary unveiling of the infinite ages, so clear to him, is over. "From the beginning, or ever the earth was," he turns once more to the wondering, rejoicing "little children" before him, "I give you power," he says to these disciples, "over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you. Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven." He says to his Father, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast revealed these things unto babes."

Babes, indeed, to the eyes that had seen Satan fall from heaven! But babes carried in his bosom, taken gently in his arms.

Let us dwell a little on what is revealed in those few simple, majestic words,—

"I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."

There is an enemy, among all the enemies of God and man, worthy of this distinguishing title, Satan, the Hater, the Enemy.

* Sartorius Moral Theologie and Julius Müller on the "Christology of Sin."

1. He was once "*in heaven.*" The temple was his home. He was a rejoicing worshipper there. He had joined in its songs. He had dwelt there in the smile of God. *Satan had fallen* from "*heaven.*"

2. The Son of God had beheld his fall. Our Lord speaks of it rather as the witness than the avenger. He calls it a "*falling*" rather than an expulsion; as if the very *act of rising* against God were in itself the *fall*. Sin fell as it were by its own weight.

The word "*fall*," (in our translation) perhaps, hardly expresses the full thought. It was not merely a fall from a certain height to a certain depth. It was a "*falling*," a continual falling, lower and lower, from depth to depth. Then as ever, sin is never stationary, never reaches a point of rest. The creature broken off by self-will from the centre of life, is continually sinking through a fathomless abyss. There is something wonderfully suggestive in the expression, "I beheld Satan falling."

3. He fell as *lightning*. So *sudden* was his fall. There is no neutral interval between moral good and evil, between right and wrong, between holiness and sin, between love and selfishness. The first act of sinning was the first moment of falling. So *brilliant* and yet so *fatal*. It was *light* which thus parted from the source of light. In falling Satan did not change his *nature* but his *character*. The *light* became *lightning*. The life-giving *sunbeam*, the light-bearing *star*, became consuming *fire*. Then as ever, all sin has in it not merely the elements of *ruin* but of *destruction*. Satan did not fall as a falling star, as a harmless meteor, but as *lightning*.

What then was the cause of this fall! Three passages in the Bible throw light on this.

In the exhortation to the bishop in 2 Tim. iii. 2, it is said he must "*not be a novice, lest being lifted up with pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil.*"

Being *lifted up*, therefore, or puffed up, in other words self-exaltation, self-seeking, seems here plainly indicated as the first sin.

A morning-star shining within the light of the sun, became enamoured of his own light. A son of God, among the hosts of adoring angels rejoic-

ing in a rapture of *humility* and love, *lifted up*. *Self* took the place of God.

How, no conjecture of ours can conceive only know that being *lifted up*, he *fell*. the first movement of self-seeking and self- that awful fall began of which the Bible its last revelation in the Apocalypse. *devil was cast into the lake of fire.* Th throne of God to the lake of fire! Yet does not cease there. The lake of fire is a "*bottomless pit.*" That abyss can ne sounded. That fall can never be measured

The second passage is the sarcastic dir the king of Babylon, in Isaiah xiv., in whi dwellers in Hades compare his fall to a pr fall of which they knew. "How art thou O Lucifer, son of the morning! For thou said in thine heart, *I will exalt my throne* the stars of God. *I will be like the Most*

It is the same fall which our Lord tel disciples he beheld. Self-exaltation being i self-debasement.

Satan, as a son of God, was once, as fa creature may be, *like the Most High*. He to become like God, not as a son, but as a and became the great contrary of God; as l says, the antithesis to the Ten Commandme

This was the fall of Satan. From a rej "son of God," a glorious angel of truth, a dependant of love, he became the self-exalt self-deceived, the liar, the hater, the false- the enemy.

The third passage is the record of the Te tion of Eve in Genesis. The object set bef woman by the tempter is his own origina object. "*Ye shall be as gods.*" "*I will l the Most High.*" And as he had fallen, Ev

Self-exaltation, then, was the first sin; it root of all sin, and its last stronghold. I take care that in our strivings against sin, not merely prune the leaves, and strengthe root. Let us take care that in getting the over mere external and earthly sins, we d drive the enemy *inward* instead of *outward*, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the ey the pride of life, the pride of intellect, spi pride; from human sins to diabolical.

INVITED TO THE DANCE; OR, "A WAY TO ESCAPE"

(Continued from page 191.)

NEXT morning a note for Mima lay on the breakfast table. It came from a friend she had not seen for four years. She wrote,—

"When you come to us, as you surely will, I shall tell you why it would be impossible for me to have you here at the time you proposed. Make an exertion to Thursday first to stay till next week. You much altered by three years of married life. At last I was a foolish girl trusting to my wit, now I am a wise woman trusting to my

heart, May 23, 18—."

Mrs. Tremaine's leave that she should go and to Friday's engagement," said she, and I was so good about it all, I am going to let the second party I spoke of. There is only one thing to put it off a week till you should come. My daughter is to come out that day, I must go there, it will be this day week. At five o'clock on Thursday morning Mima sat in the carriage which would take her to near her destination. A French Christian, who was her duties as governess in a family was to be her fellow-traveller most of the day. Mima had come to her help, in supporting her of truth, in answer to a High Church curate by the way-side to disseminate his own by them to his companions. Neither of them when the coach stopped and the venerable parish, through which the road lay, welcomed her.

Her foreign friend had still two hours alone and she was only too glad to receive the one who had more experience than herself on which had been filling her thoughts. She knew her also that not a few of the clergymen in the High Church views. Mima and she ended for eternity who could not cease to do each other's work and warfare.

Harriet and her husband will think as she does on this question of High Church and Low Church. Mima, when she was left alone to her own way. The possibility of any change in her life had not before crossed her mind. "How happy I used to be together in Germany, when I was out in the evening. She said she gave up after she was engaged to be married, and I was stupid. I gave them up because I could not at night after I came home. When I

shut my eyes to try, I still saw the rooms, the dresses, and the friends I had met. Then I gave it all up and Harriet loved me for doing so. Sometimes she would dictate and write in turn with me long extracts from the 'Christian Observer,' or the 'Tracts for the Times' till we had a complete digest of the controversy to send to one who had just got the 'Tracts' from England," and thus did Mima's thoughts go up and down through all the scenes of her friendship with Harriet, remembering the music they had practised, the hymns and songs they had sung, and which she had kept up ever since in remembrance of her friend.

A pony phaeton awaited the coach when it stopped at the village square. The servant said his mistress was sorry not to be there, but that particular business required them all to be in another village at that hour. The road to the Rectory lay through rich pasture and orchard grounds, and the old house itself was beautifully situated. All that care and money could do had made it attractive; it was surrounded by well laid-out shrubberies and garden creepers, and roses covering the walls. The tower of the church rose just beyond; masons were completing a cross at one end of the roof.

The servant's welcome showed Mima that her name was known there. A bouquet of Harriet's old favourite grouping was in the little glass which lay hid in the centre of the pin-cushion on the dressing-table. Mima went down to the drawing-room. The piano was open, a Gregorian chant was on its desk; and a pile of vocal church music, English and Latin, was on the table near it. A piece of fancy work which looked very like the section of an altar-cloth was on the sofa, Harriet's well-known gold thimble and scissors peeped from some skeins of crimson wool beside it. A glance at the book-cases, and the "Memoirs of St. Elizabeth" with an ivory cutter in it on the table, made it clear that the clergyman of that parish was many steps nearer to Rome than Mima's fellow-traveller of the morning.

How often she had imagined the delight of meeting Harriet's mind at the point of truth where they had parted, only riper, richer by four years. That dream was over. She was glad Harriet did not stop to look in her face when they met, but only clasped and again clasped in her arms one so dear. "This is my husband," she said proudly; "and this is his sister, and here is our brother. But I am tired, and I don't wish to lose a minute of you, Mima. 'Tis nearly dinner-time; come up to my room. See, here's my nursery, and a real cherub in it, isn't she?" And the mother stood, while the child with the flaxen curls ran towards her friend.

On the nursery wall were two drawings, of which the girls had done duplicates in Austria to bring home as

specimens of the idolatry of Rome. The one was a Calvary, with all the different "stations" of the Redeemer's sufferings, frightfully caricatured, as they both thought, in these days. The other was a drawing of a wayside miracle-working picture of the Virgin, set up by a traveller, who believed the Virgin had saved him from an avalanche. "You see I don't lose anything I got long ago; I framed these for little Nora," said her mamma, as she led Mima from the room. Mima strove to command herself even when, awe-stricken, she followed Harriet into her own room—the mother who was training her child's eye to reverence what her own eye four short years ago had looked on with aversion and ridicule. For Mima remembered that it was too much a habit with Harriet and her sisters, indiscriminately and without sufficient reference to Scripture, to abuse the Church of Rome.

Reaching the drawing-room before Harriet, Mima found her husband there. He spoke affectionately but gravely, saying, "I scarce knew what was best, Miss —, when she got your note. The doctor warns me that the least excitement is dangerous in her critical state. She has still returns of the old ailment, and an attack just now might prove fatal. I saw it would excite her most to be deprived of seeing you, and so I do welcome you, and beg you will stay till Monday. See that she comes on no subject that may agitate her."

After dinner they were all standing round the embers of a small fire which was generally seasonable in that old drawing-room on the ground floor. Mima noticed a gilt Bohemian glass ornament on the mantel-piece.

"O Harriet, you *are* careful; how well I remember Mrs. L——'s jar!"

"Lady M——'s, you mean," said Harriet.

"No; you know it was Mrs. L——'s birthday gift."

"That was Lady M——'s present," repeated Harriet, with a look so open and truthful that Mima's own face turned crimson. Harriet went on with other conversation in the new, elated, *false* style she had acquired since Mima had seen her last. Mima was appalled. She had been entrusted by Mrs. L—— to purchase that jar for Harriet at the baths of Ischl on her birthday. She had priced it, carried the *thalers* for it, brought it home, and seen it given. Her poor friend had evidently told this untruth to her husband's family to make the present appear more valuable from the rank of the donor. Conscience and heart had surely made shipwreck in the trial through which Harriet passed before her views of truth had been abandoned. So transparent she had once seemed to Mima's eyes, but the medium through which she used to read her friend's heart had now become opaque.

The servant came to say that Harriet's singing-class of village children waited; and then the matting which stood outside the door was rolled into the room up to the piano, where they stood to be taught. Harriet's voice had always led the music. Long ago it used to be in such hymns as—

"There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;"

Or,—

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings."

She used to practise these hymns for divine worship in her mother's drawing-room, with as many of the young ladies attending the chapel at — as chose to attend. The best voices in her husband's village school were now selected by her for instruction, and they learned chants only.

"Don't be startled by a bell at half-past six," she said, as she bade Mima good-night; "the church is always open for morning prayer. We won't expect you to rise so soon."

Mima was down in time, but not first. She found Harriet in the porch, taking bread and milk, and looking as pale as if she would faint. "This is a special fast day," she said. "I ought not to have this, only I am so weak of a morning."

The decorations of the chancel were rapidly proceeding. The device of the lamb and cross appeared in many places through the church. Harriet knelt at a corner of her pew where the matting did *not* cover the damp stone floor; and she used no hassock. At breakfast the architect came in with some remaining plans. Plates of biscuit were on the table. Only Harriet's brother-in-law took toast and butter, as he was not yet in orders, and Mima joined him. The rector went to his study; as priest he must not eat till the afternoon.

But the conversation was as merry as usual. Harriet's spirits never flagged. Her sister-in-law laid down the life of St. Elizabeth, which was her study, saying, "How I wish the Church would bid us pray to the Virgin!"

Few hours passed without bringing to light some new twist of the coil that Rome was drawing around the whole family. Harriet took her friend through a forenoon's work in the parish. The books she carried to the sick were chiefly legends and stories to bring out the antiquity of the Anglican Church. The rector met them at the school, where he taught the children regularly in a way as painstaking as it was perverted.

"What state were you born in, children?" he asked.

"In sin."

"True; and how were you saved from that state. B was by—"

"By baptism."

"By baptism; and now your hearts are—?"

"Bad," said a little boy with an intelligent, anxious eye.

"They *were* bad, but now they are re—?"

"Regenerate!" said the school with one voice.

As they walked home Mima told him how *she* saw these truths.

"But, my young friend, these are erroneous and schismatic views. If I found that any servant is in

she held them, she should leave it within twenty-four hours."

Mima understood that beyond the expression of her belief she dared not go. Till Monday morning she sat silently watching the unrolling of the panorama of London that was fascinating the eyes of all around her. Alas! the last scene was poor Harriet's deathbed. Italy, when, having abandoned, along with her husband, their pleasant home for conscience' sake, she designs to him to keep the consecrated wafer of the mass between her lips during her long dying hours, that she might pass away in the act of partaking of the body of Christ. It is of the salient points of the faith that Rome makes her treacherous and idolatrous caricatures. "You still think as you used to do about worldly amusements?" said Mima to her friend before they parted. And she told her of her own difficulties, relating to her mind a sermon they had both heard preached from the text, "He is not here, but he is risen." Not only might these words be applied to Christ, but to his people. "When the world looks to the Lord's people in the places of amusement they used frequent, and asks, 'Where are they?' the answer must be given regarding them also, 'Why seek ye the living among the dead? they are not here, for they are risen.'"

"Dear Mima," answered Harriet, "it seems to me that you and others that I love remain outside of many high privileges and mysteries of the faith that I question as that about amusements come into a secondary place. We are much more anxious to those we love receiving the benefits of an apostolic church than to lay down narrow principles as to their dealing with the world. It is not likely that I shall seek its pleasures now. I am happier than I can be in my home. The engagement I had made in my days could not be carried out. My noble husband came to —, and we were married soon after, and now I live to second and carry out all his views. There has been a delicious rest to my mind to obey in all things one who implicitly obeys the Church. If only the divisions were healed! But the work is begun, and when a united Catholic Church shall have sway everywhere, the world will believe. You will live to help in this, Mima."

"I shall write to you when you are stronger, Harriet," said the girl, who dared not speak out, with sadness on her face; "we are such old friends, and at the very point we parted at four years ago. I do not feel as if any new song could be so sweet as our old one,—

'Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

'E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.'

A blight seemed to Mima, as she drove away, to be lying on the green fields and orchards. Error was embowered in that home. A lie was at the bottom of the well of water which was provided for the flock to drink, and every stream was bitter. It was small comfort to her to see that very soon the position of Harriet and her husband would be untenable as members of the Church of England. In Romish countries, far from the Papal See, Mima had heard more than one priest preaching the gospel clearly enough, struggling for light amid the mists of error. But here the substance had been abandoned for the shadow, the Saviour for the Church. Christ seemed only an item in a system, an imprisoned king in priestly custody. At the close of each prayer they mentioned him; but when Jesus is shorn of his glory, stripped of his prerogative, he is silent; he answers not when the question is, "Art thou then a king?"

When Mima had tried to speak of his promises in that house, she felt as if almost they refused their wonted fragrance. If she plucked a flower from God's word, it seemed to become an artificial flower in the presence of her poor blinded friend; and except to wish her joy of the birth of her boy born the same week, Mima scarcely had opportunity even to write to her.

And now the morning of the dance had come. "I trust thee for it, O Lord; thy way to escape," broke from her lips at waking. But how, when, where? Mrs. Tremaine took her out to pay visits to more than one truly Christian acquaintance, and Mima had the promise of going to see schools where the instruction given was much blessed to the children. In a house where the mother followed the course of this world, while Mima and the girls were looking over some patterns for work, she heard that mother say in an under-tone, "How would you manage it? She will not go to the opera; it defies me to bring her round." And Mrs. Tremaine answered, "Leave the management to me; let her quite alone till the subject dies out of her mind. I did so with Louisa. She stayed away a winter, and the question was never raised, then a friend took a box, not we, for a birth-day treat, and we got her in with the rest. As ill luck would have it, the piece was, 'Fra Diavolo.' She little knew who was on the stage that night, or I believe she would have bolted; but we kept her simple, and she never has objected since."

Mima heard no more, her breath went from her; she felt as if she was turned to stone, and yet, before her eyes, shut or open, the words were written, A WAY TO ESCAPE.

To them who wait for God certain occasions come which are as starting-points for a new stage of the race. A lesson for life is given on the page of Providence; it is the great Teacher who turns the leaf and marks the page.

At five Mima went to take tea with Mrs. Tremaine in her own room, and sat by while her maid dressed her

always expecting she would relent as to the evening's engagement; but when her own toilette was completed she went in to Mima's room, where she had bid her maid lay out the dress. The muslin dress was pure as a bride's over the white satin; the wreath and all *et ceteras* were laid in order. Mrs. Tremaine took out her engagement-book, saying, "We dine out at half-past seven; before ten we shall call back for you, then bring you home on our way to the third party we go to to-night."

Mima heard her guardian come in and go up to dress. "I will go down to the parlour next the door," she thought, "the last room he will be in before going out; surely he will ask me if I like the thoughts of going; surely he must know how anxious I have been to escape it." But when he came down he was in great haste; the carriage was at the door; he read a letter hastily, and said, while Mrs. Tremaine passed out, "We shall be back for you before ten." The hall door shut, the carriage door shut, the horses took their first step, while Mima sat behind the room door weeping bitterly.

"God has cheated you," said a voice in her heart. The coachman drew in his horses, the bell rang, she heard her guardian's step, then his voice, as he opened the door. "Where *did* I leave them?" and his hand was on the white gloves and letters where he had thrown them down. As he was leaving the room he observed Mima on the floor sobbing bitterly. "What in the world is the matter? I left you but a moment since." "I am crying for having to go to that ball; I feel it to be so wrong for me to go; might I not stay at home?" "Certainly, silly child, I shall say you are ill. The kindness is all on the part of those who invite you. We shall say you are not well." "Indeed it will be true. Thank you, thank you!" said Mima.

The carriage drove off. She dried her tears, gave herself—with her face to the earth, and as though she might there kiss the footprints of a present Saviour—gave herself away, as by a threefold consecration of thanksgiving to Him who had made for her

A WAY TO ESCAPE.

And then she went up to her room. The children met her and looked anxiously from her blotted face to her dress that lay on the bed as if *there* they found the cause. But she only said, "I don't need to dress to-night; mamma does not require me to go with her, run and open the piano, I shall be down immediately. *'Range them all on thy side in the war, O Emmanuel!'*" she said when she was alone.

Mrs. Tremaine's maid came in saying, "When my mistress's things are folded by, I am ready to do anything you require, Miss." "Nothing for me, thank you, except to put this dress away more safely than I can do. I am not required to go out to-night."

"What an evening did Mima spend with those children! Beyond her own example, she would not have lessened by one iota the authority of a mistress or a mother, whose hospitality she was receiving. But

though not a word was spoken, well did they stand. It lent the hymns that evening a melt and the voices a richer melody. Prayer began on Mima's lips as she knelt among them all, their young voices also pray.

And when one by one they all retired and the school-room alone, two scenes in which it lived seemed to be before her eyes. The group of dancers, a glare of lights, the waltz, the world in its gaudy prime. Dead souls their brief hours of grace in screening out the brance of a forgiving God. Living souls—alive surely—mingling there, but so closely in death that their voices as Christians were but their testimony against the world's folly fall ground.

The other picture was that of the King and he holds on high, cherubic strength, seraphic songs of blood-bought men, the Crucified in his

And less and less could Mima see any outlet witnesses still on earth, who were faithfully in the steps of those on high, to pass lawfully the dancers of the other scene. If that glory burst upon the dancers, would the dance go on? She saw that it was only in proportion as the on high was hidden for the time from the common low that the ball could be a happy one.

Why do Christian parents who do not w children to mingle in gaiety, teach them dance? they put the pain of decision and the *onus* of se put their seniors in the wrong, upon the; whereas they might bear it easily themselves.

Would it be safe for all young Christians to escape so near a peradventure as Mima did? It differs. Each eye, being single and watching Lord's guidance, will see the path clearly point not always long beforehand, but always *in time*.

Perhaps if Mima had been forced after all to would have appeared in that ball-room *disfigured* tears.

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?"

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas.

Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all that glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine!"

A GAELIC CHURCH BEFORE OSSIAN.

Concluded from p. 177.

HAVING shown in this Church as a confessor at the judgment-seat and in prison, our record goes on to describe her as a martyr. The death agony of her martyrdom was diversified in forms; to use the "flowery" language of the letter, she thus offered in sacrifice to the Father a chaplet of many coloured flowers, and it became as to give her the victory in various conflict before crowning her with the victor's immortal life.

illustrative samples in the cases of Maturus, Andina, and Attalus. They were condemned into the Amphitheatre to be devoured by . From all the surrounding country the time happened to be assembled to a festo give them an opportunity of feasting their sufferings of the Christians, an *extra* day added to the gladiatorial shows with which on they were entertained. Before being put the Christians were subjected to further torture their way to the scene of execution, they were ten, as usually happened to criminals cono the beasts." The populace raged around in angry sea; and—last extreme of heathen ey were compelled to sit on a *hot iron chair*, t burned their bodies, filled the air with a nch. But their patience was invincible, and cibility aggravated the rage which it baffled. nctus, through all his fiery trial, would only ing his previous "good confession" of faith nd before he received the "mercy stroke," "all gladiatorial pains" (every species of torp spectacle" to all men. Blandina, before being the beasts, was bound to a stake. At her t she was bound with her arms stretched out, form of the cross might remind her brethren ified One, and of the truth that "they who is glory have communion (of eternal life) with God." None of the savage animals, it was ld touch her, and she was therefore reserved trial, and "for further condemnation of the "Let the brethren," says the record, "be l sustained by this noble victory of her who id feeble, and despaired." Attalus being widely eminent Christian, was watched with a pecu e of malignant interest. As became an exoldier of Christ who had long borne faithful he truth, he showed himself full of cheerful d of a good conscience. He was carried round heatre with this inscription attached to him -*This is Attalus the Christian*. But the

governor, having learned that (like Paul) Attalus was a Roman citizen (whom, therefore, it was unlawful to visit with a degrading punishment, like the Amphitheatre or the cross, reserved for aliens or slaves), he remanded him and others like him to prison, referring their case to the Cæsar of that time. The time (opportunity) thus given to them in those evil days, the martyrs redeemed by striving successfully to restore the "dead" (apostates) to their rejoicing "virgin mother" (the church). These now came to the tribunal and demanded to be examined again that they might now confess the Lord whom they had denied, "for now that God was sweet to them, who desires not the death of the sinner."

At last came the rescript of Cæsar. This Cæsar was the famous Marcus Antoninus, "the philosopher;" and the multitudes of various races then and there assembled had an opportunity of seeing what mere philosophy will do on behalf of the gospel, of spiritual freedom, of enslaved humanity. The rescript bore that those who should deny Christ were to be simply dismissed, and that those who should adhere to their confession of him, if Roman citizens, were not to be thrown to the beasts, but *only* beheaded. The children of God accordingly suffered death at the hands of his enemy. And then Christ was glorified in those who had previously denied him. When privately examined with a view to dismissal, they astonished the heathen by confessing the Lord, and were "added to the band of the martyrs:" none "remained without" (persevered in denying him) but those who had previously shown by their lives that they were "sons of perdition," causing "the way" to "be blasphemed," having "no spark of faith, nor appreciation of the marriage garment, nor love to God."

During the last trial Alexander, a Phrygian by nation and physician by profession, who had long been resident in Gaul, and was universally known as a bold speaker of the truth, stood near the tribunal and encouraged the Christians by signs. When he was observed thus "travailing" in anguish for the brethren, the rage of the people was turned against him; and when to the governor's question, "Who are you?" he had answered, "A Christian," he was instantly condemned "to the beasts," as one found *flagrante delicto*—*red-handed* in the crime of visible Christianity. Next day he was brought out for execution along with Attalus. Though Attalus was a Roman citizen, the governor (like Pilate), willing to do the people a favour, in violation of the emperor's rescript, again condemned him "to the beasts." Both he and Alexander were subjected to all the tortures which in such cases could be applied. Alexander, in silent communion with God, never uttered so much as

a groan. Attalus, when seated on the iron chair, said, "This is truly to eat human flesh, we do no such evil deed." When asked, "What name has (your) God?" he answered, "God has no name like a man's." At last their sufferings were ended by death.

Blandina was once more led forth. She was now accompanied by Ponticus, a boy of fifteen. In the hope of driving them by terror to swear by the heathen idols (*i.e.*, indirectly to abjure the Christian's God), they were first led round and made to look on the torments of their brethren. But they remained firm in their faith, and set the idolaters at naught; and then the persecutors, in the fury of their blind zeal, showed no merciful regard to the tenderness either of sex or of age, but inflicted on their victims the whole round of tortures. Ponticus, sustained by Blandina, was faithful unto death. She, like a good mother whose children have been sent before her to the king, joyfully followed them by the same way, as if she had been invited to a marriage supper. After suffering cruel blows, and sitting on the iron chair, and having been vainly exposed to the beasts of prey, at last she was enclosed in a net and thrown to a wild bull, which tossed her and gored her till she died. All through her agony she appeared unconscious of pain "through faith and hope of the promises, and intercourse with God;" so that even the heathen confessed that never woman had so endured such suffering before.

The rage of the persecutors was not sated with the death of the martyrs; it preyed even on their lifeless remains. The bodies of those who had been suffocated in prison were cast to the dogs. So also were the mutilated remains of those who had been partly consumed by the iron chair and devoured by wild beasts. Though the Christians offered to give money for the permission, they were not allowed to collect them for burial; but an armed guard kept watch while the dogs devoured them. And, finally, even the bones were not buried, but burned to ashes, and the ashes were thrown into the Rhone; the persecutors meanwhile crying, "Where is their God?—what good has their religion done them?" and vainly thinking that they had overcome the Christians' God, by disappointing that "hope of immortality" (to the *body* as well as to the *soul*) "in which the Christians had brought in their new and strange religion, and learned to fear no man, and welcome death."

Their wanton cruelty, and its result, remind us of a fine remark of Fuller, the Church Historian, with reference to a similar violence done by Popish Rome to the remains of Wycliffe—"the morning star of the Reformation." The violence to his body only aided in the wide diffusion of his doctrine. As his ashes were carried by the river to the sea, and by the sea to coasts of Germany, so his doctrine was borne by the violence of persecution far into the heart of continental Europe, where it was cherished by such men as John Huss and Jerome of Prague, the precursors of Luther and of the glorious Reformation. So of the savage violence of Pagan Rome against the martyr Church of Lyons and

Vienne. Its immediate effect was to drive the martyrs home to heaven in a chariot of fire; and while thus carrying them into the true immortality in the bosom of God, its indirect effect has been to give them a secondary immortality in the memory of men. It was the deadly persecution that led to the writing of this noble epistle, which has made the Church known, in her heroic faith and hope and love, first to the Christians of Smyrna and Asia, and then, through the history of Eusebius who transcribes it, to the Christians of all ages and lands. Thus God in providence has made the wrath of men to praise him: the blood of His martyrs has proved the seed of the Church; and the rage which would have destroyed them has doubly immortalized them.

We now conclude our sketch of this Old Gaelic Church with a few concluding notes on that *religion* which bore such noble fruit in her life. One leading aspect of that religion, as exhibited in the letter, is the Christian's bright and joyful hope of immortality,—a hope which Pagan Rome cherished but faintly and fearfully with reference to the soul, and with reference to the body not at all. The power of the primitive Church-teaching was in a large measure derived from its impressive exhibition of the grand central fact of a coming resurrection of the whole man, both body and soul,—a resurrection of all men to judgment before God, and of believers to glory in his peaceful and blissful heaven. And we have seen to how large an extent the Old Gaelic Church derived her joy and heroic love from that "life and immortality" brought to light in the gospel. But let us look more closely at this new kingdom which has risen in the world.

1. We see its members closely united together, in a community of life, of heart and soul, reciprocally sustaining and cheering each other, as joint-members of "one body." 2. They are thus collected, united, held together, partly by an orderly Church constitution: thus Sanctus, *deacon* of Vienne, administers the liberality of the Church; Irenaeus, *presbyter* (elder), in Lyons, administers her law; and Pothinus ("in the deaconship" or ministry), of the *bishopric* of Lyons (whether prelate, or only constant moderator of presbyters, we do not here inquire), administers her doctrine. But, 3, underlying all this as foundation, and diffused "through the whole" as its life, we see *the word of God*. Throughout the letter it appears, that on this word, and only on this word, that Church was built: "the Bible, the Bible alone," was *her* religion.

To estimate the value of her testimony to the Bible, we must suppose a parallel case,—*e.g.*, a letter of equal length from the Presbytery of Amoy to the Christians of Britain, about a similar event in its history. In such a letter we would not expect to find any formal statement of the fact that the presbytery believes the Bible to be God's word, or any detailed specification of the books which form the canon of Scripture, or any systematic exhibition of its doctrines. Any testimony to these points would be only fragmentary and incidental, un-

unconsciously given in course of the account of the business presently dealt with in the letter. Now, of such incidental and unconscious testimony, we could not conceive anything more full and satisfactory than is given by the Gaelic Church. 1. For example, *the whole style of the letter is imbued with a Biblical (specially New Testament) colouring*; of its very language, and still more of its thought, the Scriptures manifestly furnish warp and woof: the letter evidently comes from a community which has been *created* and is daily fed by the Bible we have in our hands, which *lives* on in this Bible as the word of God. 2. A passage (Rev. xxii. 11) is described as "*the Scripture*,"—it receives the recognised *proper name* of our inalienable Rule of Faith. 3. There are, besides, a considerable number of *quotations*: thus, Rom. viii. 18, as it stands in our received text; John xvi. 2, introduced as the statement, "The word of the Lord was fulfilled;" Matt. ii. 6-10, thus, "imitators of Christ, who became one with God," &c.; Rev. i., partly incorrect in mere words, as a quotation *from memory*, "The true and faithful witness—and prince of the life of God;" 1 Pet. v. 6, *adapted* to circumstances "humbled themselves" . . . which they *now* are sufficiently exalted;" and Acts vii., with introductory clause, "*Like Stephen the perfect martyr*," "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." 4. There are numerous *allusions*, which indicate an intimate familiarity with the Scriptures, and habit of living on them: e.g., Vettius is "a youth, yet like Zacharias the aged" (Luke i.), and has in him *the true disciple* (John xvi.); another is a "pillar and ground" (Tim. iii. 15); Blandina, "poor, and mean, and despised, is deemed worthy of glory by God" (1 Cor. i. 28); a sufferer is "bedewed and strengthened by the heavenly fountain of living water flowing from the feet of Christ" (John vii. 38, Rev. xxii. 1); the Christians "are not allowed to eat even the blood of beasts" (Acts xv., Rom., 1 Cor.); Alcibiades is rebuked for not being "creatures of God," and thenceforward partakes, giving thanks to God"—a compound allusion to 1 Tim. 4.

Christians in our own day are peculiarly tempted by doubts which widely prevail regarding the genuineness and authenticity of our Scriptures. We have therefore thought proper to give here an illustration of the way in which their authenticity and genuineness can be ascertained and proved. Here is a Church within sixty years of the apostle John, as near the apostles as we are Robert Burns or Benjamin Franklin,—a church, therefore, which surely has the means of knowing what things have been composed by the first founders of the Christian kingdom, and which is all the more likely to be diligent and faithful in ascertaining the truth on this point, because the Scriptures are her *only national literature*, and the truth regarding them is to her a matter of life and death. And what is the testimony which she unconsciously renders, when *off her guard*? First, the existence of such a literature, constituting an

inspired rule of faith and life, she shows to be a *notorious fact*, not requiring to be stated to any Christian. And second, from that literature she quotes nothing that we have not in our Bible, and refers, by quotation or allusion, to a very large number of the books of our New Testament,—two of the Four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles (twice), Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Corinthians (1st), Philippians, and Timothy (1st); the First Epistle of Peter, and the Book of Revelation (thrice). It deserves to be noted, 1. That of the two gospels quoted, one (Luke) represents the three *synoptical* gospels, while the other is John; this church thus representing the two leading aspects of the New Testament religion, the "*Johannean*" and the "*Pauline*"—Johannean in her origin (through Polycarp), she is predominantly Pauline in her quotations. 2. That the Book of Revelation, whose canonicity has been most vehemently disputed, is the book which this Church most frequently quotes, and the *only one* which she happens to designate as "*the Scripture*."

The main purpose for which we have given this analysis is to give unlearned Christians a sample of the species of evidence by which God enables us to trace our way back to the apostolic age, and satisfactorily ascertain what are the books which constitute His Bible. As to the *doctrine* deduced from these Scriptures by one witness, it was what might have been expected in the case of true evangelical Christians who had had little or no occasion (such as is presented by the emergence of heresies) to frame elaborate doctrinal formulae. The Christian truth as we now believe it was apprehended by that Church under its *practical* aspects, as it fitted into the emergencies of her martyr life and death. Thus, for example, as to the *Trinity in unity*, she makes mention of the three divine persons in their characteristic relations to suffering believers:—1. *The Father*, "nothing fearful where there is *Father's* love," "*spirit of the Father*," "prayed with many tears unto *the Father*," "it became *the Father*," &c.; 2. *The Holy Ghost*, "*the true paraclete*." Alcibiades and others are "*counselled by the Holy Spirit*" (speaking in the word). But above all, 3. To her apprehension God is apprehended *in the Son*, especially as *Redeemer*, the *crucified One*, who destroys the serpent, and agonizes for the victory in His people; in the experience of her martyrs, and throughout her whole life, it is evident that "Christ is all, and in all."

Thus finding God, the primitive Christians were spiritually free, and invincibly strong against the oppressive power of pagan Rome. Thus finding Him again, after He had long been lost to the Church, the Churches of the Reformation achieved their spiritual emancipation from the "*Babylon*" of Popish Rome. Their victorious contending for spiritual freedom, to believe what God says in his word, and practise what he commands, achieved (so to speak, incidentally) the social and political emancipation of the "things which are not," the degraded and neglected "*masses*" of our

race. But if we would retain the blessings thus achieved by them, in our own persons, and families, and country, and diffuse them through the world; above all, if we would have a spiritual life, of faith, and hope, and love, strong against *our* peculiar temptations, as their life was unconquerably strong against the temptations which assailed them, we must not only have an outward Church

organization as they had, but cherish as our life they cherished as their life, "the word of God as tained in the Scriptures," and in the Scriptures the three-one God himself, in his electing, and redeeming, and renewing love, and be indissolubly united him for time and eternity.

October 1864.

1

BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.



WO little busy hands patting on the window,
Two laughing bright eyes looking out at me;
Two rosy-red cheeks dinted with a dimple;
Mother-bird is coming; baby, do you see?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree;
Well I knew the apron and shoulder-knots of ribbon,
All belonged to baby looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself as mothers will,
Spake I softly, "God in heaven
Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gear and worldly honours
Ask I not for her from thee;
But from want and sin and sorrow,
Keep her ever pure and free."

* * *

Two little waxen curls,
Folded soft and silently;
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out no more for me;

Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dinted nevermore;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white;
These are left me—and these only—
Of the childish presence bright.

Thus he sent an answer to my earnest praying,
Thus he keeps my darling free from earthly straits
Thus he folds the pet lamb safe from earthly snares
But I miss her sadly by the window pane,
Till I look above it; then, with purer vision,
Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass,
For I see her angel, pure, and white, and sinless
Walking with the harpers, by the Sea of Glass

Two little snowy wings
Softly flutter too and fro,
Two tiny childish hands
Beckon still to me below;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me ever earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars;
Baby's looking out for me.

Am

KEPT FROM FALLING.

BY REV. WILLIAM J. PATTON.



ONE evening in 1859, a young schoolmaster, intent only on fun and frolic, went to a prayer-meeting. He heard asked in the most solemn manner the startling question, "How shall *you* escape if you neglect so great salvation?" "Well, truly," he said in his own mind, "*that is a puzzler*." I am neglecting the great salvation. I cannot escape." Slowly he walked home. He would like to be a Christian, he thought; but how could he? He must give up his wicked companions. How they would laugh at him if he did not go to the same places and lead the same life as before! And then, if he took

his stand among Christians, he would likely fall again into sin; and what disgrace he would bring religion! A still small voice—shall we not say it God's Spirit?—whispered to him, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Then and there, on the road, on a calm summer night he resolved, to use his own words, "to leave himself in the hands of Jesus, and set to duty cheerfully." And set to his duty he did. Once he came out from his wicked associates, and up boldly for God. The Lord disappointed him not and kept him from falling. Since that time his has been to do the will of his Father in heaven. He is now wholly employed in the Lord's service. God

him more than ordinarily useful, and given him y souls for his hire.

We believe there are not a few, like this young man, ~~are~~ afraid of coming out and enlisting on the Lord's , lest they should fall back again into besetting sin. such we would make a few observations as to the in which we are kept from falling.

We have no strength in ourselves to keep us from ing.—Have we not tried it many a time, and failed ade vows, and broken them—formed resolutions, forgotten them? And why? Because we were sting in our own strength, forgetful that "he that steth in his own heart is a fool" (Prov. xxviii. 26). re had no strength to rely on but our own, we must

God has given no man a stock of grace on which an trade and support himself. A Christian is not, use the words of John Macdonald of Calcutta, "a sent out into the world with his inheritance by his er, and left to make the most he could, just as he sed." He is a son, but dependent each day and r upon his loving Father for everything. "With-me," said Christ to his believing disciples, "ye can othing"—not only no great thing, but "nothing." must abide in me, as the branch abides in the vine; new streams of grace must flow into you day by day, hour by hour. If not, you will be branches broken which can yield no fruit, and will soon wither and

Oh that God would teach us, by his Holy Spirit, helpless we are in ourselves! "Not that we are suffi- t of ourselves to think anything, as- of ourselves; our sufficiency is of God" (2 Cor. iii. 5). Then ld we find, like Paul, "when I am weak, then am I ng" (2 Cor. xii. 10).

There is all strength treasured up in Christ.—He o longer dead, but alive—our living Head. So John , "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, a alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of and of death" (Rev. i. 18). On account of his lience unto death, God hath highly exalted him ' be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to el, and forgiveness of sins." Just before his ascen-, he said, "All power is given unto me in heaven in earth; . . . and lo, I am with you alway, even o the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 18, 20). He e "Strength of Israel" (1 Sam. xv. 29). He is the untain of life" (Ps. xxxvi. 9). He is made of God o each believer "wisdom, and righteousness, and tification, and redemption" (1 Cor. i. 30). "It sed the Father that in him should all fulness ll" (Col. i. 19). It is all treasured up in him for evers; and it is "of his fulness that we receive, and e for grace" (John i. 16). Just as we get water from stern by drawing it, so we get grace, and holiness, strength from Christ, by drawing from his fulness. re is strength nowhere else. "Trust ye in the Lord ever; for in the LORD JEHOVAH is everlasting

strength" (Isa. xxvi. 4). "In the LORD have I righte- ousness and strength" (Isa. xlv. 24). If we be strong, it must be "in the Lord, and in the power of his might" (Eph. vi. 10).

3. *He places his strength at our disposal.*—Wonder- ful thought—"the power of God placed at the disposal of man!" Yet it is true. Just as freely as he offers his blood to us, so freely does he also offer his strength to us. And he promises strength, not only to keep us from falling, but for our every need. "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. xli. 10). "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 19). Are you afraid of falling through temptation into your besetting sin? How beautiful the promise, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. x. 13). Or the other, suggested to the young schoolmaster, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. xii. 9). "And, oh, methought," said Bunyan, when this same promise was brought home to him with power, "that every word was a mighty word unto me; as 'My,' and 'grace,' and 'sufficient,' and 'for thee.'" How beauti- fully, too, does Bunyan describe, in his "Pilgrim's Pro- gress," the way in which the Christian is kept from falling, and enabled to overcome the devil:—

"Then I saw in my dream that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it always casting much water upon it to quench it: yet did the fire burn higher and hotter.

"Then said Christian, What means this? The In- terpreter answered, This fire is the work of grace that is wrought in the heart; he that casts water upon it to extinguish and put it out is the devil; but in that thou seest the fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that. So he had him about to the back side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast (but secretly) into the fire.

"Then said Christian, What means this? The In- terpreter answered, This is Christ, who continually, with the oil of his grace, maintains the work already begun in the heart; by the means of which, notwithstand- ing what the devil can do, the souls of his people prove gracious still. And in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the wall to maintain the fire; this is to teach thee that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of grace is maintained in the soul."

4. *Let us, then, take hold of God's strength, and look up to him each day and hour according to our need.*— These promises of grace and strength are given to us.

Let us bring them home to ourselves, and believe them, and look up expecting God to strengthen us for each particular temptation, and trial, and duty. A particular faith for each particular blessing is what he wants. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark xi. 24). Believe not only that he is *present* to do for us this thing that we ask, and that he is *able* to do it, and *willing* to do it; but that *he will do it now*—that *he does do it*—and we shall have it. "All things are possible to him that believeth." And why should we not believe? Has he not promised it? Will God not keep his promises? Why should we doubt his faithfulness any more than his holiness? Let us, then, like the young schoolmaster, "put ourselves into the hands of Jesus;" and remembering that "we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones," let us look up to Him who has *all power* for strength. "In our proper place, and for doing the work to which he calls us, all his infinite resources are as available for us as if they were stored up in our own bosoms." The secret of being kept from falling, and living a holy life, is "Looking unto Jesus"—looking unto Jesus *from* everything—looking unto Jesus *in* everything—looking unto Jesus *for* everything. And it is not an annual, or a periodical, or a single look, he must give; but a daily, an hourly, a momently look. Whenever we cease looking, we become weak as other men. "Give us *each day our daily bread*," should then be our prayer for spiritual as well as for temporal blessings. "Our inward man is renewed day by day." As often as we are in danger or need strength—and when are we otherwise?—we must look up, expecting grace—not grace for future trials, but grace just for the present need; and when the future trials come, God will give grace at the time for them also. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25). Let us ask God for his Holy Spirit, believing he is more willing to give this good gift than any parent on earth is to give good gifts to his child. Oh, what a precious promise this is—"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, *how much more* shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him" (Luke xi. 13).

5. *At the same time we must set to our duty cheerfully*, as the young schoolmaster did. We must battle with all our might against the world, and the flesh, and the devil; not trusting in our own battlings, but looking up to Him who alone is "able to keep us from falling" (Jude 24). We must begin to act, believing that God will act with us and in us. God's command is, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure" (Phil. ii. 12, 13). God does not want us to lie down idle, and to wait till we feel we have got strength. He wants us to do his will, and to do it now, and to do it with such strength and such feelings as we have, and to look up in the doing of it, and he will give

strength. We have no stock of strength in us whatever, so that we cannot *feel* that we have before begin to act. When Jesus told the disciples that in his name they would cast out devils and take up serpents they did not *feel* they had got any new power; but when the time came to act, they acted, believing that the power promised would be given; and the Lord wrought with them, and they were not disappointed. The man with the withered hand did not feel that he had power to stretch it forth; but at Jesus' bidding he tried, and the power was given. Paul said, "I can do all things," showing he was resolved *to do, to work*, but he adds, "through Christ who strengtheneth me," showing that he felt his own weakness, and that he trusted only in the Lord for strength. We must, then, battle against temptation, and press toward the mark, as if all depended on our own exertions; and get trust only in the "Strength of Israel," knowing that "without him we can do nothing," and that in "the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

6. *In order to "have faith in God," we must use the means to promote faith.*—The means of bodily health are food, and air, and exercise; and the chief means of spiritual health are just the same. The Christian's food is *meditation on the Bible*. "Desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby."

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air."

"Pray without ceasing." *Work* is the Christian's exercise; doing something each day for God; using tongue, and hands, and feet for his glory. These three—reading the Bible, prayer, and work—are aids to faith, means of its growth and increase. Without these, faith will soon fail, and give up the ghost. "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth; and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance" (Eph. vi. 14-18).

Such is the way in which the saints of God in all ages have been kept from falling, and have overcome their enemies—by faith in God. By faith David conquered Goliath. A mere stripling, armed with but a sling and a few stones, he was no match for the Philistine giant, nearly ten feet high, and covered from head to foot with two hundredweight of metal. Yet forth he went; *ye*, he "*hasted*"—he "*ran*" down the hill to meet him, on that day when the two armies were fronting each other on opposite sides of the Valley of Elah. No more was he fit to battle with the Philistine than a child a few years old was to battle with him. And right well

knew that. But he looked up where strength was to be found. "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." "Thou hast smitten me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it;" the Lord, in whom he trusted, directed it, so that it smote the Philistine almost the only exposed part of his person, the forehead; "and the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth."

Read over the list of worthies in the 11th chapter of Hebrews. How did they work such wonders? "By faith in God." They had no strength in themselves; but out of weakness they were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

Look at Paul. How did he fight the good fight, and finish his course, and keep the faith? He tells us plainly: "I live," he says; yet not because God has given me a stock of life, and I have kept my own soul alive. No! "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God" (Gal. ii. 20). "I can

do all things, through Christ who strengtheneth me" (Phil. iv. 13).

And you remember Luther's favourite text. After many struggles, he had got a glimpse that justification was by faith; but he was still seeking sanctification by works. But one day, when he was dragging himself on his knees up the fabled staircase of Pilate at Rome, with the view of making himself holy, he thought he heard a voice of thunder crying from the bottom of his heart, "*The just shall live by faith.*" He started up. He saw what he had never seen before—that the just were not only made alive, but kept alive, by faith—that they live by faith. These words were the commencement of the Reformation. And not the commencement merely. It was by faith that Luther, and Zwingli, and Calvin, and Knox, turned the world upside down, and wrought wonders.

Enough, my reader. Let our prayer be, "Lord, increase our faith;" and let us look up to "Him who is able to keep us from falling," and we, too, shall be enabled to "overcome the world," and to be "more than conquerors through him that loved us;" and we shall be "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

DROMARA, October 1864.

MUTUAL TOLERATION.*

BY THE REV. J. HALL, DUBLIN.



THE time was when the principles of toleration were so ill understood that separatists from the dominant religion often lost their property, and sometimes their life. The remains of this may still be traced in the prejudices of many whose convictions are in the main right; just as the social standing of negroes in free states must continue to be injuriously affected by the servitude of their brethren. But it is not of this toleration—for the spread of which, however, every friend of his race would labour—I am now to write; nor is it of that mutual forbearance, the absence of which has so embittered portions of the people from time to time, and which withholds insult on the one hand, and if it be fully given, overlooks it on the other. The whole kingdom has been deploring the want of this in one quality, and so many reproofs and advices have been given from all quarters, that there is no need to increase a miscellaneous heap. It is of mutual toleration among Christians we write; and this not of Dissenter and Churchman, or Wesleyan by Presbyterian; but of one Christian worker by another. Our meaning will appear, we trust, as we proceed.

A. B. Esq., is a decided total abstainer. There is not a wine-glass in his house, and the only use he ever makes

From our excellent little contemporary, the *Monthly Messenger*.

of a decanter is to contain a mild solution called "ginger cordial." He is bearing testimony on all occasions against the evil, to put which down he considers his mission. This is all well; we find no fault so far. But his minister has not the same view, or mission, and Mr. A. B. stands in doubt of him. He does not see how a gospel minister could swallow wine. Nay, he is generalizing and fearing that no man can be of use in saving souls who is not with him in this cause. He is determined, if he can, to have the next minister a "pledged man;" and I fear much if Mr. A. B. has anything to say in the next settlement, there will be some trouble.

His minister, the Rev. C. D. as you may suppose, has often heard his friend A. B. give his testimony, so strongly indeed, that I fear they are not to be friends much longer. The rev. gentleman considers this a pitiful crotchet, gives a sly hit at it now and then in his sermon, and shows that he has no high opinion of the understanding that can entertain it. Both need tolerance. Let the one tell out the truth he believes in love, and the other give him all credit for excellence. There is drunkenness enough for the abstainer to put down before putting down the minister; and there is evil enough among the bad for the minister to kill, without striking out at such "crotchets" of the good. Few villages, parishes, or towns do not require both, and it is a waste of power to smite one another.

E. F. is a demonstrative Christian. She can no more conceal a feeling than she could a fever. It glows all over her face; dances and sparkles in her eye; is tremulous in the very tips of her fingers. There is no need for her to wish for a window in her bosom that all the world may see her thoughts. She has made the window, and the blinds are never down. When she was awakened the whole congregation knew it; and her conversion was a public event. She lives before all, and her unconscious self-display is as much her nature as talking or walking. She is a Christian, and she expresses her religious life after her kind.

But how different is her neighbour G. H. ! She would as soon think of opening her mind to all comers, as she would of preaching. When she became anxious about her soul, she turned aside to weep in secret. She long feared to say a word lest it should be a premature hope she cherished; and to this day she has only spoken some timid, trembling words to her minister, and one or two close friends who knew her well and who said, "It's all right with G. when she says that she is on the rock." Now E. F. and G. H. are collectors for the same Missionary Society, and meet at the prayer-meeting, but they keep sadly aloof; the easy volubility of E. F. frets and offends her reticent neighbour; and G. H. in her turn "does not understand silent Christians—none of God's family are born dumb, she always understood." They need to learn mutual tolerance. Each has a value—"speech is silver; silence is golden." No one can quote against G. H., the proverb "great cry and little wool;" but she again must remember that the body politic needs a tongue as truly as the body natural.

I. J. has a cousin—her favourite—who has been preaching unprofessionally. She has heard of the acceptance of his services, and the good done. She has also heard of some ministers who do not countenance him. She has even spoken of it to her own pastor. His mind is orderly, methodical, and logical. He refuses to consider a friendly letter from a private individual (who owns a schoolhouse), a call to the ministry. He sees no good end "to this sort of thing. Even those who are brought up to preaching, do not always succeed in it; and these amateurs, if not amateurs, would dwindle into rushlights." Poor I. J. was grieved in spirit, and began to rehearse the services of her cousin. "Who told you?" he broke in. "He did, himself." "Just so, madam—part of the system! He introduces himself, trumpets himself, and so he may, after calling himself." This rude speech has made an irreparable breach, we fear, between excellent I. J. and an excellent man, her pastor. They are both Christians, and they have quarrelled over the body of a third! They both need tolerance. Why should they fight about this eminent evangelist? Let I. J. be patient. If her cousin has done all this or the tenth part of it, he will get credit enough, and in the right quarter. There is no need to denounce ministers as "dumb dogs," or assert that the

hope of the Church and the world is in her cousin and his friends. They are good in their place—as our archery clubs are; but let us be thankful that *they* are not our only defence against the world. It would make them ridiculous to propose the abolition of army and navy, because so many "fair women and brave men" can hit the gold at sixty paces. And the excellent minister should be tolerant too, both of I. J., her cousin, and his fellow-workers, while they set forth substantial truth. Much weakness may be in their service. But the medicine sometimes does more than the bungling practitioner expected. The truth may be presented one-sidedly. But what then? Am I to forbid them? No. Let me present the other. Better that men should see one side of it than no side. My business is to teach men, as far as I can, both sides; to hold up the full-orbed truth, justification and sanctification together; not one but both; and the one beginning with and following from the other. Let me set forth free grace and holiness—not opposed, but as blossom and fruit are opposed. So ought the Rev. Mr. K. to argue with himself and become tolerant. "And," he should say, "though the means I see in operation be in many things below my ideal—what then? That overwhelming turbulent torrent of natural eloquence may sweep away some things that resisted the slow and sluggish though smoother current of my efforts. The religion it produces may be irregular, spasmodic, too emotional, even superficial. But it is better than none—better than the religion of the public-house, or the devotion of him whose God is his belly, better than polished infidelity, than 'Essay-and-Reviewism,' than decent, dead formality. The man who sways this agitated throng may disparage grammar and make little of the clergy, may denounce geology, and what he thinks predestination. These are his blemishes. I have mine. But am I to try to stop him? No. More information is what he and his hearers want. Let me supply that as far as I can." So should the gentleman reason, and so help I. J. to increased mutual tolerance.

We might follow out this by detailing the differences between L. M. who is for the "simple gospel," as against N. O. who likes masterly and comprehensive exposition. Or we might adduce the argumentation between P. Q. who is for Home Missions, and R. S. who would lay out his energies on the Jews. T. U. is for Sabbath Schools and Evening Services, while V. W. stigmatizes all these as the very murderers of family religion. In fact, the letters of the alphabet—and still worse, the patience of our readers, would be exhausted in giving a complete enumeration of the matters in which Christian people who are on the foundation together, in the same militant host, with Christ for the Captain, and on the way together to the same heavenly home—require to cultivate a large-minded, large-hearted mutual tolerance: "for as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM THE CLASSICS.

III.—“NEITHER BOND NOR FREE.”

Gal. III. 28; Col. III. 11; Rom. I. 14.

HE group of passages to which I here refer illustrates our need of a preternatural revelation, even when the truth revealed is within our reach by nature, so that we *might conceivably* attain it. The revelation may be needful and indispensable in order to insure that we *actually shall* attain, embrace, and practice within our reach. I may conceivably attain kind and amount of information regarding in the night, by groping blindly with my employing the aid of a lamp; but at least the probably much more than the same, information certainly be conveyed to my mind by the of the sun, as I walk abroad in the day. So, act, we learn from experience, as treasured; “the memory of the race,” of things which may be known by nature that by far the ant (actually) *will not* be known by fallen in the preternatural light of revelation: which have not known the gospel, have been what we are ready to regard as the clearest; natural principles regarding both God and

arding *man*, nothing seems plainer to us than that men, as rational creatures, the same in kindred, in species and in origin, should cherish one another as brethren. The obligation of “brotherly love” appears to us a first principle of morality, no doubt brought more fully and clearly into view by the gospel, but plainly written by the finger on the imperishable table of the conscience of man. But, in point of fact, not only was it neglected in practice, as it too frequently was among ourselves; among the most civilized of pagan nations it was expressly rejected and denounced, as inconsistent with the fundamentals of truth and duty. The character of the comedian, *Homo sum; nihil aliud me puto* (I am a man, and all that a man comes home to me), was first recited in the theatre, it is said to have taken the audience of surprise, as if it had been an astounding revelation. The “Octavius” of Minucius Felix, the first of the great Latin writers, in enumerating the unnatural crimes of such as murdering infants for cannibal feasts, their profession of “brotherly love” as a mere apprehension so plainly against nature, that he counts for it only by supposing it to be a concealment of an infamous crime which none but a hypocrite can name. The scriptural expressions I do not do to, which are to us so commonplace as

almost to be meaningless, must have impressed the pagans who listened to them (even the most cultivated) as paradoxes even more astounding than that which took the Roman theatre by storm; for they declare our general obligation to “brotherly love” to man, with special and pointed reference to those very cases in which it appeared to the pagans most clearly to be a lie. For the present, let us take one illustration.

I have already spoken (No. 2) of the pagan slave under the head of “things which are not.” I will now illustrate, in his case, the world’s obligation to the gospel. In all civilized pagan states, the number of slaves was fearfully great. We occasionally hear declamatory allusions to the liberties of republican Greece and Rome, in disparagement of our own. If the declaimers had lived in Greece or Rome, in the vast majority of instances they and their children would have been hopeless and miserable thralls. While there was no effectual process of diminution, there were a number of processes of continual augmentation. Thus, when a cluster of nomadic families first settled down in fixed abodes to agriculture and commerce, their servants became slaves, and the progenitors of slaves, and the original inhabitants of the district were “caught” and made slaves. If a free citizen became bankrupt, he and his children became the slaves of his creditors; if he was found guilty of any infamous crime, he and his family were degraded from citizenship, and sunk into bondage. Another, with his family, was swept away into bondage by a roving fleet of pirates. A third was sold, along with his comrades, into slavery when they were taken prisoners of war in battle or storm: the Greek word for “taking a prisoner,” also meant “making a slave;” and among the commonest incidents after a successful campaign was the slave-auction of prisoners, in order to the distribution of the proceeds as prize-money to the victors. By such processes as these the slave population multiplied exceedingly. In democratic Athens, the freest of ancient republics, one estimate gives the proportion of bondsmen to freemen as nineteen to one; the lowest estimate I have seen gives it as two or three to one. The ancient liberty was the liberty only of the small *caste* of free citizens; the so-called democracies were real aristocracies, like the slaveholding states of America, only with a very much larger proportion of slaves.

The pagan slave had little or no hope of ever being made free. He could not hope to achieve his freedom by resistance or flight: the compact constitution which served as a strong castle to the freeman, was a strong prison to the slave. And though he might conceivably

obtain it as a gift, the reward of valuable service, yet actually, so long as the republics themselves were free, the gift was rarely and reluctantly bestowed: the free citizens showed an invincible repugnance to having their ranks recruited from the down-trodden mass of their bondsmen. Thus, we read in Thucydides, whose authority as a historian is of the highest, that on one occasion the Spartan republic, on the brink of ruin, was driven to arm two thousand of the Helots, promising them their freedom as the reward of valour. They fought with a valour so desperate as to extort even from the fighting nation of the Spartans the confession that they had amply deserved the reward; and the letter of the promise was fulfilled—the two thousand slaves were made free; but, rather than allow them to mingle on an equal footing with born freemen, their old masters murdered them to a man—they silently disappeared. Though this story should not be true, the mere fact that it was told by a grave historian, and could be believed by his readers, is abundantly significant—shows how hopelessly impracticable emancipation was.

The condition of the mass of slaves was miserable as it was hopeless. In the "heroic" ages, as depicted by Homer and the Greek tragedians, even princesses, when taken prisoners in war, and consequently made slaves, had this to lament among the consequences of their capture, that their owner could deal with them at his pleasure, because, of course, a slave had no rights. In the historic ages the ordinary slave, the field "hand" or domestic drudge, was in a worse condition than a horse can be in our land: his very life at the absolute discretion of his owner, a domestic tyrant, who might indulge his pride of citizen caste by beating or starving, or otherwise torturing to death the slave whom he regarded with loathing contempt. Of the utter *inhumanity* of Pagan slaveholders we have an illustration in the gladiatorial shows, in which sometimes hundreds of men were set to fight and slay one another for the public amusement, as the sport of cock-fighting ministered to the amusement of our more brutal fellow-countrymen in what is now regarded as a comparatively dark and barbarous age of our history. And the continually augmenting number of the bondsmen gave to this cruelty, in its relation to them, the augmented energy of fear, of fear lest, as their numbers grew, they should acquire a consciousness of their power, and strike for deliverance from a bondage worse than death. Thus it was the apparent interest of the free citizens deliberately to keep the slaves, as in the case of the Spartan Helots, in a degradation as deep as possible. It is even said—though the statement is too horrible to be credited now—that in the Spartan republic the young warriors were occasionally sent out on a slave-hunt through Laconia, for the purpose of quietly disposing of the surplus slaves by assassination, as the owner of a modern estate keeps down the breed of rabbits or other "vermin." And it is certain that in the Roman republic it was found necessary to keep down the slaves, or rather to put them

down, by the strong hand of military force, in those "servile wars," occasioned by formidable slave insurrections, which deluged the plains of Italy with blood.

Thus from the freest states of Pagan antiquity we hear the groan of creation in bondage, the servants' cry of fear and hate responded to by the masters' cry of hate and fear. It was on *that* world, so miserable in the persons alike of oppressors and oppressed, that the apostles and evangelists broke in with their domestic evangel, "In Jesus Christ there is neither bond nor free." We cannot here dwell upon the *principle* by which God's word demolishes all artificial barriers to "brotherly love"—the principle, namely, of the *unity* of all men by creation of God, and by redemption in Christ. We can only point out, in passing, the provision made by the Bible for causing this principle to be known, embraced, and applied with reference to bond-servants. The Old Testament law made the bond-servant, though not a son, yet a *member of the family*, eating the passover along with the family, while the free-servant ate it by himself. The New Testament causes Onesimus, the runaway slave, to be received back by Philemon his owner as "a beloved brother," a bond-servant in form, a brother in heart. And thus the brotherhood of slave and slave-owner is declared by the Apostle to be "in Jesus Christ" a realized fact, "there is neither bond nor free." Wherever the Gospel is heartily embraced and practised, the Christian master can never regard or treat his servant (bond or free) as a thing or a brute, as other than "a man and a brother." Even in the case of a Legree, the gospel will exercise some beneficial influence; acting on the savage through the public opinion it creates, through the atmosphere it fills with its new element of love. And so long as the gospel sun keeps shining, there must ever be going on a twofold process, not only of amelioration but of emancipation. First in the master. For example, in our own land. In the middle ages we had a slave population of serfs. But on his death-bed the rugged baron was reminded by the Church of his obligation to set free those Christian brethren for whom Christ died; and throughout his life, in going to the same church with them, hearing the same Word, receiving the same sacraments and religious consolations, he was ever reminded of the fact, that under the surface of arbitrary social distinctions there lay the essential unity of him and them as joint-members in the same human family of God, redeemed by Christ. And as the gospel sun thus kept streaming upon him, making him a civilized Christian man, the armour of his class prejudices insensibly melted away, till he found himself ripe and ready to allow the very form of bondage to cease. On the other hand, the same life-giving light was disposing and ripening the bondsmen for freedom. When Gilbert Burnet went out as a theological knight-errant, for the purpose of reasoning the Covenanters into Prelacy, he found the peasantry better acquainted with their Bibles than the curates were, and able to hold their own in a theologi-

cal disputation with himself. Such men *are* free in point of fact. The law may define them as "chattels personal;" but, in fact, they are full-formed *men*, and the law's talk about their bondage is as idle as the blowing of the winds against the everlasting hills. And when men once are thus "free indeed," the law will modify its definitions according to the fact. Thus it is one day *discovered* by the judges that "slaves cannot breathe in England," the temple of personal freedom had risen unperceived without noise or stroke of hammer. None but an antiquary can describe the *legal* process by which serfdom disappeared from Scotland.

The *real* process was this:—The gospel sun kept shining on our land, and the winter of bondage melted away, and the spring and summer of liberty came in its place. So it must always be, wherever the gospel is embraced, making masters and slaves true *men*. And one of the secondary aspects of our revealed religion as contrasted with the religions and philosophies of nature is this—that while these have left the great mass of men in hopeless and miserable bondage, the gospel is perpetually elevating the masses through spiritual freedom into freedom political, social, and domestic, and preparing them for the enjoyment and preservation of the gift.

PABLEY.

J. M.

GOD'S SOWER.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves." Pa. cxvii. 6.



SCATTER wide thy grains,
Thou sower of God's seed;
Spare no expense of toil or pains,
And never fear to need.

With hand most lavish fling
Thy seed on every soil;

The *sheaves* thou "doubtless" yet shalt bring,
Will rich reward thy toil.

Trust God to give thee seed,
Trust God to make it grow;
For these—'tis not thy part to heed,
Thy *one* work is to sow.

Thy one work is to sow,
Make this thy constant care;
God's care shall make each grain to grow,
Thou steep'st in tears of prayer.

Then take thy very bread,
If nothing else thou have;
If better field may not be had,
Cast it upon the wave.

But *sow*, on all sides sow,
And *pray*, at all times pray;
God's grace sure harvest will bestow,
Though at some distant day.

But see to sow *God's seed*,
Sow *nothing* of thine own;
To this attend with trembling heed,
Yet still in faith sow on.

Soon thou shalt laughing come,
With sheaves a priceless load;
And in heaven's endless harvest-home
Shalt taste the joys of God.

October 1864.

J. D.

"MANIFESTLY EPISTLES OF CHRIST."



It is said of Barnabas that he saw the grace of God at Antioch. To a spiritual man, what sight is so interesting? There is something about it which neither creation nor spring nor the works of art can rival in attractiveness. Oh, that we saw it more frequently!

In my intercourse with soldiers, I heard much of a young officer who had recently come amongst them, and who was taking a warm interest in their welfare. I called on him in his study. We spoke much of Jesus, and especially of his love and grace. Warmed by the theme, he opened a drawer, and lifting out of it a copy of "The British Messenger," he pointed out a paper in it on faith, and drew my attention to a sentence heavily underlined, and added that when he was reading

that paper, and had come to that sentence, the great and wondrous change from death to life took place in him. In glowing terms, and giving God all the glory, he described the light that shone, the love that burned in him, the mercy that drew him, the glory of Emmanuel that poured down upon him. There were tears shed, but they were not of sorrow; and there was much prayer made.

My friend had seen not many more than twenty summers; his form was striking, and he had received a superior education. I could not help thinking as I looked on him, that he was singularly fitted for a life of usefulness. His natural character was amiable; his face wore the hues of health; while there was a sweetness and naturalness in his piety very unusual.

It was two years before my interview with him that

the Lord had won his heart in a manner so wondrously gentle. I found that while time had tried his religion, it had mellowed and deepened it. There are men who are moved to take up a profession of piety, and who go sighing round the cross till their emotions exhale, leaving behind them a residuum of wickedness in the heart more deadly than is to be found in those who are openly and consistently profane. One often sees the bud of promise nipped, and the white blossoms of an early religious profession scattered in the mire. But true spiritual life wears well; trial polishes it, and fed from above, it holds on its way invincible.

I was struck with the earnest simplicity which made itself conspicuous in the young officer's conversation. He spoke much about Christ, and little about anything else. His soul seemed full of Jesus; and in consequence he dwelt in the sun. His method of speaking of forgiveness, of imputed righteousness, of the sacrificial substitute of the peace-speaking blood, was full of blessedness, and unmixed with hesitancy and doubt; like the overflowings of a spring, his heart gave forth its spiritual treasures without effort. Drawn by love suddenly to the Saviour's breast, his soul lay there in filial assurance, not doubting that all the clusters of the tree of life were his own.

I found that the new life prompted him to do good, and that the young soldier lived a life of Christian beneficence. There was a Bible class in which he read and expounded the word. His form was often seen in the abodes of sickness. He felt for the poor and made many a widow's heart leap for joy. And above all, among his brothers-in-arms he set himself to live for Christ, to speak a word in season for the awakening or direction of souls, to reprove sin by a uniform example of gentle goodness, and to exhibit in his daily walk the union of happiness and consecration in the Divine life, such as under God might impress thoughtless men with the superiority of religion, and the preciousness of a saving interest in Christ.

In raising up this witness for himself, God displayed

all the sovereignty of his grace. *He* did not seek, yet he found, and found life in Christ. But it would be a great sin as well as a fearful hazard for any sinner to wait in apathy for the descending grace. If it is every man's duty to seek God, it is the first promise of the kingdom that whoso seeketh shall find. To be indifferent to the sacred treasure, and to prove that indifference by the absence of penitential tears and strong cries, and earnest agonies to find the straight gate, is to be travelling on the main road to hell, where the worm dieth not and where the fire is not quenched.

The army presents a fine field for holy labour; and there are few regiments in which there is not some son of God diffusing the light of truth around him. And where piety shows itself among soldiers, how intense it is, how fervent, how simple! There is a singular culture about it scarcely to be met with in the same degree elsewhere. The centurion, whose faith the Lord Jesus affirmed to be unparalleled in his time, has had many successors in the profession of arms, as if to show that on the very barren heights of this life, where the winds of temptation blow fiercest, and where the scanty soil is not very genial, the goodliest flowers may now and again be found blooming—their unusual beauty contrasting with the rude sterility of the scene around.

And now, dear reader, are you Christ's? You may not be able to say when or how the Lord drew you to himself. But, oh, surely you ought to know whether you are a living soul, whether the Holy Ghost has breathed life into you and whether your life is in Christ. No matter what else you know, if you are ignorant on this point you are miserable. Consider the love of God in giving his Son, and the love of the Son in giving himself, a propitiatory sacrifice for sinners; consider the hell into which your sin is dragging you, and the heaven which gleams before you in the overtures of the gospel. Consider the deceitful, damning nature of sin, and the certainty and import of your impending doom, and come now to the Lord Jesus.

L.

BOZRAH.—(See Engraving.)



HIS beautiful illustration, taken from a recent photograph, may be regarded as a faithful pictorial commentary on the words of Jeremiah: "*Judgment is come upon Bozrah.*" The reader can here see with his own eyes how the predicted judgment has been executed. It is not Bozrah of Edom that the prophet refers to. That city stood in the mountains a few miles north of Petra, and is now called *el-Buseirah*. It was the capital of Edom, and is frequently mentioned in Scripture (Gen. xxxvi. 33; Isa. xxxiv. 6, lxiii. 1; Jer. xlix. 39). The Bozrah here represented is only mentioned in Jer. xlviii. 24. It was situated in "the plains of Moab." It is a remarkable fact, that for more than sixteen centuries after the time of Jeremiah, Bozrah continued to be a populous, prosperous, and splendid city; yet he was able to look far down into the distant future, and to include it in the sweeping judgments pronounced by divine command, "*upon all the cities of the land of Moab, far and near.*"

A full description of the ruins of Bozrah was given in the *Treasury* for Oct. 1863.

J. L. F.



The Children's Treasury.

FLOWERS FOR JESUS.

AUNT MARY," said little Jessie, as she stood looking out of the window one May-day morning, "here comes Lisette!"

Lisette was a French-Canadian child, the daughter of one of our washerwomen, a bright little girl, with rosy cheeks and dark eyes and hair, to whom my little Jessie ten a great fancy, although they could hardly say lozen words to each other, as Lisette spoke and Jessie English. Would you like to peep the window with Jessie, and tell me what you a foreign-looking street, with wooden side-walks; church with an image of a saint in a niche in and, a little further down the street, large stone gs in a high-walled enclosure, their tin roofs like silver in the dazzling sunlight; a little bell-tower, from which sounds a small, sharp-rill. That is the convent. It does not look like our cities, does it? No, we are in Canada.

if you were at the window, you would see Lisette, as Jessie says; and then I am sure Jessie would t, talking very fast, in her eager way, about the made last week at the little cottage where Lisette that odd little house, with the windows full of ul flowers.

ette is coming in, auntie," cried Jessie again.

little French girl came in, and gave me her 's message about the clothes, and then Jessie and ed to talk to each other. Lisette knew a little y, and Jessie a few words of French, and fortuneither of them was afraid to try to talk. Those who understand French might be interested, as in hearing the strange mixture of both languages the children used. Then they made use of many nd gestures, and many appeals to me to say for hat they could not say for themselves. So I was terpreter.

I shall be obliged to leave out all that, and tell nglish.

tte was on her way to the convent to school. To- e was dressed in her best, for there was to be a

service in honour of the mother of Jesus in the chapel of the convent. Lisette was a Roman Catholic and had been taught to believe that the mother of Jesus can see us all the time, and hear our prayers just as Jesus himself does. She opened a little covered basket which she had in her hand, and showed us the flowers. The basket was lined with the fragrant leaves of geraniums, whose scarlet and crimson blossoms were mingled with fairy-bells and sprays of fuchsia, while in the centre was one cream-white calla-lily. These were the flowers which had blossomed in the little kitchen windows of Lisette's home.

"What are you going to do with these?" asked Jessie.

"I shall lay them at the feet of Mary and the child Jesus, in the church," answered Lisette.

The bell was ringing to call her away, so she hastened to the convent chapel, while Jessie stood at the window again, watching till Lisette and her basket had disappeared within the chapel-door. She was thinking very earnestly. Presently she went to a little wicker-stand in the other window, where there were three hyacinths in bloom—pink, and purple, and white—very lovely and very sweet.

"Aunt Mary," she said at last, "I wish I could give my flowers to Jesus too.

"But, Jessie, do you think it is giving them to Jesus to put them in front of the little image in the church? When you gather a bouquet for your mamma, do you lay it before her picture in the parlour?"

"Why, no, Aunt Mary, of course, I give it into her own hands; but then I cannot give them to Jesus in that way. You know, when little sister died, we put roses on her grave; that was because we could not give them to her any more."

"Dear Jessie, they were not for her; they were to show that you remembered her and loved her. But Jesus is not dead; remember that he says 'Behold, I am alive for evermore?'"

"But auntie, how can I give him my hyacinths?"

"I will tell you, dear: Jesus knew that people who loved him would often want to do something to show

their love, and so he said once, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' That means that, if we do something for some one that Jesus loves, he takes it as if it were done for him; just as your mother feels that any one who is kind to you is doing her a kindness."

"Do you know of any one whom he loves who would be glad of my hyacinths, Aunt Mary?"

"Yes, dear; I am going to the hospital, this afternoon, to see poor Ellen Stevens. I know that these flowers would be a delight to her, for her little room looks bare and cheerless, and I have often heard her speak of the pretty garden they had in England, before they were so poor. And she is one of Christ's children; I feel very sure of that. If you like, you may go with me, and we will take the flowers."

Just then Charlie Lewis came in to spend the morning with Jessie—a dear little boy, just five years old—and the two children were soon engaged in very merry play. But while Jessie went up stairs to find her woolly lamb, for Charlie to draw about the room, and was called to the door for a moment, he climbed up into a chair and broke off the pink hyacinth, over which he was rejoicing when Jessie returned. Poor child! she tried hard to be polite to her visitor, but she was too sorry and disappointed not to begin to cry at the sight.

"Come here, darling," I said, and she soon was in her favourite place, Aunt Mary's lap, while Charlie ran about, too happy with both lamb and flower to take any notice of the trouble he had caused. "You said you wanted to give the flower to Jesus. Perhaps it will please him just as well to have little Charlie have it and enjoy it, as if you had given all three to Ellen. It is not the way you meant to give it to him; but that is not much matter, if he is pleased."

So my child was comforted. In the afternoon poor Ellen received the two other hyacinths, and Jessie was quite satisfied, when she saw how pleased she was, that she had found the right way to give her flowers to Jesus. She said so, when she went into the nuns' chapel on the way home, and saw Lisette's flowers just beginning to droop, as they lay at the feet of the image of the Virgin and Child. There was no one else in the chapel, and it was beginning to grow dark.

"I am glad my flowers are where some one can see them and love them," said Jessie; "and you know Jesus can see just as well in the hospital as here. And I am glad," she said that evening, when we were at home again, "that Charlie had my pink one, and I like to see the leaves of it, to remind me that Jesus has all the rest."

"THE ROUGH HOUSE."

HAMBURG is a great city in Germany. What do you think it was once noted for? *Wicked, vagabond children*—boys and girls outside all schools except the school of Satan. One October evening in 1832, a few

pious men met together to ask God what they should do for them. Wichern was the name of one of these men, a young minister. His heart was full of the love of Jesus, and like his heavenly Master, he loved the poor outcasts; nobody else loved them. "We can do nothing for them here," he said, "where everything around them is bad. We must have a Christian home for them."

How could that be? They were poor men, and had no money to spare for new enterprises. "We have one treasure," said Wichern, "the promises of God." Yes, they indeed had that; and they had a bank too, the bank of Faith. After talking the matter over, they agreed to meet again in a month. They said little of it; but if they met in the street, "*Are you praying earnestly?*" they asked each other. The question was soon answered, for a gentleman who knew nothing of their plans gave £15 to one of their number, "to go to the poor," he said. A pious merchant left £2000 for the same purpose. This was offered them.

The little band met. Four weeks before, they had nothing but prayer, the promises, and faith. Now God had put more than £1000 into their hands; and as the plan crept out, some servant girls collected their mites, a shoemaker emptied his savings-box, and others did a little.

Near Hamburg, a good man lived, who, when he heard of it, told Wichern he would give land for a house. It was a cold winter's night; but the young minister hurried to town with the good news, and called his friends together for a thanksgiving. Had they not waited upon God? and in three months had he not given them friends, money, and land?

In a little they found the land was not to be had. This was a great blow. "Perhaps we are trusting too much to our success," said Wichern. "We should never build on anything but God; no, not even on his gifts."

Then the same good man thought of another little place he had; yet it was leased, and the lease was not out. However, he rode over one day to see his tenants, and sure enough they wanted to leave. The ground was not large, and the cottage was out of repair; but it had a deep well, a garden, a fish-pond, and a fine old chestnut-tree by it. The name of the place was "Das Rauhe Haus," which means in English, "The Rough House." It was not to be a ragged-school, or a house of correction, or a beggars' asylum, but a *Christian household*; and in October the minister and his mother went to live under the low thatched roof of the little Rauhe Haus. The good man who gave it hung two pictures in the sitting-room, Christ entering Jerusalem, when, you remember, *children* cried hosannas, and Christ blessing little children.

On the 8th November three boys came, and soon there were twelve, from five to eighteen, and a worse set were never got together. They were pickpockets, housebreakers, thieves, and liars—*street boys*, who had

kept only on stones, in carts, and even on the ice, whose food had been what they could pick up, raw meat, marrow, and potatoe-peel. This was the household of that loving son and mother; to be made gentle, sober, honest, good, and all by the power of Christ's love. Wichern told them nothing was to be said of their past life, but his mother was to be their mother. They had morning and evening worship, the Bible was read, sweet hymns sung, and prayer offered.

The boys looked and heard with amazement. What did it mean? He told them the story of Joseph and Moses and Samuel, and above all, of Jesus, who loved them so that he died for them on the cross. Love was the air of the house; and slowly but surely their hard, wild, wicked hearts gave way before it. They could not bear much schooling; yet they must not be idle; they must have employment and a sense of order.

A high bank ran round one side of the house. "Let us level that," said Wichern; "let everybody see that the Rough House is a house of love, that it suffers no walls, or bolts, or bars, because the love of Christ binds stronger than bolts or walls." The thought struck them pleasantly. They went to work with a will. Neither snow nor ice stopped them, and sometimes they worked far into the night. Next a poplar was cut down. Some split it into firewood; some made matches; one tried to manufacture a wooden shoe, another a spoon; and so the beginning was made in the exercise of their faculties and ingenuity.

Nothing took stronger hold of them than singing. Tears often ran down their hard cheeks, and sometimes it affected them so much it had to be stopped. They readily learned the sweet hymns, and sang them over and over in the chestnut-tree.

On the first Christmas a boy ran off. He was found and brought back. When he arrived, the rest were singing a Christmas hymn round the mother. They stopped as he came in, and shrank from him. The eldest boys thought he should be punished very hard. One begged for his forgiveness; then the others put out their hands, and he was forgiven; and soon after he was sent a mile for milk, as if nothing had happened. About next Christmas a large sum of money was given him to go and buy meal. He took Wichern by the hand, and in a choking voice cried, "I can never, never forget how you trusted me last Christmas." Trust, you see, begat trust. A feeling of honour was roused, and kept from growing selfish by being joined to the forgiveness of sin for Christ's sake. "I wanted to run away," said another boy, "but I knew I was trusted, and could not do it." Another did go, but came back with a bag of apples and a hen for a peace-offering. "Forgive me," he prayed, "for God forgive." And so his love and forgiveness and Bible reading and singing of hymns began to educate their consciences; and with the help of the Holy Spirit, the wild, lawless boys of the Rough House started on a road of improvement which astonished everybody.

By and by they had a donkey, and a cow, and a hen-house, and beehives, which, with their garden and land, gave them plenty to do.

The Rough House found favour. As the boys went to town and told the story of their good and happy lives to their old associates, they too begged to come and live with the mother and her son. Then there must be a Rough House for girls, and Wichern found his heart and hands full. And so God blessed this effort to reclaim poor wanderers through *Christian family life*, in which Christ's law and love is the rule of everything. The children thus trained became kind, useful, God-fearing men and women, and went away to be a blessing and not a curse to the world. Indeed they were in great demand. A Rough House boy was sure to find work anywhere.

Now the old Rough House has grown to more than twenty houses, the twelve boys have been multiplied by hundreds. Almost every kind of labour is done there, from shoemaking to baking and printing. It has visitors too without number, and has been the parent of many similar institutions both in England and America.

H. G. K.

THE WIDOW GRAFF;

OR, WHAT SAVED THE TRAIN.

THE Widow Graff lived in a hollow of the Blue Ridge. It was a wild, lonely spot, yet a railroad found it out, and wound its way among the mountains and gorges with its great passenger and freight trains.

The Widow Graff had a small cabin and a few acres of land, and she had three little girls. They feared God, and loved their mother, and tried to help her. In the summer they picked berries, and walked three miles to the nearest station to sell them. Here one of the conductors on the road often met these little girls. How did he treat them? He spoke *kindly* to them. When they were very tired carrying their heavy baskets over the rough way in the hot sun, remembering his little girls at home, he would sometimes take them on the cars, and set them down near their own cabin door. How happy this little ride made them, and how heartily they thanked the good conductor for his kindness. And do you not suppose it pleased the poor mother? Oh yes; it went to her heart. And to show their gratitude, sometimes the children picked a basketful on purpose for him, and sometimes their mother sent him a little present of fruit from her own garden. He took their gifts, but always paid for them.

Now I will let the conductor tell you what happened. "The winter of '54 was very cold in that part of Virginia," he says, "and the snow was nearly three feet deep upon the mountains. On the night of the 26th of December it turned round warm, and the rain fell in torrents. A terrible rain swept over the mountain tops, and almost filled the valleys with water. The night was pitchy dark, but as my train wound its way among the

hills, I had no fears, because I knew the road bed was all solid rock.

"It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet. I knew there was danger in that whistle, and I sprang to the brakes at once, but the brakemen were at their posts, and soon stopped the train. I seized my lantern and made my way forward as soon as possible. And what a sight met my eyes! A bright fire of pine logs shone on the track far and near, showing a terrible gulf open to receive us. The snow and rain had torn out the base of the mountain, and eternity seem spread out before us. But Widow Graff and her children had found it out, and had brought light brush from their home below and built large fires to warn us of our danger. And there had they been for more than two hours, watching beside this beacon of safety. As I went up where the old lady and her children stood, wet through and through, she grasped me by the hand and said,—

"Thank God, Mr. Sherbourn, we stopped you in time. I would have lost my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh, I prayed that we might stop the train, and, my God, I thank thee!"

"The children were crying for joy. I fell on my knees and offered up thanks to an All-wise Being for our safe deliverance from a terrible death, and called down blessings upon the good old woman and her children. Near by stood the engineer, firemen, and brakemen, the tears streaming down their weather-beaten cheeks.

"I made Mrs. Graff and her children go back to the cars out of the storm and cold; and telling the passengers the story of our wonderful escape, the ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in their thanks and heartfelt gratitude to the courageous woman and her brave little girls. More than that, a purse of nearly a hundred pounds was made up for her on the spot, the willing offering of a train of grateful passengers.

"The railroad company built her a new house, gave her and her children a life pass over the road, and ordered all trains to stop and let her off whenever she wished. So you see that a little kindness, which cost me nothing, saved my life and my train from destruction."

Oh the power of kindness!—*Child's Paper*.

SELFISHNESS.

FANNY MORTON was one of those free handed, ready children, who are always willing to share their pleasures and their possessions with others. Indeed, she rather prided herself on not being "mean." If Mary Gray admired some new plaything very much, she was apt to say, "Well, you may have it." This pleasant trait won her many friends. She had quite a name for being generous—and she knew it.

But I have something more to tell you about Fanny before you make up your mind about her. She did not love study or work.

One day her mother said to her, as she came in from play, "Fanny, here is the hem of your new dress all basted, and I want you to sew it, for I have all the rest to do, and Charlie's new jacket must be finished to-night."

"Oh, I would rather not just now, mother," replied Fanny.

"Well, my child, is that a reason? I should like to rest myself, but I must work all day, and all the evening, too."

"Can't Bridget do it?" persisted Fanny.

"Bridget has the housework to do," said Mrs. Morton.

"Well, I can't sew. I don't know how. You can sew ever so fast," said Fanny, pouting frightfully.

But when her mother, with a serious look, repeated, "Take your needle, my child—and be pleasant about it," she slowly obeyed, though with a sullen face, that made her mother's heart ache.

Mrs. Morton was tired out already, and Fanny's not caring to help her, even when the work was for herself, seemed so unloving and selfish, that she burst into tears.

Fanny looked up, but she knew too well what the matter was to ask any questions. She felt guilty and ashamed. But when her mother had begun to sew again, and said, sadly, "Do you ever think that you are selfish, Fanny?" she was quite taken by surprise.

"Selfish! mother. No indeed! I would not be mean for the world."

"But what is selfishness, my dear child? If you are only willing to give away your books or your playthings, and are never willing to give your help when I need it, are you really generous? It seems mean, to me, to let others take care of you, and never want to help when they ask you. I think it is selfish to be idle when other people are hard at work for you; don't you?"

Fanny's pride was being terribly taken down by these quiet words. If they had not been half tearful, she would have been angry. It was such a new idea that any one could think her selfish. She, who had never been stingy in her life, or taken the largest half of anything nice! She, who had overheard Miss Russell saying that Fanny Morton was the most generous girl in school!

She sat still, with open mouth, gazing at her mother in blank indignation. "Well," said Mrs. Morton, "I have so much to do, that I can hardly stop to look up. While I was sick, the spring sewing for you all was not touched, and now I have to hurry so, that it makes me almost sick again. But you would rather play all your vacation, than help me an hour or two a day. Play would really be pleasanter to you if you had been working a little, but that you don't know, because you have not tried it. You 'don't feel like it.' You are not generous to your poor, tired mother, else you would give up your indolent ways.

"And your father is paying a large sum because he wants to give you the best education. But you are

careless and slow about your studies, because you do not feel like working with your head, any more than with your hands. Isn't that 'mean' and selfish, Fanny? Why, suppose we should say, we don't feel like doing for you any longer, and let you go without your clothes and your books?

"I read a story once of a boy who didn't feel like working either, and his mother resolved to cure him, if she could. His name was David. He was going to slide, and came for his mittens, which he had asked his mother to mend, but there were the great holes still! He was very much vexed, and called out, 'Mother, why haven't you mended my mittens?' 'Oh, I didn't feel like it,' she said, quietly. And when he came in hungry and found there was no supper, he complained bitterly, but she only answered, 'Well, I didn't feel like getting supper to-night.' So she stopped doing everything for him, till he came to see that he must do as he would be done by. You can see, too, how foolish and naughty David was to expect his mother to be always doing for him, when he did nothing for her. You ought to rouse up and do a little for yourself, Fanny; for it is cruelly selfish never to think of helping those who are always helping you."

Fanny answered these closing words, first with a conscious, and then with a kind of *waking-up* look. "Mother," she began eagerly, but there her answer stopped! She only took up her sewing, and made her needle fly so fast that no other answer was needed. Mrs. Morton's sad face brightened wonderfully, and has never looked so sad again.—*Congregationalist*.

THE FIRST FISHING.

JASPER was an only child, and an "only child" is apt to be spoiled. His mother was a widow, a poor widow, and often sick. Jasper felt very much for his poor sick mother, and he tried to help her every way he could. He did not think she must wait upon him, as some boys do; but he made it his pleasure to wait upon her. Sometimes he made her bed, cooked her breakfast, swept the room. Then he did errands for the neighbours, and in this way earned a great many pennies.

One day a gentleman gave Jasper his old fishing-rod. This pleased the little boy. He said he should be a fisherman, and the next day he went down to the sea-side and caught cunners, a fine little fish for frying. These he knew he could sell; but he did not forget the gentleman who gave him the rod.

"Sir," said Jasper, finding Mr. Lane in his piazza. "I have brought you some cunners."

"How much do you ask for them?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," said Jasper; "I brought them for thanks."

"For thanks!" cried the gentleman; "you need not thank me."

"Well, I *have* thanked God," said the little boy.

"And you can't give him anything," said Mr. Lane.

"Yes, sir," answered Jasper, "I can. I can give *myself* to him. 'Tis all that I can do,' the hymn says."

"And do you suppose he'd take the gift of you?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said Jasper humbly, "because he said when he was upon earth, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

Mr. Lane found the little boy had the best of it, so he took the cunners and said no more.

That night he sent Jasper's mother a pound note.

You see how a good boy can be a praise and blessing to his mother.

HELD BY THE HAND.

WE were on a pic-nic. It was in a grove on a headland overlooking the ocean; a fine, cool, shady spot in a hot summer's day. Roger and I strayed away from the party to a small beech below to pick up shells. While we were skipping on the rocks and filling our pockets, the tide came in and flooded the strip of land by which we came. What should we do? There was no boat to take us off, and no way of escape but to climb the steep side of the rock fronting the sea. Oh, it looked so steep, so high. *Could* we climb it? We shouted to our friends above. They caught sight of us, yet what could they do? They had no ropes to hold out to us. The tide came nearer and nearer. How bitterly we repented coming. Why did we not stay in safety on the top? The tide began to curl round our very feet, and scale the hill we must. At the first step the sand gave way beneath our tread. I caught hold of the bushes growing among the rocks. The twigs broke, and the rocks came tumbling down.

I began to cry with fright, when suddenly a man crept round a rock. "Here, child," he said to me kindly, "put your hand in mine, and don't be afraid." I put my hand in his strong, kind hand, and the very touch of it gave me courage. Up he went over the rocks, drawing me after him, up, up, up. If the sand gave way, I had him to hold on to; if a twig broke, I had him to cling to. Up, up, until he landed me safely on the top. Then he went down and drew up Roger. How happy we were, how thankful were our friends, especially when we looked down and saw the tide covering the spot where we stood. The kind man was a fisherman, who saw our danger and ran to save us.

How sweet to take hold of *mother's* hand, and walk by her side. How good to have *father's* hand through dark, strange, and dangerous places. There is another Hand still stretched out to you, and a voice which says, "Here, my child, put your hand in mine, and don't be afraid." Do you know who? It is the Lord Jesus. You are trying to climb to heaven. It is hard climbing alone. Your feet keep slipping back. The things you hope will help you don't answer. They are not strong enough to hold you. What can you do? If you stay where you are, you will be lost. Then that sweet voice

whispers, "Here, my child, put your hand in mine, and don't be afraid." It is the precious Saviour. He sees your danger, and hastens to save you. Put your hand in his. Do not let it go. Keep fast hold of him. By his side you can go up the hill of difficulty, overcome all the hindrances of the narrow way, and reach heaven, that happy land.

My children, put your hands in Jesus', and *don't let go*.—*The Child's Paper*.

LEARNING TO WALK.

Lsors are a great puzzle to our baby. It takes him a great while to get used to them

"The lambs sport gaily on the grass
When scarcely born a day;
The foal beside its mother ass
Trots frolicsome away;
And not a creature, tame or wild,
Is half so helpless as a child."

As for chickiey, what did it do but *hop* out of its shell. It knew in a minute what to do with its legs; did it not? At first, our baby did nothing but *kick*. It was about all the play and exercise he had; and how he enjoyed it! When he had kicked strength enough into his fat, rosy legs, he began to think it was high time to do something else with them, and he tried to stand. Now standing on one's legs is not so easy after all, as baby knows. The little pink toes turned up and they curled under, and the little chubby foot twisted itself into many cunning ways, and the dimpled knees bent when they oughtn't to, and baby did nothing but bow and curtsy all round and round, and toddle right and left; but all the while his dear mamma had her strong, loving hands round him, and so he learned to *stand*.

Sometimes he tried as much to fly as to stand, which his dear grandpa not expecting, baby once took a short flight from grandpa's arms to the floor; showing that our aims had best not be too high.

At last baby *stood*, though I must confess it was ticklish business. Then to put one foot before the other! Though it is the way the longest walk is ended, yet who will look at our baby and not confess it makes a discouraging beginning. It took grandpa, and mother, and George, and papa sometimes, to help him through it. It took two whole years for that, and then baby "wasn't so sure." He had much dear-bought experience after that, the darling; so that legs are a severe discipline to our baby. Ah yes, and so is everything which is to be worth much to us afterwards.

"Why, Addie," I asked baby's sister, "why do you think God lets the little calves and the lambs and the chickens walk as soon as they are born, and makes our babies *learn to*?"

"Why?" asked Addie. "Oh, I suppose to make us love our mothers when we grow up."—*Child's Paper*.

GRANDPA.

ROBERT and Helen were glad when August came, for that was the month to go and see grandpa. Grandpa lived on a farm. They could go out alone, and their play-room was all out-doors. Their mother was not afraid to let them run and take care of themselves.

Grandpa had two cows, Star and Whitefoot. He had a white cat and a brown dog. On one side of the house was a big pasture. Every morning after milking, grandpa opened the great gate and let Star and Whitefoot in. They liked the other side of the pasture best, for there was a spring of water to drink from when they were dry; so we see nothing of the cows all day.

"Grandpa, may we go and drive the cows home when it is time?" asked Robert. "They know when to come home," said grandpa; "they don't have to be told." "Cows don't know," cried Robert. "We'll see," said grandpa. Robert and Helen thought they *would* see. Towards night, sure enough, they saw Whitefoot's horns, and Star not far behind. Step by step, nibbling the grass as they went, on they came; and long before sundown they were at the gate. Grandpa opened it. "How did you know, dear Moolly?" cried Helen, patting Whitefoot's warm side as she walked up to the milk-maid.

"I see the sheep in sight," cried Robert.

"And I see the geese," cried Helen. "Shall we open the gate for them?" "No," said grandpa; "they have no milk to give us, but they like to come and sleep near the house."

The sheep were pretty well up to the gate when a great goose ran towards a sheep with her neck out, as much as to say, "Be off."

The sheep turned and trotted away, the rest after it. Seeing the coast clear, the geese waddled up to the gate and settled down. But the sheep had no thought of giving up so easily. Two of them faced about and drove the geese off. The rest marched up and took the ground. The old geese did not like that at all. After cackling the matter over among themselves, back they came in a body with necks out, showing fight enough to set the poor sheep scampering again. How the children laughed. It was droll to see each party bent upon taking its quarters at the pasture-gate. The children watched their movements from the chamber window until long after bed-time.

"What makes them do so?" asked Helen.

"Because the poor dumb creatures want protection," said mother; "just as we, when we go to bed, need the protection of God."

"And want to get close to him," said Helen.

"And, Helen," said Robert, after thinking, "don't it tell us to keep near God's heavenly gate; so when he comes, he will find us and let us in?"





"LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE"



AN OLD FAMILY CIRCLE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT RAINY, D.D., PROFESSOR OF HISTORICAL THEOLOGY,
NEW COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

THE world before the flood has its history recorded in a sketch that is very short, though very clear in outline: Growing wickedness and violence in the earth; a remnant, apparently decreasing, remaining faithful to the truth; the Spirit of God living with men during many years of forbearance; and then the catastrophe. For the rest, history is carried on by a series of names in genealogical lines. They were born; they grew through manhood and its fortunes; they died. It is the cycle we know so well, revolving again and again, and revolving now. But just midway down this cycle a gleam of light shoots across. The scroll inscribed with old names lifts for a moment. A specimen in detail is given us of a life in each of the two lines. And then the curtain falls again. In the line of Cain it is the story of Lamech and his house; in the other line it is the briefer notice of Enoch. They may have been contemporaries, for each is seventh in his own line of descent from Adam. And if so, they are to be taken (according to the date of Seth's life) as standing midway between the beginning of human life and the flood. The one represents, not indeed the constant and prevailing character and character of the line of Seth, but at least the influences which were not unknown, not operative in that line—the influences which wrought mightily in some sons of that house. Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." Knowledge of God, and love of man; and a fellowship with God, in which man sets in faith above the world, its elements, its

chances, its laws and conditions; and in which God showed at last that a power not bounded by nature or nature's resources, the direct power of Omnipotence, protects and provides for the interests of those who fear him;—this is all we have set before us on that side. Such things there were, in one eminent instance at least, in the line of Seth. One asks what was going on in the other line, or at least what shall be set before us in some eminent instance as characteristic of the other line. The answer is given in the very remarkable fragment of early history, Genesis iv. 19-24, which preserves for us the names and fortunes of Lamech and his children.

We turn to it, and what do we find? In the first place, no doubt, tokens of ungodliness sufficiently plain. It is ungodliness breaking out along the two great lines of manifestation which it ever follows, namely, the indulgence of one's self, and the impatient trampling down of the welfare of others who cross one's path. Lamech, if not the first, is the first recorded, who thought good to traverse the primeval and beautiful order of married life, and "multiplied wives to himself," "which from the beginning was not so." There was his self-indulgence. And (lust and murder being near neighbours) the other fact in his history is a homicide. According to the likeliest interpretation of what "Lamech said," he had stricken down and slain some man who had provoked and injured him. The chant which broke out from the tumult of his mind when he realized his position as a homicide, is significant. Perhaps it may indicate that from the time of Cain's crime, so signally marked out for abhorrence,

little or no homicide had broken the bonds among men till now. At all events, the wild protest and adjuration of Lamech, addressed to his wives, to his own house—not to One above him—seems to tell us how he felt secluded from access or indisposed to seek access to the Protector and Lord of man; also, how he felt that social bonds were loosening about him as a manslayer, and desired to knit fast at least the ties that bound him to his own household. If his song implies, further, that his crime, having palliations which Cain's had not, should involve him in less danger, should not be visited with more severity than Cain's, this betokens at once the agitation of conscious wrong, and a desire to shelter himself on principles that indicate no repentance. But if it means, as is more probable, that he kept the ground he had taken in his deed of blood; that he stood there still ready to pay back wrong done him seventy and seven fold with his own hand, without waiting for any divine protection; that he defied all that might threaten him for his deed, from above or from below, and was resolute to make his defiance good at all risks; then we clearly read his character in all its rugged and unchastened vigour, as self-reliant as it was ungodly.

There was ungodliness in the principle of life; there was crime breaking out wildly now and then, when passion surged over upon provocation. But was there nothing else? Was it all one hideous disorder of lust, and rapine, and outrage? Very far otherwise. Human nature was still there, far gone from God, and going further, but bearing many a good gift of God with it. Human nature was there, with its conscience, its social instincts and necessities, its affections, its wonderful capabilities, its love of enjoyment, of tranquillity, of cheerfulness. It went from God, and made its wisdom and its will to be its law; and these being weak and uncertain, there were great occasional excesses, growing more frequent, perhaps, as time went on. But it would be a strange delusion to think that then, or at any time, human life could be made up of outbreaks, or could throw off all regard to some ideal of the worthy and the beautiful. Human sin does not walk with its face unveiled in this sort. Human beings strive to build homes upon the earth, and homes are

always *intended* to be beautiful and happy. And so we see in the household of this vigorous, self-reliant Lamech.

The earth, it must be remembered, was then new—life was new. Men turning from God turned to the world, and they found it fair, wide, and manifold. The dew of its youth was upon it; the wonder and the mystery were still unbroken, the powers and processes of nature were still in their fresh glory, the possibilities of life still to be proved. Now this family of Lamech deserved to be singled out for this reason, that they plainly threw themselves upon the world and upon life with singular keenness and power. If the father was vigorous and rugged, the children in their turn were full of originality, full of genius. First there was the eldest son, "the father of such as dwell in tents." Men had more or less clung together, keeping more or less near to rallying points. He was the first that broke away to lead a wandering life with his little company; to go wherever grass was green, and springs were fresh, and trees were shady; to roam the solitary earth from region to region, fearing no dangers which the wilderness might disclose. The free life of wandering, with its adventure, its changing scenery, its far horizons still withdrawing, had laid its spell upon him. Next there was "the father of all that handle harp or organ," stringed or wind instruments. He was the artist, and doubtless the poet too; for song and music were never parted in the earliest age. To him must be ascribed the sensibilities and the genius which perceive the beautiful and create it, which find means to speak it forth to men around, to thrill or soothe them. Nor is this tribute to be withheld from him on the ground that it could only be, as we should say, the rude beginnings that are to be ascribed to him. For not only were those beginnings the germs from which all that is wonderful in Art, and all the grace which Art has thrown around life, proceeded; but to call those germs into being, to make that first step, was more wonderful than to make any step that has since been made in all the history. It implied a combination of sensibility and originality, not below the highest. Next there was that "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." He opened the secret of the working of metals,

may be looked upon as well-nigh the root of all the useful arts—of all those dependents, at least, that depend on tools and on mechanism above the simplest. Lastly, it is hard to see why the daughter is mentioned with the sons, contrary to the usage of these genealogies, unless we find the reason in her name, and see that in her person some striking eminence of natural beauty or faculty was added to all the qualities that made this remarkable family great in their time.

Now is the picture set before us. They were, indeed, sinners of the evil line before the flood. They were our brethren; brethren with the strong hand, and the inventive mind, and the power that refine the life, and the fearless vigour that nobles it: and if they had hot passions, yet they had also warm hearts and many a soft feeling. As in the most pious family of our days, so also in this worldly one, there was not the rusticity of an early age. But there was not a wild carnival of lust and violence, any more than there is in the most polished household of our own time. And more strongly perhaps than with almost any human beings, there were the exhilaration and elevation of hope. The use of power and of a future yet to give up pleasures, which always goes with successful industry, could not fail surely to throw its radiance on its first burst of it.

We can imagine them meeting again after years, enabled each to prove his powers—meeting at some family festival. The old man, so content, not unlikely with the strength of family that often characterizes vehement natures, conscious of his weight among men, proud of his position, as they gathered in the home which he guarded so resolutely: and the eldest born, who had wandered deep into the untrodden earth, came back to tell how wide and fair it was, how many its wonders: and the second, who had to have been a listener to thoughts and feelings of other worlds; who with verse and music had kindled strange and new sensations in the soul, and held his listeners spell-bound with the exercises of his faculty which we know seemed half divine in the ancient world: and the third, the man of foresight, and insight, who had unlocked her secrets from Nature, and her treasures

from the earth, and made them a heritage for the after time: and she, lastly, who was the sunlight in the home, who was widely known perhaps—certainly she has been remembered long—as Naamah, “the pleasant, the graceful.” How much was here of that which makes men strong in their worldly life! How much of that which seems to invest it with worth and beauty! They might all own many a slip which cooler reflection reproved; but how hard it would be to persuade them that the life even from the foundation was wrong, required to accept a new principle and be pervaded throughout with a new character! Nay, how hard it might be for those who lived for God, to maintain a steadfast sense of the true relations of things, as they contemplated this life so coherent yet so various, so rich in resource, so full of promise, with so many elements of the admirable and attractive! Would it be always easy to bear testimony to such a house in tones like these: “The Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him”? This was the testimony which Enoch was charged to bear, even then.

This is still, indeed, the great difficulty. Still ungodliness—that is, the spirit that forgets God, and refuses to believe in him, and be subject to him—prevails throughout the world. But the spirit of ungodliness, though it denies to him his honour, and will not yield him the heart, can, and does prize his gifts. It turns to these, that these may fill his place; and if sometimes it corrupts them in a way that is manifest and gross, often it selects the fairest, and sets itself to evolve their beauty and their worth with a skill and perseverance and success that are wonderful. The strength of the world lies here, and hence come the sifting temptations for those who are called to follow Christ. It would not be so hard to maintain a clear view and a constant testimony, if ungodliness, walking in its own naked deformity, in all the vileness of gross excesses, were the object before us. It is the great system of the world's life that dazzles and perplexes; but especially in those instances in which it comes associated with great qualities

—with courage, with mental force, with genius, with what is kind, captivating, and graceful—with all those things, in a word, which it is heartbreaking to regard as passing along the downward road. There are so many, and often so wonderfully put together, that they appeal to the observer with a force almost irresistible. A multitude of harmonious voices seems to issue from these splendid aspects of human life, asserting that this is “that good for the sons of men which they should do;” assuring us that at least such a life is good, if it be not the best. The stream runs so strong here, that many a youth religiously trained is swept down by it:—he is carried, not by argument, not by reason, but by the mere force of the appeal which the interesting elements of life make to his susceptibilities, as they claim his admiration and

regard. And many a Christian has been shaken from his true position and had his testimony silenced and abashed. It is here that faith is needed; here that much of the fight of faith lies. Faith must hold us to the view of God which leads us first to judge ourselves, and for ourselves to renounce all comfort and all hope, except as we obtain a portion of quite another kind, given and secured on quite other principles. Faith must hold us to the view of God which shall lead us, as regards others, to believe and testify that without the kingdom of God, first sought and found, all the rest is a delusion, deceiving men to their undoing. Such faith Enoch was enabled to maintain, unashamed and undismayed, for three hundred years. “He walked with God three hundred years—and was not, for God took him.”

Visits to Holy and Historic Places in Palestine.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER, AUTHOR OF “MURRAY’S HAND-BOOK TO PALESTINE.”

MOUNT TABOR AND THE VALLEY OF JEZREEL.

“Surely as Tabor is among the mountains, and as Carmel by the sea, so shall he come.”—*JER. xli. 18.*



TABOR is the traditional “Mount of Transfiguration.” Were it the real scene of that wondrous event, it would yield in interest to none of Palestine’s “Holy Places.” But the tradition is questionable, and sacred topography is altogether opposed to it. Yet it can lay claim to a venerable antiquity, for Jerome, in the fourth century, when making his pilgrimage with the saintly Paula, says, “She ascended Tabor, on which the Lord was transfigured.” Jerome’s words and monkish superstition have canonized the mountain. Churches have been built upon it, pilgrimages have been made to it, and for fifteen centuries it has been honoured as one of the shrines of the Holy Land.

But independent of apocryphal tradition and monkish superstition, Tabor holds rank among Palestine’s celebrated mountains. Gilead and Pisgah, Olivet and Carmel, Tabor and Hermon, are all honoured names in sacred story. In olden days of Canaanitish Baal-worship Tabor was a “high place;” and the northern tribes appear, in this case as in many others, to have forgotten the divine command, “Ye shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills” (Deut. xii. 2; compare 2 Kings xvii. 9–12). They

appear to have erected altars and images upon Tabor; and hence the force and pointedness of Hosea’s accusation against the priests and princes of Israel—“Hear ye this, O priests; and hearken, ye house of Israel; and give ye ear, O house of the king; for judgment is toward you, because ye have been a snare on Mizpeh, and a net spread upon Tabor” (v. 1). The people were there deceived and insnared by the idolatrous practices of their leaders.

And Tabor was the gathering-place of the northern tribes in time of danger or war. For this, as I shall show, both its position and its natural features admirably fitted it. Here Deborah ordered Barak to concentrate his army to oppose Sisera: “Go and draw toward mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali and of the children of Zebulun” (Judges iv. 6). Here, too, some of Israel’s warriors had been attacked and slain by the host of Midian, before Gideon’s victory. Gideon asked Zebah and Zalmunrar, “What manner of men were they whom ye slew on Tabor? And they answered, As thou art, so were they: each one resembled the children of a king” (Judges viii. 18). Even before the conquest, it would seem that the great lawgiver’s prophetic eye had been fixed upon Tabor, when he said of Zebulun and Issachar, “They shall call the people unto the mountain”;

there they shall offer sacrifices of righteousness" (Deut. xxxiii. 19).

ASCENT OF TABOR.

It was on the 8th of May, at noon, in a flood of glorious sunshine, I first approached the northern base of Tabor. At intervals, during the two preceding days, I had seen it from the heights of Naphtali and the banks of the upper Jordan. Now that it was before me, I was disappointed. There is nothing of majesty in its elevation, nor of grandeur in its scenery, that would at all make it rival Hermon or Lebanon. Its shape and partial isolation are striking, but nothing more. The point from which I got the most pleasing view was beside the ruins of Khan et-Tujjâr, two miles to the north. The intervening ground was table-land, with a gently undulating surface, and belts of plantation, and clumps of trees, and vistas of green turf bordered with shrubbery, like an English park. Over it, to the height of 1200 feet or more, rose Tabor; in shape a segment of a sphere; its sides and regularly curved top all sprinkled with evergreen oaks and terebinths. It is undoubtedly the most conspicuous hill in Central Palestine—not from its altitude, for there are others much higher, but from its isolated position, unique shape, and unfading verdure. When first seen from the north, as I saw it, its curved outline breaks the dull monotony of the hills of Galilee. When first seen from the south, it is still more imposing. Then it swells up like a vast dome from the plain of Esdraelon; and in the richness of its foliage, and delicate green of its forest glades, it presents a pleasing contrast to the brown rocky summits of Ephraim, and the bare white crowns of Judah.

My path led through a wide-spread camp of Nomads, "children of the east," who had come here in early spring, like the Midianites of old, to devour the luxuriant pastures of Palestine. They were a wild and a lawless race, and I felt that to pass them in safety would require some little tact. I rode boldly to the nearest tent, and asked for water. A large bowl of milk was handed to me by an Arab girl; bread, too, was offered, of which I ate a small quantity. I was now their guest, under their protection, freed from all danger of attack on person or property. I demanded a guide, or rather an escort, for the way was plain enough, to the foot of Tabor. The girl conducted me to the tent of the Sheikh, which was pitched under the shade of a noble oak tree. He was not at home; but his son, a fine-looking boy of some fifteen, leaped on the back of a beautiful mare that stood ready saddled, and, seizing the spear which was stuck in the ground at the tent door, told me to follow him.

My little guide led me to the western base of Tabor, within sight of the village of Deburieh, which nestles in a quiet nook on the side of the great plain. There he wheeled round, waved a polite adieu, and was out of sight in a moment. I turned my horse's head up the zigzag path that leads to the top of the hill; but soon,

wearying of the windings, I left my horse in charge of my servant, and clambered up straight to the summit. It was a rash act. On my way up I saw several jackals, and heard sundry barks and growls in the jungles as they scampered off, which made me feel somewhat uncomfortable. The summit is broad, strewn with ruins, and covered with thickets of dwarf oak and prickly shrubs. I entered a narrow opening, and was proceeding along a beaten track, when I was startled by a loud snort; and immediately a huge boar, with head down and mane erect, brushed passed me, and was followed by a sow and a litter of young. I scarce knew what to do. The place was quite different from what I had expected. As yet I could see nothing but thickets of ilex and heaps of ruins. I was thirsty, and thirst compelled me to run the risk of more encounters with the denizens of the jungle. After some time and trouble, I discovered water at the bottom of a large dark vault or cistern. A rude staircase once led down the side, but it was now in a great measure destroyed. I was resolved, however, to reach in some way the tempting fluid. Holding by an overhanging branch, I began the descent, when suddenly a panther bounded out from an obscure corner, and, turning round, growled at me from the opposite side. I could do nothing except look steadily at the beautiful but dangerous creature. Gradually it shrunk back from my gaze, and at length disappeared in a thicket. I was a good deal relieved when I heard the voice of my servant, and still more so when he came up and handed me my gun.

In all that painful, fearful desolation on the top of Tabor, the finger of God was visible. Prophecy was fulfilled before my eyes. Every object I saw was an emblem and a result of the curse—ruins, thorns and thistles, wild beasts, a deserted stronghold. What a commentary upon the words of the ancient prophets! "I will destroy your high places. . . . I will make your cities waste, and bring your sanctuaries into desolation. . . . *Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briars, yea, upon all the houses of joy in the joyous city; because the palaces shall be forsaken; the multitude of the city shall be left; the forts and towers shall be for dens*" (Lev. xxvi. 30, 31; Isa. xxxii. 13, 14).

THE RUINS.

The ruins on the summit of Tabor are extensive. The destroyer, however, has dealt so heavily with them, and they are so overgrown with thorns, and briars, and thistles, that any minute examination by a passing traveller is impossible. I spent the whole afternoon exploring, and since that time I spent an entire day among them, yet I was not satisfied.

The top of the mount is a level, oval-shaped area, about a mile in circuit. Round it are the remains of a massive wall, outside which is a moat hewn in the rock. The foundations of the wall are colossal, and of the earliest type of Jewish masonry. Some of the towers are much more recent; and one gateway still

standing has a pointed Sarcenic arch, and an Arabic inscription stating that the fortress was built, or more probably *rebuilt*, by Abubekr, brother of the renowned Saladin, in the year A.D. 1210. Near the south-eastern angle I saw a little vault in which the Latin monks from Nazareth celebrate an annual mass, in honour of the *Transfiguration*. On the opposite side the Greeks have their altar and sanctuary, and are in the habit, I was informed, of making a yearly pilgrimage to the spot and spending a whole day on the summit. But during my visits to Tabor, the mountain was absolutely deserted. Not a human being was there; and not a vestige of anything like a permanent abode of man. I saw dead ashes and charred sticks, left there apparently by some passing traveller like myself. I was not even so fortunate as to meet the hermit of whom Dean Stanley tells such a romantic story; but if the panther I saw was that which is said to have been the constant companion of the old man, I fear his attempts to tame it had not been very successful.

The top of Tabor was evidently the site of a city as well as of a sanctuary from a very early period. In fact its strong and commanding position could not fail to attract the notice of the warlike Canaanites. The city was allotted to Issachar (Josh. xix. 22); and it continued a place of note, not only throughout the whole period of Jewish history, but down to the close of the Crusades.

The view from Tabor possesses a far higher interest for the Bible student and the Christian pilgrim than its hoary and desolate ruins. It is one of those wondrous panoramas which time can never obliterate from the memory; and whose striking features and vivid colouring, change can never dim. The notes I wrote on the mount are before me, but they are scarcely needed. I see the landscape now as I saw it then. On the north, Naphtali's brown peaks running in a serried ridge athwart the glowing sky. Further to the right a little corner of the Sea of Galilee, slumbering in its deep, deep bed, and the glittering top of Hermon towering over it like a guardian angel. On the east the long purple ridge of Gilead, rising like a colossal wall from the Jordan valley. On the south the plain of Esdraelon, Palestine's great battle-field, sweeping round the base of the mount, and extending a sea of verdure away to the hills of Samaria, and the dark ridge of Carmel. In the distance, ranged along its opposite side, I saw dimly the isolated tells on which once stood the cities of Taanach, Megiddo, and Jokneam of Carmel. Directly facing me, four miles distant, beyond an eastern arm of the plain, rose "the hill Moreh," a gray, treeless ridge, with the villages of Endor and Nain upon its side. Over its left shoulder appeared the bare, white top of Gilboa. Westward my eye wandered along the wooded heights of Galilee to the Great Sea, a section of which was visible beside the bold promontory of Carmel.

Standing on this spot I was able to understand why Tabor was the gathering-place of the northern tribes.

Connected by a wooded ridge with the hills of Galilee and mountains of Naphtali, it was always accessible to them; while at the same time it stood out commanding the plain of Esdraelon. Its steep sides were easily defended, and its broad top gave ample space for the organization of a little army of mountaineers. The plain below it was the centre of attraction for all invaders. Its pastures tempted the nomads of Arabia; its firm flat surface attracted the chariots and horsemen of Philistia, Canaan, and Syria. From the top of Tabor the light infantry of Israel could watch all their movements, and take advantage of any fitting opportunity for attack. The graphic story of Barak and Deborah was here brought vividly before my mind;—Barak eagerly watching the advance of Sisera across the plain; while Deborah, with the enthusiasm of a patriot, and the inspiration of a prophetess, looked and prayed to heaven for the signal to attack. At length her eye saw it, and she cried: "Up, for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand: is not the Lord gone out before thee?" (Judges iv. 14).

The sun went down, and deep purple shadows fell upon plain and valley. The wild plaintive wail of jackals, mingled with the sharper howl of wolves, warned me to seek safer quarters. I mounted and rode slowly down to Debûrieh. Here stood the Canaanitish *Daborah*, but it has long since disappeared, and the only remains of antiquity now are the walls of a mediæval church.

THE VALLEY OF JEZREEL.

"*I will break the bow of Israel in the valley of Jezreel*" (Hos. i. 5).—The old city of Jezreel gave its name to one of the noblest plains in Palestine, and that name was afterwards softened by the Greeks into the more familiar Esdraelon. Its position affords a key to its bloody history. It intersects Central Palestine, extending from the bay of Acre to the fords of the Jordan. It was thus open to all invaders—to the Philistines from the coast, the Ishmaelites from the east, and the Syrians from the north; while at a later period it was the highway along which passed and repassed the armies of Assyria and Egypt. Its wide-spread meadows and corn-fields, its luxuriant pastures and abundant waters courted rest, and gave ample space for military manoeuvres. The northern tribes watched the invaders from the top of Tabor, and the southern tribes had their gathering-place on the heights of Gilboa, or at the passes of Megiddo, according as the enemy came from the east or west.

Issachar, to whom this plain was allotted, suffered more than all the other tribes. His was a hard lot. In the condition and history of the plain—open to every incursion, exposed to every shock of war—we see the fortunes of the tribe, and we have a melancholy commentary on the blessing of Jacob: "Issachar is a strong ass, couching down between two burdens; and he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant."

" (Gen. xlix. 14, 15). As the peasants cultivate patches of Esdraelon, Issachar paid the "children of the east." When the prowess of David, and his ability to protect valuable possessions and exposed position anxious for his succession to the throne. Iains the words of the sacred writer,—"Of of Issachar, *which were men that had un-of the times, to know what Israel ought to* . xii. 32).

part of Esdraelon is triangular in form. Its east reaches from Engannim to Tabor, ; and its apex is at the foot of Carmel, ishon flows into the plain of Acre. From wever, three arms stretch out eastward, o short parallel ridges. The northern arm Tabor and the ridge of Moreh, and the en the latter and Gilboa. These two ex- the Jordan. The third arm is on the Gilboa, and is shut in on the east by the Ephraim.

ENDOR.

ly morning twilight I rode across the beau- Endor. It is a poor village of some twenty ed on the bleak side of Moreh, about two s above the plain. The rocks round it are caves—some natural, some artificial, as if itants had been troglodytes. Above the larger than the rest, the entrance to which is rocks, and is partly covered by the branches

Within it is a fountain called *'Ain Dor*, of Dor," which doubtless gave its name to as well as the modern village. Entering rotto, and looking round on its dark riven now suitable such a spot would be for the ween Saul and the witch.

NAIN.

ride of forty minutes along the hill-side o Nain. It was by the very same path our hed it, for he was on his way from Capernas with no little interest, therefore, I ay left, three or four hundred yards from a group of rock tombs. Towards one of y the funeral procession was moving when stopped it. How vividly did the whole to me now as I stood on the spot! The uing from the gate; the men carrying the e women behind grouped round the poor ending the air with their cries, as they do er procession meets them. He who heads melting tenderness on the widow, and says, t thrill her soul, "Weep not." He touches mingled awe and astonishment the bearers *ng man, I say unto thee, Arise!*" As uttered the dead rises to life; and in a in the arms of his mother.

Nain is a small village; but the ruins round it show that it was much larger in olden times; and it commands one of the finest views in Central Palestine. Beneath it the plain, beyond which rise the wooded hills of Galilee; and on the north the great flat dome of Tabor, with Hermon shooting up behind it on the distant horizon. From this place I first saw these two mountains in close perspective proximity, and I thought that perhaps it might have been some such view which suggested the Psalmist's words: "*The north and the south thou hast created them; Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name*" (lxxxix. 12).

SHUNEM.

The path from Nain to Shunem passes round the western slopes of Moreh. As I turned my back on Tabor the brown hills of Samaria came in sight, looking like a lower continuation of Carmel; then Gilboa came into view, rising up white and bare from the centre of the beautiful green plain, and having the gray ruins of Jezreel at its western base. Sweeping round still to the left, I looked away down the middle arm of Esdraelon to the lofty tell on which the old city of Beth-shan stood, and beyond it to the picturesque range of Gilead. This is "the valley of Jezreel" properly so called, and the scene of some of the most momentous events in Jewish history.

Shunem was now below me, situated in a little nook at the foot of the ridge, encircled by enclosed gardens and luxuriant fields of corn. I rode into it and dismounted at the fountain. The people were rude and almost hostile; but there was an air of sturdy independence about them, and of thrift and success about their houses and fields, that pleased me. A party of men and women were busy reaping in an adjoining barley field; and a number of little children were basking in the bright sunshine among the sheaves and stubble, all with bare heads, and a few of them stark naked. I sat down and read the story of the Shunemite, every detail of which assumed a life-like vividness. In the house of a great man—probably the sheikh—of that village Elisha was wont to lodge. One day his son—the child of promise—"went out to his father to the reapers," just as the children I saw now had gone out. But the heat was too much for him. The fatal *sun stroke* prostrated him in a moment. "My head, my head!" he cried; and when carried home to his mother, "he sat on her knees till noon, and died" (2 Kings iv. 8-20). The mother's journey across that plain to Carmel, and Elisha's miracle, are well known.

GIDEON'S VICTORY.

The scene of one of the most glorious victories, and of one of the most disastrous defeats in the annals of Israel, was before me at Shunem. It was with no ordinary interest I proceeded to survey the battle-field, so as fully to understand the sacred narrative. When the "Midianites, and the children of the east," with their vast herds, numerous and destructive as locusts, invaded

the land three thousand years ago, they pitched their tents on the north side of the valley of Jezreel, "by the hill of Moreh;" while Gideon and his little band of warriors "pitched beside the well of Harod," on the south side, at the foot of Gilboa (Judges vi. 3, 30; vii. 1). The hill Moreh was there, its shelving side rising up close behind Shunem. The camp of the Midianites lay along its base, probably extending from the fountain of Shunem down to Beth-shan. Mounting my horse I rode across the rich valley to Gideon's camp at the well of Harod. The distance is a little over three miles, and there is a slight descent the whole way. The well, or rather "fountain," for the Hebrew word is *Ain*, springs from a wide excavation in the rocky root of Gilboa, and sends out a copious stream which forms a miniature lake, and then murmurs away down the vale. Gilboa rises over it in broken cliffs. Gideon's active followers had assembled upon the mountain; and he, at God's command, "brought them down to the water" to test them (vii. 4); this done they again ascended (ver. 8). During the night Gideon "went down" with his servant to spy out the camp of the enemy (verses 9, 10). He heard the Midianite tell his dream; he knew thus that the Lord's time of deliverance was come; and by his singular but effective stratagem, and unexpected assault, he struck terror into the host of the enemy, and they fled in wild disorder down the valley to the fords of the Jordan. For the first time I there saw how not only every detail of the battle was accurate, but how every incidental expression of the sacred historian was illustrated by the topography of the battle-field.

THE DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN.

Two centuries later the Philistines marched into the centre of Israel, and took up their position at Shunem, on the spot where the Midianites had encamped. Saul then gathered the tribes on the heights of Gilboa (1 Sam. xxviii. 4). Looking down from his commanding position on the warlike array, and the formidable war-chariots of the enemy, drawn up in the valley, Saul "was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled." Conscience made a coward of him, for he felt that he had forgotten God, and that God had therefore forsaken him. The closing scene of Saul's life is sad and solemn. One's heart bleeds for the great man; and looking at him morally, as well as physically, one is constrained to exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!"

Forsaken by Heaven, he so far forgets himself as to seek counsel from the spirits of darkness. During the night he crossed the valley, passing along the east side of the Philistine army, and went over the shoulder of Moreh to Endor, where he visited the witch. The distance is about seven miles, so that he must have travelled at least fourteen that night. Though wearied with the journey, and broken in spirit, he drew up his troops in the morning at the fountain of Harod. The position was badly chosen. The ground slopes down from Shunem, and the Philistines had thus all the ad-

vantage for attack; while both front and flanks of the Israelites were exposed, and flight all but impossible owing to the steepness of the mountain behind. The Israelites were broken by the first impetuous charge of the enemy, and the slaughter was dreadful as they attempted to flee up Gilboa: "They fell down slain in Mount Gilboa. And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons . . . And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him; and he was sore wounded of the archers" (1 Sam. xxxi. 1-3). David in his beautiful ode has brought out the peculiarity of the position: "*The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places. . . . How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places!*" (2 Sam. i. 19, 25.)

The stripping and mutilating of the slain, mentioned in the narrative, may seem to some inhuman, and almost incredible. Strange to say, it is characteristic of Arab warfare to this day. I myself saw a fearful example of it a few years ago, not many miles from this spot. During a journey through Palestine I witnessed a battle, or rather massacre of Kurds by Hawara Arabs. I visited the battle-field the day after; and there I found the ground strewn with corpses, *all stripped*, and some frightfully mutilated. Akeil Aga, and the ruffian horde that now follow him, are worthy representatives of the old Philistines. After that spectacle of human barbarity I read with more intense feelings of horror the closing scene of the battle of Gilboa: "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa. And they cut off his head, and stripped off his armour . . . And they put his armour in the house of Ashtaroth; and they fastened his body to the wall of Beth-shan" (1 Sam. xxxi. 8-10).

From the fountain of Harod I rode up an old path, hewn deeply in the rocky side of Gilboa. Looking upon that mountain—bleak, and white, and barren, without tree, or shrub, or blade of grass—I could scarcely help thinking that the wildly plaintive words of David's lamentation were prophetic: "*Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil*" (2 Sam. i. 21).

JEZREEL.

On approaching the little village which occupies the site of the ancient city of Jezreel, I rode through a modern cemetery, which lies open and neglected on the hill side. There I saw a troop of dogs burrowing into a new-made grave, while two huge vultures were perched on a cliff not a hundred yards distant. The place seemed deserted; there was none "to fray them away." Did it not look like an illustration of the prophetic curse and the historic narrative given in the Bible?—"In the portion of Jezreel shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezebel" (3 Kings ix. 36; compare 1 Kings xxi. 23). That was not

the only place in Palestine where I saw dogs and vultures holding a horrid carnival among the tombs.

There is not a vestige of royalty in Jezreel now. A dozen miserable houses clustered round a shattered tower are all that mark the site and bear the name of the capital of Ahab. With the exception of a large sarcophagus and some caves hewn in the soft limestone of the hill, there are no traces of antiquity. The city is utterly ruined. Its very ruins have disappeared. Its vineyards too are all gone, and the slopes immediately round the village are bare and barren as a desert. The blood shed, and the crimes committed there, would seem to have brought a double curse upon Jezreel. Looking on that scene of desolation, in the centre of one of the finest plains in the world, I thought of the murder of poor Naboth, and of Joram, and of the infamous Jezebel, and of the whole royal family (1 Kings xxi. ; 2 Kings ix. x).

But the site is a noble one, worthy of a royal city. It is a little knoll at the western extremity of the Gilboa range. The green plain to which it gave a name sweeps nearly all round its base. Standing on the top of the knoll, I saw the whole panorama of Esdraelon, from the Jordan valley below Beth-shan away to the dark ridge of Carmel, and from the mountains of Samaria on the south to the wooded heights of Galilee on the north. I there read with new interest the graphic narrative in the ninth chapter of 2 Kings. It was from those eastern mountains, from Ramoth of Gilead, Jehu came. Up that rich vale the watchman on Jezreel's tower saw the horsemen and chariots dashing, and he called out,—"The driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously." Joram went out to meet him in his chariot, and Ahaziah accompanied him in his chariot. They drove down the steep descent to the valley. There they met Jehu, and there Joram was slain and his body thrown into the vineyard of Naboth. Ahaziah turned and fled southward along "the road to *En-gannim*" (incorrectly translated in our version "by the way of the garden house," ver. 27). But he too was fatally wounded, and they took him across the plain to Megiddo, and there he died.

BATTLE-FIELD OF MEGIDDO.

It was noon when I left Jezreel. The sun was blazing in the centre of a cloudless sky. The plain, usually so silent and desolate, was all astir with the flocks and herds of Bedawin, who had crossed the Jordan two days previously, like locusts for multitude, and like locusts for destruction. I found one of the petty sheikhs at Jezreel, and engaged him to ride with me to Carmel, to prevent annoyance and perhaps danger; for his tribe were not of good repute. He was a fine specimen of the Ishmaelite,—wild, free, and generous. He was finely mounted too, and quite willing to show off by word and act the matchless perfections of his mare. He asked me of my country, especially of what he called the "fire-ships" and "fire-horses," of which somebody had given

him an account, though he had evidently not believed a single word of it. After I had described as well as I could the construction, and power, and speed of steamboat and locomotive, he came close up, and laying his hand on my arm, and looking with eagle glance straight into my face, he said, in a deep impetuous voice,—"*Ya Beg! By the life of the prophet, are you laughing at my beard, or is it truth you tell?*" Of course I assured him I was stating simple facts. He shook his head and turned away, half perplexed, half disappointed. He rode on in advance for nearly ten minutes without saying a word, then turning, he related with perfect gravity a story of his uncle, who had ridden on the back of a *Jann* from Bagdad to India and back again in a single night. There was a great deal of quiet irony in this. I didn't believe a word of his story, and he didn't believe a word of mine.

A sharp ride of an hour and quarter brought us to the village of *Taanuk*, the representative of the old city of *Taanach*. It stands near the northern base of the mountains of Samaria. Beside it is an isolated tell covered with ruins.

We were now approaching the field on which Barak gained his famous victory,—"*The kings came and fought; then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach by the waters of Megiddo*" (Judges v. 19). We rode on across the plain, through luxuriant corn-fields and verdant meadows, and in less than an hour were on the site of Megiddo. The old city has almost disappeared, and its name has long since been forgotten. It is now called *Lejjûn*, a corruption of the Roman *Legio*, which took the place of the Jewish Megiddo. The ruins of a large mediæval caravansery, two or three mills in a wady near it, some columns, and rubbish heaps, and building stones along the banks of a little stream,—such are the only vestiges of the royal city of the Canaanites. They lie in a quiet nook at the foot of the hills, on the border of Esdraelon. A short distance north is a large tell or hill, isolated; it was probably the site of a fortress or citadel. The stream flows past it, and falls into the Kishon two miles northward. Here are unquestionably "the waters of Megiddo," beside which the battle was fought.

Riding to the summit of the tell, the battle-field was before me. *Taanach* was visible, and the intervening plain was spread out like a map. The details of the battle were now intelligible. It would seem that Sisera had marshalled his army, with his "nine hundred chariots of iron," on the south bank of the Kishon, between *Taanach* and Megiddo, with the purpose probably of invading the territory of the southern tribes (Judges iv. 13). But news arrived that the northern tribes had assembled on Tabor. Sisera turned to meet them—he was drawn unto Barak as Deborah had predicted (ver. 7). Deborah gave the signal; Barak charged down the mountain side. Probably the repulse of the van took place between Tabor and Endor (Ps. lxxxiii. 10). At that critical moment, as Josephus tells us, before the

Canaanites had time to rally, a tremendous storm of rain, hail, and thunder from the east burst upon the battle-field, and full in the face of the foe. Horses, men, chariots, were driven back in fell confusion,—“*They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera*” (Judges v. 20). The plain became a marsh; the Kishon rose rapidly; its alluvial banks were converted into a quagmire: “The river Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon” (ver. 21).

In the spring of 1858 I saw the low parts of Esdraelon, previously hard and dry, turned into a dangerous morass by a few hours’ heavy rain; and the Kishon was swollen to such an extent as to render it altogether impassable at the ordinary fords.

Six centuries later another battle was fought on the plain of Megiddo. And then, instead of a song of triumph, a death-wail re-echoed through the mountains of Israel.

Pharaoh-necho, marching against Assyria, passed along the plains of Palestine. King Josiah rashly attempted to oppose his progress. The Egyptian monarch gave him a friendly warning: “What have I to do with thee, thou king of Judah? I come not against thee this day, but against the house wherewith I have war; for God commanded me to make haste: forbear thee from meddling with God, who is with me, that he destroy thee not” (2 Chron. xxxv. 21). The warning was neglected. Josiah posted his troops at Megiddo, so as to attack the Egyptians when defiling through the pass

from Sharon. But the archers of the enemy, perhaps from some hill-side or rock, gave Josiah a fatal wound, and that decided the battle. The king was carried away to Jerusalem to die; and the whole land mourned so bitterly for the good king that the mourning became a proverb, to which Zechariah thus alludes,—“In that day there shall be a great mourning, as the mourning of Hadad-rimmon, in the valley of Megiddon” (xii. 11).

It may be that this plain of Megiddo, this great battle-field of Israel and of Palestine, was before the mind of the Apostle John in Patmos when he figuratively described the conflict between the powers of good and evil, who were gathered to a place “called in the Hebrew tongue *Ar-Mageddon*,—that is, “the city of Megiddo” (Rev. xvi. 16).

From Megiddo I rode westward along the south bank of the Kishon, passing the desolate site of Jokneam, then along the base of Carmel to Haifa, then up the steep path to the convent, which I reached at length, weary and wayworn, after one of the longest and hardest rides I ever had in Syria.

Here, on Carmel’s sacred mountain, I close my “VISITS TO HOLY AND HISTORIC PLACES IN PALESTINE.” If my readers have only enjoyed half the pleasure and profit in perusing that I have experienced in recording these memories of the past, my labour has not been in vain.

BRANDON TOWERS, BELFAST,
November 1864.

PEACE.

Andantino. Original Melody.

My Sav - our, when the joys of earth de-crease, And one by one Her

lights are gone, Give me thy peace— Give me thy peace!

cres. *rall.*

Peace, like a riv - er— Peace like a riv - er! Not some faint gleam,

Not some poor stream, Deep wa - ters, and flow - ing for ev - er!

mf *cres.* *rall.*

I.

My Saviour, when the joys of earth decrease,
 And one by one,
 Her lights are gone,
 Give me thy peace!
 Peace, like a river—
 Not some faint gleam,
 Not some poor stream,
 Deep waters, and flowing for ever!

II.

Or, if temptations round my path increase,
 And life's gay smile
 Would me beguile—
 Still give thy peace!
 Peace, like a river, &c.

III.

Yes, until all life's joys and sorrows cease,
 Still, still the same
 Sweet boon I claim,
 Give me thy peace!
 Peace, like a river, &c.

IV.

And when I trembling wait for death's release,
 Then, through my soul
 The full tide roll
 Of this sweet peace!
 Peace, like a river—
 Not some faint gleam,
 Not some poor stream,
 Deep waters, and flowing for ever!

X. X.

THE ANGEL OF THE CHURCH IN SMYRNA.

HIS WORKS, TRIBULATION, AND CORONATION IN DEATH.



THE Old Gaelic Church of Lyons and Vienne was closely connected with the Asian Church of Smyrna. Some of her first founders were Oriental Greeks; her letter regarding the persecution was addressed to the Christians of Smyrna and Asia; and the presumable author of the letter, Irenaeus, afterwards bishop of Lyons, had once been a hearer of Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, of whom, and whose works, tribulation, and triumph we proceed to give an account. But a more interesting point of connection with him and his church

is found in the Book of Revelation. Of the letters of Christ to the seven churches of Asia, one is addressed "unto the angel of the church in Smyrna" (Rev. ii. 8-11). The "angels" of those churches, it is generally believed, were their pastors, whether these had authority to rule them, like prelatic bishops, or presbyterian ministers or superintendents, or whether they were mere teachers, like the ministers of congregational churches. And if this belief be well founded, it will be found that Polycarp was the "angel" of the Smyrnaean Church addressed by the Lord from heaven.

With the view of making some illustrative notes on

Rev. ii. 8-11, we will first collect the surviving notices of him from the records of the primitive Church. At the end of the fourth century, *Jerome*, the most learned of the fathers (*Catal. Script. Eccl.* 27), bears the following testimony:—Polycarp was a disciple of John the Apostle, and by him was ordained bishop of the Church of the Smyrnaeans. Having conversed with many of the apostles and others who had seen the Christ, and retained their instructions, he consequently became leader of all Asia. In the time of Anicetus, bishop of Rome, he went to that city on some business about Easter; during his visit, he reclaimed many who had wandered into the heresies of Valentinus and Marcion; and when this latter threw himself in his way with the question, Do you recognise me? he answered, Yes, I recognise you as the first-born of Satan. He suffered martyrdom by fire in the reign of Marcus Antoninus and Lucius Aurelius; and he wrote an admirable letter to the Philippians, which continued to be publicly read in the Asian Churches down to Jerome's own day. At the beginning of that century, *Eusebius*, in his Ecclesiastical History, repeatedly speaks of Polycarp to the same effect, and has preserved some of the testimonies which follow. And about A.D. 200, Tertullian describes him as an apostolic man, who had been ordained by John, and had borne faithful witness to the catholic faith.—(*De praescripb. haer.*, 32.)

Tertullian was almost contemporary with Polycarp. The following testimonies are strictly contemporary:—About A.D. 107, *Ignatius*, bishop of Antioch, on his way to martyrdom at Rome, wrote from Troas a letter to the Smyrnaeans, and another to Polycarp their "leader," in which he addresses him as an apostolic man, and commends to his care the bereaved flock at Antioch. And *Irenaeus*, bishop of Lyons, gives a beautiful picture of his old master. First, in his great work on Heresies (iii. 3), we find the picture in outline. Irenaeus informs us that in his early life he had seen Polycarp, then extremely old; that this venerable father had been taught by apostles, had conversed with many who had seen the Christ, and was ordained by apostles as bishop of the Church of Smyrna in Asia; that his very long life was crowned by a most honourable and glorious testimony to Christ in his death; that he taught the doctrine he had learned from the apostles; and that "there is a most excellent letter of his to the Philippians, from which any one who will, and who is in earnest about his own salvation, can learn the character of Polycarp's faith, and preaching of the truth." This outline is filled up in a letter of Irenaeus to one Florinus at Rome, which has been preserved by Eusebius (H. E., v. 20), and runs as follows:—"In my childhood I saw thee in Lower Asia with Polycarp. . . Impressions received in childhood long remain on the soul, and I can still recall to mind the blessed Polycarp, as he was wont to sit and discourse, his addresses to the people, his reminiscences of his intercourse with John and others who had seen the Lord. I can recall his

accounts of their words, of what they told him regarding the Lord—His miracles and teaching—as he (Polycarp) delivered to us, in harmony with the Scriptures, what he had received from those eye-witnesses of that Word of life. These things I, through the mercy of God which has come upon me, heard even then, and have ever cherished in memory, not by means of paper, but in my heart. . . . I can now bear witness that if that blessed and apostolic presbyter had heard any such thing [as the heresy of which Irenaeus is writing], he would have cried out in horror, and stopped his ears, and after his manner exclaimed, 'O good God! to what times hast thou reserved me, that I suffer such things!' and on hearing such things would have fled from the spot in which he might be sitting or standing. And this can be proved from his own letters which he wrote, either to the neighbouring churches for their confirmation, or to some of the brethren for admonition or exhortation to them." Finally, the *Smyrnaean Church* has written a letter, which has been preserved by Eusebius (H. E., iv. 15) to the Church in Philomelium, and to "all the parishes* of the Holy Catholic Church in every place." This letter was written on occasion of his martyrdom, and gives a very full account of his last days and death.

From these materials we now deduce a few illustrative notes on Rev. ii. 8-11:—

1. "*The angel of the church in Smyrna*" is Polycarp. He at that time was the church's bishop, or (as Irenaeus puts it in his letter) presbyter, her pastor, or leading representative man. On the day of his death he declared that he had been serving the Lord for eighty-six years. Some have thought that this period means the duration of his ministry. But as that is almost incredible, let us suppose that the eighty-six years begin with his conversion. Then, as his death took place in A.D. 167, his conversion must have taken place about A.D. 81, a date which agrees very well with the repeated statements of our witnesses, that he had conversed with many apostles and others who had seen the Lord. From this date to A.D. 96—the supposed date of the Book of Revelation—is a period of fifteen years, during which Polycarp may well have grown into a bishop of Smyrna; agreeably to the repeated testimonies to the effect that he was an apostolic man, ordained by apostles, at least by John, who spent his last years in Ephesus, and died some forty years after the date of Revelation. And once more, before A.D. 107, when Ignatius was thrown to the beasts, Polycarp must have had time, as a bishop, to grow into such high and wide-spread reputation, as to be thought of by a martyr bishop as the man of all men to whom to commit the guardianship of a distant metropolis.

* The word "parish" (παροικία) has undergone a curious change of meaning. To us it conveys the idea of fixity or settlement: a parish is a settled locality; a pariahoner, one who is fairly settled in that parish as his home. To the primitive Church it conveyed the opposite idea, of sojourning or pilgrimage: the "parishes" in our text are companies of sojourners, or their places of sojourning; the "parishioners" were men who sought their only home in heaven, and "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

. From all these circumstances in their common, it appears as clearly as any such thing can be by evidence merely circumstantial, that Polycarp the angel" or bishop addressed by the Lord in the letter to Smyrna.

I know thy works." The works of some are only to be condemned (Rev. iii. 1, 15). But, in the strain of the letter, it appears that the works "angel" were approved. And, as indicated by the names, Polycarp's works were truly angelic. Angels are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation;" and in him we find an apparently perfect forgetfulness of self, in the midst of his love, and abundance of his prayers and ministrations for the brethren. Thus in the letter which he writes at the close of his life, we find him occupied, not with himself, but about them, as a true "angel of the Lord;" on their behalf "always beholding the face of the Father in heaven:" in the near prospect and in the midst of the terrors of death he gives himself night and day to prayer, not for himself (for himself he has only God to thank), but for all his acquaintances of every rank and for the "peace of the whole Catholic Church in every land,"—and this, says the Church which knew him best and best, had always been his custom. Not only did he pray for the brethren. His life was to have been one life-long endeavour for their blessing and well-doing. Thus in his prime, though he knew his "poverty" in temporal things, he considered himself to be "rich" in faith and love, by enriching others with the riches of the kingdom. Poor though he was, he could go over sea and land to Rome on the business of the Church, and there find occasion to bring the wandering members of the Church from error, and to detect the "Satan disguised as an angel of light" in the plausible heretic, with the Ithuriel of his faithfulness. Thus his large-hearted charity could embrace the care of those neighbouring churches which he confirmed, and of their members who were admonished and exhorted by his letters; those of which we have a sample in that one to the Romans, through which he continued to speak to the Christian Churches so long after his death, and we shall soon speak to our readers in a translation of it. As to his work in his own church at Smyrna, we find him in the picture by Irenaeus, assiduously tending the sheep" of Christ with the word of life; as a true "angel of the little ones," "feeding the lambs," speaking the truth in love, so as to be understood by a child, and remembered ever with the memory of the heart. If we remember this picture represents him in the feebleness of old age, we shall see in him one who has drunk the very spirit of his master, the "beloved" Apostle of whom it is said, that in the last extreme of bodily weakness, when he was unable to preach, to stand, he would be carried into the assembly of the brethren, and feebly repeat, "My little

children, love one another." And if we look back to his early prime, in his very first appearance on the stage of Church history, we shall find him very characteristically presented to our view, in the letter of Ignatius, as the one man to whom a dying bishop would gladly commit the care of his bereaved flock.

3. "*And tribulation.*" Even so early the tribulation had begun: he and his church had begun to feel the rising tide of that "third persecution" which was let loose upon the churches in the first years of the second century, and in which soon after his brother bishop of Antioch was swept away from the earth. Of the Smyranean tribulations, one aspect was, "*The blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan.*" From Justin Martyr, a contemporary of Polycarp, we learn that Christians everywhere suffered from the unbelieving Jews, who followed them in their enmity over the world, and whose enmity assumed the highest form of blasphemy proper, solemnly cursing, in their synagogue worship, Jesus and his followers. From the Saviour's letter we are led to infer that the Jewish enmity was peculiarly manifest in Smyrna. And that it actually was so we learn from the letter of the Smyranean Church herself, written about seventy years after that letter from heaven: the Jews were the foremost in clamouring for Polycarp's death, in rushing to collect fagots to burn him when he was condemned to the flames, and in insisting that his body should not be given up to his flock till it had suffered the last indignity possible after his death. Again, with reference to Smyrna, the Saviour calls special attention to the person and personal agency of Satan in those tribulations, as experienced not only from the malice of the Jews, but also (verse 10) from the violence of those Gentiles by whom the Smyranean Christians were finally tried with imprisonment and death. And, correspondingly, this church's angel appears to have had a peculiarly vivid realization of the personality of the tempter, and his personal agency in all the temptations which assail the body of Christ: in Marcion the heretic he sees "the first-born of Satan;" and he exhorts the Philippians (Letter CVII.), if any one shall not confess the testimony of Christ, to regard him as being "of the devil," and if any one shall pervert to his own lusts the oracles of the Lord, to regard him as "the first-born of Satan."

But the great tribulation which the Saviour has in view (vers. 10, 11) is one which, when His letter was written, was far in the future. As predicted by Him, it is a violent and deadly persecution, trying the faith and love both of the members and specially of the "angel" of the Church; a persecution comparatively short—"I shall have tribulation ten days," and consummated (apparently) by the angel's death and coronation of immortal life. And this corresponds with the description furnished by the Church herself of the persecution experienced by her about A.D. 167. Her members were tried with tortures the most cruel: first

scoured until their arteries and sinews, and even their bowels, appeared through their lacerated flesh; and then made to walk upon a literal *via dolorosa*, paved with keen-edged shells and sharp iron spikes, before they were finally released by being thrown to the wild beasts. One at least, a Phrygian named Quintus, who had recently joined the Smyranean Church, in that "time of temptation fell away:" when tried by the sight of the tortures and the beasts, he was found wanting in that faith which is the victory, and overcometh the world. But most of them bore the trial most nobly, so as to elicit the mingled admiration and rage of their persecutors: e.g., one Germanicus even embraced the beasts which devoured him, and all but stimulated them to make haste to destroy him, and so to hasten his departure home to God from the wicked world which tormented him. And the trial, though severe, was mercifully short: the persecution, says our witness, was closed and sealed by the martyrdom of Polycarp. He, by his faithfulness to death, thus gained the temporal life of his flock, while winning the crown of life immortal to himself.

4. "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*" Enraged by the inflexible hardihood of the Christians, the heathens began to roar like ravenous wild beasts, "Down with the Atheists!" * *search for Polycarp!*" When the persecution first began, Polycarp had remained in the city, calmly awaiting its assault; but, moved by love to the brethren, he ultimately yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and, like Cyprian at a later date, consented to withdraw into the country out of its way. There he gave himself to prayer, night and day, for the peace of the Churches. One night he dreamed that the bed-covering about his head was on fire, and consumed by the flames; and when he awoke, predicted that he must die by fire for Christ. The pursuers having discovered his hiding-place, he removed to another. But when this, too, was discovered, through the confession of a tortured slave, he regarded himself as having done all for self-preservation that was demanded by love to the brethren; and therefore, though he could again have escaped, did not choose to do so, but sat still in an upper chamber, and said, "The will of the Lord be done." When the pursuers arrived at the dead of night, he went down to meet them with a countenance "*radiant and exceedingly meek*" [this reminds us of the face of Stephen, "as the face of an angel"]; ordered a table to be set for them, with abundant refreshment, while he, by their permission, spent an hour in preparing to go with them. This hour he spent in intercessory prayer for all his acquaintances, and for the whole Catholic Church. And his whole demeanour impressed the rude officers of law with a deep feeling of affectionate admiration and reverence.

They set him on an ass, and proceeded to the city.

* It will be remembered that the Christians were popularly regarded as Atheists, because they rejected "the gods" of the heathens, and had no visible object of worship.

Near the city they were met by Herod, chief of the police, and Nicetes his father, who took the prisoner up beside them into their chariot, and began to press him to save his life, by going through the mere form of crying, "Lord Cæsar," and of burning incense, alleging that in this mere form there could be no possible harm. After listening for some time in silence, he answered, "I do not mean to do what you advise." Then they turned against him, and rudely ejected him from the chariot; but he, with unruffled serenity, advanced on foot to the *stadium*, where the angry multitude awaited him. And there and then, according to the letter, occurred what I do not pretend to account for, and what some may regard as an illustration of the words, "*He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches:*"—"Amid the din of the multitude, a speaker, whom no man saw, cried, with a voice which was heard "*by many of ours*" (the Christians), "Polycarp, be strong—play the man!" When he was brought forward for trial, and they saw he had been caught, the heathen raised a tumult of savage joy. And then his trial began:—

The proconsul asked, "Are you Polycarp?" When he had answered to his name, the judge began to press him to deny (his religion), bidding him have pity on his own old age, and employing other arguments of the same nature:—"Swear by Cæsar's fortune!—Repent!—Cry, Down with the Atheists!" Polycarp, looking intently at the multitude, and signing for silence with his hand, groans, looks up to heaven, and says, "Down with the Atheists!" Pro. "Swear, and save thyself: Reproach the Christ." Pol. "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and he has never wronged me; how, then, can I blaspheme my King who has saved me?" Pro. "Swear by Cæsar's fortune." Pol. "If you are trifling with me, and pretending ignorance of what I am, then know that I am a Christian; but if you really wish to receive an account of Christianity (from me), then appoint me a day, and hear (my apology)." Pro. "Persuade the people." Pol. "I think it right to plead before you; for we are taught of God to give to principalities and powers ordained of him that due honour which does not hurt ourselves; but before the people I do not think it proper to plead my cause." Pro. "I have wild beasts, and will throw you to them unless you repent." Pol. "Call (for your beasts); for we cannot repent with a repentance (change) from the better to the worse: the repentance (change) which is right is from the evil to the good." Pro. "Unless you repent, if you despise the wild beasts, I will cause the fire to subdue you." Pol. "You threaten me with a fire that burns for a little, and is speedily quenched: you know not—what is reserved for the impious—the fire of the coming judgment and eternal punishment. But why do you delay? Bring what you will." Thus Polycarp obeys the precept, "*Fear none of those things*

* The dialogue which follows, we have somewhat condensed.

which thou shalt suffer;" is prepared to "overcome" the first death, and so to escape "the second death." Throughout his examination he was "full of courage and joy."

The proconsul made a herald cry three times, "Polycarp confesses that he is a Christian." Then the whole multitude of Gentiles and Jews began to cry, "This is the teacher of Asia, the father of the Christians, who destroys our gods, and persuades many men not to worship them!" They begged Philip the Asiarch to let loose a lion on Polycarp. When this was refused, they shouted that he should be burned; "for," says the letter, "it behoved the vision of the burning pillow to be fulfilled." With the Jews at their head, the populace rushed to the workshops and baths for materials for the burning. Polycarp having prepared himself, by removing some of his clothes, refused to be fastened in the usual way to the stake, telling the executioners that He who had given him the fire to endure would give him strength to endure it without their help. And then, having put his hands behind him to be bound, "like a noble ram of some great flock, presented as an acceptable burnt-offering to God Almighty," he said, "O Father of thy beloved and blessed child Jesus the Christ, through whom we have received the living knowledge of thee; O God of angels and powers, and of all creation, and of the whole race of the just who live in thy sight, I bless thee that thou hast deemed me worthy of this day and hour, giving me a portion in the number of the martyrs, in the cup of Christ, for the resurrection of life eternal, both of soul and body, in the incorruptibility of Holy Spirit; among whom may I this day be received before thee as a sacrifice, good and acceptable, even as thou hast prepared me beforehand by foreshowing what thou now dost fulfil, O God of truth who cannot lie. On this account, and for all things, I praise, and bless, and glorify thee, through the eternal High Priest, Jesus Christ, thy beloved child; through whom to thee, with him, in the Holy Ghost, be glory, now and for ever and ever. Amen." Such was his consecration prayer.

The letter speaks of something like a miracle, the James arching over and around the martyr, refusing to burn him; so that he had at last to be slain by the

sword. This seeming miracle the Smyrnaean Church appears to regard as an appropriate *finale* to the life of him whom she fondly describes as an apostolic and prophetic teacher of God's elect (prophetic, we presume, on account of his interpretation of the dream), and bishop of the Catholic Church in Smyrna. The miracle which we would commend to our reader's attention is the true miracle of his faith and love, triumphant in death, and winning that crown of immortality which had been promised by the Lord. It appears to be certain that the body in some way remained unconsumed. The Jews and heathens insisted on its being consumed by fire, after the funeral pile had failed to consume it, lest, they said, the Christians should abandon the Crucified One in order to worship Polycarp. But, says the letter, they knew not "that we can never abandon the Christ, who has suffered for the whole world of the saved." Him we worship as the Son of God; the martyrs we (merely) reverence and love as faithful men."

At last, when his flesh had been consumed, the Church received the bones of her martyr-bishop. She laid them in a place of due honour, where, says the letter in conclusion, she will have it in her power to celebrate the *birth-day* of his martyrdom (the day of his birth into life immortal), for the commemoration of those who have fought the good fight before us, and for the stimulation and encouragement of those who shall follow them. Such celebration of martyrdoms paved the way to the idolatrous worship of the "saints." But it is a fair question whether, in avoiding this extreme, we have not gone to the other extreme of impoverishing ourselves, by neglect of the noble gifts for our reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, which God has given to the Church of all time in the persons, and works, and tribulations, and triumphs of such true saints as Polycarp, "the angel of the Church" of Smyrna.

M.

* In this expression of the Church of Smyrna the Calvinist will find an illustration of such general expressions as are frequently employed by John; for example, in 1 John ii. 2, "the sins of the whole world." This Church was taught by Polycarp, who himself had sat at the feet of John. She may have learned from her bishop, and he may have learned from the apostle, to understand "the whole world" as meaning "the whole world of the saved." But such *may-bes* throw us back upon the principle that the one authoritative interpreter of Scripture is Scripture itself.



DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVYLYAN.

A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

PART XII.



It is now two months since Hugh and Jack left us. We have had letters, full of hope and promise; and all the weight of forebodings which settled down on me in the long days of silence between their leaving and our hearing seems melting away. Every breath of this soft spring air, every smile of this life-giving spring sunshine, seems to blow and shine my cares away.

I think the delight of seeing new things is nothing compared to the delight of seeing old things grow to a new beauty, in a new season, or in the light of a new joy,—that is, living things, things of God's making. I can never fancy taking half the pleasure in seeing all the wonderful forests Hugh writes about in the new world that I do in seeing those very same dear old elms, that have bent down over me from my childhood, wake up, branch by branch, and twig by twig, and spread their delicate leaves in the air till they are thick enough to hide in deep bowers of shade the soft nest those two happy thrushes have been so busy building and lining, and where the mate is now singing in low tender tones, while the mother-bird broods over her nest, and the gentle winds rock the cradle.

Those American forests, with their brilliant climbing plants, would be only a picture to me,—a glorious picture, indeed, painted by God's hand, but wanting the sweet perfume of time and home which breathes to me from every blossom of the hawthorn under my chamber-window.

And now there is another new light on all the dear familiar old places; for Hugh is coming back so soon, so soon! And we are to work together all our lives for the good and happiness of the old parish and the old friends, to bring new eternal hope and life, I trust, into many a heart and home.

It is the wonderful power of *life* in everything which seems to thrill the heart with the conscious presence of the Life, far more than the most glorious scene which we cannot look at long enough to see it grow and bloom and change until, instead of lying on the surface of our minds as a vision, it possesses our hearts, and grows into them as a part of our life.

The beauty of all beautiful places says, *God has been here*. But the life in the lowliest living thing—in the *tiniest moss which puts forth a fresh green stem to-day—*

in the little creeping leaf which has burst the gummy casing in which it was encased yesterday, and flutters in the air and sun to-day, with the crumples of its long winter packing not yet fluttered out of it—in the trembling snowdrop, which a touch can crush, but which all the weight of the inanimate earth could not keep from bursting up into the sunshine—*life* in its lowliest developments says not, *God has been here*, but *God is here*; not only "The Master's hand has been on us—do you not see the perfection of His work?" but "The life of the Life-giver is breathing through us, do you not feel the joy of His presence?" and that seems to me to go much deeper into the heart.

I was sitting to-day by the little well-spring in our wood, from which the water wells up so gently, so peacefully, without noise or stir, that it often makes me think of the pool which the angel troubled, and made its waters healing; so strong is the power of life for every creature near that seems to flow from that little spring! The first spring-flowers always come there, which is one of the reasons why I know it so well, because I gather the first nosegay there every year for Mother; and so deep and hallowed is the quiet, that, as a child, I used often to fancy it must be something more than wind and water which made the flowers quiver and the leaves flutter, as if with the touch of a hand they loved; and, as it is, I often wonder if there are not a great many more living beings busy in the world around us about God's work than we know of. Because we use machines to save toil and to spare hands, but where work is not toil, but delight, and where the workers are ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, why should lifeless machinery do what living hands can always do so much better!

But however that may be, Hugh says, matters comparatively little; because nothing is done in God's world by dead laws made long ago, nor by lifeless machinery set going long ago, and generally superintended from a distance. Everywhere the agency is living, not mechanical; whether the work of happy ministering spirits, or of the one living Presence, which is better and dearer and nearer than all.

Mother and I have been having long talks as we have been sitting at our spinning or sewing; and it seems to me it is our transplanting those poor limited thoughts of ours into heaven that makes half the difficulties, if not all, in those questions of predestination, and assur-

e, about which some Christian people have been sitting so bitterly of late.

We want to have everything sealed and settled, and tten down in unalterable decrees and irrevocable e-deeds; forgetting that deeds and decrees are of 1e to us simply because the people who make them y die or change.

but the grand security of the gifts of God is that it is l who gives them. The Giver lives for ever, and is ays at hand. I do not think He will give us any er security, and I am sure we can have none so strong. Inbelief, like Eve, craves a security independent of l. But independence of God is death; and faith, epting the living God as the security of His own proes, finds in such dependence, not only security, but

. Unbelief would have some sentence, some irrevole decision, to build on. God gives us no such poor tractions to rest on apart from Him. His promises all personal, all made to present faith. He says, y sheep shall never perish, neither shall any pluck m out of my hand"—"I will never leave thee nor ake thee"—"What shall separate us from the love Christ?"

f the cold heart, craving security against itself, asks, ut can I pluck *myself* out of Thy hand? Can I foree Thee?"—though neither things present, nor things ome, nor life, nor death, can separate, may not *sin*? l no answer comes but, "I love, I keep—*abide in*

" If we seek one promise to a past faith, one word ncouragement to any except those who are turning od, we may look through the Bible in vain. Turn od, all is light; turn from Him, all is shade. God as no promises except to faith, and faith in exercise. but if the trembling, clinging heart asks, weeping, same question, "Can I ever tear myself from Thy id? can I ever leave Thee?" it is still the same ver, though in a different tone, the tone of tenderest y—"Abide in me; *I love, I keep.*" To strong faith s is full and absolute assurance. To feeble faith no nger assurance can be given. If all the ingenuity all the divines and lawyers in the world were taxed find a formula stating in abstract terms the security a believer, despondency would be sure to find some r to exclude itself. Therefore I think God takes ther way, and drives the trembling, doubting heart ough the very destitution of security, to Himself; he security which is safety, whether it is felt to be r not, and which, when it is felt to be safety, is life joy besides; to the fortress of the Father's house o the sanctuary of the Father's heart.

And once there, what child would not smile at all the urity of documents, weeping on His bosom, "I would her trust Thee!"

od will not suffer us to rest on things, on words, on rthing in our past, on anything even in His promises, rt from Himself. "Communion with God," Mother l, "is the end and object of redemption. 'Thou t redeemed us to God by Thy blood.' And God loves

us too much to suffer that anything shall be a substitute for prayer, for the communion of the soul with Himself."

* * * *

It seems that, during our absence in London, when Betty and Mother were left alone together, they had many discussions. At first these were at times rather hot and controversial. But one day Betty said it made her head so dizzy, she felt like going mazed, to be spinning round and round always in the same place, as it was her opinion Missis and she had been doing. She therefore proposed that, instead of talking so much, they should read the Bible together, with one of Mr. Wesley's hymns by way of a prayer; and it was wonderful, Mother said, how much better they grew to understand each other after that.

"For," said Mother, "to confess the truth, Kitty, I never forgot something Betty said to me about assurance and the witness of the Spirit when I was ill." So at last, one evening after their reading, Mother had the conversation, which she thus related to me:—

They had been reading the eighth chapter of the Romans, and had stopped at the verses, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," and "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." Betty told Mother what she had told me before,—how, after weeks of gloom and wretchedness, in which the sense of her sins weighed on her like a darkness that could be felt, one evening she saw the burden of her sin laid on her Saviour, so that all her heart suddenly overflowed with gratitude, and love, and peace. She felt that He had borne her sins, and that they were borne away, and that she was forgiven.

Mother replied that she had more than once felt her heart melt into thankfulness and joy when she had looked at the Cross, but that afterwards the recollection of her sins had weighed her down again, and she thought the utmost she could ever hope for was that at last hope might overbalance fear, God's mercy outweigh her sins, and that so, perhaps on her deathbed, a trembling hope might be vouchsafed her that she might depart in peace. She did not deny that such an assurance as Betty spoke of might be given to some, but she believed it was to great saints or to people with very strong faith. At all events, she had never thought it could be anything but presumption for her to expect it.

But Betty said she did not think the Almighty meant his children to creep through the world with a rope round their necks, as if they were never sure of not being condemned at last. If God Almighty's service was to be such a *wisht* thing as that, she did not think many would be drawn to it. And she was sure no father with a heart in him would treat the worst child who wanted to become better in such a way, much less the Lord.

"But," said Mother, "the tenderest parent can see his child suffer anything if it is for the child's good. The more God loves us the more he will bear to be

grieved with our griefs, if it is to end in our joy. And since we are such wilful and rebellious children, it may be safer for us to wait for our pardon until we are safe from sinning any more."

"That wasn't your way nor Master's, leastways Missis'," said Betty.

"Better perhaps if it had," replied Mother, thinking mournfully of Jack.

"Well, Missis," said Betty, "all I know is I couldn't work, nor I wouldn't, for a master who had no way of keeping his house right, but spying on the men and maidens like a jailer, and never dropping them a good word or a smile for fear they should forget their places. Even the beasts feel the difference, poor fools. And as to Master Jack," she added in a softened, faltering voice, "I can't deny that if you and Master were to treat him like a good-for-nought, and never give him a kind look nor a word of welcome, but sit in the Hall, like judges, for him to come and bow and make fine speeches before you, and then send him to take his meat along with Roger and me in the kitchen, if I were Master Jack I'd run away again for good; and as to me, I'd take myself off in no time;" and Betty all but cried at her own picture when a new view of the matter struck her, and she broke into a smile. "Well, Missis, what an old fool I be to think of you and Master setting up *play-acting* like that. Why, any one would see through it fast enough. Roger himself, poor innocent, would wait, laughing in himself, to see what was to come next; and the very dog would see through it, and whine and fawn on Master Jack, and jump from him to you, as much as to say, 'Why, don't you see it's young Master.' But Master Jack would see through it first of all, and before you or Master could say one of your fine improving speeches, he'd be at your feet, Missis,—he'd be on your heart, and you'd be sobbing your heart out over him for joy."

Mother made no reply for some little time, and Betty resumed in a low voice,—

"And God Almighty is a sight better than that. The father in the Bible didn't sit in the house waiting for the son to come back, and making up faces and speeches to make him feel what a fool he had been. His only fear was that the poor foolish lad would be too ashamed to come. He was watching all the while from the door, and the moment he saw him he ran to meet him, that they might come back together, that every soul in the house might see the poor fellow was welcome. He stopped the poor speech the lad had made up in the foreign parts with kisses, so that he never got through it, and fondled him as if he had been his mother more than his father, and set all the men and maidens to work, and then set them to feasting and dancing and merry-making, as if it had been a wedding or a christening instead of a poor wild lad creeping back home for a bit of bread, with scarce a rag on his back nor a shoe to his feet. He wasn't afraid the poor boy would make himself too much at home. He couldn't do enough like

to make him feel he *was* at home; and the Lord says that's how the Almighty feels when one of us comes back to him. And he knows the inside of the Father's house," concluded Betty, "which is more than any of us do yet awhile."

Mother admitted that the parable of the prodigal son did indeed show quite plainly God's joy in receiving the penitent sinner. But how were we to know we were penitent? It was so easy to deceive ourselves, to persuade ourselves into anything we wished.

"Well, Missis," said Betty, "I didn't find it so easy; the more I wished it the less I felt I would get it."

Some people, sincere and truthful Christian people, might feel that, Mother admitted, people who were reserved and truthful with themselves; but who could answer for the delusions into which excitable sanguine people might work themselves if they were told that the beginning of religion was to feel that their sins were forgiven?

"Of course some folks will deceive themselves," said Betty. "Some folks always will. The apostles couldn't keep them from it. But the warnings of the apostles even to such always ended, not with 'go away,' but 'come back;' and it may give folks a better chance of turning right altogether at last if their faces have been turned the right way only for a few hours. It's my belief folks are more easily got to try again if they've had but a glimpse of what a terrible thing sin is, and what joy God can give, than if they'd lived all their lives without having a thought beyond the brutes, and doing everything worse than the beasts. But," concluded Betty, "I can't be sure, Missis, that if they don't turn right in the end it won't be worse for them. And I think the apostle Paul felt the same."

Mother returned to the point,—How was any one to know the false joy from the true?

And to that all Betty could say was,—

"Well, Missis, I can't say I think folks can know unless they try. As far as I know it's a kind of joy that makes you ready to let all the world trample on you and never mind a bit. It's a joy that makes you feel as if you could forgive even your greatest enemy, and indeed as if no one could do anything hurtful to you as to be worth calling an enemy, because if they could only feel what you feel, they would be like your brothers at once. It's a joy that lifts you above all the joys of the world as if they were poor forgotten dreams, and makes you ready to stoop beneath any burden or trouble in the world, because of the hand that fits on the yoke. It's a joy that makes you feel lower than the lowest upon earth, because you've been forgetting and neglecting Him who died for you; and it's a joy that makes you feel higher than all the kings of the world, because He loves you; and it's a joy the whole world cannot take away, but the least puff of pride or breath of sin can dim and soil and stain. If we lived in it always we should be as meek as lambs, and as busy as bees, and as happy as angels, and as brave as Master, and as kind, Missis, my dear, as you; and when

we lose it there's nothing for us but to go back where we found it, to the Lord who won it, to the Almighty who gave it. For we're as weak as Samson with his hair shorn without it, and as strong as Samson when he took up the city gates when we've got it; and though it's never to be found by looking for it, it's always to be found by looking for the Lord. For when the Almighty calls us to forsake the world for him here and now, do you think he has nothing better than the world to give us here and now? And," she concluded, "if we're always to be climbing up the rock out of the waves ourselves, and never sure we're on it, how are we to turn and have our hands free to help the rest who are still clinging to the wreck or buffeting the breakers?"

"And what did you say next, Mother?" I asked.

"I said nothing to Betty," Mother replied. "I went up into the little porch closet, Kitty, and knelt down and prayed God to teach me."

"And then, Mother?" I asked.

"Why then, Kitty, I read the Bible, and I thought a long time, and then I prayed again, and at last I began to see that it was a sin not to believe in the love God has to us, and a duty to be glad."

And is not this the good news which the Methodists are bringing to thousands and tens of thousands all over the world,—a religion which promises present life, and joy, and strength to all who receive it, and which keeps the promise; a religion which speaks not only of a past creation, finished and made, and very good, but of a living present Creator and Father, creating now and living now; not only of the past finished redemption, but of a present living Redeemer; not only of a past miraculous Pentecost, but of a present living Holy Spirit, teaching and comforting, here and now?

Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As if Thy blessings had spare days,
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

This morning I awoke with these words of good Mr. Herbert's singing in my heart, and before noon I felt my need of them. There has been a letter from Hugh. Jack's affairs will take longer settling than we thought, and meantime Hugh finds plenty of missionary work among the poor blacks, so that I must try not to wish him back before the autumn, to which time his return is delayed; and not to let the intervening days be merely a kind of waste border country between two regions of life, but to fill them with their own work, which, no doubt, if I ask God, he will give me to do.

One piece of work has come already. Toby Treffry, when Mother and I went to visit him to-day, asked me as a great favour if I would let him come to our house for an hour now and then, and help him on a little with his reading, which, with all his pains, he still finds to be a very laborious and rather uncertain method of gain-

ing information or edification. This evening he came for the first time, and with some hesitation the chief reason for this desire of improvement came out. He has contrived to collect a few of the idle boys of the parish on Sunday afternoon, when there is no service, to teach them reading and singing, and the attempt to help others has taught him his own deficiencies.

This accounts for the sounds Father and I heard issuing from Toby's cottage as we were walking through the fields last Sunday. The singing was hearty enough, at all events. From time to time the voices seemed to grow uncertain and few, and to wander with no very clear purpose or connection with each other, but after such intervals Toby's voice was heard again like a captain's collecting his scattered forces, and the whole body came in together at the close with a shout which Father and I concluded was the chorus.

I suggested to Betty that a little instruction in music in a humble way, such as I can give, might not be useless to Toby if he is to be choir leader as well as school-master.

"More than that, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty, "Toby Treffry is appointed local preacher through our district."

This announcement was made as Betty was taking away the supper, and the demand on Mother's faith in Methodist arrangements was more than it could stand.

"Toby a preacher, when he can scarcely read!" she said.

"It's my belief, Missis," said Betty, "folks can learn to read a deal easier than they can learn what the Almighty's learned Toby, poor soul. There be things seen in the depths Toby's been taken through, not written in any spelling-book I ever see."

"But whatever the profit may be to others," said Mother, "it must certainly be dangerous to Toby himself to set himself up to teach when he has so much to learn."

"Well, Missis," said Betty respectfully but very determinedly, "it seems to me, if folks wait to teach till they've no more to learn they may wait till doomsday. And more than that, the folks that do set up to teach because they've done learning are most times mortal dull teachers. Nothing comes so fresh, in my opinion, as a lesson the teacher himself learned yesterday from the Almighty. However Toby's not set himself up to teach, at any rate; folks found they were the better for what he'd got to say up to class, and so do I, and they would make him speak to them, so that he couldn't help preaching, and that's the end of it."

"An audience that *will* listen is certainly a good beginning for a preacher," remarked Father. "I would not object to a little more of the same test; and I suppose Toby's salary is not very great."

"Well," replied Betty drily, "Toby's pay, and most of the local preachers', is most times the wrong way, as far as this world goes. He walks often ten and twenty miles to his preaching, and when it rains he's got to preach in his wet things, and sit in them till they are dry, which is all very well when folks are young, but

can't last always. As far as I can see, Toby's pay is weary bones now, and is like to be rheumatism when he's old. But he's content, sure enough, and well he may be, and the rest of them too. They've got good part of the pay they look for now, and all the rest well kept for them."

But when I questioned Toby himself about his expenses and his self-denying labours, he coloured and stammered very little like a man accustomed to public speaking; but at last he said, 'They've only taken me on trial for a year, Mrs. Kitty, and as to the *pay*, the times I have alone in my walks, thinking of the Lord and his goodness and all I've got to tell them, are pay enough for a prince, let alone the joy of seeing the folks' hearts melted by the words, and the hope of meeting them and thanking the Lord all together, by-and-by.'

These last weeks have been full of events. Uncle Beauchamp died rather suddenly two months since. The shock brought a slight attack of paralysis on Aunt Beauchamp, which has disabled her from entering any more into society.

Cousin Evelyn is left in possession of a large fortune, bequeathed to her sole use on her father's death by the will of her paternal grandmother. She has announced her intention of paying us a visit if convenient. Aunt Beauchamp, in her feeble health, keeps recurring, like a sick child, to a promise she says Mother made her of coming to nurse her if ever she should be ill. And since it is impossible for Mother to leave home, the doctors think, (Evelyn writes,) that, difficult as the journey is, the most probable chance of recovery is for her mother to come at least for a little while to us. Mother's tender, gentle nursing may restore her shattered nerves, or at least soothe them.

Betty's anticipations of this visit are not bright. A fine London man and maid, and an old lady who, she has heard, paints her face as no one ever did in the Bible except Jezebel, are very serious apprehensions to Betty. Indeed she said to-day it was quite enough in her opinion to account for all the evil signs and tokens; so that perhaps she admits there's some comfort even in such an upset as this, for such sights and sounds might have boded worse.

Betty's spirits are much relieved now that our visitors have come, by discovering that the "London man" turns out to be a Methodist collier lad, promoted by Evelyn to the dignity of groom, that Mrs. Sims is entirely engrossed with her mistress, that my poor aunt has relinquished the rouge, and that in a very short time the whole party are to emigrate to the Parsonage.

For Cousin Evelyn has bought the next presentation of the living for Hugh, for which she says no thanks are due, as she intends to rob us of the Parsonage and to convert it, with the exception of such rooms as she and her mother want into an orphan house, for some destitute little girls she has discovered in London, for whom she

believes the great hope is to take them quite out of reach of their bad relations into such a new world as this will be to them.

We, she says, are to struggle on as we can in the old house. She insists, however, on repairing and rebuilding the whole fallen side of the old court, in which are situated the rooms formerly appropriated to our new home. The masons and carpenters are at work already. There is not much to be done. The old walls are as firm as when they were built; and the stone mullions only need to be repaired here and there. The chief alterations are the replacing of broken floors and ceilings, the glazing of the old windows, and the dethronement of Betty's poultry, who from time immemorial have made their roost in the deserted old chambers.

Already, under Evelyn's eager hastening, the work is advancing. And when Hugh comes back he will feel as if an enchanter's wand had been waved over the old place, so delightfully like and yet unlike is it to its old self.

Evelyn is altogether graver and gentler and more peaceable than I ever saw her. Her strong will seems to find its element in action, and no more draws her restlessly against other people's wills merely by way of exercise. At the same time she seems to me more of a queen than ever; and I delight to watch how instinctively every one yields to her control. Every one except poor Aunt Beauchamp; and in her sick-chamber I love to see Evelyn even better than anywhere else. The stroke, and the bereavement, and the change of circumstances, have brought a vague feeling of irritation and helpless opposition into my poor aunt's brain, very painful to see, and this chiefly vents itself on Evelyn. She seems to feel as if something, she knows not what, were always preventing her doing what she wishes; and, when Evelyn appears, this tyrannical something seems to represent itself to her as poor Evelyn's will. At times she blames and reproves Evelyn as if she were a wilful child; at other times she weeps and wrings her hands, and entreats her, as if she herself were the child and Evelyn the harsh parent, to be allowed to do some impossible thing or other.

And Evelyn, so strong and commanding elsewhere, by that sick-bed is tender and yielding, and patient with every sick fancy. Now and then she is rewarded, after a paroxysm of anger or fretfulness, with a few tender words of love and thanks, as a gleam of clearer light breaks on the poor troubled brain. And then it is always as to a little child Aunt Beauchamp speaks to her, calling her old tender, pet names, at which poor Evelyn's eyes fill with tears.

The doctors say this form of the disease will probably pass, and already Mother's presence and firm kind nursing seem to exercise a soothing influence.

The time for Hugh's arrival is come. Any day may bring us tidings of his vessel. Evelyn is hastening the preparation of the Parsonage for the reception of her

Mother and the orphans. Two rooms looking on the garden she has had fitted up with every luxury her Mother is accustomed to—china vases, and images on gilded brackets, caskets of aromatic woods, soft carpets, leopard and tiger skins, mirrors with little china cupids peeping round at their own reflection from the garlanded frames, everything to make her poor Mother feel as much at home as if her windows looked on Great Ormond Street, instead of over a patch of garden sheltered with difficulty from the storms of the Atlantic.

The rest of the house is a strange contrast. In Evelyn's own rooms the only luxuries are flowers and books, and a view, through an opening in the valley, of the sea. The furniture is nearly as simple as that of the dormitories and the school-room for the orphans, to whom the remaining rooms are devoted.

Every one of the little white beds has its own little dressing-table and washing apparatus, and chest of drawers, and its tiny set of book-shelves. These are all alike. Evelyn means to add by degrees little gifts of pictures or books, as she learns the tastes of the little inmates. She wants to supply the place of a home, as far as possible, to the children, not, she says, by the assumption of names of relationships which are untrue, but by getting to know each child individually, and by giving each some little peculiar possessions, so as to make each feel not a little unit in a sum-total, or a thing in a magazine, but a little person in a family. Her plan is to give each, perhaps, a hen or a fruit-tree, that they may learn early the connection between taking care and having, and between self-denial and giving. She intends also, whenever it is possible, to encourage their cherishing little memorials of the past, that they may feel they are not taken into the orphan-house to be taken out of the order of God's providence, but only to be removed from some of the world's dangers and Satan's temptations.

"That is my blank-sheet, Kitty," she said to me one day. "It will be strange in after years to watch how what is written on it corresponds with my plans. For though the scheme is in my hands, the history, you know, is not."

"Cousin Kitty," she said suddenly, as we were walking home across a reach of sandy shore, "Mr. Wesley thinks riches the meanest of God's gifts; but I do think they are a grand gift when one is young and free. So few have wealth until their wants and habits have so grown up to it that it is, after all, only just what they want—that is not riches to them at all. Now with me it is different. My tastes are as simple as possible. I have no pleasure in splendour, and no need for luxuries. God has given me riches in my youth and health; and, moreover," she continued in a trembling voice, "He has given me to see something of the great poverty and misery there are in this world; and also he has brought me, at the threshold of my life, face to face with Death. And there is nothing in the world I should like so much—I mean really *like and enjoy* so

much"—she continued, emphatically, "as to give up *myself* and all I am and have, to helping, and cheering, and saving the sorrowful, and neglected, and destitute, and lost people around me, all my life long; and leading them to feel all the time that the love and help they found in me were only a little trickling from the great fountain of the love and power of God."

As she spoke she was looking far out over the sea to the west, where the sky was glowing with sunset. But the glow and light in her eyes and on her beaming face seemed, as I looked at it, to make the glow of the sky seem a lifeless thing in comparison. It came, I felt, from a Sun "unseen and eternal," and the light was not sunset, but sunrise.

* * * *

While Evelyn and I stood together by the sea-side that evening, I noticed at one point a bank of clouds just rising slowly above the horizon. As we walked home, the wind rose in those strange fitful gusts which Father says are like the flying skirmishing parties sent to clear the way before the main forces of a storm.

I felt terribly anxious; and I knew every one felt I was, because all through the evening they tried to keep up the conversation, and spoke eagerly of Evelyn's work at the Parsonage,—of the work we were doing—of Father's old military days—of any one, except Hugh—of anything, except the wind which had now ceased to be gusty, and kept surging up the valley in great waves, as regular and almost as strong as the billows it had been urging on in its course, and whose salt spray it dashed against the rattling windows, mingled with the great splashes of the rain.

Evelyn wished me good-night in an easy careless voice, as if it were quite an ordinary night, and no one we cared about were on the sea; and Mother made no attempt to come to my chamber, or to invite me to hers, as she did in any common anxiety. Only Father's voice had a faltering tenderness as he came back from an exploration of the weather outside, and said, as we separated for the night,—

"This storm is nothing sudden; it cannot have taken any good seaman by surprise. It has been brewing since yesterday evening, and, no doubt, every one who knows this coast is either far enough from it, or safe in port."

But, long afterwards, I heard Mother's closet door shut, and low voices close what I felt had been an earnest parley, and with every sense quickened as it was that night, I heard Evelyn's soft step creep stealthily past my chamber to her own.

Only Betty ventured to speak to me.

She knocked at my door, and came into my chamber from her own, while I was still standing at the window undress, listening to the storm.

"Mrs. Kitty, my dear," she said with an old tone of authority, which carried me back to my childhood, and made me feel submissive at once, "Mrs. Kitty, my dear lamb, you mustn't stand hearkening and gazing

like that;" and she began to unfasten my dress as when I was a child. "There's nothing folks can't see and hear if they hearken in nights like this. I have heard the wind screech, and moan, and scream in that way, I could have sworn it had been folks in mortal trouble; and in the morning, when I came to ask, nothing had happened out of the way; so take heart, my dear, take heart."

How thankful I felt to Betty, for the want of tact which made her heart come bluntly out with its sympathy, so that I could just lay my head on her shoulder and cry like a child, and be comforted.

"I'm not out of heart, Betty," I sobbed. "Why should I be? His ship may not have left America yet, you know, or it may be in port quite safe, close at home, close at home."

"It may, my dear, it may," she said; "but it isn't maybe's that'll comfort you, my lamb; we must look to the Lord."

"I do," I said, "indeed I do. But he promises us no security from danger now,—none from any danger, does he?"

"Well, Mrs. Kitty," she said, "I can't say I think he does. But he promises to care; and he tells us to trust, and we must. The Lord is sure not to hurt us more than he can help. His promises are great, my dear; but the Lord himself is better than all his promises. He always means more than he says. More, and never less; because He is better than words can say. So, Mrs. Kitty, my dear," she concluded, "I'll leave you alone with Him. You'll find it better; for all the great fights, it's my belief, have got to be fought out alone with the Almighty. And you'll find, when you kneel down and give yourself up to him heartily, that you don't want any more promises than he has given—not one. For all the words in the world end somewhere, and leave something they cannot reach; but the love of the Lord ends nowhere, but flows right down to the bottom of every trouble."

And when she had gone I did kneel down, and proved what Betty said to be true. I proved that all possible promises are included, comprehended, and absorbed by the one, "*I will never leave thee*;" that all hopes of deliverance are weak compared with simple trust in the Deliverer.

I would not blot out the lessons of that night for twice its pain.

For at last I was able to put out my light and lie down in the darkness, without terror, alone with the storm, although the rush of the wind up the valley, as gust after gust broke against the house, made the branches of the old elms strain and groan, and the windows rattle, and the old house tremble to its foundations; yes, without terror, for the tones of an enemy's voice had passed from the storm. I could take refuge beneath the arm that wielded it—take refuge with God for me and mine.

And this was something to prove. For it would certainly have been far easier to have been myself at sea by Hugh's side, tossed helplessly, as I thought he might be, from the crest of one wave to the trough of another, with the ship staggering in every timber from the blows of the winds and waves, than to be thus listening, sheltered and alone, to the surging of the winds as they broke in the valley after spending their force on the sea.

In the morning Betty came to me as I was dressing, with her face white and her eyes large with fear. Toby, she said, had just come down from the cliffs, and had said there was a dismasted ship, of British build, out of her course, and quite unmanageable, making as fast as she could the fatal rocks at the entrance of his bay. He was going back to his cottage, with one or two of his class, to pray for the crew; and then they were to keep watch on the points from which help was most possible, ready to throw ropes, and offer any assistance they could.

None of us could rest in the house with such a catastrophe at hand. Father and Roger went up on the cliffs to join the old seamen and fishermen already watching there. Evelyn and I tried to accompany them, but the wind would not let us stand, and it was arranged that we, with Betty and Mother, should remain in Toby's cottage, keeping up the fire, taking thither blankets and warm wraps, and all kinds of restoratives, in case any of the shipwrecked crew could be rescued.

But that moment on the cliffs had been enough to imprint the terrible sight on our hearts for ever.

Dismasted, helpless, but full (we knew) of our countrymen, driven on their own shores—the shores they had been eagerly looking for so long—to perish!

Not one of us spoke a word as we busied ourselves in making every possible preparation, or in the still more terrible moments of inaction which followed when every possible preparation was made.

Then Toby came for an instant to the door, and shouted, "There is hope! there is hope! don't give over praying. She is jammed in between two rocks. If she can hold together till the ebb of the tide, there is hope."

A sob of relief broke from us all, and we knelt down together. But no one could utter a word.

Soon Toby came again.

"They are making signals," he said. "We have made signals to them to wait. But either they don't make us out, or she won't hold together. One of them is tying a rope around him, to throw himself into the sea. We can see him from the beach. We could make them hear, if it wasn't for the roar of the wind and the sea."

Then we could remain in the cottage no longer. Evelyn and I went back with Toby to the point of the beach nearest the wreck.

"He hopes to reach us, and get the rest in by the rope," said Toby. "But he'll never do it. The sea is too strong."

And then, in a low tone, "He must know the coast. He is climbing the slippery rocks by the only point where they can be climbed—where Master Hugh and I used to hunt for gulls' nests."

He stopped, and his eye met mine.

"Ah, Mrs. Kitty, take heart, take heart," he said. "Master Hugh knows what he's about; and the Lord'll never let him be lost."

The form we were watching plunged from the rock and disappeared. There was a shout among the seamen. Again another. He had re-appeared above the waves. Once more he was hidden. There was a long low groan among the seamen; then a terrible silence. What happened in the next moments I never saw. A mist came before my eyes, blotting out sound and sight.

And the next thing of which I was conscious was waking up in Toby's cottage, with my head on Mother's bosom, and seeing some one stretched on Toby's little bed, drawn beside the fire, but not too close, while Toby and Betty on each side were chafing the hands and feet, and the face was motionless and pale as death.

But slowly, almost before I was fully conscious, slowly the eyes opened, and met mine. And in an instant I was kneeling beside Hugh.

They had been chafing, and rubbing, and trying every means of restoration, for an hour; but it was only just before I recovered consciousness that the first gasp, the first pale flush of colour, gave signs of returning life. But as I knelt beside him his breast heaved slightly, his eyes opened again and rested (with such rest!) on mine, and he rather breathed than said, so faint was his voice, "Are the rest saved?"

And Toby said, "They're all safe. The Lord bless you, Master Hugh. The waves which dashed you a drowned man, as we feared, on the beach, did not break the rope which bound you to the wreck. One or two of the boldest were saved at once, and all the rest when the tide went out."

Then Hugh was satisfied, and asked no more questions, but kept firm hold of my hand, and closed his eyes. His lips moved, tears pressed slowly out from under his closed eyelids, and an expression of the deepest peace settled on his face.

And before night we were all kneeling beside him, the shipwrecked crew at the door, while in distinct though feeble words he was thanking God, whose "mercies are new every morning, whose mercy endureth for ever."

That was the way in which God answered a thousand prayers at once. Life was given back to the perishing by Toby's fireside; and through his hands the wrecker's house of death became the threshold of life; the den of thieves became the house of prayer.

And Hugh was given back to me. That was the first service in which Hugh led the prayers and praises of his parishioners. A "prosperous journey had been given him, such as was given to St. Paul of old," beyond all we could have dared to ask.

He had reached his native shores with a nobler triumph than if he had been convoyed by a fleet and greeted by a royal salute; cast on the beach a shipwrecked man, all but dying for those he had plunged into the waves to rescue. The amens of his first thanksgiving service had been sobbed from the lips of those whose lives he had risked his own to save.

We accepted it as a token.

When the storm of life is past, when we wake to our first thanksgiving service on the other shore, will there be such a company of rescued men and women around us then, rescued from wreck more hopeless, pouring out their hearts, not indeed to us, but to Him who loved us and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, not from hell to heaven only, but from sin to God?

For these storms never cease on earth. And even when Whitefield, and the Wesleys, and John Nelson, and Silas Told, have passed from earth, and all the noble men and women who work with them, rescuing wrecked souls from destruction, and chafing fainting hearts into life, Hugh says the storms will still continue, and the wrecks. For till heaven and earth shall pass away, the work of rescuing the lost will have to begin again, generation by generation, and day by day. But there is no fear (Hugh says), but that with the storms God will send the workmen for the work of rescue;—the old work of rescue from the old perils, wakening the new song of redemption, fresh as at first in every heart that learns it fresh from heaven.



THE RICH FOOL.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.*

And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater: and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."—LUKE xii. 16-21.



WHILE Jesus was, in his wonted way, preaching the kingdom to a great multitude, one of the audience, taking advantage probably of some momentary pause in the discourse, broke in upon the solemn exercises with the inappropriate and incongruous demand, "Master, speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me."

In regard to the matter in dispute between himself and his brother, this man probably had both an honest purpose and a righteous cause. For aught that we know to the contrary, he may have been violently or fraudulently deprived of his share in the inheritance of the family. In the answer of the Lord there is not a word that calls in question the justice of his claim. The question of right and wrong as between the brothers does not constitute an element of the case as it is presented to us; it is intentionally and completely omitted. Dishonesty is a simpler affair, and can be settled in very few words. Elsewhere it is disposed of in a very brief sentence,— "Thou shalt not steal." But here a far more subtle sin is analyzed and exposed. The lesson is not, Take heed and beware of Injustice; but, "Take heed and beware of Covetousness." The warning is directed not against the sin of obtaining wealth by unjust means, but against the sin of setting the heart upon wealth, by what means soever it may have been obtained. This reproof was doubtless a word more in season for the assembly of well-conducted Jews who listened

that day to the preaching of Jesus, as it is a word more in season for the members of Christian Churches in this land, than an exhortation to beware of theft.

The appeal so inopportunistically made, shows incidentally that the people had begun to look on Jesus as a prophet, and to pay great deference to his word. Had he not been already in some sense recognised as an authority, this man would not have applied to him for relief. He was well aware that Jesus of Nazareth could bring no civil constraint to bear upon his brother; it was the moral influence of the prophet's word that he counted on as the means of accomplishing his purpose: "Master, *speak* to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me." He had, perhaps, observed an amazing effect produced by a word from those meek lips; he had, perhaps, himself seen wicked men subdued by it, and heard from others that it had silenced a stormy sea. He may have marked its power in healing the sick and raising the dead. Forthwith he conceived the plan of enlisting this mysterious and mighty word on his own side of a family quarrel. If that word, he thought within himself, were exerted in my behalf, it would induce my brother to give to me the half or the third of the paternal estate, which I claim as my right.

We cannot cast the first stone at this poor simpleton, who had no other use for the Redeemer's word than to gain by means of it a few more acres of the earth for himself: in every age, some men may be found who hang on the skirts of the Church for the sake of some immediate temporal benefit. Nor is it difficult to understand the phenomenon: "No man can serve two masters;" practically each chooses one, and in the main serves him faithfully. If Christ is chosen as Lord and Master, Mammon and all other things are compelled to serve: if Mammon is chosen and

* We transfer this exposition from a volume on the Parables now passing through the press (and to be published in a few days), from the pen of Mr. Arnot. Mr. Arnot already, by universal consent, occupies a place second to none among our practical religious writers. In this new volume he combines the exegetical with the practical, and it would not be easy to decide in which department he is most successful and felicitous. The following brief exposition is almost wholly practical. But on the exegesis of several of the more difficult parables Mr. Arnot brings to bear the full strength of his singularly fresh and vigorous mind.

ated on the throne, he will not scruple to lay heaven and earth under contribution for the advancement of his designs;—Mammon, when master, will take even the word of Christ and employ it as an instrument wherewith he may like his rags together.

How simple and helpless is the man who has loved wealth to become his chief good! Here an example of ungodly simplicity. Without any apprehension of a reproof from the Lord or his disciples, the poor man betrays all: in the public assembly he unwittingly turns his own heart inside out. Instead of addressing to the preacher the question, "What must I do to be saved?" showing that the truth had taken effect in his conscience, he preferred a request regarding disputed property, showing that while the words of Jesus fell on his ears, his heart was going after his covetousness. He attended to the sermon for the purpose of watching when it should be done, that he might then do a stroke of business.

We must not too complacently congratulate ourselves on our superior privileges and more reverent habits. If those who wait upon the ministry of the word in our day were as simple as this man was, some requests savouring as much of the earth as his would be preferred at the close of the solemnity. If human breasts were transparent, and the thoughts that throng them patent to the public gaze, many heads would hang down.

From this untimely and intensely earthly interruption the parable springs: thus the Lord makes the covetousness as well as the wrath of man to praise him, and restrains the remainder thereof. A fissure has been made in the mountain by some pent-up internal fire that forced its way out, and rent the rock in its out-going; in that rent a tree may now be seen blooming and bearing fruit, while all the rest of the mountain-side is bare. "Out of the eater came forth meat; out of the strong came forth sweetness." This word of Jesus that liveth and abideth for ever is a green and fruitful tree to-day; but it was the outbursting of a scathing, scorching covetousness that formed the cavity, and supplied the soil in which the tree might grow.

"The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully," &c.

The ground was his own; no law, human or

divine, challenged his right. The ground was eminently fruitful; the unconscious earth gave forth its riches, making no distinction between one who used it well and one who abused it. On the fields of the covetous man the rain fell and the sun shone: God makes his sun to shine on the evil and on the good. It is not here—it is not now that he judges the world in righteousness. He giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.

Mark now what effect the profusion of nature and the beneficence of God produced on the mind of this prosperous man. It set him a thinking: so far, so good. The expression in the original indicates a dialogue, and a dialogue is a discourse maintained between two. Dialogue is, indeed, the original word transferred bodily into the English language: *διαλογίζετο ἐν ἑαυτῷ*—he dialogued in himself: his soul and he held a conversation on the subject. This was a proper course. When riches increase it is right and necessary to hold a consultation with one's own soul regarding them: in like manner, also, when riches take themselves wings and fly away, a conversation between the same parties should take place regarding their escape.

He said, "What shall I do, I have no room where to bestow my fruits?" The process advances most hopefully: hitherto, no fault can be found with this man's conduct. So great had been his prosperity that he was at a loss for storage. His cup was not only full, but running over, and so running waste; his solicitude now turned upon the question how he might profitably dispose of the surplus. Taking it for granted, as any sensible man in the circumstances would, that something should be done, he puts the question, "What shall I do?" A right question, addressed to the proper person, himself. No other person was so well qualified to answer it,—no other person understood the case, or possessed authority to determine it.

Listen now to the answer: "He said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater," &c. This is the turning-point, and on it the poor man turns aside into error. Where God's goodness was showered upon him in such abundance, he should have opened his treasures and permitted them to flow: for this end his

riches had been bestowed upon him. When rain from heaven has filled a basin on the mountain-top, the reservoir overflows, and so sends down a stream to refresh the valley below: it is for similar purposes that God in his providential government fills the cup of those who stand on the high places of the earth—that they may distribute the blessing among those who occupy a lower place in the scale of prosperity.

But self was this man's pole star: he cared for himself, and for none besides. Self was his god; for to please himself was practically the chief end of his existence. He proposed to pull down his barns, and build a larger storehouse on the site, in order that he might be able to hoard his increasing treasures. The method that this ancient Jewish self-seeker adopted is rude and unskilful. We understand better the principles of finance, and enjoy more facilities for properly investing our savings: but the two antagonist principles retain their respective characters under all changes of external circumstances—the principle of selfishness and the principle of benevolence; the one gathers in, the other spreads out.

The method of reserving all for self, is as unsuccessful as it is unamiable: it cannot succeed. The man who should hoard in his own granary all the corn of Egypt, could not eat more of it than a poor labourer—probably not so much. It is only a very small portion of their wealth that the rich can spend directly on their own personal comfort and pleasure: the remainder becomes, according to the character of the possessor, either a burden which he is compelled to bear, or a store whence he daily draws the luxury of doing good.

The dialogue proceeds: the man has something more to say to his soul: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years," &c. He counts on riches and time as if both were his own, and at his disposal. The big barn is not yet built; the golden grain that shall fill it has not yet been sown: and even although no accident should mar the material portion of the plan, how shall he secure the "many years" that constitute its essence on the other side? Does he keep Time under lock and key in his storehouse, that he may at pleasure draw as much as he requires? Many years! These years lie in the future,—that is, in the unseen eternity. They are at God's right

hand—they are not within your reach. Why do you permit an uncertain element to go into the foundation of your hope?

There is, indeed, nothing strange here. It is according to law: those who are taught of the Spirit understand it well. The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not. "Thou hast goods laid up for many years! take thine ease, soul; eat, drink, and be merry!" What simplicity is here! The case is in degree extreme; the letters are written large that even indifferent scholars may be able to read the lesson. But the same spiritual malady, in some of its forms and degrees, is still epidemic in the world: those are least exposed to infection who have their treasures laid up at God's right hand.

It is a useful though a trite remark, that there is great stupidity in the proposal to lay up in a barn the portion of a soul. The soul, when it is hungry, cannot feed on musty grain. Material treasures cannot save a soul from death. The representation in the parable, however, is true to nature and fact: it would be a mistake to attribute to a miser a high appreciation of the dignity of man. Covetousness, in its more advanced stages, eats the pith out of the understanding, and leaves its victim almost fatuous.

This man, in a dialogue with his own soul, had settled matters according to his own mind. The two had agreed together that they would have a royal time on earth, and a long one. The whole business was comfortably arranged. But at this stage another interlocutor, whom they had not invited, breaks in upon the colloquy: "God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then, whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" This is the writing on the wall that puts an end to Belshazzar's feast, and turns his mirth into terror.

The terms run literally, "Unwise, this night they demand from thee thy soul." Those ministering angels and providential laws, represented by the drawers of the net in another parable, to whom the Supreme Governor has committed the task of gathering gradually the generations of men from this sea of time, and casting them for judgment on the borders of eternity—those ministering spirits, and principles pervading nature, arrive in their course this night at your door, and send

the message into the midst of the merry festival, The master of this house is wanted immediately ; he must arise and go, in obedience to the summons ; he can neither resist nor delay. He may weep, tremble, rage ; but he must go, and go on the instant. It is not the whole man, but only his soul that is wanted : his body will be left behind. But the body, though left behind, cannot claim, cannot use the goods. When the soul is summoned over into eternity, it cannot carry the hoarded treasures with itself, and the body left behind has no further use for them. A grave to rest in while it returns to dust is all that the body needs or gets ; and the deserted wealth must advertise for an owner—whose shall it be ?

Our Lord Jesus has spoken these piercing words, not for the sake of the pain which they are fitted to inflict. He is the Healer of diseased humanity, and when he makes an incision he means to cure. His sharp instrument, at whose glance we wince and shrink precisely in proportion to the measure of our malady, he wields for the purpose of piercing the deadly tumour, and so saving the threatened life. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" (ver. 15) ; and the man who places his life therein, loses his life. That is not his life ; and if he make that for his life, he is cheated. When a

merchant has given all for what seemed a goodly pearl, he has not another fortune in reserve wherewith to begin anew, if that for which he paid all his possessions turns out to be a worthless toy of glass. Our time, our life—this is our fortune, on which we trade for the better world : if these be spent,—be thrown away for what is not life, then life is lost.

Riches are truly enjoyed when they are wisely employed in doing good ; but hoarded as the portion of their possessor, they burden him while they remain his, and rend him at the parting.

By way of contrast, the Lord mentions another kind of treasure, which satisfies now, and lasts for ever. Those who are "rich toward God," are rich indeed, and all besides are poor : and this wealth is, in Christ, offered free,—offered to all.

Seeing that an evil spirit possessed this man, the Lord in mercy applied his word to cast the evil spirit out, and make room for his own indwelling. When the spirit of the world refuses to go out at his word, he sometimes interferes as Ruler in providence, and tears out the intruder by his mighty hand : the kingdom of heaven that is "within you" also suffereth violence ; and He who is most mighty comes sometimes with merciful strokes to take it by force. "Even so : come, Lord Jesus."

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND CLAUDINE LEVET.*



FAREL, seeing his labours in different localities crowned with a success that promised to be lasting, turned his eyes with all the more ardour to Geneva. The numerous victories of Neuchatel and Vaud seemed to augur new ones to be gained in the city of the Huguenots. There were, however, great obstacles.

A fanatical party, directed by monks and priests, was opposed to all change, and even the enlightened Catholics, who desired the abolition of crying abuses, kept repeating that the Church ought first of all to be maintained, and then reformed. "A purification is not enough," said Farel ; "a transformation is wanted." But who was

to bring it out ? He had been banished from Geneva, and for a time could not return there.

Froment, young, poor, simple-minded, but intelligent, had refused to undertake so difficult a task. Farel tried once more. Froment did not understand how the attack of one of the strongest fortresses of the enemy could be entrusted to so young a man. "Fear nothing," said Farel ; "you will find men in Geneva quite ready to receive you, and your very obscurity will protect you. God will be your guide, and will guard your holy enterprise." Froment yielded, but felt humbled ; and reflecting on the task entrusted to him, he fell on his knees : "O God," he said, "I trust in no human power, but place myself entirely in thy hands. To thee I commit my cause, praying thee to guide it, for it is thine." He did not pray alone. The little flock at Yvonand, affected at this call which was about to take away their pastor, said : "O God, give him grace to be useful for the advancement of thy Word !" The brethren embraced,

* This narrative forms a chapter in the new volume (the 3rd) of *Aubigné's Reformation in Europe in the Times of Calvin*. The volume has throughout all the interest of a romance, combined with the substantial value of a first-class contribution to historical literature.

and Froment departed, "going to Geneva," he tells us, "with prayers and blessings." It was the 1st November 1532.

He reached Lausanne, whence he took his way along the shore of the lake towards Geneva. The poor young man stopped sometimes on the road, and asked himself whether the enterprise he was about to attempt was not sheer madness. "No," he said, "I will not shrink back; for it is by the small and weak things of this world that God designs to confound the great." And then he resumed his journey.

The Genevese were much occupied at that time with signs in the heaven. A strange blaze shone in the firmament; every night their eyes were fixed upon a long train of light, and the most learned endeavoured to divine the prognostics to be drawn from it. "At the new moon," says a manuscript, "there appeared a comet, at two in the morning, which was visible from the 26th September to the 14th of the following month. About this time Anthony Froment arrived in Geneva." Many Huguenots, irritated at the reception given to Farel, despaired of seeing Geneva reformed, and its liberties settled on a firm basis. Some, however, who were adepts in astronomy, wondered whether that marvellous sheen did not foretell that a divine light would also illuminate the country. They waited, and Froment appeared.

The young Dauphinese was at first much embarrassed. He tried to enter into conversation with one and another, but they were very short with the stranger. He hoped to find "some acquaintance with whom he could retire safely and familiarly;" but he saw none but strange faces. "Alas!" he said, "I cannot tell what to do, except it be to return, for I find no door to preach the Gospel." Then, calling to mind the names of the chief Huguenots, friends of Farel, who (as he said) would give him the warmest welcome, Froment resolved to apply to them, and waited upon Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve, Claude Bernard, J. Goulaz, Vandel, and Ami Perrin, but strange to say he everywhere met with embarrassed manners and long faces. The mean appearance of the young Dauphinese disconcerted even the best disposed. Farel (they thought) might at least have sent a scholar, and not a working man. Geneva was an important and learned city. There were men of capacity among the Roman clergy, who must be opposed by a minister of good appearance, a well-established doctor. . . . The Huguenots bowed out the mean little man. "Ah!" said Froment, returning to his inn, "I found them so cold, so timid, and so startled at what had been done to Farel and his companions, that they dared not unbosom themselves, and still less receive me into their houses." Confounded and dejected at seeing all his plans overthrown, he walked thoughtfully through the streets with his eyes bent on the ground. He entered the inn, shut himself up in his room, and asked himself what was to be done next. Those who seemed to wish to hear the Gospel looked at him with contemptuous eyes. If he spoke to any per-

sons, they turned their backs on him. Not one door was opened to the Word of God. . . . His feelings were soured. Wearied and dejected he sank under the weight, and lost courage. "I am greatly tempted to go back," he said.

Froment went to the landlord, paid his bill, strapped his little bundle on his shoulders, and, without taking leave of the Huguenots, bent his steps towards the Swiss gate, and quitted the city. But he had not gone many yards before he stopped; he felt as if he were detained by an invisible hand; a voice was heard in his conscience, telling him he was doing wrong; a force greater than that of man compelled him to retrace his steps. He returned to his room, shut the door, and sat down; leaning on the table with his head in his hands, he asked what God wanted with him. He began to pray, and seemed to witness in himself the realization of the promise: *I will lead thee in the way in which thou shouldst walk.* He called to mind what Farel had told him, and what the reformer had done at Aigle. A flash of light illumined his soul. They will have nothing to do with him in Geneva, because his appearance is mean. Be it so; he will undertake with humility the work that God gives him; and since he is rejected as an evangelist, he will turn schoolmaster.

During his walks Froment had met with one Le Patu, a man but little known, whom he asked if he could procure for him a place for a school. Le Patu answered that there was the great hall at Boytet's, at the Croix d'Or, near the Molard. They went there together; Froment measured its dimensions with his eye, and hired the room. He breathed again; he had now one foot in the stirrup; it only remained to get into the saddle, and begin his course. It was necessary to find scholars; with God's help Froment despaired of nothing. Returning to the inn, he drew up a prospectus, made several copies in his best handwriting, went out with them, and posted them in all the public places. They ran as follows: "A man has just arrived in this city who engages to teach reading and writing in French, in one month, to all who will come to him, young and old, men and women, even such as have never been to school; and if they cannot read and write within the said month, he asks nothing for his trouble. He will be found at Boytet's large room, near the Molard, at the sign of the Croix d'Or. Many diseases are also cured gratis."

These papers having been posted about the city, many of the passers by stopped to read them. "We have heard him speak," said some with whom he had conversed; "he talks well." Others thought that the promise to teach reading and writing in a month was suspicious; to which more benevolent men replied, that in any case he did not aim at their purses. But the priests and devout were irritated. "He is a devil," said a priest in the crowd; "he enchants all who go near him. You have hardly heard him before his magical words bewilder you."

The school opened, however, and he did not want for young pupils. Froment, who had talent (his book of the *Actes et Gestes de Genève* proves this), taught with simplicity and clearness. Before dismissing his scholars he would open the New Testament and read a few verses, explaining them in an interesting manner; after which (as he had some knowledge of medicine) he would ask them whether any in their families were sick, and distribute harmless remedies among them. It was by the instruction of the mind and the healing of the body that the evangelist paved the way to the conversion of the heart. The school and medicine are great missionary auxiliaries. The children ran home and told their parents all; the mothers stopped in their work to listen to them, and the fathers, especially the Huguenots, made them tell it again. Some of the boys and girls were continually prattling about it; they even "accosted men and women in the streets, inviting them to come and hear *that man*." In a short time the city was full of the schoolmaster who spoke French so well.

Several adults resolved to hear him, either from a desire to learn, or from curiosity, or in sport. Wives, however, stopped their husbands; jesters played off their jokes, and priests uttered their anathemas. But nothing could stop the current, for people thought the schoolmaster would speak against the lives of the priests, the mass, and Lent. . . . These worthy Huguenots, as they passed through the streets, heard "numerous loud jests and whispered hints" around them. They took their places behind the children and listened. Froment began: "He speaks well," said his hearers. He did even more than he had promised; he taught arithmetic, which was very acceptable to the Genevese, who are by nature rather calculating. It was the sermon, however, which the hearers waited for, and that was very different from what they had expected—a homily instead of a philippic. In the course of his lessons Froment read at one time a story from the Bible, at another one of our Lord's sermons, giving the Scripture as the Scriptures of God, explained as he went on the difficult words, and then applying the doctrine affectionately to the consciences of his hearers. They were all ears; leaning forward and with half-opened mouth, each one seemed afraid of losing a word. A few boys turned glances of triumph on those whom they had brought there. Froment joyfully marked the effect produced by his teaching. "They were much astonished, for they had never heard such doctrine. Some began to understand that evangelical Christianity did not consist in mocking the priests and the mass, but in knowing and loving the Saviour. "Those who heard him conceived in their hearts some understanding of the truth."

In a short time the success of this simple instruction surpassed the hopes of the teacher. Those who had heard him talked of the beautiful discourses delivered at the Croix d'Or. "Come," said they, "for he preaches very differently from the priests, and asks nothing for his trouble."—"Good," said some citizens more ignorant

than the rest; "we will go and hear him; we will learn to read and write, and hear what he says." Men, women, and children hastened to the hall, striving which should be there first. The poor man whom the Genevans had repulsed had suddenly grown in their estimation. The disputes between Huguenots and Mamelukes, the claims of the Duke of Savoy and Bishop De la Baume were forgotten; nothing was thought of but the evangelist. At the epoch of the Reformation nothing was more striking than the great difference between the instruction given by the priests and that given by the reformers. "Their teaching," it was said, "is not such a cold, meagre, lifeless thing as that of Popery. True, our masters sing loud enough, and preach whatever pleases their patrons, but they chirp out divine things in a profane manner; their discourses have no reverence for God, and are full of fine words and affectation. . . . In the others, on the contrary, instead of mere words and idle talk, there is virtue and efficaciousness, a life-giving spirit and divine power."

The friends of the priests could not hear such remarks without feeling the deepest alarm. "Pshaw!" they said, "you speak as if the man had enchanted you. By what sounds, figures, or magical operations has he bewitched you? Or is it else by fine words, great promises, or other means of seduction . . . by money?" From that time if they saw in the street a man or woman who attended the meetings at the Croix d'Or, they would cry out: "Ho! ho! there goes one of the possessed!" Complaints were made and bitter reproaches: signs of disapprobation were heard; but "notwithstanding all this contrary movement the number of hearers increased daily. Many of those whom curiosity had attracted were interested, enlightened and touched, and returning home they praised and glorified God."

All were not, however, won over to the gospel. Certain Huguenot leaders, Ami Perrin, John Goulaz, Stephen d'Adda, and others, took no great pleasure in the preacher's sermons; but believing that this new doctrine, which fell from the skies, would overthrow the dominion of the priests and mamelukes, they did not hesitate to range themselves among Froment's hearers, and to support him energetically in the city. Ere long matters went still worse for Rome. Some of Froment's hearers invited certain priests who were liberally inclined, to come and hear the schoolmaster. The idea of sitting on the benches at the Croix d'Or alarmed these churchmen, the Huguenots repeated the Frenchman's words: "Truly," said the priests, "these doctrines are good, and we should do well to receive them."—"Ho! ho!" said certain of the citizens, "the clerks who made such a brag are now converted themselves."

The alarm increased. The most bigoted monks and priests entered private houses, addressed the groups assembled in the public places, and jeered at Froment's doctrine and person. "Will you go and hear that devil?" they said; "what can that little fool (folâton)

know who is hardly twenty-two?"—"That fool," answered Froment's admirers, "will teach you to be wise. . . . That devil will cast out the devil that is in you."

In truth an astonishing work was going on in Geneva at this time; many souls were gained to the evangelical faith, and as in the times of the apostles, it was the women of distinction who believed first. Paula, the wife of John Levet, and probably the same as Permetta of Bourdigny, was daughter of the lord of Bourdigny, in the *mandement* of Peney. The members of this house had been styled nobles or *damoiseaux* as far back as the thirteenth century, and many of them had been syndics of Geneva. This lady, prepared by the teachings of the evangelists who had preceded Froment, "had become very zealous for the Word," and earnestly desired to bring to the gospel her sister-in-law Claudine, wife of a worthy citizen, Aimé Levet. The latter, "an honest, devoted, and wondrously superstitious woman," was upright and sincere, and more than once had combated zealously her sister's opinions. One day, when Paula was at Claudine's house, she conjured her to come and hear the schoolmaster. "I have so great a horror of him," replied her sister-in-law, "that for fear of being bewitched, I will neither see nor hear him."—"He speaks like an angel," answered Paula. "I look upon him as a devil," retorted Claudine. "If you hear him, you will be saved." "And I think I shall be damned." Thus contended these two women. Paula was not discouraged. "At least hear him once," she said, and then added with emotion: "Pray hear him once for love of me!" She prevailed at last, though with great difficulty.

Dame Claudine, although yielding to her sister's entreaties, resolved to protect herself thoroughly. She armed herself carefully with all the antidotes provided in such cases; she fastened fresh-gathered rosemary leaves to her temples, rubbed her bosom with virgin wax, hung relics, crosses, and rosaries round her neck, and shielded by these amulets, she accompanied Paula to the Croix d'Or. "I am going to see an enchanter," she said, so deceived was she. She promised herself to lead back the Demoiselle de Bourdigny into the fold.

Claudine entered the hall and sat down in front of the magician in mockery and derision, says the chronicle. Froment appeared, having a book in his hand. He mounted on a round table, as was his custom, in order to be better heard, and opening the New Testament, read a few words, and then began to apply them. Claudine, without caring the least for the assembly, and wishing to make her Catholicism known, crossed herself several times on the breast, at the same time repeating certain prayers. Froment continued his discourse and unfolded the treasures of the gospel. Claudine raised her eyes at last, astonished at what she heard, and looked at the minister. She listened, and ere long there was not a more attentive hearer in all the congregation. Froment's voice alone would have been

"wasted," but it entered into the woman's understanding, as if borne by the Spirit of God. She drank in the reformer's words; and yet a keen struggle was going on within her. Can this doctrine be true, seeing that the Church says nothing about it? she asked herself. Her eyes often fell on the schoolmaster's book. It was not a missal or a breviary. . . . It seemed to her full of life.

Froment having completed his sermon, the children and adults rose and prepared to go out. Claudine remained in her place: she looked at the teacher, and at last exclaimed aloud: "Is it true what you say?" "Yes," answered the reformer. "Is it all proved by the gospel?" "Yes." "Is not the mass mentioned in it?" "No!" "And is the book from which you preached a genuine New Testament?" "Yes." Madame Levet eagerly desired to have it: taking courage, she said: "Then lend it me." Froment gave it to her, and Claudine placing it carefully under her cloak, among her relics and beads, went out with her sister-in-law, who was beginning to see all her wishes accomplished. As Claudine returned home she did not talk much with Paula: hers was one of those deep natures that speak little with man but much with God. Entering her house, she went straight to her room and shut herself in, taking nothing but the book with her, and being determined not to come out again until she had found the solution of the grand problem with which her conscience was occupied. On which side is truth? At Rome or at Wittenberg? Having made arrangements that they should not wait meals for her, or knock at her door, "she remained apart," says Froment, "for three days and three nights without eating or drinking, but with prayers, fasting, and supplication." The book lay open on the table before her. She read it constantly, and falling on her knees, asked for the divine light to be shed abroad in her heart. Claudine probably did not possess an understanding of the highest range, but she had a tender conscience. With her the first duty was to submit to God, the first want to resemble him, the first desire to find everlasting happiness in him. She did not reach Christ through the understanding; conscience was the path that led her to him. An awakening conscience is the first symptom of conversion and consequently of reformation. Sometimes Claudine heard in her heart a voice pressing her to come to Jesus; then her superstitious ideas would suddenly return, and she rejected the Lord's invitation. But she soon discovered that the practices to which she had abandoned herself were dried-up wells where there had never been any water. Determined to go astray no longer, she desired to go straight to Christ. It was then she redoubled those "prayers and supplications" of which Froment speaks, and read the Holy Scriptures with eagerness. At last she understood that divine Word which spake: "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee." Oh, wonderful, she is saved! This salvation did not puff her up: she discovered that "the grace of God trickled slowly into her;" but the least drop coming from the Holy Spirit

seemed a well that never dried. Three days were thus spent: for the same space of time Paul remained in prayer at Damascus.

Madame Levet having read the gospel again and again desired to see the man who had first led her to know it. She sent for him. Froment crossed the Rhone, for she lived at the foot of the bridge, on the side of St. Gervais. He entered, and when she saw him Claudine rose in emotion, approached him, and being unable to speak burst into tears. "Her tears," says the evangelist, "fell on the floor," she had no other language. When she recovered, Madame Levet courteously begged Froment to sit down, and told him how

God had opened to her the door of heaven. At the same time she showed herself determined to profess without fear before men the faith that caused her happiness. "Ah!" she said, "can I ever thank God sufficiently for having enlightened me?" Froment had come to strengthen this lady, and he was himself strengthened. He was in great admiration at "hearing her speak as she did." A conversion so spiritual and so serious must needs have a great signification for the Reformation of Geneva, and as Calvin says in other circumstances where also only one woman seems to have been converted: "From this tiny shoot an excellent Church was to spring."

THE PRAYERS OF THE SAINTS.



It ever right to ask for the prayers of the saints?"

This question was proposed one morning in an Irish Church Mission School in Dublin to sixty girls, whose ages varied from ten to about eighteen or even twenty. They had almost all been Roman Catholics, and many were still in a transition state, fighting their way from point to point, and only yielding after a contest of weeks or even of months to the overwhelming evidence of Scripture.

"Is it ever right to ask for the prayers of the saints?"

"No," was the loud reply of half the school.

"Yes," said the other half, with equal vehemence.

"Who are the saints?"

"Dead people," "the apostles," "holy people," "sanctified people," were amongst the answers rapidly given.

"Holy people! how made holy?" said the questioner.

"Sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, 1 Cor. i. 2," said a little girl near us.

"Where are the saints?" was the next question.

"In heaven," said the Romanist children.

"Some in heaven and some on earth," said the converts.

"May we ask those in heaven to pray for us?"

"Yes; holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us." "No, God said, There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. ii. 5), were the different replies.

"May we ask living saints to pray for us?"

"Yes; St. Paul asked the Roman Christians to strive together in their prayers for him."

"Does God hear the prayers of living saints for one another?"

"Yes; the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (James v. 16).

"For whose intercession must we look in heaven?"

"For that of the Lord Jesus Christ, who ever liveth to make intercession for us" (Heb. vii. 25).

"How can we become saints?"

"By being washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"Your own Bible says that we are saved by works," interposed a rough looking loud-voiced girl of about eighteen. St. James says, "Faith without works is dead."

"Repeat Eph. ii. 8, 9, 10," said the teacher.

Almost involuntarily she began,—*"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."*

All who enter the schools are taught a selection of texts bearing upon sin, the Saviour, the Holy Spirit, the Scriptures, and the controversy. They also learn the place from which each passage is taken, so that, if you mention the chapter and verse, the words of the text immediately suggest themselves.

On this occasion the words quoted at once silenced the girl, and the lesson went on quietly.

Sometimes the rich humour and fun of the Irish character is very amusingly called out in the mission schools. We remember some little boys who were trying to argue in favour of penance, and after several grave replies had been given, one little ragged urchin called out, "I seen a pilgrim trying to airm (earn) his salvation by only aitin wan male (eating one meal) a day." "Well, what good did that do him?" "Och," said the boy, with a look of irresistible fun, "*Shure an* he gained the things that he might have ate."

Many of these poor children could tell tales of deep poverty and distress, others have gone through much for conscience' sake, although sometimes curiosity is the chief motive in bringing them to school, while others are attracted by the admirable system of secular education which is followed.

We were shown one girl who came to school fully determined not to learn anything against her religion, so she put pieces of cotton into her ears when the Scripture

Reader came into the room that she might not hear his Bible lesson. He saw her plan, and determined to defeat it, and laying down his Bible he took a large picture of purgatory from his pocket, and began to explain it to the other children. Presently her hand was put quietly up and the cotton was withdrawn first from one ear, then from the other, whilst she eagerly asked questions, but when she was told that the Lord Jesus offered free salvation without penance or purgatory to all who would believe, she called out "That's not in the Bible." The Reader told her it was in her own Douai version, which he held in his hand. She immediately seized the book, and ran down the street with it to a neighbouring chapel, where she found "a Christian brother," as some of the monks call themselves. She thrust the book into his hand, and asked him "if it was a *right* Bible." Seeing the name of Dr. Cullen* upon the title page, he replied

that it was all right, but that it was not a fit book for her, as she could not understand it. "Then if it's *thru* I'll *never* darken a chapel door again, or confess to priest or man," she exclaimed, and she ran back to school and asked for a Bible for herself. Of course, when her faith in Romanism was once shaken, she was prepared to receive the Scriptures, and she soon became a convert.

Thus we see daily illustrated in these mission schools in Ireland, the truth of the parable that "the kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up he knoweth not how." Many of these Arabs of society have thus been gathered into the family of heaven, and the worship of the Virgin and of the saints has thus been exchanged for the faith of Jesus Christ.

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RENAN'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. ISLAY BURNS, D.D., AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, WITH A SPECIAL VIEW TO THE DELINEATION OF CHRISTIAN FAITH AND LIFE, FROM A. D. 1 TO 313."

[This singularly eloquent and impressive criticism of the last boasted effort of French Rationalism formed the inaugural lecture of Dr. Burns at the recent opening of the session of the Free Church College, Glasgow.]



THE battle of the faith has again changed from a skirmish of outposts to a combat as for life or death. From discussions on creation and the Pentateuch, the antiquity of man, and the unity of the race, the scene of conflict has quickly shifted to still higher and holier ground, and the embattled legions of faith and unbelief struggle around the very central citadel of truth itself. It is no longer the authority of Moses only that is now in question, but that of Christ; not the historical integrity of the early annals of the kingdom of God, but the very existence of a kingdom of God on the earth at all. Once more it is denied, and once more are we summoned to maintain that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is come in the flesh; that there has been a divine supernatural intervention in the affairs of men; that the wondrous life portrayed in the Gospels which has created the Church and new created the world is a reality and not a fiction or a dream.

In this form the Church at once and most gladly accepts the contest. It is here pre-eminently that her position is impregnable, and it is here that the last and decisive battle of the truth must be fought and won. Triumphant here, our ultimate and complete victory on every other field is a question only of time; defeated here, there is nothing more remaining at stake worth contending for. If the life of Christ be indeed supernatural and divine, then all that precedes and all that follows it in the same train of events—the preparatory

dispensations and the subsequent results necessarily partake of the same character; if simply human and natural, then all else before and after, from the earliest patriarchal to the latest Christian times is simply human and natural too. Everything, then, alike in profane and in so-called sacred history, will resolve itself into a mere matter of human historical development, more or less pure, more or less exalted, more or less in a loose pantheistic sense divine, but still in its essential nature human and only human still. It is thus not the problem broached by Colenso, grave and vital as that problem is, but that which has been stated anew, and with such rare eloquence and literary skill by Ernest Renan, that constitutes the real question of the day—the question of a standing or a falling Christianity for our age, and for every age.

If we have thus ground for gratulation in the form in which the great argument is now raised, and the direct and decisive issue to which it brings us, we have none the less in the present aspects and progress of the contest. One by one have successive hypotheses framed to explain the fact of Christianity as a historical phenomena on infidel or naturalistic principles been tried and found wanting, and thus the way has been prepared as by a process of exhaustion for a final and absolute solution.

There are, in truth, only three positions essentially distinct, which are logically possible, on this whole question. Either the life of Christ, as we now possess it, is simply true or simply false, or partly true and partly false. It is either a true history, or a lying fiction, or a mixture of fact and fable, of real life and of

* The Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin.

legendary romance. The first is the position of the Christian believer; the second, practically at least, of the old infidel school; the last, of modern rationalism and philosophic unbelief. Of these, the second may be said to be now unanimously and on all hands rejected. Denounced by the Christian believer as an impious calumny, it is equally repudiated by the modern critical school as a historical impossibility. Whatever the life of Christ may be finally held to be, most certainly at least, by the mature and deliberate judgment of all reasonable men, friends and foes alike, it is not the work of mere imposture and dishonest fiction. It is fundamentally, at least, a real history—a history, too, the most wonderful and momentous in all the annals of time, whether that history has descended to us in a pure and unmixed, or in a corrupted and legendary form. The question is thus greatly simplified, and the ground of contest narrowed.

One of the only three possible hypotheses is now finally exploded and put out of court. The older and coarser infidelity is dead. The spirit of Voltaire and of Tom Paine is vanished. That cold, mocking devil—that careless, sneering Mephistopheles of unbelief—that mean, shallow-hearted philosophy which could believe Jesus of Nazareth to be an impostor, and his martyr-followers charlatans and knaves, has been exorcised and is gone from the world, we trust, for ever. Men are too serious at least for mere sneering now. They may or they may not accept the gospel history as we now possess it as true. They may believe or they may not believe, or they may halt and hesitate between faith and unbelief. They may cling to Christianity as for their life, or they may stand aloof or turn away from it, whether with utter recoil, or with a lingering wistfulness as loth to part with that bright vision for ever; but at least they deal with the subject for the most part seriously, and are in no mood to play and trifle with a subject, to them as to us, so awful, or to dismiss it with a coarse jest or a glittering *bon mot*. And as the spirit of this school is obsolete, its fundamental position is a proved and admitted absurdity. The world has fairly found it out at last. We all instinctively feel that it can do nothing for us either intellectually or morally—nothing to aid the struggling reason, or help the solution of the great problem with which all alike must wrestle. It raises difficulties, but it removes none. It explains nothing, but only scouts and ridicules that whereby alone the enigma of life and of human-history can be explained. It leaves the entire fabric of modern history intact, and seeks to render its annals credible by simply ignoring that one fact which dominates its whole course, and forms the main factor of its life from first to last. Verily, of all unhistorical and irrational hypotheses, the simple rejection of the gospel history is the most unhistorical and irrational. If there were no Christ, or if the Christ that was had not something at least of that moral grandeur and power which our Gospels ascribe to him, and which has made his image live within the

heart of humanity ever since, what account shall we give, in the light either of history or of common sense, of Christendom? This monstrous hypothesis, then, may be now wholly eliminated from the problem before us.

There remain two and only two possible solutions to choose from. Either the Christ of the Gospels is true, or the Christ of Strauss or of Renan. Jesus did live, and lived a great, glorious, and wonderful life. The only question is what exactly that life was—whether that related by the four evangelists or something different. From that life the Church, Christianity, our whole modern civilization, sprang, but how it sprang, how that mighty tree grew from that mysterious mustard seed, is the point still in debate. For the answer to both questions the Church points to the Gospels. In them she maintains it to be found the adequate and the only adequate explanation of the facts of history. Admit the wondrous life they related to be true, and true as they related it, and all that has followed since becomes clear, consistent, intelligible. A divine Christianity naturally and fitly springs from a divine Christ, a new creation of humanity and of the world from a true creative act and manifestation of God. A new stream of life, intellectual, moral, spiritual, gushes up from a new springhead of life. The world since Christ has become other in its inmost, deepest being than it was before, because a power unknown before has entered into its life. There is a kingdom of God on earth, in short, a kingdom radiant still with celestial light and instinct with vivifying, transforming power, because eighteen hundred years ago the kingdom of God came with power. All is thus abundantly plain and simple. The history reads straight on and most luminously. There is nothing that needs to be explained; the whole phenomenon, as it stands before us on the grand canvas of history, explains itself. Part fits into part, and all, from first to last, from the birth at Bethlehem to the conversion of to-day, stands in such a perfect harmony that it seems as if either all must be true or none. Apostolic faith, evangelistic zeal and love, martyr constancy, glorified lives, victorious death, the new life of nations, and renovation and purification of all true human relations, the fresh exuberance of benignant virtues and graces till then unknown; the resistless march of the new faith from victory to victory, from the cross of Golgotha to the capitol of Rome, and then onward through all the ages until now; the undying life of the Church and its ever-fresh renovation amid all else, which in succession fades away and dies; the fresh vigour infused into the frame even of the old and decrepit world; above all that sacred image of unearthly grandeur and beauty which a few simple annalists first gave to the world, but which, when once given, could never be forgotten, but has lived ever since in the heart of the race, the unapproached ideal of every highest thought and noblest aspiration—all this, indeed, is exceeding wonderful and strange, yet still quite con-

ceivable when traced back to so wonderful and divine a source: but otherwise it is a hopeless contradiction and enigma.

To this conclusion the modern schools of unbelief demur. Accepting the historical phenomenon substantially as we have stated it, they reject the conclusion which we have drawn from it. They can explain satisfactorily, they maintain, all the facts of the case without the admission of a superhuman Christ, or any superhuman intervention whatever in the affairs of men. Jesus may have been a mere man, and lived a mere human, however pure and noble life, and all that has since followed have fallen out precisely as it has done. "The most beautiful thing in the world," to use Renan's words—the gospel history itself and the divine life which it enshrines, and which has left its long track of glory through the whole course of succeeding time, "may have proceeded from an obscure and purely popular elaboration"—from a few simple incidents of real human life, embalmed by affection and magnified and glorified by a creative imagination. Is this, then, indeed so? Can the disciples of Tübingen really make their case out? Does Christianity, simply as a historical phenomenon, admit of the explanation they propose? This is the question before us—the one surviving question between faith and unbelief from the long and chequered conflict of ages. In the mythical hypothesis, whether in its original integrity or as modified and adapted to meet the exigencies of more recent investigation, unbelief is playing its last stake—fighting its last battle. Let it be worsted here, and its defeat in the historical ground at least is complete and final, and nothing logically remains for it but an absolute acceptance of the only other possible alternative—the historical truth of the written Gospels, and of the divine human life which they enshrine.

We shall have occasion to show in subsequent lectures how it fares with this theory when submitted to the ordeal of strict historical investigation. I shall be able, I trust, to show that imposing, and, to a certain class of minds, attractive as it may appear as a mere piece of ingenious historical construction, it at once collapses and falls to pieces when brought in contact with the actual and inexorable facts of the case. To meet the exigencies of the hypothesis our existing Gospels must be carried down to the second century; but then, when questioned, they positively refuse to be carried down there. They cannot, without doing violence to every historical principle, be torn out of the first Christian age; they cannot be forced into the second. Whatever difficulties may attend their criticism as authentic relics of the apostolic period, these difficulties vanish into insignificance in face of the utter confusion and perplexity attendant on any other supposition. Constrained accordingly by these considerations, the latest and most popular expounder of the legendary hypothesis abandons this position as hopeless, and, while accepting substantially the received date of the fourth Gospel, shifts

the composition of the other three from the second century back again to a period far within the first. But in thus escaping from one difficulty he runs straight in the face of another—

"Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdin."

While the mythical theory will not fit the historical date, the historical date will not fit the mythical theory. So you can save the one only by the sacrifice of the other. Strauss does this in one way, Renan in the other. The older and wavier writer saves the theory by doing violence to the historical facts. The later and more impulsive accepts the facts to the destruction of the theory. Such is the inevitable dilemma of unbelief; you may take your choice between history and theory, but you cannot at the same time do equal homage to both; the inexorable condition of the problem forbids it.

In this way I cannot help attaching much more importance to the *Vie de Jésus*, and the fresh discussion of the great argument to which it has given rise than many of the friends of truth may be disposed to do. As a mere recast and popular rendering of a theory already verging to decay, the book of Renan is no doubt of comparatively slight importance; but as a virtual surrender of the fundamental principle of that theory by one of its ablest and most vaunted disciples, its importance can scarcely be overstated. It is the clear pronouncement of cultured and philosophic unbelief against the cardinal position on which cultured and philosophic unbelief had finally taken its stand. It is the very branch by which it was sustained suicidally cut by its own hand. "On the whole," says he, "I admit as authentic the four canonical Gospels; all, in my opinion, date from the first century, and the authors are, generally speaking, those to whom they are attributed." The admission is all the more important as it evidently was not the author's original position. He had started apparently, like the other disciples of the legendary hypothesis, with a prepossession in favour of the late date, and consequent utterly unhistorical character of the Gospels, but further reflection and inquiry amid the actual scenes of the history itself irresistibly forced upon him another conclusion. That which might be read as mere second century romance in the salons of Paris could no longer be so read on the brow of Olivet, or amid the shadows of Gethsemane. With the sight of the sacred soil, the unchanged though marred and dishonoured face of the land, consecrated by the footsteps of God, the mist of theory passed from his eyes, and the vivid life-like reality of the whole picture flashed out before him like a revelation: "I have traversed in all directions the country of the Gospels, I have visited Jerusalem, Hebron, and Samaria. Scarcely any important locality of the history of Jesus has escaped me. All this history, which at a distance seems to float in the clouds of an unreal world, thus took a form, and a solidity which astonished me. The striking agreement of the facts, of the places, the marvellous harmony of the Gospel ideal,

with the country which served it as a framework, was like a revelation to me. I had before my eyes a fifth Gospel torn but still legible, and henceforth through the recitals of Matthew and Mark, in place of an abstract being, whose existence might have been doubted, I saw living and moving an admirable human figure."

At this point, indeed, Renan stops. Having made this concession, or rather this confession, of his own historic belief, he proceeds for the most part as if it had never been made. Having surrendered the fundamental position on which the whole legendary hypothesis rests, he goes on to expound that hypothesis and adapt it to present exigencies, just as though it remained intact. He removes the keystone of the arch, but the airy structure still stands. The historic data are totally changed, but the results continue still the same. Strauss could regard our Gospels as legendary, because of late compilation and therefore unauthentic; Renan holds them to be both early and authentic, and yet legendary. Indeed, while examining and testing his materials he does homage so far to the facts of history, in handling and using them he proceeds on a method wholly arbitrary. Now he reads the Gospel narrative as literal history; now as wild romance—just as suits his purpose. In one evangelist the discourses are undoubtedly genuine, but the narratives of fact apocryphal; in another the facts are mainly true, but the discourses fabulous, not that in either case there is anything in the style and manner of the historian to suggest or even to permit, such a discrimination, but because to meet the exigencies of his theory it ought to be so. Judged by every test even of fair internal criticism, it is the same Matthew who records the vivid words of Jesus, and depicts with an almost photographic distinctness the scenes amid which he lived and moved, who relates also the daily incidents of his history; and yet the one, according to this author, is a picture even marvellous for its truthful fidelity from the life, and the other a tissue of fiction. It is the same John who repeats to us the words of the upper chamber, and who introduces us to the family of Bethany, but in the one case he is the manufacturer of imaginary discourses, in the other the historian of sacred and indelible memories. The same writers, in short, are in the same book, and even often within the limits of a few lines the most exact of analysts and the wildest of romancers, and yet the history and the romance are so identical in style and manner and so inextricably interwoven through the whole texture of the narrative, that it is impossible to disentangle the one from the other.

Such is literally, and without exaggeration, the position of Renan. He recognises in the Gospels generally, a vivid stamp of originality and truth, which flashed out before him on the spot where their true character might best be judged like a revelation; but that originality and truthfulness extend only so far as he chooses, or rather so far as the foregone conclusion which dominates his thoughts will permit. But while the incon-

sistencies and contradictions of this author are his own, the great truth to which he unwillingly bears witness are for us and for all men. Though the gossamer creation of his constructive fancy shall dissolve again into airy nothing, the concession extorted from him by the irresistible force of evidence will not soon be forgotten by Christians. The fifth Gospel, which he found in Judea, and laid open to all the world, cannot be closed or buried out of sight again. Meanwhile, perhaps, the heaviest blow which the school of Strauss has of late years received in the historical field is that which has been dealt by Renan. It would appear as if the new legendary Christianity were destined to die like an old Roman by its own hand.

Let me again remind you that the theory which thus gives way in our hands—which cannot endure the rough handling even of its own friends, is now the only alternative to the simple acceptance of Christianity as true. Either the gospel history as we now possess it, with its pervading supernaturalism, with all the mysterious halo of superhuman greatness and miraculous power surrounding its central figure is true; or it must have originated in some such way as Strauss has imagined, but has so conspicuously failed to reconcile with the historical conditions of the case. We are compelled to choose between the Christ of the evangelists and the Christ of Strauss (for the Christ of Voltaire and of Paine is long since dead), and if the latter prove only a spectral illusion and vanish into thin air, the grand and sacred form of the other, which the Church of God throughout all the world has for eighteen hundred years confessed, and adored, must henceforth occupy the ground alone.

Meanwhile, the positive evidence for the truth of the gospel, historical, moral, and experimental, remains as valid and as strong as ever. While false solutions of the great problem of Christianity are breaking down, those visible and patent signatures of the divine power and presence which point to the true solution shine out in undimmed lustre before our eyes. The simple narrative of the actual facts as they are writ large on the page of history is after all the best proof of the divine hand that was at work in them throughout. Foreshadowed by ancient oracle, and mystic type and symbol, at once the bright expectation of Jewish saints, and the dim dream of yearning hearts in other and unlightened lands, there appeared at last in the fulness of time a glorious spiritual deliverer and King, who, while immeasurably transcending, met and fulfilled them both. He lived a life such as the world has never since been able to forget, and died a death which in its power and effect has proved mightier than all the lives ever lived on the earth before. He spake as never man spake—in words by the admission even of an adversary, "at once mild and terrible, and possessing a divine strength and splendour which, as it were, emphasizes them, and detaches and distinguishes from all others;" and if he did not really work miracles he was himself in his singular and unapproached grandeur, a miracle, and it

pressed, at least on the minds of his disciples, a conviction of his superhuman power and greatness stronger than death itself. They believed that by his touch and by his word he had healed the sick, opened the eyes of the blind, hushed the tempests of the sea, raised the dead, and at last himself burst the fetters of the tomb and ascended to heaven in triumph before their eyes, and while this belief was strong enough to give a new direction to, and mould the whole course of their lives, they were ready at any moment to seal its sincerity with their blood.

Of this wondrous life and death we have four separate and more or less independent accounts from the hands professedly of contemporaries and eye-witnesses, which, while stamped with the clearest signatures of authenticity, seem by the very character of their subject-matter irresistibly to prove their own truth. While differing in style and manner, and in every circumstance of minute delineation and grouping, the representation of the wondrous person and history which form their common subject is yet so manifestly one, and marked by such a perfect harmony, freshness, and life-like reality as to be beyond the reach of fiction. An unmistakeable individuality stamps the whole picture and pervades its every line and shade. All the elements of which it is composed, whether of words or deeds, leading events or subordinate circumstances, ordinary human experiences or miraculous transactions, are in such absolute keeping, both with each other and with the great central figure to whom they seem as of right to belong, as to form together a unique and indivisible whole, insomuch that it must be true absolutely and altogether or not at all. The canvas lives and speaks, and, homely as are its materials and rude the hands that covered it, a sacred and divine glory is diffused over it, which arrests all eyes and moves all hearts, and which has caused the matchless image which it reveals to sink into the heart of humanity and live there for ever. Verily, if the life of Christ is not divine, the Gospels are. If they are not the faithful and exact delineation of a supernatural life, they are the embodiment of a grand and unearthly thought, which, in the whole circumstances of the case, must be regarded as scarcely less supernatural. An incarnate God is ushered on the stage, and made to speak and act before us, and mingle familiarly with the common incidents and scenes of life, and gradually to unfold and reveal himself to our eyes, not by laboured description or theatrical displays, but by the simple annals of everyday words and deeds, and he sustains the character. He bears and demeans himself like a God. Everything, from his first recorded words in the temple to his last cry on the cross, is in perfect keeping alike with the character and with itself. Not a word escapes his lips, not a look, or step, or lightest trait ever betrays itself that is unworthy of one who, being the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person, should yet walk this earth in human form. A divine majesty sits upon his brow; an indescribable

sacredness surrounds his person, such as belongs to no other picture drawn by mortal hands.

It is not Christians alone who feel this. Even the world and the world's own prophets have more or less consciously felt and owned it. How tenderly do they touch—if, indeed, they have any spark of pure and noble feeling in them at all—the adorable person of the Lord, however roughly and recklessly they may handle in other respects the inspired records of his life. They have no heart either for cold logic or bitter scorn when they approach the sacred haunts of Bethany and of Calvary. They may reject his miracles, they may cavil at the alleged contradictions of his biographers, but they cannot but revere and love himself. Prejudice is disarmed, and the sharp pen drops from the relentless critic's hand as he meets the eye of Him who looks upon us with such benignant majesty from every page. Thus the Galilean holds the world in awe, though as yet he has not fully conquered. How has this transcendent image lived amid all changes of time and circumstances in the memory of mankind, drawn to itself all pure, and high, and noble, and tender thoughts, and proved the germ of whatever has been true and strong and holy in the life alike of individuals and of nations. How has it kept itself apart from every other personal or historic reminiscence—towered in unapproachable majesty above every other ideal, dwelt apart, as in a most holy sanctuary, alone! How irresistibly does it impress itself upon us something essentially and specifically different from anything else ever known or conceived of on earth—the true holy of holies of humanity and of all history, to which we instinctively turn in all times of deepest thoughtfulness, or sorrow, or doubt, or fear, as the very centre of rest and peace. And yet, all this we are asked to believe is the creation of one or two Jewish peasants, or of some anonymous compilers of floating legends writing no one knows when or where.

Nor does the miracle end here. The life of Christ, whether real or unreal, is no mere vision or sacred souvenir of the past. Though dead he still lives. Like Samson of old, while in his life he struggled apparently in vain with enemies too strong for him, in his death he shook the very pillars of the world, and prepared the way for a new epoch—a new form and order of things which continues to this hour. His very name, and words, and memory, with the strange power that attended them, breathed new life into the nations, and fresh-moulded humanity. Souls sunk in slumber and hopeless apathy awoke at his bidding, and the dry bones of the world arose. Thousands everywhere recognised in his words the very voice of God, and found in them the key of life's mystery, the opening of the gate of heaven. Thus, if the first evidence of Christianity is Christ, the second is Christendom. "*Si vis monumentum circumspecte*." Our whole modern life, and all that is purest, noblest, and best, alike in what man is and in what he aspires to be, reposes on the foundation of this wondrous life and death. We are what we are so far as there is any-

thing good and blessed in life at all, mainly because Christ lived, or because a few rude unlettered peasants dreamed that he had. In fine, in the cleansed and healed lives of thousands, in the choicest fruits of our civilization and higher culture, in the fairest virtues and noblest deeds which bless and dignify humanity in our universities, and schools, and infirmaries, and asylums for the helpless and forlorn, and all the other forms and agencies of God-like mercy, in the very ideas of humility and self-sacrifice, and inviolable truth and sacred love, in the ever-enduring, ever-renewed life of the Church, while all things else yield to the inevitable law of death and change, in the gracious tears of penitents in the shining lives of saints—in all this, and in much more which time would fail me to tell, but which we all see before our eyes day by day, yea, in the very light, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, which shines around us, and the atmosphere of life we daily breathe—behold the present evidence of the unchanging power and godhead of him who died and rose again and liveth for evermore. This is the true miracle of miracles—that beside which all other miracles seem common, and fall naturally into their proper place, as the befitting and inevitable accidents of an economy from first to last supernatural and divine. The one grand miracle of Christianity began with the birth of Bethlehem, and continues to this hour, and belongs to not of one age or country only, but of all. Christ came into the world in the fulness of love, and he has been in it ever since, and he is in it still. Surely in all this we have not the result of a clever fiction, or a collection of

legendary tales, but the very handiwork and footprints of God.

Finally, and to sum up all in a few words. The first evidence of Christianity is Christ—the glory that shines in the face of the incarnate God as reflected on the gospel page. The second is Christendom—the divine and supernatural result of the divine supernatural history. The third is the Bible, resplendent on every page with the light of inspiration. The fourth is the Church—the ever living, ever fresh, and young, and buoyant body, of the ever-living, ever reigning Head; and the last is the soul, witnessing from its inmost depths to the truth of that gospel whose every cry it answers, whose every wound it heals, whose every highest aspiration it meets and satisfies—that true *testimonium animæ naturalibus Christianæ*, of which Tertullian so grandly spoke of old. Let us see to it that we all possess at least this last evidence—this witness in ourselves which nothing can countervail or shake—that clear sight and full persuasion of the truth which is ever given to them who in real earnest cry and wait for the light. Then, as the divine work within us witnesses to the truth of the divine economy above and around us, we shall not only believe but know the truth, and be enabled amid all the conflicts of opinion and failings of men's hearts, with calm, resolute voice, to echo the words of the apostle, "We know that the Son of God has come, and has given us an understanding that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son, Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life."

KATIE WALKER.

(Concluded from page 272.)

FOR some days I did not visit the Walkers again. It was necessary to be circumspect, for if it had got bruited abroad that I was paying religious visits, an immediate *veto* would have been interposed by the priest. I therefore limited myself to sending Katie nourishing things, and such medicines as I thought might be useful; and it was wonderful how effectual they seemed to be. Many of her most distressing symptoms were removed. The pain in her side disappeared, her breathing was much relieved, and sleep was restored—she became quite cheerful, and it was evident the hope of recovery took full possession of her mind; yet, I bless God, without diminishing her desire for divine teaching.

I now changed the Gospel of Luke for that of John. Katie surrendered the little book with much reluctance, saying that "poor Tom was so fond of it." I promised to keep it safely for her, but told her that "the portion" I gave her now would be better for her.

"In the Gospel by St. Luke," said I, "you have had the history of our Lord's life, death, and works. In that by St. John you will find many conversations with his

disciples, that will show you more of his heart towards poor sinners, more of his mind, more of his tender feelings, and will, I hope, fill you with joy and peace in believing!"

Some days afterwards I was pleased and surprised by a visit at my own house from Katie, who, taking advantage of a particularly mild October day, had walked the short distance. She seemed a little fatigued, and when I made her sit down, her eyes wandered round the room, evidently in search of some object she expected to see.

"What are you looking for, Katie?" I asked.

"Jeanie told me there were the most beautiful little birds and little fishes here; I thought maybe I would die before I saw them." Jeanie was a younger sister, who frequently came up to me to learn needlework and repeat some little hymns.

I told her she should see them, and carried in a large cage in which nine tiny Australian birds lived harmoniously together; one was orange, one blue, some speckled, one with a forked tail eight inches in length, while the body was so small it might have passed through a small ring. Katie's colour rose, and her eye beamed with delight, while in the words of the Queen of Sheba,

which, nevertheless, she had never read, she exclaimed, "The half was not told me!" and with the "act of piety," spontaneous with every Roman Catholic, she crossed herself and murmured the accompanying words of benediction.

I then showed her the gold and silver fishes, with which she was equally charmed: then her countenance became changed and meditative, and tears filled her eyes.

"What are you thinking of, Katie?" I asked. "I'm thinking how happy you are, ma'am, that has such beautiful things to be gazing at every hour in the day! How good God is, to make such beautiful things!"

"God is indeed the maker of all good things, and has made his works most beautiful. But do you recollect the words of Jesus, 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows.'"

"These are prettier than sparrows."

"Yes, dear, they are prettier than sparrows, but it is as easy to God to make a gold-coloured feather as a brown one."

"I suppose so, ma'am, but—"

"But you cannot believe it so."

"Well, it is hard to think it, ma'am."

"My dear, it is very difficult to think rightly about God in anything; but if we read the word of God prayerfully and humbly, he will give us right thoughts on all things."

"Blessed be his holy name, I pray that ever and always, for I feel my own ignorance, and the more I read the more I feel it."

"My dear child, in that you only feel what the most learned men learn to feel. If you had read all the books the world contains, they would only teach you to know your own ignorance better. There is but one knowledge that satisfieth the soul—the knowledge that Jesus has blotted out our sins. Shall I read you what Job says about the difficulty of knowing God through his works?"

"Oh, I'll be so thankful to you, ma'am."

"I turned to the 23d of Job and read, 'Then Job answered and said, Oh, that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.'"

"The Lord save us, ma'am! and what shall we do?" exclaimed Kate, earnestly.

"You cannot find him out, but he can reveal himself to you, Katie. He knows *you*, and as Job says in another verse of this chapter, 'He knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath *tried* me I shall come forth as gold!'"

"He is trying me, surely;—I know I'm dying, and I am not content to die."

"You are in earnest, Katie, and if so, rest assured God never will take you away till he has made you 'content to die.' You remember how contented to die your brother Tom was."

"He knew that his sins were *forgiven*."

"He knew that the death of our Lord on the cross made such a full atonement and satisfaction for sin that any one who is content to rest in his work for his pardon and acceptance with God, finds it enough. Where you and your mother err, is in trying to put to Christ's work something of your own. *You cannot satisfy your mind and conscience whether you may have put enough. You are full of uncertainty, and therefore find no peace. If you could be content to do without any help of your own, and rest in the help of God, you would be happy.*"

"Oh, that the Lord may give me his grace so to do."

"Have you been reading your 'portion' diligently of late?"

She looked down, and said, hesitatingly,—*"Not so much, ma'am."*

"Then," I said, reprovingly, "if you give no diligence in reading the word He has given to us to 'make us wise unto salvation,' you cannot wonder if you are not made wise unto salvation. Promise me now, before you go home, for it is quite time you should be going home, that you will read three chapters every day till we meet next."

She gave me the promise, and I dismissed her. I gave her this task, because I feel it to be of the greatest importance, in beginning to study any book, to get a general view of its scope. Particular passages can afterwards be selected, for individual attention, with much more effect; and in the Scriptures, especially, familiarity with its phraseology aids the receiving of its all-important lessons with intelligence. One great hindrance to the reception of its truths, by the lower classes, is a want of full comprehension of the meaning of words. Meeting the same word, therefore, in various positions, forces into existence a certain amount of conception of the meaning. There is nothing a long experience of teaching has shown me to be more vain than a teacher's confining his instructions to the opening and enforcement of isolated texts. This should be done, and done from the commencement, but never to the exclusion of comparatively copious reading, wherewith the infant or illiterate mind is interested in the subject, and the dryness of a mere lecture avoided, while intelligence is set to work in the effort to follow what is read. The whole of a long chapter may not be understood or remembered, but the spirit of the whole will be more taken in than by merely committing one text out of it to memory. In saying so, I refer, of course, to teaching where there is the probability of constant intercourse, not to the teaching in ragged-schools, where the fluctuating attendance often leaves the teacher only the opportunity of the one day, so that in giving a single text for the lesson, he hopes to fasten, at least, *one* divine word in the memory, which may at some point in the life, or in the hour of death, be recalled with a blessing.

Harvest was come, the reapers were in the fields, and all the women were engaged in binding, while the chil-

dren gathered out the weeds, thistles, poppy heads, &c. Katie Walker's strength had improved, and she with her mother and sisters followed the sickle of the reapers, to weed and to bind the golden corn. I walked one evening to the field to watch the picturesque company. Among the "small farmers" in the remote parts of Ireland there is a great deal of kind interchange of labour. If the field of one man is ripe before that of others, all the neighbours meet and cut it down, gather, weed, and bind it; and the same good office is returned by him when theirs come in.

I approached the spot where Katie was busy, and called her to me.

"Why are you binding, Katie, instead of gathering out the weeds; it is much more fatiguing?"

"Because, your honour, I think of them that are blessed when I look at the ears of corn and 'bind them in sheaves;' but I could not but remember them that will be lost in the day of judgment, when the angels gather out the tares, if I was to be picking out the weeds that'll be burned!"

"That is a very good reason," I replied. "Come over here now with me; we will sit down while you rest a little, for you look hot and exhausted." I led the way to an old Danish fort that was in the field, and seeing two moss-grown stones, pointed to her to take one, while I seated myself on the other.

"Oh, your honour!" exclaimed Katie with terror in her voice, "that's a little grave! don't sit there."

"A grave!" I exclaimed. "What brings a grave here?"

"This is the place they bury little infants that are not baptized. They come from Limbo by nights. Some mark the graves with a stone, others not. There are many buried here, and the place is not lucky."

I moved away, but asked, as I did so, why it was not "lucky?"

"Ah, ma'am, you'd hear the poor little crathers whispering of an evening when it would be nigh dark."

"Did you ever hear them?"

"Oh, yes, I did; I always ran away."

"Do you really believe such folly? Do you believe the Lord Jesus, who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' would allow the souls of helpless infants to wander in this world without rest?"

"They stop in Limbo, ma'am, neither in pleasure nor pain, and only come out now and then just to give warning to people not to keep children from baptism."

"That is all a fable," I said. "There is no such place as Limbo. The priests just teach that to secure their baptism fees."

I was made sensible how wrong I was to have said this, by the altered and displeased tone in which Katie answered,—

"God help us, ma'am; we can but believe as we are taught. It would be a hard thing to think our clergy would tell us lies!"

"Let us change the subject then, Katie, and speak of what there can be no lie in—the word of God! That cannot teach us wrong. Have you read the chapters in St. John you promised?"

"I have, ma'am," cockily.

"What chapter are you at?"

"I am come up to the end of the twelfth."

"Did any passage in those twelve chapters strike you as particularly comforting and beautiful?"

"The sixth chapter was beautiful. Indeed, every word was beautiful; but I liked the sixth best."

I turned to it, and read it aloud. "Stop me," I said, "when you come to the verses you like best." When I came to the 20th, "*But he said unto them, It is I, be not afraid.*" she raised her eyes, and with a heavenly smile that chased away the cloud that had rested on her brow for some moments previously, she interrupted me.

"That, ma'am, that—*Himself bid them 'not to be afraid,' for it was himself that was in it.* Sure we ought not to be afraid after that."

We spoke a little as to this, and then I proceeded with the chapter. At the 29th verse she stopped me again—"This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."

"That's what you said to me, ma'am; but it's beautiful to see it in the Book! Sure the poorest could do that work!"

"Nevertheless, Katie, it is 'the work' our proud hearts make it hardest for any one to do."

I went on again. When I came to the 37th—"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

"That's enough, ma'am; sure that's enough. Sure he won't cast out one of us. Every word of all that is beautiful!"

"Katie," said I, "you now know the whole 'gospel'—'good news' for sinners. The same happy lesson is to be learned from many other parts of God's word; but this you now know and feel is enough to save you. I pray God you may never let go your simple hold on that ample assurance, '*Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.*'"

"I would not be afraid to die any minute now, ma'am. I just feel like what Tom did—that I am pardoned."

"And do you feel that you love the dear Saviour as Tom did?"

"I don't know for that, ma'am."

"Do you feel inclined to prayer, as Tom did, under a sense of his sins pardoned, and the great love of our Saviour towards you?"

"I does get a pain about my heart when I think of my prayers."

"A pain, dear! What gives you a pain?"

"For fear of what Tom said."

"What did he say?"

"As if we wanted God Almighty to be thankful to us for our prayers."

"I'm sure *you* do not want God Almighty to be thankful to you: you have learned by his Holy Spirit truer thoughts of God than Tom had at the time he thought that in ignorance. You ought not to 'restrain prayer before God.' Christ our Lord says, in the 16th chapter of St. John, which you have not yet come to (and I turned to it), '*Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it to you. Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name. Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.*' You see it is those who come through Christ that have the promise of acceptance."

"I wish I knew it all! It seems too big for me! it gives me such a pain about my heart!" and Katie put her hand to her side.

"My dear child, God is leading you to himself, and will give you strength according to your need. Come, now, we have spoken enough for to-day. The dew is beginning to fall."

How little did I anticipate that this was to be my last interview with this precious child of God! that the sweet peace she had found in Christ and his sufficiency were so soon to have their fruition in the joy of his more immediate presence.

Katie went home, accompanying her mother from the field in cheerful conversation, as was related to me next day by her mother. When she got to the cottage, she assisted in the preparation of the supper. "Mother," she said, "I am so hungry I can eat stirabout to-night."

"Would it not be better for you, dear, to eat the other half of the mistress' little bird?" (I had sent her a cold roast partridge a day before.)

"No, mother," she said; "I'm very hungry, and I like to eat what you are all eating."

She ate some of the Indian meal porridge with zest, and said, "God be thanked for that good supper." But shortly after she said, "I'll go to bed, for I feel heavy like." She went into the sleeping-room, and her sister Mary kindly assisted her to undress. She had scarcely lain down when she suddenly sat up again, and called, "Mary, jewel, quick! the basin!" Mary ran with the basin, when, lo! a volume of gushing blood proclaimed the bursting of some large vessel. Mary called aloud; all the family ran in. In a few seconds she lay back, and said faintly, "*That's my heart's blood, Mary!*" Then in a few more seconds, more feebly still, but so clearly that every member of the awe-struck family heard her, "Tell the mistress—I'm content to die—and—my—last—breath—was—Christ!" She closed her eyes, and was in heaven before His throne. Oh, wondrous change! From a lowly cabin upon earth to a glorious mansion in the skies! From the narrow range of beauty seen in a hedge-row bank, to the ethereal fields of paradise! From a frame of weakness, subject to corruption, to a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

So did Katie Walker, this sweet child of humble life, enter through death into life everlasting!

T.

CRITICAL HEARERS.



THE decay of the pulpit is a favourite theme of lamentation at present. But those who lament most loudly have a difficulty in showing wherein and how far it has decayed. It seems to me, that a good many of these mourning Jeremiahs are more like spoiled children than anything else—crying they know not for what.

Perhaps, if it were understood where this popular lamentation began, it would be less popular than it is. I strongly suspect, nay, am well assured, that those, who first set agoing this mourning over the decay of the pulpit, are the worst enemies of the pulpit, who would like nothing better than that it should cease to be. What they wish it were, they think and say that it is. It is only fair, to turn the tables a little on the complainers, and, leaving the decay of the pulpit alone for the present, to inquire whether there be not decay in the pews. Is it simply the awkward wooden box into which the minister climbs, perched up between heaven and earth, which has grown dusty, and creaky, and old? Are not also those squares or oblongs, into which the people gather to listen, worm-eaten and tottering to their fall? For the change, if change there be, is the speaker only, and not the hearer too, to blame?

When your child nauseates his dinner, and pronounces it like to sicken him, you are quick enough to see, that, to scold the cook and throw the rejected viands to the dog, is scarcely the right thing to do, but that strict investigations must be made into the amount of sweet-meats lately consumed by him, and the state of his little ill-used stomach. There are two *Take heeds* in the Scripture, the one levelled at the pulpit, and the other at the pew—"Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine." Ay, and "Take heed *how ye hear.*"

Sermons are the only work of human art and skill which everybody feels himself qualified to criticize. The humblest cobbler of shoes, in the matter of shoes and cobbling, is counted an authority, whose judgments are not to be lightly questioned, and, even when the shoe pinches, and the work which he has made is manifestly bad work, his customer ventures to point out the evil with much diffidence, and does not venture at all to suggest the remedy. A picture or a poem will draw forth expressions of delight or of disapproval from the uninitiated public; but this same public is at the same time humbly conscious of its ignorance, and, in the presence of an expert, will timorously refrain from committing itself to any remark, either good or bad. But it is far otherwise with preachers and preaching. Here,

the buttermilk, and Mary Jane of the broom and feel themselves at home; and if you were to a doubt of their capacity to estimate aright the opinions of men more or less intelligent and educated, whose devotion to the setting forth of the highest in theology and the Bible, they would consider themselves insulted. I do not doubt, that these excelsiours are qualified, and indeed bound, to say such and such a discourse be level to their tension, and be otherwise fitted to interest them in their spiritual well-being. But they make themselves the measure of all human intelligence, and behind the counter, or over the dust-pan, pronounce that preacher, this or that discourse, to be good or clever or stupid, edifying or profitless, in the absolute sense, and for everybody. And so, when Mary Jane, and the Joneses round the table differ in opinion, it is a conflict of absolutes, as metaphysicians know, cannot possibly exist, and the consequence often is the most bitter dissension known among men.

Is this very evil, which St. Paul had so much to say about in the case of the Corinthian Christians. For the people were attached to his ministry, and that of Apollos, and some to that of Peter; and, I believe, they all supposed their opinions to be contradictory and mutually exclusive; in consequence of which were evidently ugly scenes in that infant church. I suppose Paul regarded himself as bound to abuse Apollos and Peter, and, from their followers, to demand a due return of the compliment which he paid. Imagine an admirer of the great Apostle of the East meeting an Apollosite, immediately after the arrival of Paul had arrived in Corinth, and with impertinence insisting that he should attend to his favourite preach. The reply which he would give would be something like this—the scene, of course Corinthian,—the time, in the first century,—and the speaker, Greek. “Catch me going to hear that little red-headed man, with his twisted talk, about Adam’s fall, the law, and the righteousness of faith. He is a weakling at all. And then, he is so terribly long-winded, as if he would never have done, that, they say, his hearers fall asleep, and tumble off awkward places, and their necks broken. Apollos is the man for me. You will see what eloquence and culture are, and keep up with the age!” Then would break in some exalted churchman and admirer of the Apostle Peter, the rival of Paul and Apollos, the doctrinal teacher, philosopher both, and argument, or assertion at would wax high and hot among the three. It seems to me, that Paul’s reproof of this spirit of criticism and self-conceit is one of the grandest things in the Bible.

Every Christian, he says, has all the gifts and graces of the Church laid at his feet. A feast of many things is spread for him. Will he starve in the midst of it? In the garden of God with its innumerable flowers will he shut his eyes to all but one? Will he

measure God’s great and manifold kingdom by his own narrow heart? “Let no man glory in men. For all things are yours: whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come: all are yours; and ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.”

Criticism, as a name for the kind of judgments which the bulk of hearers pronounce on the sermons which they hear, is a ludicrous misnomer. Mrs. Malaprop, an eminent member of the Church, no matter where, is styled by her friends “a great critic.” When we hear these words, we naturally think of Francis Jeffrey, or Lord Macaulay, or Thomas Carlyle, and the descent which we have to make from them to Mrs. Malaprop is a somewhat startling one. Her criticisms, we find on inquiry, consist, in a silent toss of her head, meaning something too awful for utterance, or in ungrammatical remarks of a bitter nature, on the sermons or rather the preachers whom she happens to hear. What does duty for the critical faculty in her case, is simply a more than ordinary degree of ignorance and presumption. Criticism, in the world of literature, means the application, by one man to the work of another, of certain ascertained principles of truth, and beauty, and fitness, and such meed of praise or blame as may turn out to be fairly merited. Criticism, in the theological world, has a yet higher meaning, for it is used to signify, in this country if not in Germany, a reverent examination, of the form and outward manner more especially, of the Word of God. To make it mean mere fault-finding is bad enough. And to make it mean the fault-finding of an utterly ignorant and presumptuous person, is surely atrocious.

Far be it from me to insist on taking preachers and sermons out of the domain of criticism in its legitimate sense. The place which the pulpit holds is so high, and its influence so momentous, that it is to be tried by very lofty standards; and if it fall short of them, its guilt, and the evil which it does, must needs be very great. But, for any deliverance of opinion on the part of the hearer, beyond his saying what he must feel more or less keenly, that the discourse which he has just heard was precious to his soul, or else that he failed to profit by it, I would be disposed to require a certain knowledge of the subjects treated of and of the best ways of dealing with them, a certain taste and discrimination, which very few possess. No doubt, most critics of sermons assume that they really possess this. A dissatisfied hearer goes home to his dinner grumbling, and saying that he could have preached a better sermon himself. He himself means nothing more than to use a hyperbole; and the thought in the minds of his audience would be an uncomfortable one for him if he knew it, for they say quietly to themselves, that, if that be the case, the sermon must indeed have been inconceivably bad. Still, I do not deny that it is possible to find those who, by the sermon-hearing of a pretty long life, and having given to the whole matter a very

large measure of interest and attention, have escaped from the crudity of their earlier judgments, and are able to be, in a way which makes everything they say worth considering, in the very best sense of the word, critical hearers.

All this that I have said, goes merely the length of putting sermons on a level with other literary productions or utterances of the minds of men. It cannot be denied that they have peculiar sanctions attached to them, and that they require a peculiar receptivity in those who would profit by them; all this being due, not to anything in the preacher, but to their solemn theme. In this view of the matter the critical hearer had better bethink himself. If the words which he hears be not to him as cold water to a thirsty soul, he may, in proclaiming this, proclaim his own condemnation. I once knew an aged man, who had been an eager listener in the churches all his days, and is now in the courts of God's house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, who used to discourse at length on the subject of sermon-hearing, and to say, that every hearer had need to have not only a minister preaching in the pulpit, but a minister preaching in his own heart. I suppose he meant an awakened spirit, conscious of its wants, and hungering for the mercy of God. He was right, most certainly. And when men complain of something wanting, where the truth concerning Christ and his salvation is unquestionably preached, one cannot help wondering, whether it be not like a deaf man complaining that the people around him speak in whispers, or one whose eyes are jaundiced complaining of the livid huelessness of the earth and sky. A listening heart can hear the voice of God through the dumbest sermon, if it speak at all of sin and Christ. The wariest preaching I ever listened to was in an English chapel in a town on the Continent; and yet, in the strange land, amidst the purely ritual worship of the Roman Church, its vapid sentences dropped like the dew. It is a principle, true in the case of every ordinance of God, that the meek eat and are satisfied, that the hungry are filled with good things, while the rich are sent empty away. My friend, who art possessed with a critical devil, or with seven of them, as is the case with many at this day, pray that he be cast out, and try sitting at the preacher's feet, as for the time the feet of Jesus, in what is the right mind for a poor

and needy sinner, and see what the result will be. The outlines which looked so dim and gray, will fill out to forms of heavenly beauty; the sounds far-heard will swell to deep-toned music; the holy words, which seemed so bald and cold, will take an infinite meaning and a tenderness as of the Man of Sorrows Himself; and, having tasted the sweetness of being as a little child, you will scarcely wish to put on the philosopher's cloak, and welcome the sneering Mephistopheles, whom you have banished, back to your heart again.

In a certain city not unknown to this writer, as to many people besides, it is considered a necessary part of the education of every enlightened church member, to be able to criticize preachers and preaching, to discriminate between different styles, and to give each man or each discourse its own place and value. The consequences are disastrous for all parties concerned. One says, I am of Paul; and another, I am of Apollos; and another, I am of Cephas; and, though without the old acrimony and quarrelsomeness, the spirit of the Corinthian Church lives again in the ecclesiastical world of this modern city. The excellent Mr. Simpkins has been known to come to the church-door with his wife on his arm, and, finding that the minister whom he came to hear was not to preach on that occasion, to turn away he cares not whither—away, at any rate, from the scene of his disappointment, and the sanctuary, where the worship of God has become impossible to him for that day at least. It is alleged also, that some of the churches are besieged, shortly before the service begins, with crowds of people, demanding to know what is to be the bill of fare on that forenoon or afternoon, before they will part with their pennies by putting them in the collection-plate. Surely, this is woeful. Surely, there is something miserably wrong in a system which makes preaching and the individual preacher everything, and the house of God itself, and the ascending incense of praise and prayer, yea, the very truth that is preached, nothing at all. Members of the Church of England have their laugh at Presbyterians and Independents here, and fairly too. After all, however, give me rather the quick, keen criticism, which implies interest and awakened intelligence, than the sodden satisfaction of listless hearers, to whom it is all one who preaches and what is preached, because they neither understand nor care.

Cx.



THE SCOTTISH CULDEES—COLUMBA AND IONA.*

WHAT our Protestant Church is only three hundred years old, that we never were free from the bondage of Rome till the sixteenth century, is a mere popular delusion. In point of historical fact, Popery in Christendom is an innovation, in Britain it is a recent innovation, and in Scotland it has prevailed only during the last of the eighteen Christian centuries. Before the English supremacy was achieved in our land, there had been a free Scottish Church for probably a thousand years.

And of that old Scottish Church we will now have some account. When Julius Cesar landed in Britain (B.C. 55), it was inhabited by Celts. When the Romans withdrew (43), the portion of the island south of the Great Ouse, which they had overrun, partly was seized by the Britons and other German tribes, whose dominion ultimately extended as far north as the Forth; and partly remained in possession of the Celts, as represented, for example, by the *Cymri* in Wales, the *Britons* in Strathclyde, the *Southern Picts* in Galloway, and the *North-Picts* in two divisions, one on each side of the Firth of Clyde, from the Forth and Clyde on the south to the Orkney Islands on the north and the east. But to the west and south-west of that north Pictish dominion, in the Scottish Lowlands, the English shire and the north-western highlands from the Forth to the Hebrides, there early began to appear (from Ireland) the *Celts* of the *Scots*. Substantially one with their neighbours, the Britons and Picts in language and blood, they had peculiarities of character which have left their mark on all subsequent history. Their western frontier had never been violated by the foot of a conqueror, whether Roman or Pict; and they themselves had never been conquered, but have gone forth con-

quering and to conquer ever since their first appearance in history. In the ninth century, under Kenneth MacAlpine, they amalgamated and absorbed the *Britons* of the north, and, not long after, the feeble Britons of Strathclyde. The Scandinavian sea-kings only added a new infusion of adventurous valour to their veins. The Angles and Saxons beyond the Forth could not resist their progress, a progress which never ceased till their language* and dominion had embraced all Celtic North Britain, and Scotland had extended its boundary to the Tweed. Thereafter they contended for many generations, with invincible determination, for national independence against the giant power of all England. And now, many generations after they have been associated in honourable union with the more powerful people, and the black stone of Scone (which they had brought with them from Ireland) supports the throne of Britain, and their old line of princes rule that empire on which the sun never sets—they still continue to maintain their national identity, their own peculiar life, and manners, and institutions, with the same unconquerable pertinacity which had characterized them from the first. It was among those unconquerable sons of an unconquered soil, the dour and indomitable race of the Scots, that God planted the Church which from Iona bore the banner of salvation over Britain and the Continent, and opposed a long and successful resistance to the grand enslaver of Christendom; so that the voice of Wycliffe may be regarded as brave England's response to the last cry of the Scottish Culdees.

How and when the Gospel first visited Scotland, cannot be now precisely determined. Some have imagined that it was first preached in Britain by Paul the apostle; others, by Joseph of Arimathea. It is generally believed that the healing light must have reached us in some way at least as early as the second century, if not in the first. And this belief is certainly reasonable. The Roman domination had "prepared the way of the Lord" to every part of the then civilized world; Britons, carried away as captives or soldiers to the continent, might there find the gospel, and thence bring it home to their countrymen; or natives of the continent serving in the Roman armies, in which there were not a few Christians before the end of the second century, might carry the "good news" to the subject race when their legion was transferred into Britain. Again, there was commercial intercourse between Britain and the

* The materials of this article are almost wholly derived from a work published within the last month by the Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh: "The Early Scottish Church: the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland from the First to the Twelfth Century." By the Rev. James MacLachlan, M.A., F.S.A.S., Edinburgh. This work supplies a want which many of our readers must have felt. Mr. MacLachlan has not only mastered all the information within the reach of modern scholars (even learned scholars). His mastery of Scottish antiquities and topography, and of the Celtic language and literature, printed and MS., have enabled him to pour a flood of new light on his subject from sources which probably few or none will explore so thoroughly again, and which certainly never have searched to such purpose before. We now for the first time have at our disposal all the remaining materials of the history of the early Scottish Church. These materials are arranged in lucid and luminous order, and illustrated by a searching and judicious commentary. And while manfully and strongly stating his own views of disputed questions, Mr. MacLachlan exercises a uniform Christian moderation and courtesy, which must end his work to the favourable consideration even of those who differ from him, and make it doubly welcome to those who agree with him. We have no doubt that his work will at once take rank as a standard.

* From the chartulary of Arbroath Abbey, it appears that in the 11th and 12th centuries Gaelic was "the language of the Scottish" people; from the register of Deer, that about the same period it was the language of Scottish ecclesiastics; and what was the language of the court of Malcolm Canmore may be judged from the fact that his Saxon queen Margaret, in her intercourse with the natives, had to employ her husband as interpreter.

continent long before the Christian era. And once more, there were *Gaelic-speaking Christians* on the continent from the first, for example, in Europe, the Christians of Lyons and Vienne;* and in Asia, the Christians of Galatia, a district where Gaelic continued to be spoken for at least four hundred years after Paul wrote his Epistle to the Galatians. Of these Gaelic-speaking Christians some may have been drawn by natural affection to carry the pearl of great price to their kindred Celts in the peculiar home of the race. Others may have been driven to seek refuge in Britain from such storms of persecution as assailed the old Gaelic Church of Lyons and Vienne; or from persecution by the priests and devotees of that Druidical or Magian religion which prevailed among the Celts of Britain, and Gaul, and Galatia, and (?) Chaldea. It is interesting to think, that that mysterious visitor, who encountered such perils in his voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar and across the Bay of Biscay, may have been a converted and therefore fugitive Druidical priest from the east: one such fugitive might have carried the gospel through all the Celtic tribes from the Euphrates to the Orkneys. Hence, perhaps, the tradition which lingered so long among the Culdees, that Scotland was first evangelized from the east, at least as early as the days of Polycarp,† the disciple of John, that "Angel of the Church in Smyrna," from whose feet, we know, Irenæus went to the Celts of Gaul. At all events, it is perfectly reasonable to believe that North Britain was called from pagan darkness to light by some messenger of God either in the apostolic or in the sub-apostolic age.

Long before the Romans had left us, the gospel had taken root in all Romanized Britain, and had been borne by persecution far beyond the furthest Roman wall. About A.D. 200, Tertullian could boast that Christ had conquered in Britain by his gospel where the Romans had been unable to penetrate with their arms. St. Ninian (or Ringan) in A.D. 360, among the Picts of Galloway, and Palladius, A.D. 431, among the Scots of Ireland and North Britain, found Christians prepared to receive them with a welcome. And St. Patrick who, in A.D. 432, left (it is supposed), the vale of Leven or Kilpatrick for the evangelization of Ireland, was the son of a deacon and grandson of a presbyter; so that, in his native place, there must have been a settled church for at least two generations. No doubt much really missionary work remained to be done, for example, by Servanus (St. Serf) and Ternan, in the fifth century, among the northern Picts; and in the sixth by Kentigern (or Mungo, "My dear one," as his teacher called him), among the Britons of Strathclyde. Columba found a nation of heathen Picts on the north-west of the Grampians. And the heathen nation of the Angles

yet remained to be evangelized in the south-east of our present Scotland. Still, to a large extent, these evangelists found the way prepared before them by the gospel. Columba found a Christian Scottish nation in the west, from which St. Patrick had gone to Ireland more than a hundred years before. Kentigern had received a Christian education in the missionary school or college of Culross, and was formally called to the ministry in Strathclyde by prince and people, before he settled down among them at Glaschu ("dear stream"—the Mole-dinau Burn). Ternan was baptized in his infancy, and brought up among Christians; Servanus was ordained over an existing Church; and Palladius, who baptized the one and ordained the other, had been sent from Rome in order to be first bishop of Christians among the Scots. Thus, as might have been inferred from the multitude of places which have been named after earlier missionaries, (such as Ninian or Ringan), it is plain that, though there was one heathen kingdom in the north-west, and another in the north-east, yet the whole heart of North Britain, from south-west to north-east, from sea to sea, had been Christianized before Columba landed at Iona.

Of Columba (or Colum Macphelim), we have written accounts which may be deemed authentic, in the biographies prepared by Cumín Fionn and Adomnán, two of his successors at Iona, who wrote within a century after his death, and in the ecclesiastical history composed some forty years later by "the venerable Bede." The biographies are obscured by a *nimbus* of legendary miracles, and the history is biased by prejudices on behalf of Rome. But through the cloud of monkish fable and party misrepresentation, the historic muse can discern some truth regarding this true saint. A true and great saint Columba unquestionably was. The leading aspect of his character is saintliness or holiness. And his saintliness appears to have had singularly little of that *ghostliness* which marred the character even of true saints in that age. In him we see and admire a true, and tender, and robust humanity; a tenderness which gained him the affection and confidence of brute beasts, with a genius for organization and administration, and a power to command both prince and people without humiliating them,—in short, a very large mass of genial sanctified manhood, which reminds us of Thomas Chalmers. He was born at Gartan in Donegal about A.D. 520, of royal Irish blood, and was nearly related to the king who reigned over the northern Scots when he first came to their country. He received a Christian education, principally in the Scriptures, was ordained a presbyter, and from his earliest years manifested a missionary spirit, for example, by founding in his twenty-fifth year the missionary institute of Derry. It is said that he was sent to our country by command of a synod, as a punishment for his having taken a personal part in some murderous faction fights, to which even then his countrymen appear to have been peculiarly addicted. The truth appears to be that, whatever may have been

* For an account of these, see *Treasury* for August and September.

† For an account of him, see our article on "The Angel of the Church in Smyrna."

the immediate occasion, he freely devoted himself to the work; and, as Bede relates, came to Scotland "for Christ," "to preach the word of God." Along with twelve companions, he sailed from Derry in A.D. 563, in a *curragh* or wicker boat, which, it is said, first bore them to Colonsay, where there is a hill still known as "*Carn cul ri Eirinn*," or the "hill where the back was turned on Ireland," silently showing that the missionaries had forsaken their native land for Christ. But as Colonsay was not quite out of sight of Ireland, they sailed to Iona, where another "*Carn cul ri Eirinn*" marks the spot where the home of their youth was finally lost to their view. And as other invaders have burned their ships behind them, that there might be no retreat, these good soldiers of Christ buried their frail *curragh* deep on the shore.

Their now famous island receives its name of Iona from the Gaelic *i* or *hi* with a Latin termination,—a name which means simply *island*, and was given to this island because Columba and his institute made it by eminence the island of the west. He received it as a gift, either from his own relation Conall, king of the Scots, or from Brude, who then ruled the north-western Picts. The latter supposition is not incredible. The Celts of Britain, though they had a druidical religion and priesthood of their own, appear to have been singularly tolerant of the new religion. Christians in Britain suffered deadly persecution at the hands of the Romans, and of their German successors the Saxons and Angles; but there is no recorded case of such persecution by any of the native races of the Celts. And that Brude and his Picts, though heathen, were not hostile, appears from the result of the visit which Columba paid them immediately after he had settled at Iona. On this first missionary enterprise he travelled straight north, over stormy sea and savage mountain land, a journey of a hundred and fifty miles, to Inverness, where he found the king and his primitive court. He met some resistance from the Druids, whom his biographer calls *Magi*. The king, too, at the first showed some reluctance to receive him and his message of grace. But by the blessing of God* the gospel prevailed for the subversion of Druidism, and conversion of Brude and his Picts; and Columba, having sown in tears, returned (by sea) rejoicing to Iona. And there, till his death in A.D. 597, he devoted himself to the work of the institute.

The institute of Iona must not be regarded as an invention of its founder. His contemporary Kentigern had been educated at a similar institution at Culross, and there were others in Scotland long before Columba had visited our shores. These institutions were the form spontaneously assumed by the Celtic Christianity

for the purpose of evangelizing the land, and were co-extensive in place and time with the primitive Church of the Culdees. Our description, therefore, of the institute of Iona, will be a description of a multitude of such institutions which had existed long before this one, and continued long after to multiply. This one was distinguished from them only by being the most important, by becoming the parent of many others, and by retaining over its children a kindly maternal control.

It is the custom to speak of the Culdee discipline as a *monastic*. This conveys a radically false impression of its nature. It must not be supposed that the Culdees were *eremites*, seeking to please God by withdrawing from the fellowship of men and the duties of the world. They had a great love for solitude and undisturbed communion with God. One of them would sometimes withdraw for months or years into a solitary cave, and give himself wholly to reading, meditation, and prayer. And hence the name of *Culdees*,—that is, not the Latin *Cultores dei*, "worshippers of God," but the far more graphic and significant Gaelic *Cuileidich*, "*men of the recess*." Hence, too, in part, their preference of islands or other solitary spots as the site of their institution. Their love of solitude and frequent indulgence in it was a leading characteristic of their life. It appears to have been somewhat tinged with the *ascetic* spirit, which delights to suppress the natural affections *as such*, to make the man a ghost. It was sometimes indulged in to an excess which must have proved hurtful to body and spirit. But it was altogether distinct from the eremitical system which Rome imported from Egypt and the East. The Papist excluded himself wholly from the duties and joys of social existence: the Culdee, instead of perpetrating this partial suicide, only sought in solitude an occasional, perhaps protracted, retirement from the noise and glare of the world, *in order to return to the world and its duties*, refreshed by a period of quiet and undisturbed communion with God:—his retirement was thus in some measure analogous to our ministers' summer holidays, and perhaps was spent at least as well as these are.

The Culdee minister was essentially a member of the religious institute, to which, after his occasional retirements, he always returned. And as he has been mistaken for a "monk," the institute has been confounded with the *monasteries* of the Papacy. But here, too, the contrast is vital and essential. The vital principle, the formative idea of a Popish monastery, is the mere self-cultivation of its inmates, without regard to any further practical end. But Columba "went abroad for Christ," "to preach the word of God:" the grand, avowed, dominant purpose of the Culdee institute was the evangelization of the heathen world around. Its proper *analogue*, therefore, in our time, is a missionary establishment like those of the Moravians, or the Free Church Educational Missionary Institute in Calcutta. The so-called "monastery" was really a college or school for the training of missionaries. And so we find

* We do not think proper to discuss the preposterous miracles which his biographer has imagined in order to account for his unquestionable success. An aid more important because real is incidentally mentioned in connection with this journey, namely, that of an *interpreter*, employed in Skye and among the northern Picts,—from which it appears that Columba's Gaelic (the Scotch) was not precisely the same as the Pictish.

that the association of the brethren within its walls was perfectly free and spontaneous: they were bound by no vow of perpetual celibacy or poverty, but were free to marry, and accumulate property and dispose of it as they chose. In truth, when the missionary ardour had begun to abate, they sometimes cumbered themselves about the "many things" of this world more than a modern minister would deem either seemly or safe,—for example, a certain "abbot," or head of the institution at Dunkeld, on one occasion led out his vassals to a war, in which he personally fought and lost his life.

That "abbot," again, was a distinct species from the abbot of Popish monasteries, the *absolute* head of a community bound by a vow of implicit obedience. From Columba downwards the Culdee "abbot" was merely a presbyter.* The members of the community were presbyters of the same ecclesiastical order with their chief; and he therefore was but the *constitutional* head of free men, who yielded to him only such obedience as was consistent with their own private judgment and personal responsibility to God,—for example, Adamnanus, abbot of Iona, who (in the interest of Rome) wished to introduce some changes in the observance of Easter and the tonsure, found it impossible to accomplish his purpose on account of the resistance of the brethren. So it was in practice. And theoretically the abbot was merely as the *permanent moderator* of a presbytery.

As to the state of learning and methods of study in the Missionary Colleges, we have little detailed information. Ebrard, in some articles (1862) on the Culdees, in a German theological review, has stated that they were not ignorant of Hebrew and Greek. They were certainly familiar with Latin. And the great subject of their study was the Bible; their favourite religious exercise was repeating the psalms; while in transcribing the Scriptures they found a habitual recreation and labour of love.† In their doctrinal and disciplinary system there evidently was some leaven of that Pharisaism which then prevailed over Christendom. Thus they not only observed Easter and the clerical tonsure, but showed a zeal regarding the time of the one and form of the other, which was the result of superstition. They used the sign of the cross; appear to have been imbued with the figment of transubstantiation; and certainly shared in the childish craving for miracles, and credulity regarding them, which characterized that age. And they allowed the Celtic ideas of clanship to influence the succession to their spiritual offices in a manner inconsistent with the spirituality of the kingdom of Christ. But these things are comparatively but "spots

in the sun,"* trifling deductions to be made from our estimate of their standing and attainments, immeasurably higher than those of the enslaved Christian world around them. For, on the other hand, we find no trace among them of the idolatrous worship of Mary and the saints, or of the doctrine of purgatory, or of auricular confession. It is certain that, down to the time of their suppression, they constantly refused to be subject to the usurping bishop of Rome. The ground of their refusal was, that their Church was not the creature of Rome, but the creation of God in his gospel, and, as such, entitled and bound to be ruled by none but God in his word. And in the light of this fact, we can easily believe that the substance of what they believed and preached was that which is the substance of the Bible they so assiduously studied, the glorious gospel truth of free salvation to lost men through the redeeming love of God in Christ.†

Their mode of evangelistic operation will be illustrated by the story of the conversion of the English kingdom of Bernicia (Northumberland). Oswald the king, who before his accession had been converted among the Scots, sent to their elders for an instructor. They first sent Corman, whose mission proved a failure. On his return, in a meeting at Iona, he was rebuked by Aidan for being too austere with the heathen. Thereupon Aidan himself was appointed, and cheerfully consented to go. Accordingly he went, and settled on Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, on the east coast of Northumberland. After the example of Columba, and perhaps with an eye to the number of the apostles, he was accompanied by twelve fellow-presbyters. From this island, as a basis of operations, they made journeys through Northumberland, travelling on foot, speaking God's word to individuals whom they met by the way, and preaching it as they found opportunities, until all that kingdom became one of the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ.

Thus Iona proved as the noble banian tree, sending forth numerous branches, each of which takes root for itself and becomes a tree, supporting and adorning the parent stem, and all combining to create and sustain a magnificent structure, under whose shadow whole armies or nations may repose. From Iona the missionaries went forth, till all North Britain, including the heathen kingdom of the Angles, was evangelized. Then they evangelized the greater part of the Saxons and others in England. Their labours even extended far into the heart of continental Europe. Adamnanus, Columba's biographer, was one of the evangelists of the then heathen Germany; and down to the tenth century, a stream of missionaries incessantly flowed from

* The Culdees had no real dioceses nor prelatic bishops. Palladius, sent from Rome to be first bishop of the believing Scots, found that he was merely an evangelist or missionary. A real prelatic bishop once visited Iona in disguise.

† It is interesting to find in their history a case of disputed copy-right between one who had transcribed a psalter and the owner of the original;—the earliest case of this kind, we presume, in our country's annals. The case was decided on the principle,—"The owner of the cow is owner of the calf."

* Far more serious are the practical corruptions into which they appear to have in some measure lapsed at the last, with reference, for example, to the Bible law of the Sabbath and of the family.

† One fragment of Culdee preaching, "Not the believer is saved by his righteousness, but the righteous man by faith," suffices to show—*expede Herculem*—their true evangelism.

and" of the west to every part of the continent their labours might be permitted and required. History of that old Scottish Church reminds us of the vision of Mirza, which was concealed and ended by a mist of impenetrable darkness. At the other extremity of our history we have seen the Church of Paganism, in the first century, slowly disappearing before the advancing gospel light. In that light, displayed, we have seen the great missionary, with his institute of Iona, and, as consolidated expanded by both, the whole Scottish Church of Culdees. We have seen the light advancing west, chasing the darkness away from North Britain, and even from the distant forests of Norway. But at this nearer extremity, we find the Church eclipsed, in the twelfth century, by the dark of Anti-Christian Rome. Long before this date it had begun to appear. When Aidan was sent from Iona, Augustine and his monks came from the South of England from Rome. Popish traditions procured the expulsion of the Culdees from Ireland, and even from the northern kingdom of Scotland (before their union with the Scots). And after the Scots had finally prevailed over all North

Britain, the Culdee Church and people were met and opposed by Popish machinations at the Scottish Court, till at last, in the twelfth century, the Culdee system was definitively supplanted by the Popish. But it is a memorable fact, that that success of the Papacy, short-lived as it proved, was the work of foreigners—Saxons. The ringleader in the movement which resulted in that success was a Saxon queen; they who consummated it were her children. The first-fruit of the movement was the installation of foreigners into the offices of the Church which had thus been intruded on the nation: our first prelate bishop was a Saxon; our first real monastery was filled with Saxon monks; our first nunnery, with Saxon nuns. And when the nation came to have its own will at the blessed Reformation, there sprang into being a new Scottish Church, whose history, character, constitution, and operations, present a singular resemblance to that old Church of the Culdees:—as if the Church of Columba, after four centuries of slumber, had suddenly awakened, and cast away the shroud with which the Papacy had concealed her, and shown herself, prepared for new conflicts and duties, as the Church of Knox, and Melville, and Henderson.

M.

HAVE YOU ACCEPTED CHRIST?

SOME time ago a young infidel told me that he had gone to a place of worship, and heard a minister of the gospel preach. The minister dwelt much on the love of Christ in coming to die for sinners, and his willingness to save all who honestly and heartily turn to him as their substitute. He then paused, in the most solemn manner, said, "I wish to put to you a question—*Have you accepted Christ?*" "For weeks," confessed the infidel, "I could not get that question out of my mind. Wherever I went—*Have you accepted Christ?* rang in my ears." Seldom have I heard a more striking testimony to the power of gospel preaching, and I pray God that this young youth may yet be brought to his right

of them is in heaven. The other is in hell. What was the difference between them? It was not that at that time the man now in heaven was a better man than the man now in hell. Perhaps he was the worse of the two. But the difference was, that the one man was led to see that he was a sinner; and that Jesus was offered to him as his Saviour; he accepted him as such; was enabled afterwards to live a holy life; and when he died, he got to heaven. The other man resolved that some day before he died he would accept Christ, but he put it off; in the meanwhile he rejected the only Saviour; God cut him down in his sins; and now he is in hell, lifting up his eyes in torments, bewailing his madness in neglecting so great salvation.

now, dear reader, I would ask you this question—*Have you accepted Christ?* Do you intend to do it, I beseech you; for on your acceptance of him depends your everlasting salvation. A few years ago, say, two men lived in your neighbourhood. They are now both dead. One

Let me then press this question—*Have you accepted Christ?* If so, happy are you. Your sins are forgiven you (Acts xiii. 38, 39). You have God for your father, Jesus for your brother, and the Spirit for your comforter. The holy angels have charge over you lest you dash your foot against a stone (Psalm xci. 11, 12). You have God's promise to keep you by his mighty

power in life (1 Peter i. 5), to walk with you through the dark valley of the shadow of death (Psalm xxiii. 4), and that you shall be "for ever with the Lord" (1 Thess. iv. 17).

But if you have not accepted Christ, you are of all men most miserable. You are yet in your sins. You are living without God and without hope (Eph. ii. 12). You are condemned already (John iii. 18). The wrath of God abideth upon you (John iii. 36). The devil is your father; and if your eyes were opened, you might see his angels with their chains round your neck, leading you along the broad road, captive at their will (John viii. 44; 1 Peter v. 8). There will be no peace to you, saith my God, while you are wicked (Isaiah xlviii. 22). And when you come to die, the demons waiting round your bed will hurry you away to dwell with the devouring fire, and with everlasting burnings. Oh, then, how important the question—*Have you accepted Christ?*

Old people! in a few days, or months, or at furthest, years, those grey hairs of yours shall be covered by the coffin-lid, and your fate be fixed for ever. Let me ask—*Have you accepted Christ?*

Middle-aged people! are you seeking *first, first*, the kingdom of God and his righteousness? Or are you loving the world, and the things that are in the world? Remember God says, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John ii. 15). *Have you accepted Christ?*

Young people! are you living to please God, trying to bring your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and brothers to Jesus? Or are you lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God? *Have you accepted Christ?*

Little children! do you often think how "*much displeased*" Jesus was at his disciples for trying to keep children away from him; and how he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God?" Are you the sons and the daughters of the Lord Almighty? *Have you accepted Christ?*

Hear the word of the Lord, "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

DROMARA, November 1864.

W. J. P.

BARTHOLOMEW THE PARISIAN HUNCHBACK.



IN the street which lay between the two gates of the law courts, there was a shoemaker's shop. On entering it, no one was seen but a poor hunchback, crippled in all his limbs, except the tongue and the arms. This paralytic creature was the shoemaker's son, and by name Bartholomew. "Alas!" said his father, Robert Milton, to those who expressed their compassion at the sight, "he was not always so; he was quite another person in his youth, endowed with excellent gifts both of body and mind." In fact, Bartholomew was once the handsomest man of the parish, very clever, and full of liveliness and imagination. He had abused these gifts; he had followed his impassioned disposition, and had launched into life, indulging in all the lusts of youth, in foolish amours and other kinds of irregularities with which young folks willingly defile themselves. Continually carried away by his impetuous temper, he equally courted pleasures and quarrels, he rushed into the midst of the strife as soon as any discussion arose, and displayed unparalleled temerity in all his disputes. He got up balls and concerts, despised the things of God, turned the priests into ridicule, and laughed at pious men. Everybody in the quarter talked about Berthelot (as he was called) and

of his exploits; some with admiration, others with fear. All the young men looked up to him as their leader.

One day, while giddily indulging in his ordinary diversions, he met with a fall and broke his ribs. As he would not apply any remedy, the mischief grew worse; the various parts of his body "*died little by little*," and he was entirely paralyzed. What a change in his life! Poor Bartholomew, who had been so proud of his beauty, now weak, broken down, deprived of the use of his limbs, unable any more to associate with his friends, was obliged to keep in his father's shop all day long. He was deeply distressed, not only by the severe pains he suffered, but more by the sight of his deformity. Sitting near the window, he had no other amusement than to watch the passers-by, and his temper being still the same, or rather soured by his misfortunes, he was not sparing of his sarcasms. One day, seeing one of the evangelicals passing before the shop, he began to insult him, and "to scoff at the terrible majesty of God." "Holloa! Lutheran!" he called out, adding all sorts of taunts. The Christian stopped; he was touched when he saw the pitiful condition of the wretched individual who insulted him, and going up to him, said affectionately: "Poor man, why do you mock at the passers-by? Do you not see that God has *bent your body* in

this way in order to straighten your soul?" These simple words struck Milon: he had never thought that his *soul* was *bent* as well as his body. "Can it be true," he asked, "that God has made these misfortunes fall upon me, in order to reform his misguided creature?" He lent an ear to the Lutheran, who spoke with him, and gave him a New Testament, saying: "Look at this book, and a few days hence you will tell me what you think of it." Milon took the gospel, opened it, and having begun, says the chronicler, "to taste the fruit of this reading, he continued at it night and day." This little volume was enough for him: he had no need of any teacher. The sword of the Word of God pierced to the bottom of his heart, and his past life terrified him. But the gospel consoled him: "It was to him like a loud trumpet sounding the praises of the grace of Christ." Milon found the Saviour: "Mercy has been shown me," he said, "in order that the love of God which pardons the greatest sinners, should be placed as on a hill, and be seen by all the world." He had now a curb that restrained him, and prevented him from indulging in abuse, quarrels, bickerings, squabbles and contentions." The wolf had become a lamb. Bartholomew imparted the riches he had found in the book of God to his father, to the other members of his family, and to all the customers who visited the shoemaker's shop. There was not a room in Paris that offered a spectacle at once so interesting and so varied.

Bartholomew's Christian charity became as inexhaustible as his worldly skill had once been fertile in inventing amusements. He devoted entirely to God the restless activity which he had lavished on the world. At certain hours of the day, the poor young man "unequalled in the art of writing," would collect the children of the neighbourhood round his bed and dictate to them a few words of the Bible, teaching them how to form their letters properly. At other times he thought of the necessities of the poor, and laboured diligently with his own hands: "etching with aquafortis on knives, daggers, and sword-blades," he executed many unusual things for the goldsmiths. He spent the proceeds of his labour in supporting several needy persons who possessed a knowledge of the gospel. He had also a fine voice, and

played on several instruments "with singular grace;" accordingly, every morning and evening he consecrated to the praise of the Lord those gifts which he had formerly dedicated to pleasure, accompanying himself as he sang psalms and spiritual songs. People came from all quarters to this shop, which was situated in the centre of Paris: some came "by reason of the excellent and rare things he did;" others "visited him to hear his singing." A large number were attracted by the great and sudden change that had taken place in him. "If God has bestowed these gifts on me," said the poor paralytic, "it is to the end that his glory should be magnified in me." He meekly taught the humble to receive the gospel, and if any hypocrites presented themselves, "he took them aside, and launched on them the thunderbolts of God." "In short," adds the chronicler, "his room was a true school of piety, day and night, re-echoing with the glory of the Lord."

At some distance from this spot, but near De la Forge's, at the entrance of the Rue St. Denis, at the corner of the boulevard, was a large draper's shop, the *Black Horse*, belonging to John du Bourg. This tradesman was a man of independent character, who liked to see, to understand, and to judge for himself: he had never frequented the schools or even had much conversation with the evangelicals, but for all that, says the chronicler, he had not been denied the wisdom from heaven. By means of the Holy Scriptures, which he read constantly, and in which he humbly sought the truth, he had received from God the knowledge of those "glad tidings which (as it was said) the wise cannot obtain by their own wisdom." Forthwith he had begun to spread it around him with an unwearied activity, which astonished his neighbours. "That ardour, which makes a great show at the beginning," said some of his relatives, "will soon end in smoke, like a fire of tow as the proverb says." They were mistaken; the Word had sunk into his heart, and taken such deep root there, that it could not be plucked out. The priests had intrigued, kinsfolk had clamoured, and customers had deserted him, but "neither money nor kindred could ever turn him aside from the truth."—*D'Aubign's Calvin*, vol. iii.

THE REV. WILLIAM BULL.



It seems a little late in the day this to be writing the life of one who was a contemporary of Thomas Scott and John Newton, especially as there is nothing in the life which throws any new light on the history of the period to which it belongs. But Mr. Bull's character was quite striking enough to bear sketching on a separate canvas, and the circumstances referred to in the preface are perhaps sufficient to justify the endeavour which has

here been made to recall its fast fading features, and to make the world at large better acquainted with a man of whom we catch many passing glimpses in the biographies of his time. The Independent congregation of Newport Pagnel has enjoyed for a century the ministrations of one family. The subject of the memorials* now before us

* Memorials of the Rev. William Bull of Newport Pagnel. Compiled chiefly from his own letters and those of his friends Newton, Cowper, and Thornton. By his Grandson, the Rev. Josiah Bull, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

was ordained over it in 1764, his only son, Thomas, became its pastor along with himself in 1800, and in 1864 it is presided over by Josiah, his grandson. A case like this is certainly by no means common anywhere, especially, we should say, among dissenters. It speaks well both for the leitical house which has been so honoured, and for the people who have adhered so loyally to it. And whether the outside world wanted it or no, it was but right that on the centenary of the ordination of the first of the name a volume should have been published, recalling, for the benefit of that particular region, the lessons of a life which runs parallel with the rise of evangelism in England, and which was spent in the successful endeavour to diffuse in many quarters the light of the gospel.

The Rev. William Bull sprang from a race of Puritan yeomen who had been long settled on a little freehold of their own in the county of Northampton. He was born at Irthlingborough on the 22nd of December, 1738, and, as his father failed to bear out the character of his ancestors and became unable to support his family, he was taken from under the paternal roof and placed under the care of his grandfather. This was a happy change for him, for the old man was consistent and devout, and did his utmost to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. What steps were taken to impress a Puritan household with a sense of the importance of religion may be gathered from the description given here of the way in which the family, of which Mr. Bull now became a member, spent the Sabbath. The household was gathered together early, and a considerable time was spent in the reading of Poole's or the Assembly's annotations. Public worship was next attended. The meeting house frequented was four miles away, but we may be sure absenteeism on light grounds was not tolerated, and the whole household, as nearly as possible, would stately appear in the house of God. There the forenoon and afternoon services were assiduously waited on, and the interval between the two was spent in the vestry in reading the Scriptures and prayer. Then when all was over the family returned home and passed what still remained of the day in religious exercises. On the sacred day no idle words were permitted, and even a smile was regarded as not a little unseasonable. No doubt strictness was too much the rule here. Keeping the mind so constantly on the strain must have so far defeated the end of the Sabbath which was to give rest. But between this extreme and that which is advocated by the latitudinarianism of the present day, there is no comparison. The tendency of the one was to give an awful sense of reality to the claims of another world, the tendency of the other is to make men forget these claims altogether.

At any rate William Bull was none the worse but all the better of the strictness. His religious character would not have been what it was in after life, if it had not been that from his earliest years the things of God were constantly pressed upon his attention. We do not say

that it is impossible for a man who has been converted late in life, and whose associations previously were all sinful or secular—we do not say that it is impossible for such a man to have for ever afterwards an habitual and abiding sense of God's nearness, and of his particular providential government of the world. John Newton would immediately occur as an example to the contrary. But we do say it is with religion as with everything else. Habits that have grown up with us since childhood are those which cleave to us most firmly, and influence us most naturally, and we attribute the ease, the naturalness, and, we may add, the invariableness with which religious ideas are introduced into all Mr. Bull's letters, not simply to the fact that he was a truly pious and earnest man, but to this other circumstance no less, that he grew up from infancy by the fireside and in the atmosphere of a puritan household. It is a privilege more precious than gold, to be brought up in a house whose doors are never shut against a knocking Saviour, where the Bible is the statute book whence all regulating laws are drawn, where the throne of grace is the oracle which is on all occasions consulted, and where all things by which God makes himself known, his name, his day, his house, are held in profoundest reverence.

Mr. Bull had reached his tenth year before he became the subject of any serious religious impressions. He began then to inquire what he was, by whom created, and for what end he was sent into the world; and while thus engaged a dread of the future took possession of him, and he applied himself to prayer that he might be saved from the wrath to come. But his convictions by-and-by wore away, and for four years longer he contented himself with the performance of a round of duties, not doubting that in the end he should be brought to heaven by Jesus Christ. At the age of fourteen he was re-awakened, and was made to see that he had been building his hopes upon a foundation of sand. This, however, was nearly all the length he was brought to at that time. For two or three years more he was kept in an anxious and disturbed state of mind, sometimes hoping, but oftener doubting and fearing, about his spiritual condition. At length this second bud of promise was blighted also. At sixteen or seventeen he relapsed again into comparative indifference, and pious onlookers must have begun to fear that the Spirit was now taking his departure from him. But this was not the case. He was a chosen vessel, destined to carry the treasures of the gospel into many a poverty-stricken district in the land, and the day of his permanent enlightenment was now at hand.

"In the beginning of my eighteenth year," says he, "I was visited with a violent attack of fever, and brought so low that my life was despaired of; and while I thus lay on the brink of eternity I was under the most racking torture of despair. What would I then have given for the presence of God as I had enjoyed it in times past. But while thus afflicted it pleased God to give me such a sense of my sinfulness that I was led to humble

myself in the dust before him. At times I had such views of the heavenly state that I longed to depart and be with Christ. As my affliction was removed I found my affections every day going more and more out after the blessed God, and it now became my great concern how I should walk more uprightly before him who was the great object of all my desire and my delight. Still I longed to possess some testimony, some full assurance of the reality of my faith in Christ. And one day, walking disconsolately in the fields, and pouring out my heart before God, these lines of Young came into my mind :—

'Believe, and show the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasures of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb.'

"This simple idea led me to cast myself more entirely upon Christ; and my soul was filled with peace and joy. . . . This state of mind was confirmed by a sermon I heard from the words, 'Return, O Shulamite, return, that we may look upon thee.' . . . I thought that then I had truly tasted that the Lord was gracious. Christ seemed more than ever the object of my delight. I could say with Mr. Rowe, 'If I love thee not, my blessed God, I know not what I love; if I am uncertain of this, I am uncertain of my existence.'"

Previously to this great and decisive change, Mr. Bull had displayed a strong desire for learning. With the little spare money which he earned in some secular employment, the nature of which is not explained, he had gathered around him a little library of useful books. Among the rest, a Hebrew Bible came into his hands; and the anecdote told in connection with it, is one of the most remarkable illustrations we have ever seen of the truth of the proverb, "Where there's a will, there's a way." "It was often looked at," says his biographer, "and the earnest desire to read it grew into a resolve to accomplish the task. But how was it to be accomplished? He had no tutor, no grammar, no lexicon. All the help he had was an old Bible, which had the Hebrew letters heading the different sections of the 119th Psalm. With this slightest possible aid he commenced his task. He at once saw that the Hebrew Bible began at what with us is the end. The first word he knew must be either "in," or "in the beginning." He looked in his concordance for other places, where the word "beginning" occurred, and finding the same letters, he wrote down the word *Berasheet*; and thus with amazing pains, preceeded to make out the text, word by word, till he had formed for himself a rude lexicon, and at length a grammar, and was able to read his Hebrew Bible tolerably well—a marvellous proof of his thirst for knowledge, and of his skill in its acquisition."

Such a man was not likely to fail in the carrying out of any purpose he might choose to form. He had long cherished the desire to devote himself to the work of the ministry, and after his conversion this desire became concentrated into a resolution. But there were many

difficulties in the way. He was poor and wanted the means of commanding a suitable education, and for a long time he had no influential friend to take him by the hand. When he had reached his twentieth year, however, his path began to open. He went to Bedford to reside with his eldest brother. There he was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Saunderson, the Independent minister of the place, who finding him a youth of hopeful talents, first gave him instruction in Latin, and next made him known to a friend who helped him to some acquaintance with Greek. These gentlemen did more. They procured his entrance into the Dissenting Academy of Daventry, where, under the superintendence of Dr. Ashworth, the successor of Doddridge, he underwent for four years that formal preparation, which was held to qualify for the ministry of the Congregational Churches.

In 1764 he was ready to accept a call. Congregations in Bedford, Rotterdam, and other places looked immediately in his direction, for he took a high position at once as a popular preacher. But he had incidentally preached, while a student, in *Newport*, and had been strangely drawn to the people in that place. And so, when they sent him an earnest invitation to come and settle among them as their pastor, he accepted it without hesitation, to the great astonishment of his friends, who thought the sphere not very attractive in itself, and much too narrow for Mr. Bull's admitted gifts and graces. His ordination took place on the 11th of October—his after friend, John Newton, having been appointed to the Curacy of Olney just six months before.

It was some time, of course, before the merits of the young Independent minister became known beyond his own immediate circle. He had a small congregation which did not at first increase much under his care, and as he was obliged to take pupils by way of eking out a scanty stipend, there seemed not much prospect at the outset of his rising soon out of his obscurity. But a man of his genius, and fervour, and general attractiveness of character, could not but make way in the long run; and it was no doubt not so much a cause as a *sign* of his extending popularity, that in 1771 he gained for himself the acquaintance, and afterwards the warm friendship of Newton. The "Old African," (as he was in the habit of calling himself), was a clergyman of the Church of England, but he had no natural prejudices against Dissenters. On the contrary, his first thought after his conversion, was to become a minister among them, and he gave up the idea only after an explanatory conversation which he had with Richard Cecil. He was not repelled from Mr. Bull, therefore, to begin with; and he soon learnt enough about him to forget that their ecclesiastical connections were antagonistic. The impressions produced upon him by intercourse with his new acquaintance may be gathered from the following extracts from his Diary. "I am struck," he says in one place, "with the wisdom, grace, and impression of thine image, which thou hast given to thy servant

Bull, and I hope thou wilt teach me to profit thereby. Surely I love him for thy sake." Again, "He has a living sense of thy word, and gracious communications from thee by it." And once more, "Thou hast given him great abilities and much grace." Cherishing towards him such feelings as these, Newton naturally sought much of Mr. Bull's society, and while he remained at Olney, there were few weeks during which the two friends did not pass some time together in comparing notes on two subjects equally interesting to both; the progress of the life of God in their own souls, and the prospects of the kingdom of God in their immediate district, and in the world.

Newton went to London in 1779, but his intercourse with Mr. Bull continued by letter, and by occasional exchanges of visits till his death. Portions of the correspondence which passed between them, are given in this biography. They are chiefly distinguished by the fervour of their piety, and by the warmth of affection which the writers bore to one another. But the new Rector of St. Mary, Wolnoth, did better than maintain an epistolary connection with his friend in the country. Before leaving Olney, he introduced him to another friend who, in some respects, must have far more than made up for his own company. This was the poet Cowper, who was much better qualified than Newton to appreciate his extraordinary intellectual gifts. The two men of genius, thus brought together, drew to each other at once, and cordially; and, after a while, we have Cowper describing his new acquaintance to Mr. Unwin in this graphic way: "You are not acquainted with him; perhaps it is as well for you that you are not. You would regret still more than you do that there are so many miles interposed between us. He spends part of the day with us to-morrow. A Dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of letters and of genius; a master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it—an imagination which, when he finds himself in the company he loves and can confide in, runs away with him into such fields of speculation as amuse and enliven every other imagination that has the happiness to be of the party. At other times he has a tender and delicate sort of melancholy in his disposition, not less agreeable in its way. No men are better qualified for companions in such a world as this, than men of such a temperament. Every scene of life has two sides—a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity, is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either. He can be lively without levity, and pensive without dejection. Such a man is Mr. Bull."

The star of the now much admired minister of Newport was at length fairly in the ascendant. His connection with Newton brought him into contact with Mr. Thornton, who conceived an extraordinary affection for him, and was the means of introducing him into that religious circle which the world comprehensively styled and sneered at as "the Clapham set." This of course

extended his reputation within his own denomination also. His learning was now generally recognised, and a sort of theological school was established at Newport, that the benefit of his instructions and superintendence might be enjoyed by aspirants to the ministry. And his popularity as a preacher also becoming more widely known, he was invited to take part in many of those extraordinary services of which we hear so much in the lives of all the notable dissenting ministers of these days. For a succession of years, for example, he supplied Surrey Chapel, under Rowland Hill, for a month or two each autumn, and on the same principle he frequently did duty in the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, and at Reading, Brighton, and elsewhere. This outside reputation, too, told upon his position at home. His congregation, from being small and feeble, grew in strength and numbers, until the building in which he was ordained became too confined to contain the crowds of worshippers.

This is about all that is to be told of the story of his life. He visited no new scenes of interest, he took prominent part in no ecclesiastical or social movements, he met in his day with no stirring or extraordinary adventures. He was simply an able and useful evangelical minister, in a transition period of English religious history; and if he had not been an intimate friend of Newton and of Cowper, and exchanged letters with them, he would certainly never have been heard of beyond the very limited sphere of his own immediate church connection.

But Mr. Bull was far better than a party leader, or a popular orator or writer. He was a man of eminent piety. This has been by far the most distinct impression produced upon us by the reading of his biography. His letters are not always characterized by the point and sparkle that might have been expected. But they, every one of them, breathe a spirit of such intense devotedness to Jesus Christ and his gospel, that the hearts of all Christians must warm to him, as above all things a man of God. We open the volume, for example, at random, and find on page 211 the following sentences in a letter to Mr. Newton:—

"I get very infirm, and so weak in my spirits that almost everything fatigues and afflicts me; but still it is pleasant to look upwards, and to press forward to a state of light, life, holiness, love, and joy, that will be eternal in its duration. The time is not far off. I do not feel reluctant at its approach, because I shall then see the Lord in his glory, and, I hope, feel his image in my heart. There is something alluring and delightful in the prospect of perfect holiness, perfect love, and consequently perfect bliss; and this must and will be the lot of all who die in the Lord. That Jesus, whose blood is our atonement, and whose righteousness is also our life and salvation, we shall see as He is, and rejoice before Him for ever. Delightful prospect! It soothes the infirmities of age, and gives beauty to the countenance of dissolution. If the love of Jesus is but felt in

our hearts, we may say, Welcome age! welcome infirmity! welcome death! Jesus is our greatest comfort now, and Jesus will be our everlasting portion. I love to think of Him, look to Him, and lean upon Him, because I feel and find that His presence is equal to everything, and without Him everything is worse than nothing."

Again, writing to his son of the great doctrines of the gospel, he says:—

"According to my degree, I have a little knowledge of them. I have great love to them. I have always laboured to preach them, perhaps not so faithfully as I ought. However, the conclusion I draw from all this is, that now I am old, nearly approaching to the grave, and my approach to it attended with a general dejection of spirits, a degree of melancholy, it may end in insanity, but low as I am, or however it may end, at present I must say that I firmly believe these peculiar doctrines. I endeavour to preach them, I greatly love them, I delight in them; they are my strength, my support, my comfort; and at this moment I have no doubt, or very little indeed, of my eternal salvation through faith in these peculiarities of Christianity, *and if they were not peculiarities of Christianity, I should disdain to call Christianity a divine revelation.*"

And what could possibly be finer than the following:—

"Those who write every day have need of some caution that they do not degenerate into common-place stuff and frivolity. The most ancient and celebrated letters in the world are the familiar letters of Cicero. I remember reading them in four volumes octavo. They pleased me, but I thought much of their merit consisted in the purity of the Latin and the elegance of the style. The next great letter-writer in the order of time was Pliny the younger. His letters have an uncommon delicacy and beauty in the matter and the manner. I like Pliny very much. But the most superlative letter

in all the world is that of St. Paul to Philemon. I never saw a letter to be compared with it. . . . Next to this, the blessed apostle's four short Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians are the greatest master-pieces in the world in their way. *But for dignity, sweetness, authority, beauty, and interest, there is nothing in the whole creation equal to the seven Epistles of the Lord Jesus Christ in the beginning of the Revelation.* Compared with all this, what stuff your letters and mine are!"

It had always been the wish of this good man to die in harness, or at least that he might not survive the period of his usefulness; and the wish was granted. He occupied his own pulpit on the 10th of July, when he preached from the text, "Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger; thou hast been my help, leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation;" and on the Saturday of the same week he was overtaken by the illness of which he died. Between that date and the 23rd of the month, when he passed into a better world, he was remarkably calm and tranquil. "I am neither elevated," he said, "by any lively transports, nor depressed by discouraging fears. I am upon the Rock, I am upon the Rock!" And this calm confidence he cherished, with scarcely a moment's interruption, to the end. His last words, caught by the eager ear of affection opened to receive the dying testimony of the venerable man, were, "Bless the Lord!" and the time of his departure was the hour which he had himself been long in the habit of observing as his time of evening prayer. Europe was then ringing with the story of the fall of Napoleon, for it was the memorable year of 1814 in which the death of William Bull occurred, but the people of Newport Pagnel might well forget for the time being that there was such a thing as public politics, while they bore to their last resting-place the remains of the pastor who had broken the bread of life to them for the long period of fifty years.

N. L. W.

WHAT THEN?

What then? Why then another pilgrim song:

And then a hush of rest divinely granted;
And then a thirsty stage, (ah me, so long!)
And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind;
A feverish sleep; a heart oppressed and aching;
And then, a little water-cruise to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire:

I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow;
And then, a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, "I will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins His pardoning grace;
For all my wants and woes His loving-kindness;
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face;
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
And then a deep and darkly rolling river;
And then a flood of light—a seraph hymn—
And God's own smile, for ever and for ever!

THE COST OF SERVING CHRIST.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.



ALL the most valuable things are dearly won. Scientific discoveries lie at the summit of a hill which no man reaches without hard climbing. A nation's liberty costs treasure, toil, and blood; it is paid in widows' tears and consecrated graves. What so precious as a soul's redemption? Yet by one price only could it be secured—the "blood of the LAMB without blemish or spot."

When Christ offered the rewards, and enforced the duty of discipleship, he put in the careful injunction to "count the cost." The man who would not bear a cross for him and follow him "is not worthy to be my disciple." Let me remind you, my friend, what you must reckon upon if you attain that pearl above price, a Christian character. Count the cost; what is it?

1. Count on a fearful stubbornness in your own heart. It is by nature at enmity with God. Paul had to give battle without quarter to the "old man" of sin unto the last, so must you. Every sin-insurrection must be met with vigilance and prayer.

2. There are many unwelcome truths in the Word of God for you to swallow. The Bible is sent to save you; not to please you. It has no mercy on a sinner's sins; but it has unbounded mercy for a sinner's soul. When an ungodly man takes the vivid lamp of Bible-truths down into the dark vaults of a depraved heart, it makes terrible exposures. But the sooner they come the better. Sooner find out your sin by that light than by the lightning-flash of God's wrath at the judgment-seat. God will not compromise with you. Count the cost of submission. He demands the whole heart; but he offers in return a whole heaven.

3. If you expect to follow Christ, you must deny your selfishness, and take up every cross that Christ appoints. Count the cost! The simple, inexorable rule is, Give up nothing that is innocent and right; but *give up everything that is wrong*. You now love to have your own way; you must consent gladly to let God have his way. You have

favourite pleasures that are sinful; find a higher pleasure in abandoning them. Count the cost of loving God more than you love money. Count the cost of offending some of your friends. Christ is a better Friend than they. Count the cost of quitting "profitable" sins. Count the cost of some sneers, of a great many hard knocks, and still more hard work. Count the cost of a noble, prayerful, unselfish, godly life. It will cost dearly; but, thank God, *it pays!*

When you get to be a Christian, you will find that the clearer and stronger you are, the happier will be your conscience. But the better you are, the more dearly you will pay for it. Study in your Bible what it cost Paul to become all he was. Does he begrudge now one single self-mortification, one crushing of his selfish lusts, one stripe of persecution's lash? Not he! He gloried in every tribulation that burnished his piety, and brought honour to his Redeemer's name. The best part of a Christian's character is that which costs the heaviest price. Patience (for example) is a beautiful trait; but it is not oftenest worn by those who walk life's sunny side in silver slippers. It is the product of dark nights of adversity and of many a cross-bearing up the mount of suffering. The "*trial* of your faith worketh patience." The bruised flower emits most fragrance. And a bruised Christian puts forth the sweetest odours of humility and heavenly-mindedness.

4. Let me offer you four brief encouragements I drop them as diamonds in your pathway to the Cross. Here they are:—

Firstly, The service of Christ pays a magnificent percentage of *usefulness*. A working Christian never can be wretched. He gathers his sheaves as he goes.

Secondly, A man is always happy *when he is right*. He is happy in doing right—happy in feeling that he has done right, and happy in the approval of his Master's heavenly smile. Impenitent friend! you have never felt *this!*

Thirdly, God will sustain you, if you try to serve him. His grace is sufficient for you.

Finally, There is a heaven at the end of every faithful Christian's journey.

"Our knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ is there,
And we shall be like him."

My friend, are you ready to follow Jesus? Count the cost. But I warn you tenderly that, if it costs much to be a Christian, it will cost infinitely *more* to live and die a sinner? Religion costs self-denial; sin costs self-destruction!

To be a temperate man costs self-restraint. To be a tippler costs a ruined purse, a ruined character, a ruined soul. The sensualist pays for going to perdition by living in a sty. The swearer

must *pay* for his oaths; and the Sabbath-breaker for his guilty contempt of God's law.

To lead a life of impenitence costs a dying bed of remorse. Count the cost. To go up to the judgment seat without Christ will cost you an eternity of despair. Count the cost. Sit down, and make the honest reckoning. Put into one scale, life; into the other, death. Put into one scale, heaven; into the other, hell! Weigh them well! Weigh for eternity! And, while you sit weighing anxiously, Christ whispers into your ear the thrilling question, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? what shall a man give in exchange for his SOUL?"

"IT'S ALL PEACE NOW."



If you please, ma'am, there is a soldier at — Battery who is very ill, and his wife says if she had some cod oil it might do him good."

These words were addressed to me one cold morning in March in a seaport town in Ireland in which I was staying.

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

"Oh, ma'am, he is far gone in consumption, I hear, and his poor wife and little children will be left alone."

I thought of the Father of the fatherless, but did not at the moment form any very distinct purpose of visiting the invalid immediately. But God directs the small as well as the great events of our lives. That afternoon I went to see a friend who had long been in great trouble; her only daughter had died of consumption some time before, and between grief and ill health the mother had fallen into a most unhappy state of mind. I found her peculiarly depressed upon this occasion.

"Oh," she said to me, "if I had something to do, I think I should be better, but I sit and think of my troubles until they seem so heavy that it makes me ten times worse."

"Will you come and visit one or two sick people with me?" I asked, and suddenly the thought of the dying soldier passed through my mind, and I told her of his wish for cod oil.

She clasped her hands saying, "I have had two bottles full of it ever since my daughter's death, and I asked the Lord to let me give them to relieve some poor sufferer, and now he has sent you for them."

I felt very thankful at this little incident, and we arranged to take the medicine the following day. We found the poor invalid lying on his bed dressed in his uniform; he was evidently very ill, and he had an anxious,

restless expression on his face. After some inquiries about his health I asked him if he was fond of reading.

"I cannot see to read here, it is too dark," he carelessly replied.

"May I read you a little story?" I said, taking out that beautiful tract, "Grasping the Promises."

"If you like," was the somewhat indifferent answer.

Earnestly praying for a blessing I read the story, occasionally referring to my Bible to illustrate it. He listened attentively, but when I gently asked if he knew "Willie's" Saviour, a violent fit of coughing prevented a reply, and I thought it better to come away though feeling but little comfort in my visit.

But the Lord had blessings in store for C—. The oil had been gratefully received, and my friend was so much interested in the invalid that she went again the following day with some little delicacy that he fancied. He expressed to her his pleasure in the reading, and hoped the young lady would come again. I accordingly went to see him, and after reading the story of the raising of Lazarus I took out Miss Elliot's well-known hymn,—

"Just as I am, without one plea."

C— started up in his bed to listen, and as I finished the last verse, he exclaimed,—

"That's a most splendid hymn."

"It is very large print," I said, "I think you can see it."

"Oh, yes," he replied, and eagerly read it to himself.

"That's just what I want, to go 'just as I am,' to have my sins pardoned,—'O Lamb of God, I come.'"

I told him of his loving, waiting Saviour, and of his complete atonement, and left him full of thought and prayer.

He had always been a steady man, and had borne a

high character amongst his comrades, but he had never before cast his whole soul upon Christ, or realized the fulness of his salvation.

Two days after I received a message that he was very ill and wished to see me.

"It is all peace now" were the words with which he greeted me as I entered his room. "Christ has done all for me, and I am safe in him. When my feet are once upon Christ I can never fall off, for he is my rock. I would give anything to talk to you," he said, "but I cannot." The least exertion brought back the bleeding from his lungs, and he was never afterwards able to say more than a few words at a time, but his whole expression was peace; he was at rest in Christ, and his faith never seemed to waver.

One night soon after this conversation he called his wife and told her that he was going home to his Father's house, where his Saviour had purchased an inheritance for him; he urged her to cast her soul on the Lord Jesus Christ for pardon and salvation, and to teach their children of Him. He sent messages to some of his comrades, who "could not," he said, "enter heaven if their hearts were not changed;" and then he asked for his favourite hymn, and with the words "Oh, Lamb of God, I come" upon his lips, he "smiled himself away." I shall never forget the expression of his face; the peace of God that passeth all understanding was there, and I was not the only one who was touched by it.

During my visits to poor C——, I frequently met with another soldier who was also in the invalid battalion, and was dying of consumption. I knew that this man was an infidel and a most profane swearer, and when I spoke to him about his soul, he used to show by his impatient gestures how much he disliked it, though his

politeness to a lady prevented him from telling me so. This man followed C——'s body to the grave, and then went into the barrack hospital to die. We knew that his case was desperate both for body and soul, and many tested on his behalf the truth of the promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done." A kind lady undertook to read the Bible to R—— in the hospital, which she had continued to do for several weeks, when one day, to my great astonishment, I received a message from the man himself to tell me that he was "greatly obliged to me for asking the lady to read to him, and that he liked it very much." Again we pleaded with our covenant God for his soul, and when I next saw him he was no longer without hope and without God in the world, but (so far as man could judge) he was humbly trusting in the Saviour of sinners, who never yet cast out one that came to him. He died in the firm hope of forgiveness through his blood.

Soldiers! it was thus that two of your comrades fell asleep in Jesus, will you take service under the same banner? There is an invitation, and will be a welcome for you all. Do not be ashamed to wear his uniform, to confess him boldly, to fight in his strength against your three great enemies,—the world, the flesh, and the devil. The Captain of your salvation fought against them and conquered, and by faith in him you also shall gain the victory. "Whosoever will confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Are you confessing or denying him?

October 1864.

LIBERTY TO THE CAPTIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF BRITISH EMANCIPATION.

(See Engraving.)

O HOLY Father!—just and true
Are all Thy works and words and ways,
And unto Thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!
As children of Thy gracious care,
We veil the eye—we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and prayer,
Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right,
The sighing of the island slave;
And stretched for him the arm of might,
Not shortened that it could not save.
The labourer sits beneath his vine,
The shackled soul and hand are free—
Thanksgiving!—for the work is Thine!
Praise!—for the blessing is of Thee!

And oh, we feel Thy presence here—
Thy awful arm in judgment bare!
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear—
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's prayer!
Praise!—for the pride of man is low,
The counsels of the wise are nought,
The fountains of repentance flow;
What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of Hosts!
And when the bondman's chain is riven,
And swells from all our guilty coasts
The anthem of the free to Heaven,
Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,
As with Thy cloud and fire before,
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory evermore.

J. G. WHITTIER.



The Children's Treasury.

HALF.



AM going to talk to you a little about the halves of all sorts of things, and will try to tell you when it is good and when it is bad to divide a thing in half; and also when to do or say half of anything is right, and when it is wrong. I don't mean things we use only, but duties and things we have to do, though it is the case with the most common things. As for instance, half an orange, or half an apple, is very nice when given to our companion, and by that we give pleasure to two instead of one; but if we give half a shoe, or half a glove, it is no longer of use even for one person: so some things are all the better, and some all the worse for being halved.

And first of all, I like very much to see any of you offer *half* of any treat or pleasure to your brother or sister, and though two halves should be exactly alike, yet it does sometimes happen that one is a little better or larger than the other; and when this is the case, I am still more pleased to see you give the larger or better half to your sister or friend, and not choose to keep it for yourself.

Well, it is a very nice thing to go halves or shares in anything; in the care of a room, or a garden, or in some work; and when your half is done first, I hope you don't run away without offering to help your companion who may be slower, or not so well practised as you are. It is right to stop half-way, when you are going to do what you are not sure is quite right. It is good to stop half-way and turn back, if you have forgotten your prayers or any of your regular duties. It is well to stop half-way in any unkind or hasty speech or act; of course it is best not to begin to give way to angry words or deeds at all, but it is much better to stop half-way if you should begin. Half an unkind speech is better than a whole one. If any one has offended you, or hurt you, or spoilt your books or toys, and is sorry for it, be sure you meet him half-way in his repentance, and thus show that you are willing to "forgive-the injury."

You must be ready to share and take part in other's troubles or distress; and this you will do best by think-

ing for a moment how sorry you would be if it had happened to you, and then try to feel nearly as much for another. And I will tell you what this sharing or halving is called in God's Holy Bible. It is called, "bearing one another's burdens," and those who do so are said to "fulfil the law of Christ." And we there read of many good saints of God who did share what they had with others.

I will tell you of one, his name was Zaccheus, and he was a very rich man. He had heard of our Saviour, and was anxious to see him; but he was very little, or short, so he took the trouble to climb up a tree that he might see Jesus. This showed he was in earnest, or he would not have taken the pains. Our Lord saw him and called him, telling him that he was coming to stay at his house. You may be sure Zaccheus made haste to come down, and to put his house in the best order for the visit of such a Divine Guest; as *we* should always prepare our hearts that he may dwell in us, as he promises to do; and when our Lord was at his house, before all his friends and visitors, Zaccheus stood forth and said, "Behold, Lord, the *half* of my goods I give unto the poor, and if I have done any wrong, I restore fourfold;" that is, he would return four times what he had obtained even in a doubtful way. Does not this teach us, that if we would have Jesus to dwell in us, we must be ready to share what we have with others? and from what I have said, you will be able to tell when it is right and good to halve or share anything.

But, as I said before, there are a great many cases in which it would be *wrong* to do so, and I will now tell you some of these. First, then, it is wrong to give half of anything we owe to God, such as half our hearts when we are serving him or praising him in church, or praying to him at home; that is, to think half of God, and half of our play and pleasure. We must not give half the pains, or half the reverence and attention, or half the time we ought to bestow on God, and our duties to him.

Next, it is a very bad thing to tell half the truth, it is very often as bad as a falsehood, and if not, it is a habit of deceit or hiding that is very likely to lead

to worse faults. I once knew a little boy who had a habit of this sort. He would say, he "thought so," when he knew it and was quite sure. He would say, "perhaps," instead of "yes, I did," or "I don't recollect," when he did remember.

One day it was arranged that he should go out on the sea-shore, to choose some pretty white and coloured shells for the rock-work and pond at home, and quite pleased he was in it, and took pains and got a nice little basket full of all sorts and all sizes, and came in with them and put them carefully away, thinking to himself and arranging with his brother that he would wash them nicely, so that they might be all ready to put into the bright water where the fishes glided about, and the green water-plants sparkled in the sun; and when fresh water was put in, they all looked as if they were fringed with little pearls, the pretty spotted snail's backs and all.

In a little while they asked to go up stairs. "Oh, yes," said their aunt; "what are you going to do?" "Oh, only to get a picture-book and put our room to rights." But from what the brother said, his aunt found that the chief, if not the only reason, was to lay out and clean these pretty shells; and as this was not the first time she had spoken of the habit of keeping back half the truth, she was obliged to punish her little nephew, and severely; but I dare say he well remembered it for a long time. What do you think it was? Why he had to throw all the pretty shells back into the sea with his own hands, and he did it, and I think determined to tell the whole truth in future.

It will not do to stop *half-way* and think, when we have determined to beg pardon for what we have done wrong. We must not acknowledge *half* our fault, but the whole of it. When we have arranged to do some good or kind action, we must not stop *half-way* because we find it a little more troublesome or difficult than we at first fancied when we began. We must never do *half* what we promised, and think we have fulfilled our promise. We must not take half the credit of a thing when we have only done a small share, or if we have the easiest part to do; and so of course you must give full credit to those who help you in anything, and not talk as if you had done it all yourself.

Never be satisfied with a lesson *half-learned*, or a task half done. Never leave your books or work half tidy. Never be half afraid to speak out when you are spoken to. Never wish for the whole, or even half of anything, that does not belong to you. And never look as if you wished your friend or companion to share what he has with you. There are a great many other ways in which it is wrong to divide our duties, or put half for the whole; but I hope you will now see a little more clearly when to give half of a thing is better, and when it is worse to do so; and I have told you of these few specimens, or examples, because I wish you to be unselfish; that is, in the words of the Holy Bible, to consider or "esteem others better than ourselves."

I will finish with the story of a man and his wife who told half the truth, and in so doing told a lie. In the time of the apostles it was usual for the new Christians to devote or give up their land or houses to God's service; and of course, having once done so, it would be as wrong to seek for it back again as it would be for you to wish for the money that you put upon the offertory-plate last Sunday. Well, after they had given a piece of land to God, it was sold, and the price paid to the apostles. When asked what it sold for, they said a part of what it really had fetched, meaning to keep the other part for themselves. They had changed their minds, but it had been given to God, and they were both struck suddenly dead for their sin. Let us take care not to do half of anything where we ought to do all.

THE GOOD A LITTLE MATCH MAY DO.

A little bright-faced boy had just touched a match to the kindling wood of the grate, and was watching the flame as it forced its way among the crackling coals, when, half in thought and half aloud, he said, "Who would think a little match would make so big a fire!"

"Ah, yes, my little man," said his father, "a little match, like other little things, may do great good or great harm. A good apostle once said, 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!' And now as our fire is burning I will tell you a story about a little match and the good that it did.

"Away down on the shore of Long Island stands a small house or fisherman's cabin. It is just far enough from the water to be out of the reach of the great waves that come rolling in from the ocean, and near it is a creek or little river in which the fisherman used to shelter his boat. At the time of my story the man had left his little cabin and gone to another place. It was desolate and dreary about that little house. You could hear only the moan of the surf as it broke on the beach, and sometimes the cry of those beautiful sea-birds—the gulls—as they settled down on the water, or made long, circling flights around the mouth of the little river.

"It was now the cold month of December; a strong wind had been blowing for three days, and all who thought of the sailor on that lonely coast prayed God to keep him from its dangers. A good brig, that is, a two masted vessel with square sails, had two weeks before, left the island of Cuba, bound for Boston. She had a captain, mate, and six sailors for her crew. Their voyage had been a pleasant one, and was about over. They were thinking of their homes and friends when the fierce storm came and drove them from their course. The rigging was soon stiff with ice, and it was hard to handle the ropes, or manage the ship. Officers and men did their duty as all true American sailors will do; but it was in vain. The winds and the waves and the bitter cold were too strong for the brave sailors, and carried the poor brig steadily toward the shore. Soon they heard a sound terrible to seamen. It was the noise of the

breakers. The captain called all hands about him and raised his voice in prayer. He prayed for their safety, if God so willed it, that they might have strength to meet the fierce waves, and that if they could not be saved from shipwreck, they might be safe in the mercy of God.

"The brig soon struck, and she lay with her side to the shore; the water for a little space was so calm that the small boat was safely launched and every man seated in it. But, alas! before they could reach the shore a great wave struck the little boat, and the poor men were cast into the boiling sea. Four of them with the captain reached the land, and though scarcely able to move, dragged themselves forward to find a shelter. With a shout they came in sight of the little cabin, but, alas! there was the creek between it and them. 'We must go through or die,' said the captain, and after a great struggle they reached the other side, but the brave captain could go no further. 'Leave me, my men,' said he, 'get help for yourselves, and then come back if you can.' The men gained the house, but what horror seized them when they found it was empty! One man only took heart as he looked at the fireplace and the wood near it. But, alas! there was neither flint nor steel to strike a light. A moment he stood in agony, but as he raised his head he saw upon the rude mantel a small box marked 'matches.' With trembling haste he seized it and found one single little match. Oh, how much depended upon that little match! Here were four sailors; a little way off lay their brave captain. All their lives were in that single match. If it failed all must die, for cold and hunger were fast doing their work upon the poor men. With a trembling hand and a silent prayer he drew the match, and as the little, feeble flame broke out 'Thank God' burst from their praying lips.

"That little match was life and safety to the poor sailors, but the good captain was beyond all help. He died before they could reach him. Remember how much one little match may do."—*Sunday School Times*.

THE BEST DOCTOR.

IF I had a little girl very sick, and growing worse every hour, should I sit by her bed and say, "I wonder if the doctor will not stop at the door and see my little daughter? Oh, I wish the doctor would come and cure poor Mary." Should I sit and wish, and do nothing more? Is that what a mother would do? No. I should send a messenger to the doctor, and beg him come *quick* to help my darling.

The Lord Jesus, you know, was the best Physician that ever lived. He could cure everything. Blind men came to him and saw; deaf people went to him and heard; lame folks hobbled to him and walked straight. One man, who had been sick in bed thirty-eight years, was cured. Of course a great many poor sick people were brought to him; so many that often he had no time even to eat, for he never put anybody off who came. Jesus is not on the earth now; he is in

heaven. He cures the soul of sin, and saves it from eternal death; and he is just as kind as when he was on the earth, ready at all times and seasons, and at all hours, to hear your prayer and attend to your cry. Your parents cannot make you good; your teachers or your minister cannot give you a heavenly temper. No one can take your sins away, and give you a new heart and a right spirit, but the Lord Jesus Christ. No one but he can cure you.

But is *wishing* him to save you enough? No. Is it enough to join the crowd who go where he is? Is it enough to attend church and Sabbath-school, and enter the prayer-meeting? Is it enough to be where he is found? No, no. You must *go* to him; you must *seek* him; you must *ask* him. It is a personal application which gains his attention. *That* he never refuses. And you never need be afraid, for he has given his word for it. "Ask, and ye shall receive," he says; and that is plain enough for even a little child to understand.

Do you remember the blind beggar who was sitting by the side of the road when the Lord Jesus went into Jericho? Hearing that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, he instantly improved his opportunity, and cried out, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have *mercy* on me." The people tried to hush him; but he only cried the louder. Jesus heard his cry. "Receive thy sight," he said to the poor beggar; "thy faith hath saved thee." Would he have been cured if he hadn't asked, and *kept asking*?

A MISSION-BIRD.

THERE is scarcely a land on the globe where the Bible does not go and say, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." And there is scarcely a spot on the earth where this little bird does not flit before our eyes, tiny, homely, with only a chirp for a song, but a mission-bird to remind us of Christ's sweet words of love.

I would feed a thousand sparrows with everything that their little crops could carry, for the sake of the precious truth which they recite to me every day; for what cherry, or currant, or berry that they pluck from my trees can be worth to me what that fruit is which they bring to me from the Tree of Life!

FINGER-MARKS.

SOME time ago, a gentleman employed a mason to do some work for him, and, among other things, to whiten the walls of one of his chambers. This thin whitening is almost colourless till dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the room was finished, to find on the drawer of his bureau, in the room, white finger-marks. Opening the drawer he found the same marks on the articles in it, and also on a pocket-book,

as well as on the contents of the wallet, which proved that the mason, with his wet hands, had opened the drawer, searched the wallet, which contained no money, and then closed the drawers, without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The thin whitening which chanced to be on his hand did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his attempt at theft. As the job was ended on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day is not aware that his acts are known to his employer.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and deeds. They are all finger-marks which will be revealed at some time. If you disobey your parents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad finger-marks on your character. And so it is with any and all sin. It defiles the character; it betrays those who engage in it by the marks it makes on them. These marks may be almost, if not quite, colourless at first; but if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth—which is not at all likely—yet there is a day coming in which all finger-marks, or sin-stains on the character “will be made manifest.”

Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a stain made on your character. It is impossible. If you injure another, you, by that very deed, injure yourself. If you break a law of God, the injury is sadly your own. Think of it, ever bear it in mind, children, that every sin you commit leaves a sure mark on yourselves.

Your characters should bear a coating of pure truth. Let truth ever be manifest. Beware of sin, “and be sure your sin will find you out;” for it makes finger-marks, which, even should they not be seen by those around you on earth, will yet be seen, to your condemnation, at the bar of God, unless washed out through faith in the atoning blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

It will be sad, in the judgment, to see the stains of our past ill deeds brought out, like the mason's whitening on the bureau and pocket-book.

A SQUIRREL'S BREAKFAST.

In August we left the hot weather and high prices of the city to pay a visit at a farm-house on a beautiful hillside.

Two dear little girls lived there, Susy and Edith. Susy was seven, and Edith three. In the morning Susy and I went to walk. And what did we see on the stone wall? A little squirrel sitting in the sun, eating his breakfast. He was dressed in striped fur, black and brown all down his back, and he looked pretty and cunning. Squirrel sat on his hind legs, and held in his

two forepaws—what do you think? A cherry-stone, which he was gnawing and gnawing with his small, sharp teeth, made for just such work, trying hard to get at the meat inside. He seemed well satisfied, much more so than many a little child with cake and pie. He looked at us, and we looked at him. He was not afraid, but let us come pretty near.

“Good morning, little squirrel,” we said. He did not stop to answer; he only whisked his tail, and kept busy at his cherry-stone.

“Happy little squirrel,” we said, “contented with what falls to thy lot, thou dost not vex thyself with cares for the morrow. God has enough, and thou dost trust him. Thy small wants are not beneath his notice, or overlooked, or forgotten. The great maple forest, now brewing its tuns of sap for the sugar market, does not withdraw his oversight from thee. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air do not exhaust his bountiful goodness. Amid all the vast concerns of a world, he yet found time to create a bud and hang a cherry and round a cherry-stone on purpose for thy breakfast this morning. It was provided for thee, and thee only; and when thou stretchedst out thy hand for food, it was *there*, a breakfast ready for thee, little squirrel.”

And shall *we*, the children of God by larger endowments, vex ourselves with anxious fears? Shall we not rather, in thankful trust, eat our daily bread, casting the burden of our cares upon Him who careth for us?—*The Child's Paper.*

WHAT THE LITTLE ONES CAN DO.

THE drops of rain and the rays of light
Are small themselves, but when all unite,
They water the world and they make it bright.

Then do not say, “Of what use am I?”
We may each do good, if we will but try:
We may soothe some grief, or some want supply.

We can lend to the poor a helping hand;
We can cheer the sick as we by them stand;
We can send God's word to a heathen land.

We can speak to others in tones of love;
We can dwell in peace like the gentle dove;
We can point the weary to rest above.

Oh, how sweet to think that in life's young days
We may live to show forth our Saviour's praise,
And may guide some feet into wisdom's ways.



